

# TRANSVESTIA

*Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.*

*Because being a woman—is everything.*



**SYLVIA**

No. 111

For The Heterosexual Crossdresser

No. 111

## **PUBLICATION POLICY**

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be for all. It is published for the enjoyment of all heterosexual crossdressers and as your magazine, your support is needed: Material is solicited on the following basis:

1. All contributions resulting in five or more printed pages will be entitled to one free copy of the magazine whether that issue or any other. Such free copies will be coming payable upon publishing of the material, not upon submission. There is no way to determine in advance which issue a particular piece will appear in, so please do not ask for a free copy of the issue in which your contribution will appear. After it has appeared you will be sent a credit slip for any issue.

2. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and the free issue payment will be based on the final printed page. Shorter material will simply be accepted as your contribution to the interest and enjoyment of all readers of Transvestia.

3. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped enveloped provided.

4. Off-color material will not be printed and thus should not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is considered in the best interest of the Transvestia to do so.

## **PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA**

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "second self" and seek to express it. The magazine provides:

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding — Self Acceptance — Peace of Mind

in place of loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this Magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.

# TRANSVESTIA

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

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## FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

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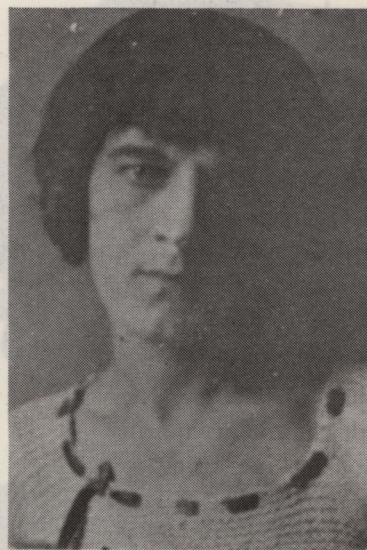
# COVER GIRL SYLVIA

Time does fly, as it always has and will, yet, as I look back in time to my own beginning. It seems as if it were only yesterday that I had my first experience with feminine apparel, in nineteen-hundred-and-eight, when seven years of age.

I was born in a small town in England in March, nineteen-hundred-and-one, the fourth child. My father, an engineer, was the son of a well known Artist and my mother was a woman of good local family. My mother had a sister, not married, who owned an established, well know, bakery and confectioner's shop. Events showed that I became my Aunt's "little pet" and I spent nearly all my time living with her, quite a way from my own home.

More often than not I slept with her in the same big bed and many times I witnessed her dressing and undressing, harmless, of course, but I was not missing anything. I can see her now and realize, of course, that her figure was a good one, accentuated by the tight hour-glass corsetting with the lace around the top and the tightly pulled in lacing. The "singlet", pantalettes and cotton stockings, held up by the attached suspenders all came after. It seemed a perfectly natural thing for me that I should want to be like my "Auntie" and my chance came one evening.

In no time at all I was out of bed and trying to put on her clothes. I got on the stock-



ings and pulled the corset around me and managed to fit it tight enough to keep it from slipping down and was trying to fasten the suspenders when she came in. Well! She got awfully angry and practically ripped the things off me. She sure scolded me, enough to make me cry and promise not to do the like anymore. About two or three weeks later, one night when we were sitting by the fire, me on her knee, she asked me whether I would like to be her little girl instead of her little boy. Not really understanding, I said "I don't know" and I did not. However, she told me that she had always wanted a little girl of her own and that the next day we would see what we could do about it. The next day came and she had prepared for it. I do not know whether she had bought the clothes or whether they were her own hand-me-downs, made to suit my size. She proceeded to dress me in the clothes and evidently she knew the sizes necessary, for all fitted very well, though, naturally there was no corset. At first I did not like it, but she said that I had to be fair, if I wanted to be a girl I would have to dress like one. So I was dressed as a girl for two whole years or more, until we came as a family to this country, Canada. My Aunt wanted to keep me, but my father would not hear of it. So I had to have my long grown hair cut and my mother would not let me bring my clothes with me. I had to leave with my Aunt the lovely dresses with their laces and ribbons, my pretty pantalettes

and stockings and shoes.

I will not spend any time on telling of the sailing trip over here, but we landed in Quebec City in June of nineteen-hundred-and-ten. Life in the new country was fun and, of course, I had to go to a school. I was soon quite immersed in school life, playing baseball, soccer, but not too well, and the next few years passed in a mixed sort of way. I know that I was shy and probably sissified. I avoided contact with boys, but knew every girl in class. With a talent for Art, I was called upon most often for work and even my teachers would call on me for special work of that kind, especially at Christmas. At special times of the year, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving or History, with Pageants, I was quite at home. I designed settings, costumes, etc., and generally took part in the proceedings. It seemed inevitable that, being small in stature, I was chosen for feminine roles, especially the ones the girls would not take, like ugly sisters or witches. In those early teenage plays and concerts I was made up as a female in plays like Cinderella, Snow White, even Uncle Tom's Cabin. All this dressing, of course, pleased me very much and some of the costumes were grand. Then, naturally, I grew older and I kind of graduated into a concert and play company and the variety widened. This company was one which consisted mostly of the boys of a club, of which I was a member, and of those who were interested in plays, etc., the same as I. They were, also,

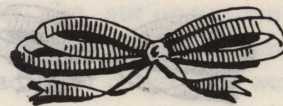
of around the same age group – eighteen and nineteen.

Two other boys and myself became "leading ladies"; it was a very good training ground for me. We managed a new play every three months and got them from French and Company of New York, at that time. I remember, very well, playing in "Lady Windermere's Fan", "Charlie's Aunt" and "Smilin' Through", among others, and various one act skits, such as "Please Pass the Cream", in which I emptied a pitcher of milk all over one of the boys. My favorite, I think, was "Smilin' Through" a costume play in part. One of the photos which shows this costume I still have.

I liked costume plays and still love and own costumes. We, also, put on western skits, of which I have costumes, all ladies, of course. The westerns were our own make believe tales, of one acts, and I guess they were kind of ragged. All of this, though, was for me a wonderful way of being a girl, which was what I wanted.

During this time, at school and in the playing, I came to know my dear wife, my best critic and helper, who was my other self and who forgot my blunders and forgave my faults and, eventually, married me. Fitting into this time, I had, of course, perfected my art talents enough to make a living. I finally had to give up the play business and really settle down, but made up my mind that I was still going to wear dresses when time suited. This was, of course, understood by my wife, after we had talked everything over and decided





my dressing was not to really interfere with life's important issues.

In about the year nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-one, I read in our newspaper that Julian Eltinge was playing in New York and I was struck with the idea that I should write to him. This I did and was pleasantly surprised to receive a nice letter, accompanied by photographs. After that we corresponded until the time of his passing, in nineteen-hundred-and-forty-five, I had the real pleasure of meeting him twice. The first time was an unexpected treat, in nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-five, and is a tale in itself, as I was dressed myself. To get back to nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-one, the war was not long over and a concert party of the Canadian Army was making its tour of the country, even the states, with their show. They had an all soldier cast and some very fine "female impersonators". Knowing somebody, who knew somebody, etc., I was invited backstage and got to know the "girls", especially. Their leading lady was Marjorie, a Nova Scotian, who, in some ways, looked like I did. We hit it off and became friends. He helped me, also, in some ways. They were well received in New York. After the group broke up he sat for me for his portrait. I met other impersonators, afterwards. Gene Pearson, the male "Calli-Curci", who was a splendid singer, a natural Soprano of high range, with a good figure, also. We became quite friendly, going out together. Guilda, I met

later on and we became good friends and remain so. I would say that he/she would be the most perfect of all the impersonators I have known, in every way, but voice, very French, also.

All of these cross-dressers are real to me, for nowadays I just don't get around as I used to. There were others I met, naturally, but the ones I mention I came into real contact with and I won't mention many amateurs that passed my way. While all this was going on, of course, I was still dressing every opportunity and taking a part in an odd concert or even a minstrel show, though I hated black face. Occasionally I would be asked to put on a little dialogue or act for a group or some society or fill up a programme. After I got married, sometimes my wife and I would put on a little sister act and always she was at my side, reliable. I will not tell of any of the little troublesome episodes I had, though I did have some, not serious — like being forgetful and leaving half a costume at home or not having the makeup I wanted. Only once did I ever have a little trouble with the law. I was going home from a show a little way outside the town, in a hurry, and I guess I was speeding. A horn blared behind me as it caught up and I had to pull over. I was in a housemaid's costume and explained why, as I showed him my license. After looking over the car and me, he warned me of the dangers of speeding and told me to drive on at a slower speed. Maybe my smile worked that time.

Eventually I gave up using my artistic talents for a company, but, of course, still kept up my painting and art work at home, though I am lazier. This was about nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-nine; there was nothing, nor anyone, to stop Sylvia from doing whatever she wanted. With my dear wife, we had an ideal life together. I've dressed as I pleased, went out as Sylvia when I pleased, kept her well dressed and in no way hidden, though, not advertised. The only real misfortune I've had was to lose my dear wife, and I am fortunate and thankful enough to be able to carry on. As Sylvia I must say that I've always loved the clothes; the costumes were all extras to lead to the more desirable clothes of every day life, the powder and paint used, to try to make an ordinary looking face a little more acceptable. I suppose that careful scrutiny of habits and manners have, in some way, contributed to the pleasant ways of feminine motion, or should have done in so many years of observation. A girl may always learn something, too, by reading the better literature and, of course it was to my benefit to be able to read all but four of the earlier copies of *Transvestia*, edited and put together by Virginia, and later the copies by Carol, besides all the copies of *Femme Mirror*.

Looking back, I am sure that Sylvia has had a happy life and for that she is thankful. Youth has gone, but left in its place a calm exterior and satisfaction, plus many friends.

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## The Night I Lost My Pants and Dignity

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I wonder why some things always happen at the wrong time; of course, I should have been more careful. Maybe I was nervous, though that is no excuse; you cannot leave anything unchecked.

It was a first performance before a well filled hall of our second play of that season and the play was "Smilin Through", which became a favorite of mine. It was a happy play with tears in it, also it was partly in costumes of long ago.

For the scene I wish to tell of, just imagine the scene: a lovely garden bordered with flowers and bushes, a tiny pool and a trellis and gate in the rear. On a seat mid-stage in a twilight effect, sits an old gentleman half asleep and probably thinking of the past. This is a play-back in the play and the gentleman is dressed in an appropriate costume of a long gone period, a long frocked coat, with stirrups trousers and a large cravat over a frilled shirt, collar and cuffs and a cane.

He awakens with a start at a slight sound at the trellis gate and stares in wonder as he sees a figure slowly approaching him after entering through the gate. As she approaches him with arms outstretched, he recognizes her as the sweetheart he had lost long ago, and starts to rise.

The young lady had almost reached him when — her pantalettes fell down round her ankles. They slid right down her silken clad legs and piled up around her feet. Only just, did she manage to regain her balance, almost falling over the old gentleman. Instead of just stepping out of the pantalettes (as any modern girl would) she bent down and as she pulled them up, she turned backwards to the audience, pulled up her dress and the crinoline and retied them into place around her waist securely. Turning back to the old gentleman

she continued the scene and strangely enough, there was not even a giggle. The play carried on to the end with all the success it deserved.

The cause of the falling was of course in the fault of the tapes not being tied tightly enough and in not checking before the entrance. Tapes were a mistake in their being used and before the later performances, elastic was inserted.

After the show, though, you can be sure that there was lots of banter and a lot of laughter.



The young and sweet me? At the time of the falling pants.

At nineteen, it seems a long time ago, the costume has been used quite a few times since.

## Sylvia Meets Julian Eltinge

"Excuse me Miss", said a voice at my side and I looked up; it was our waiter. "I am sorry to intrude, but I have this for you", placing a tray at my elbow; on it I saw a card I glanced at the name on it. Turning to the waiter I asked who had given him the card and where was he sitting. Answering me, he said the gentleman was sitting at the right hand wall side, third table from the front, by the screen. Turning, I saw that this gent sat practically facing us at our table and I found myself looking into a pair of large soft eyes. I looked again at the card and read the few words on the bottom, below the printed name.

"I would like to chat with you" — Eltinge.

The card read "Dalton", but the scribbled name was something else again. I had certainly not expected such a situation as had presented itself. Let me explain.

For years now, I had been what is known today as a cross dresser. Ever since the age of six or so I had been wearing real feminine apparel, petticoats and dresses. I had made a few friends through playing in theatricals and writing to others who considered themselves female "impersonators", one being Julian Eltinge. From this writing and exchange of photos I came to be quite friendly and always we agreed that one day we would meet.

By the time of this happening I had become quite a young lady, appearing in theatrical work, even though only amateur and living the part whenever possible, with a fair figure, five feet eight, and weighing 145lbs.

But I digress; let me get on with my story. Eltinge did not know that I would be in New York then and I could never have been sure that he would be interested in me anyway. Actually it was only on a dare that I was in the city at that time, and pure chance that I was in that restaurant, The Virginian, I think it was. It was not my idea at all. My friend (an old one) who lived in New Jersey had asked me to stay with him while on my brief vacation. One afternoon he had suggested that we go into New York that night. I agreed and he then said that I should go dressed as his date for the evening. I was against it but he just kept right on insisting and I finally agreed. It cost him money, because we had to go out right away on a shopping spree, and he paid for everything, lingerie, hose, merrie widow, dress, hat, gloves and purse. The only thing I bought was a hairpiece, as it was something I had intended to get.

Once I got interested in the idea the more I liked it and the more I began to feel Sylvia taking over. I know that occasion will always remain in my memory.

That evening as I felt again, even as I do now, the thrill of corsetting, of hose slithering up my legs, the silken pants and camisole with petticoat

and dress and hat with purse. My wig was just a brown one but nicely dressed and the hat just sat on top in a tilted sort of way. When I joined Bob he was quite surprised and elated; he'd only seen snapshots. Under his guidance we took the local train in and then took a cab to the restaurant, and were shown a table.

Imagine my thoughts as I looked at the person at the table, knowing who it was and the surprise of it, I indeed felt very nervous and yet I knew I had to walk over to that table. I mumbled something to Bob about it being a friend who'd recognized me, who wanted to say hello.

Picking up my purse and gloves I slowly walked over to the table past other diners who I felt were all eyes. I knew for a certainty that Eltinge's eyes were on me and he hurriedly got up and pulled out a chair for me. I was on a cloud as he and I both resumed our seats and I tried to compose myself. There was no doubt in my mind at all as to who it was, when he addressed me as Sylvia. "I never expected to meet you in this fashion in a place like this", he said. Then, we talked, me forgetting about Bob. Among other things he said I was the only Canadian he knew which was one reason he remembered me and because of portraits I had sent him. He told me that he had watched our entrance and had been attracted by my manner and appearance. As we had settled down at the table he had noticed a trifling error on my part, which made him more obaservant and he

# Julian Eltinge

One of the last highly successful stage stars to enter motion pictures. His three pictures by the Lasky-Paramount have been such a sensational success that he is now classed with Fairbanks and Pickford as a drawing card.



Needless to say he will

remain in pictures



Julian Eltinge, as man and woman



Julian Eltinge with his mother. The resemblance is striking

had finally recognized me. He complimented me on my makeup and appearance and said only an experienced eye could have detected that I was not what I seemed. There were two slight errors, it seemed, first, a lady does not take the menu from the waiter but via her friend and two (or second) I kept my gloves on until just before actually eating. (How times change).

As we talked I found that I was studying him and figured that he must be close to 40yrs. old as against my being 24 yrs. While I was skinny but shapely he was heavier and shapely, and as he proudly told me he did not think that he was effeminate in any way when out of the theatre. His features were fine, however, small nose (mine's big), big brown eyes with long lashes, a very engaging smile over good teeth and well shaped lips. He asked me of course why I was so dressed in the open, as I was, and whether I made it a practice. I told him of Bob's wanting me to do it for him and that I did it whenever I felt the urge, back home, that I had never had anything happen to discourage me. He told me that he left it all behind him in the theatre when he went out and that he had been taking feminine roles since he was 10 years old.

Bob had come over by this time and I introduced "Mr. Dalton". After an invitation to visit him back stage, he left, and Bob and I returned to our table. Bob was full of questions and myself very thoughtful and pleased. I really felt a loss when in 1947 came news

of his death in New York. When I come across his section in my scrapbook I always imagine him in "Countess Charming" which I believe was sup-

posed to be his favourite role. Still looking through the scrapbook I see photos of others who were very good as impersonators, but there was only one Julian Eltinge.



*"George, the children are old enough to know there can't be a masquerade party at the V.F.W. every Saturday night!!"*

# BIOLOGICAL vs SOCIOLOGICAL CAUSES OF TRANSVESTISM

By Virginia Prince Ph.D.

There is always a debate going on between TVs as to the "cause" of the behavior, so it is worth examining in some detail the various explanations offered so I propose to do so in this article.

It is always quite satisfying if one can pin the cause of some bothersome behavior, some habit some disease or abnormal condition on something that is beyond the control of the individual. It provides a sort of unchangeable excuse for the condition. There are two general classes of ideas about the causes of cross dressing. The first may be called the "external", meaning that the cause is outside of the individual concerned and therefore may be considered as metaphysical, and the second may be considered to be "internal", that is arising from something specific to the individual either physical or psychological.

This external class is divided into two parts. A) The astrological: After all if the stars determined that I was to be a TV what can I do about it, its just my fate, etc.! B) The reincarnation belief. For those who believe in reincarnation it provides a really pat solution to the mat-

ter. After all, if I was once a handmaiden on Cleopatras barge floating down the Nile and some of that femininity is still with me in this life what choice do I have, its just left over! Or the other side of that coin is that I am destined to be a female in my next life and I am just preparing for it a bit ahead of time in this life. For me both of these explanations come under the heading of metaphysical rationalizations. Their only real merit lies in their being able to put the cause of TVism way beyond the individual. Neither astrology or reincarnation theory has any scientific basis at all and are merely beliefs that may make life easier for some people and if so let them go their way in peace.

The other class of explanations can be termed the "internal". It can be subdivided in turn into three different areas, all of which are more reasonable in view of modern knowledge in the respective fields. C) The idea that cross dressing has some psychogenic cause. That is that there is some psychological quirk in the individual that is responsible for this behavior. D) The biological explanation that says that a

genetic mutation or something in the fetal environment or a hormonal problem of some kind is responsible for the individual wanting to cross dress in childhood or adult life. And finally, E) there is the sociological explanation.

I think we can safely avoid discussing the two "external" explanations because for those that dont believe in astrology or reincarnation it would be a waste of time since these are both "non-explanations". And for the true believers no amount of discussion would alter their views because they are based on belief and that is rarely subject to logical attack. That leaves us with the internal explanations so lets consider each in turn.

The Psychogenic: It is certainly true that in various psychological states male persons exhibit cross dressing. These can run from some schizophrenic patient who thinks he is the Virgin Mary or other female figure, through a paranoid patient who has delusions of persecution and who may cross dress to "hide" from his adversaries. That is, they would not recognize him in the guise of a girl or woman so he would be

safe. 'This is not too far removed from a number of well documented behaviours in other cultures in which boys are dressed as girls to ward off evil spirits or to avoid being taken into the kings army or whatever), to various other psychological states which have been reported in the medical literature such as some cases of epilepsy and of brain infestation with certain parasites which have caused the individual to cross dress. All of these conditions have been known to be associated with cross dressing behavior but exceptional cases never prove anything concerning the ordinary situation. Thus these exceptions do not give any real support to a psychological cause for cross dressing as evident in the usual heterosexual cross dresser.

Of course there is the case of the homosexual drag queen in which the cross dressing is more in aid of the desire to attract another male for sexual activities but whether this would come under the psychological, biological or sociological categories would depend on ones ideas of the causes of homosexuality itself independent of the few who adopt feminine attire and the authorities cannot agree about this among themselves.

So on to the biological explanations which is the real reason this article is written. There appear more and more comments in the various TV publications and to be honest in some professional publications as well that the true explanation of cross dressing lies in this area. Since I beg to differ lets discuss it. For people not in science, "a little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing" in the sense that

adopting scientific terminology and reading a few popular science articles appears to give them an authoritative position. Genes, genetic mutation and genetic engineering are much in the news these days and given the common tendency to latch on to irreversible and unchangeable situations as causes as mentioned for Astrology and Reincarnation, a gene mutation is just peachy keen. If your behaviour can be traced to a gene mutation you certainly can't be faulted for it any more than if you are a redhead in a largely blonde or brunette society. You certainly had no control over it and you just have to live with that condition. But people generally don't understand what genes do or how they affect later life. Perhaps if they did the mutation theory wouldn't get so much attention. Lets look at it.

Everybody has read something about DNA and knows that it is a long twisted strand of material composed of what are called nucleotides together with ribose (a type of sugar) and phosphoric acid. With a little more reading they learn that the function of the DNA in the chromosomes is to synthesize proteins and that proteins are made up in turn of strings of amino acids. Still more investigation reveals that the particular order in which the four nucleotides are arranged on the string of DNA determines which amino acid will be placed where in the long chain of amino acids which constitutes the protein. At this point general information about the process tapers off. People will talk of the "gene for red hair" or the gene for tallness, shortness, intelligence, sense of humor and a great number of

other things. As a matter of fact there is not a gene for anything that you see in a finished human, adult or baby. To begin with the word "gene" refers to a certain length of chain of nucleotides always of the same composition together with various other segments which serve to separate that special segment of the chain from the rest of the chain or which serve to "turn the gene on or off". This means that under the right conditions this particular length of the chain will begin the process that leads to synthesizing a protein whose composition is determined by the order of the nucleotides in the segment of DNA chain. When this synthesis is completed there is a free molecule of a particular kind of protein floating by itself. This protein may be utilized as structural material as in bones, tendons, or cell wall, it may become part of the cells immune system or it may become an enzyme and take part in the metabolism of the cell which provides energy for the cells activity from the breakdown of fats, carbohydrates, or proteins available to the cell.

In either case the protein does its "thing" because of its shape and its molecular energy which is really dependent on its shape. Protein chains as synthesized are very long in terms of the number of amino acids of which they are composed but they don't stay just as long strings. They tend to fold up, twist, and writhe around until they get into what, in lay terms, might be described as the "most comfortable position". When this condition is achieved the molecule has a specific shape. It has depressions in its surface or it has projecting portions or it

may even have "holes" in it — empty spaces into which other smaller molecules can wander like ships entering a harbor bounded on two sides by mountains. Depending on its particular shape it can bind and hold other molecules of different kinds and by binding them in specific positions those other two molecules are allowed to "react" with each other either to combine to make a new type of molecule or to transfer small portions of one of them to the other, to combine with water or other small molecules available in the vicinity. When these changes have occurred the modified molecules either don't fit as well into the spaces as the original ones did or their energetic characteristics have changed so that the large protein molecule can no longer bind them or for other reasons. In any case they are released into the surrounding medium and the protein is back to its original state and ready to bind some more of the same kind of molecules. This is a process called catalysis in which the protein helps other molecules to react without itself being changed in the process. This is what metabolism is all about.

Now it needs to be noted that the shape the protein chain folds up into determines what it can do as a catalyst but in turn that shape is determined by the specific kind and arrangement of the amino acids of which it is composed. There are 20 different amino acids involved and proteins can contain thousands of such acids so it is easy to see that the number of kinds of protein molecules possible is almost astronomical. So since this specificity is essential to the function of the protein

it should be obvious that if some slight accident occurred during the formation of the DNA chain that it would change the code for a given amino acid at one point in the chain so that when the DNA was synthesizing the protein (thru a series of steps too complicated to go into here) that change in the DNA will also result in a different amino acid being inserted into the protein chain during synthesis. If this occurs the protein may not be able to fold and twist itself into the shape it was supposed to attain and therefore it would not be able to bind and allow the same small molecules to react and thus it wouldn't work correctly. It is the small changes in the DNA that are called mutations and they don't in and of themselves do anything except in turn to change the kind or order of amino acids going into the synthesis of a protein which in turn then cannot do what it is supposed to do. A protein that helps a reaction to take place is called an enzyme. Now enzymes are involved in the conversion of starch and sugar into ethyl alcohol in the fermentation process of making wine. When the right enzymes are present, the wine contains the right percent of alcohol and various other substances that are formed during the fermentations, one has good wine. But acetic acid is a very close relative of alcohol. If the protein which is the enzyme that ferments sugar to alcohol would have been synthesized from a mutated gene it might be that the shape such a modified protein assumed would be unable to bring about the formation of ethyl alcohol but would cause the formation of acetic acid instead. In the first

case you get wine, in the second case you get vinegar. Note that there is not "a gene for good wine" in the yeast plant. No gene by itself makes a complex finished product whether it be wine or red hair. All the gene does is to control the synthesis of a protein strand that winds up into a particular conformation which is capable of enzymatic action to bring about some specific chemical reaction under some specific circumstances.

Let us consider hair color. We have blonde hair with no pigment, brown hair with some pigment, black hair with a lot of

pigment and red hair is a chemical called Melanin. There will be a gene which makes an enzyme which controls the synthesis of Melanin under special conditions. Melanin doesn't just color hair. It is responsible for the "tan" you get on exposure to the sun. The conditions in the skin are such that when acted on by ultra violet light the enzyme which synthesizes melanin is activated and the pigment is produced and you get a "tan". The point is that caucasians are not born with a tan. The enzyme is there all the time but it becomes active only under certain conditions. Black people have an enzyme which works even in the womb so that black babies are born black. On the other hand there are people called albinos who have no pigment and cannot produce any and whose skin and hair is white and who get seriously burned by the ultra violet rays in sunlight because they have no ability to produce pigment to protect them. They have to use artificial sun screen chemicals to place a film between the skin and the sun to

absorb the ultra violet before it reaches the skin.

Well, you ask, what has all this got to do with cross dressing? I have gone into some detail above to make it clear that DNA does not consist of "genes" that "do" things like making blue eyes instead of brown. Genes control the synthesis of proteins which shape themselves so that they are able to assist in chemical reactions that would otherwise be very slow or might not occur at all. Such proteins are called enzymes. Enzymes are specific in what they do and require specific conditions in which to do it and all they do is promote certain chemical reactions and there are hundreds of kinds of reactions going on in our body all the time. The purpose of this discussion was to demonstrate that a genetic mutation CANNOT be the cause of cross dressing because genes don't determine that kind of thing.

The second biological cause suggested above was something going wrong in the womb. The embryo, later to be called fetus, develops in the mothers uterus. It is fed through the umbilical cord where blood from the mother passes on one side of a semi permeable membrane while the fetal blood passes on the other side. Food stuffs can pass into the fetal blood supply to nourish it and waste product such as carbon dioxide, urea and many other things are passed into the mothers blood stream to be disposed of in the same way she disposes of her own waste. The baby floats in a sea of amniotic fluid. Now what can go wrong? Leaving aside mechanical factors such as position at birth, the use of forceps, kinking of the umbi-

linal cord which would bring on a period of oxygen deprivation or other problems involved in the birth itself, there are possible chemical problems. Since the fetus grows because its enzymes metabolize the raw materials supplied by the mother and there is a constant influx of various chemicals across the membrane separating the two blood streams it is obvious that if the mothers blood contains various kinds or concentrations of substances that might interfere with some of the metabolic functions of the fetus its development might be hindered in some way. Thus if the mother smokes, nicotine can pass into the fetal blood stream and nicotine is capable of poisoning some enzyme systems so that they can't do what they are supposed to do. If she drinks, alcohol appears in the babies blood. Babies born to narcotic addict mothers are often addicts themselves at the time of birth. Various other conditions in the mother can be transmitted to the baby and the babies normal development can be interfered with in some way. But granted that things such as described can go wrong while the baby is in the womb it is hard to see how events of this type could have any effect on the young boys desire, 5 to 10 years later to put on his sisters panties. The kind of things that could go wrong in the womb are mostly of a class of undesirable substances in the mothers blood which get into the babies blood or the mothers blood is inadequate in some important substances which could stunt the babies development. The most significant to our interest are the presence of hormones such as diethylstilbestrol or pro-

gesterone being given to the mother to enable her to carry the pregnancy to term. Since these compounds have a masculinizing effect the clinical damage is done to female infants who come out much more like boys behaviourally. But there isn't much evidence of harmful effects of these substances on boys. It is true that there is some clinical evidence that sons of mothers who were given these compounds suffer some sorts of effects but nothing I have read indicates that these drugs have any effect on general behaviour. Judging by their effects on females they should simply enhance the effect of the boys own masculinizing hormones. So I think we can also do away with the "something happens in the uterus" explanation of later cross dressing.

So next we come to the third biological explanation and that is the matter of hormones. It is well known that 2 things have to happen to a young male, both of which happen to him while still in the uterus. He has to be masculinized by the presence of adequate amounts of testosterone at the time of differentiation of the genital system since in the early stages of fetal life the potentials of both male and female systems are present in both sexes. Testosterone generated by the primitive testicular tissue changes the direction of genital development in a male direction. If this does not occur the individual will, even though he is an XY chromosomal individual, develop female type external genitalia. It has also been found that he must be "defeminized" in his brain programming. A sexually mature and functioning male animal must not only have developed an

adequate penis, prostate, testicles and the rest of the male apparatus, but he must also have developed the proper neurological circuits such that when, as a sexually mature individual faced with a female in heat (estrus) he will know how to behave – namely to mount, clasp, insert the penis in her vagina and thrust. So both the body and the brain have to develop in a proper male way so that he can carry out his sexual role. And both of these developments are under hormonal control.

It must be remembered that humans are only a sort of super animal. Super because we can do a lot of things that animals cannot do, principally to think and to be self aware, but from the reproductive point of view we are still subject of a deep level to the same instinctive drives and behaviours as other animals. If a young male fetus is not adequately masculinized he may be born as a pseudo hermaphrodite (one who appears to have organs of both sexes but generally does not. True hermaphrodites do but they are exceedingly rare). As a pseudohermaphrodite he may, even though an XY individual, have genitals that look somewhat female. That is, the scrotal sac may not grow together so that it leaves a small opening that a casual and non-medical observer might take to be a rather poorly developed vaginal opening. Moreover, the same hormonal imbalance that caused this condition (known as a hypospadias) will likely also result in a smaller than normal penis so that it may resemble a slightly enlarged clitoris. Thus the person is declared as a female and begins to be brought up in a feminine gender. If the

error is discovered some years later one way or another, the person is likely to be “converted” from being a girl to being a boy with the appropriate change of clothing and of behaviour.

Now such people might in later life retain some memory of what it was like to have been a “girl” for a time and like to go back and reexperience it. But hardly any TVs that I have met or heard about fall in this category. But even if the hormonal problems are not as severe as this it must be remembered that whatever pathological changes may result are what might be called “animal” in nature. That is they will have to do with sexual anatomy and modifications of adult sexual behaviour. There is no apparent relation between changes of this sort and general or social behaviour. It must be remembered that changes of such hormonal types occur both in animals and in primitive human societies yet individuals so effected do not develop a yearning to wear, lingerie, dresses, heels and lipstick. These are cultural phenomena and so are entirely absent in animals since they don’t have a culture and in primitive aborigenes to whom these garments are unknown. It is, however, true that an inadequate defeminization and masculinization of the brain from a reproductive programming point of view might well result in a boy who was less than adequately masculine in his inclinations. He might not like playing rough and tumble sports with the other boys. He might be artistically inclined and more of a loner interested in reading, art, music, etc. It wouldn’t so much be that he was feminine as that he was not as masculine as others

We tend to set up a two valued system in this area and think that if you don’t rate high on masculinity you must necessarily rate high on femininity and vice versa. Actually it turns out that in many ways masculinity and femininity are not so much opposites as they are different so that there are actually 4 positions rather than 2. One can be a male high in both masculine and feminine attributes or high on one and low on the other and vice versa or low on both. And naturally the reverse holds for females. In any case it is hard to see how mild hormone variables could lead a young child and even less an adolescent or adult man to become a TV and to do what TVs do. Particularly is this true when you consider that most TVs are, in their masculine role, quite adequately masculine, as husbands, fathers, business and professional persons, etc. We are not a class of effeminate wimps.

So what’s left in the way of causal events? We are left to consider those factors at work on human beings from the moment of birth which are not in the main applicable to baby or adult animals. These factors comprise the sociological explanation for TVism and to my mind present a much more reasonable and probable answer to the question. I will grant that the biological explanations as outlined above have something in common with the astrological and reincarnational first mentioned in that the “cause” is therefore beyond anyone’s control, the individual, the parents and society. And this is always appealing since it seems to make the condition inevitable and unmodifiable and most of all it saves the individual the strain

of having to accept and take responsibility for his own acts. But lets look at the infant AFTER birth and not before.

There are a lot of potentials available to humans that are not available to chimpanzees and they are available to all humans at birth. Unfortunately, we tend as adults to impute to newborn babies those characteristics which we observe in other adults both male and female. Thus, learning that someones infant is a male, we are likely to handle the baby differently and comment about how strong he is, or that he is a "real boy" (whatever that is), or how handsome he is. On the other hand a female baby brings out comments especially from women (because they are female too) like, "isn't she adorable", or "she is so pretty", "what lovely blue eyes she has" and the like. If the girl baby is picked up it is handled much more tenderly and carefully than is the boy. It has been shown experimentally that regardless of the actual sex of the infant if strangers are asked to watch the baby for a minute or to hold it or to otherwise interact with it, that their behavior toward the baby is determined by whether the mother (or the experimenter) mentions the gender (boy or girl) in making the request or introducing the child. Like, "would you be so kind as to look after my LITTLE GIRL for a moment while I do so and so." Or, "Henry here, is asleep now but if he wakes up just hand him his rattle". The experimental subject then talks to and treats the first child as a girl and the latter as a boy even though in actuality the first is a male and the second a female.

The point of the above experiment is to show that knowledge of an infants sex whether through verbal information or from observing the pink or blue layette leads others to treat him the way they believe boys or girls ought to be treated. So from the very beginning mothers treat boy and girl babies differently and fathers as soon as they get close to the child start making the infant into a son or a daughter as the case may be. And this goes on more or less for the rest of their life as we all know from personal experience and as we all do to babies with whom we come into contact whether our own children or others.

Now what is the source of these ideas? Everybody in a given society has a pretty clear idea of what kind of activities, clothing, jobs, behavior, accomplishments, etc. are considered appropriate and desirable for people who are born with penises, and which are appropriate for those with vaginas. These ideas vary from culture to culture but the concepts of the appropriate life styles for the two sexes exist in all cultures. Thus no matter what race or nationality a baby is born into, the presence of a penis or a vagina at birth his or her future course is, in effect, predetermined and parents, teacher, peers and society in general continuously guides the individual along that path showing and teaching what he or she needs to know and pulling him or her back onto the path if they appear to stray too far afield. At least a strong attempt is made to keep the child on the right path. The accusation of being a "sissy" is one of the common ways of keeping

boys on the straight and narrow path to manhood and masculinity.

But as I indicated all human babies are born with the same social potentials. I am not referring to the anatomical and physiological differences between males and females but rather to the psychological and behavioral possibilities that exist in human life and which make up the sociological environment we are all immersed in. But in the process of growing up parents, teachers and society not only emphasize those characteristics (out of the whole realm of potentials that they consider appropriate for us) but actively discourage and actually punish us for displaying some of the other potentials that society considers inappropriate of our sex and presumed destiny. Thus boys grow up encouraged and rewarded for manifesting all those patterns considered in his society to be appropriately masculine and at the same time is discouraged, derided, and even punished for manifesting those other parts of his own total human potential that are judged to be inappropriate (read feminine). Looked at from another point of view men are masculine by default as much as by intention. That is, if you start out with 100 potential patterns and you remove or prohibit the use of 50 of them the individual has no choice but to build a life the best he can with the 50 that are left. As an analogy, if a baby can be considered to be born with a deck of cards in his hands he has 52 possible cards to play, 26 black and 26 red. Now if someone says in effect, "wait a minute, you have a penis so you can't play any red cards" he is

left to play with only the 26 black ones and we might quite rightly say to him, "You are playing (living) with only half a deck"! Meaning that he is not all he might be if he had access to all his resources. This process of segregation and suppression of half of ourselves is what results in boys and girls and later men and women. They are, of course, also males and females but that fact has little to do with the area we are discussing.

Those of us who discover through accident, curiosity or someone else's design such as giving us a girls part in a play or suggesting that we go to a masquerade party as a girl or even intentionally dress us up in girls clothes - whether for fun, for necessity (such as no boys clothes being momentarily available after a rainstorm say, or even as punishment - succeed in punching a hole in the wall between the genders and for the moment we crawl through it and discover a tiny bit of what it is like to live on the other side of the wall and we find it good and worth repeating. Because remember, the other side of the wall is not some foreign country, something weird, infectious or psychopathic, but rather it is a part of our own house which we have been locked out of during our earlier life. And knowing that it is actually part of our own property which we have been denied access to because the guardians of our lives (parents, teachers and society) have believed that it was not good for us, i.e. it would be damaging to our travel along the predetermined path for penis people and would prevent or interfere with our achieving the position of a MAN in our society

I think therefore that the real explanation of the behaviour known as cross dressing is due primarily to the fact that we live in a culturally divided society. Once we have discovered those red cards - the other half of our original deck - we do not want to lock them away again in spite of what parents, teachers, peers, psychiatrists and society think about it. In short, we are not cross dressers because we are gay, or because we are psychopathic in some way, or because we have criminal intent to masquerade but plainly, simply and, I should think, obviously, because we have simply decided that there are aspects to life and living which have been denied us and when we discover them we don't want to give them up. Now I am not referring to clothing itself as such. True we don't want to give up the panties and the heels, but panties and heels in and of themselves are not important (except to fetishists) rather it is what they represent that is important. People who wear panties and heels live a different kind of life playing with their red cards in those other rooms in our house and when we wear the panties and heels we become like those other people (women) and we find the change very refreshing and invigorating.

So, to conclude: I believe that the explanations I have called external are really falacious and not worth thinking about. The genetic, fetal environmental and hormonal explanations are not really explanations because while they have their effects on the body and even in some ways on mental processes there is no link between them and clothing, or makeup or hairstyles, or jewelry

or any of the other parts of the TV bahaviour pattern that we all enjoy. The clothing and the rest are merely the wall through which we pass to get to the other side. It is a uniform worn by those who play with red cards and when we wear the uniform we have access to our own red cards and can play with them too - on the other side of the wall. Since clothing of whatever kind is a cultural phenomenon I look to culture itself as the cause of cross dressing since wearing the clothes of the opposite gender is a crossing of a cultural boundary. It is not a crossing of a sexual boundary, nor an anatomical one (TSs do this but they are a special case), nor yet a physiological one such as the hormonal idea. If boys and girls alike had the freedom to wear whatever they wanted there would not be any cross dressing regardless of genes, hormones or any other biological factors. The fact that a very large number of young feminist women these days are in effect TVs too since they mimic not only mens clothing but their behaviour - drinking, smoking, swearing, muscle building, giving others "the finger" -- a representation of the ultimate in male behaviour - shows that their revolution is against cultural patterns they feel are too limiting and from which they seek liberation. How does this in reality differ from male cross dressing which is an escape from a too limiting cultural idea imposed on males (largely by other males with macho ideas of course) and from which we seek release and freedom to do our thing? So I think the sociological explanation is really the only one which holds water and covers the

vast majority of heterosexual male cross dressers. Clearly there are other related patterns and other types of life styles. But for true straight TVs I believe that the sociological factors adequately explain the behaviour.

Of course it needs to be pointed out that the appeal of the other explanations lies in the fact that they put the matter beyond our control and therefore beyond our responsibility. The sociological explanation, however, recognizes that factors in society provide the temptation by segregating our masculine from our feminine selves, but does leave open the matter of responsibility. We cannot lay it off on somebody or something else. We cross dress because we not only like and enjoy it but because it brings a big payoff, and I am not referring to the sexual element, but to the rediscovering of a part of our own true selves and an opportunity thereby of achieving an escape from the pressures of one side of ourselves - our daily life - by embracing another part of ourselves, a part that does not struggle under those pressures. That relaxation is the payoff that makes us continue to do it even at great cost to ourselves. Pleasure is its own reward.

Having mentioned sex just above, it is incumbent on me to speak a little further about it lest I be accused of avoiding the issue or trying to slide over it surreptitiously. There can be no denying that sexual release is pleasurable, nor can it be denied that there are many types of stimuli that result in sexual arousal. Once a penis has become erect as it does promptly under appropriate stimuli either physically or mentally, there are only

two ways of getting it to subside. One is to become frightened of discovery, attack, or other consequences and the other is to masturbate it into relaxation. Since to boys, and particularly adolescent boys, anything having to do with girls is erotically arousing it is hardly suprising that actual contact with intimate apparel such as lingerie or highly specific items such as high heels serves to turn them on. So cross dressing almost has to result in erection and the consequent masturbation to release it. This is so common in TV histories that the professionals come to the conclusion that that is WHY it is done. And in early years the TV may think so too but as he gets a little older and the opportunity to dress

may become more frequent and of longer duration he will probably discover that the act of going through the wall or the opportunity to play with his red cards, (to recall both the previous metaphors) is such an additional pleasure that sexual arousal may take a back seat. That is the pleasure of BEING A GIRL comes to consciousness and often overrides the sexual pleasure. So physical eroticism doesn't die out it is just submerged in psychological pleasure and satisfaction.

So now with this introduction to the subject of causes of TVism you can now fight it out among yourselves.

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# THE BALLAD OF LILY DUPREE

Another Story from Dee Raymond

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The aptly named 'Good Times Saloon' was once again well into another successful night. Four rip-roaring, drunk miners had already been carried out from the bar, but still the saloon owner, Rip Hassell, was not happy. To his alert eyes, business was actually off again for the third week in a row. There were noticeable gaps in the rows of men lining the bar, while it was clear that many of the the card players, at the tables the saloon provided, were spending more of their time playing cards than drinking. Rip didn't really blame them at all. There wasn't much else to do in Cottonwood in the chilly, late summer evenings, save to play cards, drink, fight occasionally and, least of all, be entertained by a bunch of vaudeville acts that wouldn't have seen the light of day in any respectable town. The recurrent fights were also beginning to depress Rip. The incidence of such fights was rising week by week and were getting more and more vicious. Little John Braden had lost an ear in the big brawl on Saturday night. But what could you expect, thought Rip sourly, when the territorial marshals, true to the Company's policies, wouldn't allow women into the all-male Diggings. It was a bad rule, but

there wasn't a thing Rip Hassell could do about it.

The show was starting, but few of the miners paid any attention. Two young men, "comedians", were trying to do a standup routine, but they were getting more and more nervous, fumbling their lines, as the hum rose from their 'audience'. Even a short, snappy song with some good footwork was greeted with an increase in the volume of noise from the ranks at the bar. Their ending flourish was followed by several loud raspberries from a group of River Circle cowboys. Soon, the whole bar had taken up the cheer. The young men retreated in confusion as the saloon erupted in laughter, for the first time that evening.

As the ventriloquist began his routine, Hassell edged his way across the saloon, past the cowboys, now back to a card game, and out through a side-door leading to the stage. He couldn't have entertainers in the saloon that were openly jeered at by the customers. He had to get rid of them, even though it would leave several holes in the show-card for the next week, until new performers could come in on the stage from South Bend.

Joe Blake was the taller of the

pair, with red hair and a thick, red, bushy moustache. He was tense and angry when Hassell entered the dressing room.

"You have to shout out the punch lines," he was saying to his partner, Monty Lewis. "You gotta get these guys' attention."

Lewis was fitting a black moustache to his upper lip. His hair was parted down the middle but he still looked very young and so he was adding lines of greasepaint to 'age' himself for the next sketch. Small and slender, he just didn't have the voice to overpower the inattention all performers faced in the "Good Times".

"You can forget it, boys," said Hassell, trying to be somewhat sympathetic. The team of Blake and Lewis looked at him blankly. "You don't have to go out there any more tonight," he added.

"But the Police sketch," Joe Blake began.

His partner understood more quickly. He pulled off the moustache and the sideburns, which Hassell hadn't realized were false, and reached for cotton swabs to wipe off the marks on his face.

"You don't have to do that anymore," said Hassell.

Blake stood up, his chest puffed out, looking as if he were



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## THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

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When a Tv comes out of the closet she wants to go places and do things. She wants to be able to read about others with the same interests and possibly meet them. She may want to go out into the street as any other women does. However, there is the old story of being "all dressed up and no place to go." Therefore, we have formed a Society called the Society For The Second Self. As an organization for women, although they are male-women, it is properly a Sorority and it tries to provide some of the same values that any other sorority would provide. They learn that they have sisters who are into the same things and with whom they can safely and interestingly discuss all phases of the subject and with whom they can meet.

The Society publishes a Directory of members (using code numbers). The Directory provides a brief description of the member as to her age, marital status, children, education, level of dressing, attitude of wife and hobbies and interests. This provides an opportunity for the members to correspond on a compatible basis. The Society also publishes the FEMME MIRROR, a bi-monthly magazine which includes stories, news of various chapters, poetry personal Tv experiences, articles about Tv life, letters from the members, cartoons, pictures and other features that make enjoyable reading.

The Society advertizes on a national basis in an attempt to locate the thousands of heterosexual Tvs who are usually looking for such an organization as ours. Additionally, the Society recognizes the problem of Tvs in purchasing female clothing of the correct size. Purchasing a wig of the correct style is also a problem. Up to now most Tvs have had to rely on catalogs. Recognizing that it would be much better if the Tv could go into a store and be waited on by a sympathetic saleslady, the Society is accumulating a Directory of stores and shops where it's members can enter and be waited on with understanding. The Society also recognizes that many Tvs are interested in locating understanding females who will go out with them on shopping trips and dinner dates and who would also be able to assist our members with their makeup and the correct selection of clothing. The Society is experimenting with this program and expects large dividends in the future.

The organization is limited to heterosexual male and wives. Most members are married and have children. They have reputations to protect and the Society is concerned with being an organization that such people will feel safe and comfortable in belonging to. Interested persons should send 50 cents in stamps for a package of information about the Sorority. Letters should be addressed to Carol Beecroft, Box 194, Tulare, California 93275.

about to start blustering.

"Forget it, Joe," murmured Monty Lewis. "The man is letting us out, right?" He turned and glanced up at Rip Hassell. He had surprisingly blue eyes, and long, almost girlish, dark lashes.

Hassell nodded in agreement. "It's tough here," he admitted, trying to let them down easily. "You'll find it easier in other places."

"What other places?" Blake's mouth was twisted into a sneer. "There aren't any other places. This is the lowest you can get."

Hassell stiffened and might have made an angry rejoinder, but Monty Lewis forestalled him. "Don't be bitter, Joe," he said lightly. "Look on the bright side. You can go out on your own now."

The partners exchanged glances, Blake's full of hostility and wounded pride, Lewis's a look of sympathy and compassion. Lewis broke the exchange, stood up and went over to the two large costume chests. The top half of the lid swung open at his touch. "We inherited these from our fathers," he said to Hassell. "They were the first Blake and Lewis."

Hassell nodded. "I saw them in Chicago," he said, "and on the River, I think."

Monty Lewis smiled. "Yes," he said. "Dad and Uncle Frank worked the riverboats for several years." He opened up the chest fully and began to put away the policeman and convict costumes the pair used in one of their sketches. To Hassell's surprise, there was a woman's dress, black and red, on the first hanger in the chest.

"What's that?" he asked.

Lewis touched the dress before replying. "This? Well, we bought up a lot of costumes in St. Louis." He glanced at Blake,

who had turned his back to them had lit up a cheroot and was glaring at his reflection in the mirror. "We had scripts, too, for a couple of new sketches, including bringing dance hall queens, and the like, into the act. But it didn't work out."

"Why not?" asked Rip with interest. "What your act needs is new sketches. Some of that material you're doing is pretty old."

There was an awkward silence. Monty Lewis glanced nervously at his partner's back. Joe Blake finally spoke. "The sketches we're doing are the ones our fathers taught us." He frowned at Hassell in the mirror. "That new stuff isn't half as good as the old. Besides, you're not getting me into a woman's dress, even on the stage," he added sarcastically.

"But we've never given it a chance," said Lewis in a mild protest.

"This act," Blake's eyes were inflamed, "kept our fathers in the business for over forty years. And we do it better than they did."

Lewis looked unhappy. "Well," he sighed. "We've argued over this before, haven't we? I just don't think Blake and Lewis have to do the same thing from generation to generation."

Hassell finally left the unhappy pair and retreated to his office. He was half-way through a poor-grade bottle of bourbon when he heard the shot from the bar and Dix Leonard, one of the barkeeps, threw his door open and yelled for Rip.

There was quite a crowd around the body of Joe Blake by the time that Rip got into the saloon.

"Stupid fool!" Ed Jones, a foreman miner, said to him. "This tinhorn called out Ross for cardsharpping." The foreman squinted at Rip. "I doubt Ross's

ever done a dirty trick in his life. Everyone knows that!" Rip looked at the pale, skinny youth, being held back by other cowboys from the River Circle.

He sighed. "Let him go," he said.

Monty Lewis was bending over the body. He looked up at Rip. "He's dead," he said quietly. He stared at the money on the green topped table.

"That's mine," the skinny cowboy said. "Won it fair and square, as anyone here'll tell you."

There was a chorus of assent from the men about the table. Lewis nodded and looked down at the contorted mask of his partner's face. "Joe never was a good poker player," he said.

\*\*\*\*\*

"No," Hassell told Monty the next day. "We don't have a town marshal. We found that they only become targets for the drunks on Saturday night. Al Kwenskin, at the Mines, Big Jim Douglas out at the River Circle or Lyle and I here in town report to the territorial marshals on crimes such as shooting. I'll get depositions from all the boys in the game, but I'm afraid Ross Connors will keep his money and stay out of jail."

Monty Lewis' smooth, unlined face began to crease with worry. "But that was all the money we had in the world," he said.

Hassell shrugged. "You got your return tickets in South Bend, didn't you?" he asked.

Lewis shook his head. "Joe wanted to keep as big a stake as possible for his poker."

"Oh," Rip lit up one of the cigars he kept in his office desk. Lewis refused one. "Don't you have relatives you could tap . . . or Blake's family?"

Monty Lewis shook his head miserably. "There's only Becky,"

he said. "Joe's sister. She's expecting us back in South Bend in a couple of weeks with money from our performances." By the pained look on his young face, Rip guessed that she was a little more to Monty than just 'Joe's sister'.

"Well, we'll bury Blake," Rip said, "out of the Merchants' Association funds." Lewis shot him a look of gratitude. "But I can't help you out more, you know. I just can't be a handout for every guy who loses his wad in the saloons. Word would get around," he added, as the younger man looked about to object. "Why don't you try the Diggings?"

"Me?" Lewis smiled for the first time in days, a smile directed at himself.

Hassell studied the slim figure in his well tailored, grey suit, white linen shirt, diamond tie pin, and diamonds in his cuff links — the 'gems' must have been paste, of course. No, this little guy, he thought, wouldn't last the day in the rough world of the Diggings.

"Well, if you want to earn it," Hassell said, a note of finality in his voice, "you can try out some of your new routines in the Saloon. I'll pay you the same rate as before, even though I haven't auditioned you."

"They were all two-man sketches," said Lewis despairingly.

"So," Hassell blew a few circles of blue smoke towards the ceiling. "Well, I guess I can't help you."

"There was just the one," Lewis was doubtful. Hassell raised both eyebrows. "But it was a parody of dance hall singers."

"You wear that red dress?" asked Hassell, sending another smoke ring to chase the others.

"Yes," said Lewis nervously. "Amongst other things."

Hassell nodded. "Should give the boys a thrill," he said. "Most

haven't seen a woman, not even a man disguised as one, in months."

Lewis swallowed. "But, will they do what they did last time to our act?" he asked plaintively.

"They've done a lot worse," said Hassell grimly which didn't help Monty Lewis' confidence at all.

\*\*\*\*\*

The pianist, Ben Grimes, knew the material that Monty Lewis wanted to use. Hassell had decided to do the introduction himself at least to give Lewis a chance to make out the week. He'd looked very odd in the dressing room, thick, false lashes and dark make-up on his eyes, his face white with powder and his lips a painted red bow. Hassell had felt ridiculous hitching tightly the waist cincher about Lewis' already thin waist. He'd left him to it then, after agreeing on the title of the sketch with the young man.

"Alright, guys!" he shouted into the bar's usual hubbub. A few guys gave him a cursory look but to most, he made no difference. "Here's a new act for you!" he bawled. "A female impersonator in a sketch called, The Dance Hall Queen." He raised his voice even more. "Here she is, guys, the one and only, Lily Dupree!"

Ben Grimes began on the piano, his back to the little stage which Hassell had quickly vacated. As Hassell turned, he was stunned by the apparition on his little stage. Throughout the bar, the uproar died and all heads turned to the stage.

Lily Dupree did a little pirouette on her black, high-heeled slippers, pouting at the audience over a bare shoulder. The black and red dress that Rip had seen came only to mid-calf and swirl-

ed as Lily moved to reveal the black straps over her shoulders, leaving her arms and back bare. Her silhouette, which must have been padded extensively, was the hourglass figure of every man's private dreams. The soft blonde hair that covered her forehead in gentle bangs, and cascaded down over her earrings to her shoulders destroyed completely the incongruous image that Rip had had in his mind - based on the help he'd given Monty to dress.

Lily began to sing, in a throaty husky voice, a ridiculous bar-room drinking song that everyone knew. She accompanied the song with wildly exaggerated female gestures. Rip stared at her, as spellbound as the others. He'd forgotten just how soft, seductive and attractive a good-looking woman could be. But this was Monty Lewis, he remembered and snapped out of his trance.

The other men hadn't, however. They just stared dumbly at the personification of womanhood in front of them. When she broke into a second song, wrapping and unwrapping herself in a feathery boa, there was almost an audible sigh in the enraptured audience.

It struck Rip forcefully that his announcement had been completely missed. The men in the crowd were reacting to 'Lily' as if she were indeed the first woman they had ever seen, as 'she' was. They were practically drooling over each other and edging closer and closer to the stage.

Lily's last routine included several tantalizing flicks at her skirt to show the audience the black and pink petticoats beneath her dress. The lyrics she was singing slightly off-key, were humorous if you listened to them, but, as Rip could see clearly, no-one was listening to lyrics at all. Their eyes were too busy devouring the narrow waist,

the firm, round bosoms, the tight, narrow cleavage and the soft, alluring skin. She finished the routine with a little Spanish dancing and had skipped from the stage before the last note on the piano sounded. Rip doubted that she heard much of the applause that swelled and rippled out after Lily had left.

He pushed forwards up onto the stage and waved both hands over his head. There was a pound ing of feet and a whistling then which startled Rip. He realized that it was for him. They think I've broken the Company's law and smuggled a girl in, he thought.

"O.K., guys!" he yelled. "Lily will perform again tomorrow! Tell all your friends! Now let's drink up and watch Charlie Thompson and Claude!"

He went quickly back to the dressing room, leaving the ventriloquist to try and compete with the excited babble of voices from the saloon.

The blonde was seated in front of the mirror, head down on her hands, with their bright red, painted fingernails. She looked up as Rip entered the room closing the door behind him. With a tired hand, she reached up, pushed back the wig to show the dark hairline below, and then removed it to become a ludicrously painted Monty Lewis again.

"I'm sorry," he said wearily to Hassell. "They didn't laugh at even one of the jokes. I'll pack and try the Mine Company tomorrow. Perhaps there's something clerical . . ." His voice trailed off as Rip Hassell began to smile broadly.

"No such thing," said Hassell. "They loved Lily out there. Didn't you hear that applause at the end of your show? Just you see, we'll have a sellout tomorrow. We'll have every miner in the Diggings in here to see Lily."

He was becoming more and more enthusiastic as he spoke.

"But . . . but . . ." Monty Lewis' makeup showed cracks about his eyes.

"They think you're really a woman," said Hassell. "So we'd better not disappoint them. Just think what an angry mob of miners could do if they knew they'd been tricked. We'll have to be careful getting you up to your room, too. We're likely to be spied upon."

\*\*\*\*\*

Business the following night was every bit as good as Hassell had gleefully predicted. Several men came by just to ask Rip pointedly where he was hiding Lily. "You'll find out, boys," he laughed. "You'll find out."

Despite Monty Lewis' agitation, Rip had finally persuaded him to repeat the act of the night before. He'd also passed along two of the sketches Monty thought were very good to Charlie Thompson to learn. Just one other song from Lily, sung straight without the acting would serve as a good appetizer for the 'big' show Rip was planning for the weekend.

By then, word of Rip Hassell's 'woman' would have reached South Bend and he could expect a visit from the marshals by this day next week. Monty Lewis hadn't been told, but he'd only a week to endure the ogling and leering of women-starved men. He was ready, but anxious, when Hassell called on him again in his dressing room. He was laced up tightly again but Charlie Thompson had helped Lily this time, without even a hint as to Monty's true identity, so well was he made up and so authentic was his hairpiece.

"Well, Lily," it seemed strange calling him that, but Thompson

was listening. "Here we go again" said Rip, escorting the blonde to the 'wings' of the tiny stage.

Lily Dupree nodded. Her eyelids were fluttering nervously and she looked about to faint. But she didn't, and her performance was equally stunning to the all-male audience, as on the previous night. With her final flounce, she caught her skirts this time and in the cascade of pink and black petticoats, many men were able to catch a glimpse of her slender, black-stockinged thighs. She waited too, in the wings this time for the roar of the applause to subside, and let her boss accompany her back to her dressing room.

"You can just do the other thing about two hours from now," said Hassell, beaming from ear to ear. "So, can I get you something from the bar?"

"Bourbon," Lily said in a soft voice, reminiscent of Monty.

Rip had a hard time obtaining the drink. All the regulars wanted to talk to him about Lily. Some wanted to buy her drinks, and Old Bob Tate guessed that Rip was taking the tray to supply her himself. "Come on, Rip," he snuffled, waving the bill at the saloon-owner. "It's your'n if'n yer lemme carry'n t'Lily."

It took a while but finally even Old Bob got the message and Rip was able to escape through the side door, now kept locked, and get back to Lily's dressing room.

"Sorry I'm so late," he said, setting the drinks down on the table. "All the boys want you out there, so that they can buy one for you."

He turned from setting down the tray. Lily had changed — her hair, her dress, everything about her. The raven-haired wig stood up in a mass of twisted braids and curls, a foot above her forehead. Yet the fringe and the kiss curls effectively hid any attempt

by the eye to see the line of the wig. The white dress, complete with bustle. Glittered and shimmered as Lily moved. It was tight at the collar and the wrists but it showed her divine form. Rip gulped. She had changed her makeup, too, less flamboyant but her eyes appeared darker, rounder, and her skin softer, almost white. She swung a parasol at him, showing her pale pink fingernails.

"I can't just stand and sing," she breathed, taking a sip from one of the glasses and leaving the outline of her pink lips on it. "I have to act out a part. In this skit I'm Madame Dupont, teaching the correct way to sing. Joe had a lot of funny lines to interject as we, that is, as I did this song." She took another sip of the bourbon.

"Do anything you like," stammered Rip. He had been bugged by a few thoughts as he was leaving the bar. "I have to ask you something else, too."

Her painted eyes narrowed. "Go ahead," she said, hardly using her vocal cords at all.

"All these guys who want to buy you a drink," Rip said nervously. She was holding herself so haughtily, her imitation of a teacher almost perfect. "Why don't we let them? We could give you a special brand, like tea, from the bar, and you could drink as much as you liked. I'd split the profits with you at the end of each day."

For a moment, she appeared about to hit him with her parasol. "You want me to be a dance hall girl?" It was Monty speaking hurt and indignant.

"No, no, nothing like that," said Rip hastily. "It's just that, here you are, bringing in all these customers, and not getting much of a cut. You're holed up in here, afraid to go out and yet you could be out there, making mon-

ey."

She took a furious swallow of the bourbon, throwing her head back, and, for the first time, giving Hassell a glimpse of her adam's apple.

"You could make up a character for it," Hassell suggested slowly. "And play it out in front of a closer, more intimate audience."

They were interrupted by Charlie Thompson rapping on the door. He poked his head into Lily's dressing room. "I'm finished," he said gloomily, and then retreated.

"Come on," said Rip. The brunette took his arm in ladylike fashion and followed him down to the stage area. Introduced again as, "Lily Dupree, our little sweetheart," she strolled languidly out onto the stage, this time to be greeted by whistles, calls and general applause. She disdained it all and began the song. Her parody of the schoolmarm's voice was so correct that again the miners settled back, more stunned than anything else.

It became clear to Rip right then that Lily was very talented, much too good to be working in a place like Cottonwood, and he sensed that the men knew it too. She strutted about the stage in complete control, and, when the song ended, she didn't skip off, she stood and acknowledged their applause. When she didn't leave, the noise slowly died away and she waited proudly for it to stop. Then, raising the hem of her white dress, showing her white slippers, her white stockings, and her trim ankles to the men, she tripped lightly down from the stage and walked, or rather swayed, right up to Old Bob Tate.

She put a soft hand on his cheek, as he stood there like a statue. The white of her skin and the pink of her nails were a vivid

contrast to the miner's black and grey stubble. "You're my man," she said huskily, though how she knew it was Old Bob she never did tell Rip. "You're the first to invite me to drink with you."

There was a yelling and a hollering through that bar worse than the Fourth of July. Every man in the place wanted to buy Lily a drink, but she kept her eyes steadily on Old Bob. He had the most foolish grin you ever saw on his face, and you could see by the carrot-color on the top of his head how pleased he was. Lily, of course, did not drink at the bar. She settled at a small table, and to Rip's eyes, received homage like a queen. She was so assured with the miners, keeping the talk light and bantering that Rip could himself have left the bar. He was sure there wouldn't be any trouble over her.

After an hour of general fun, with the saloon getting noisier and hotter by the moment, Lily rose, took out her small fan, and came over to Rip at the bar. He could see the miners moving to new positions just to watch her. "I'd like to return to my room," she said softly to Hassell.

"But of course." Rip put her arm through his, tipped his hat to the mob and withdrew with her through the side door. Surprisingly, out of the light and glare of the saloon, she began to tremble, almost to the point of convulsions. Hastily, Rip escorted her into the dressing room and closed the door. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Lily sat down before her mirror and stared at her reflection. "It was that young cowboy," she said huskily. "The one called Ross, the one who killed Joe. He wanted to buy me a drink. The last time he saw me he threatened to kill me, too, if I took a dime off the table. He just

reminded me of who I am, that's all." Lily was still looking into the mirror, with what seemed to be tears gathering on her dark, painted eyelashes.

"Ah," Rip gave an impatient snort. "In front of that crowd, you're Lily Dupree. Forget Monty Lewis," said Rip Hassell. "We've got a real mint going here. Your share of tonight's take will be more than you and that other fool would have got for a two week stint here. And there'll be more tomorrow, with the big ones over the weekend. I tell you Lily, you're sitting on a gold mine over there."

Lily gave an awkward, little smile. "My bustle?" she said, her red mouth twisting in an ironic smile.

"Of course," Rip was frowning, hardly thinking of her reply. "I tell you though, we're going to have to be awfully careful. It won't be long before some of those guys get the idea of creeping up on you — even in your room."

There was a look of panic on Lily's face.

"Don't worry," said Rip hastily. "I'll have a guard posted. But I tell you what would be best for us. You should dress like Lily Dupree all the time. Then there won't be any slipups."

"All of the time!" Lily was shocked. "But I can't!"

"Sure you can," said Rip easily. "In bed, too, if you got the proper things in the case of yours." One look at Lily's face told him that she had. "It won't be for long, anyway," he said, deciding to let her in on the hard part. "When the marshal finds out I got a woman in here, they will be in like a herd of buffalo. I reckon that'll be by about Tuesday. Then Lily can change back into what's-his-name." He smiled at her, but she hardly responded.

"I can't be a woman all of the time," Lily said hoarsely.

"Sure you can," Rip said again. "It's just a part, right? A new part. You're playing a woman named Lily Dupree, entertainer, and darling of all the men in Cottonwood. Try it, he said, taking out a roll of bills and beginning to count them off in front of her. You're going to love it."

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Jim Douglas, older than his cowboys and running to fat now, caught Lily's act on Saturday night. Technically, he wasn't under the same embargo as the town of Cottonwood in regard to women. His ranch had held the entrance to the valley from South Bend for a decade. But, sensing what could happen, he'd had his daughter, Leah, and the wives of the cowboys, move out to South Bend. There was no telling what the crazy miners from Cottonwood might do if they learned of women that close.

Lily Dupree now was different from her earlier performances. She handled the men with ease, and she was talented, too. In the sketches with the other performer, the ventriloquist, she put him to shame every time. In the number where she was a bar-room queen, hustling drinks for a living she'd ended with a number of high kicks to show off her beautiful legs, along with her black stockings, black garters, and white, frilly panties. Out of breath, but laughing, feathers pinned into the dark hair that fell over her bare shoulders, she was accepting tribute from Kwe-skin and some of his boys at the bar before they restarted their poker game, when a genial voice spoke from just behind Jim Douglas.

"You liked her?" asked Rip.

He had come from the stage area, and now he sat down with the ranch owner.

"She's lovely," said Douglas simply, watching the way she held herself proudly, her breasts firm and well supported. "I'd like to meet her."

"Everybody would," said Hassell with a grin, but when Lily looked about the bar, possibly trying to find him, he stood and waved to her. She caught his sign, excused herself to Kwe-skin, who tried to hold on to her hand but she managed to free herself, laughing, after allowing him to kiss it. She was still panting from her exertions on the small stage as she sat on the chair proffered so gallantly by Jim Douglas.

"Thank you," she said, exchanging a slightly amused glance with Hassell.

"Jim Douglas," said Rip, "I'd like you to meet Lily Dupree, the star of the Good Times' little show."

"I'll buy you a drink," said Douglas, his heavy-jowled face serious. "A real one," he added with a glance at Hassell.

While Rip gave her a frown, Lily smiled and gave Big Jim a short, throaty laugh. Douglas just loved to hear women with deeper, sexier voices like Lily. "I could really use a bourbon," she said lightly in the high, breathless tones of the dumb, dancehall queen. She reached out and touched his arm. "I thank you so much."

"It's O.K.," said Douglas impatiently. "You don't have to play hustling games with me. You can speak normally." Again there was that quick exchange of glances with Hassell. "I'm not at all impressed with cute, little girls. I had enough of that in my first marriage. I like a woman to be a woman."

There was an uncomfortable

pause broken only by the arrival of Dix Leonard with drinks for Rip and Lily. "I would like to thank you, though," Lily said, switching down to her husky tones, much more natural in sound. She stared, as always at the lipstick she left on her glass. Many of the guys who had bought her drinks kept the glass with the impression of her lips upon it, for what purpose Rip could only surmise.

"You're welcome, Miss Dupree," said Douglas. He picked up her left hand and looked at the four rings and the long, red fingernails. "It is Miss Dupree, isn't it?"

Lily was startled. She tried to take back her hand, but the grip was like iron. "Y-yes, it is," she stammered.

"None o'these," Big Jim's fat, stocky fingers pointed at the jade and silver rings, "mean anything, do they? You ain't wearing something of Rip's here, are you?" He pressed upon the thick band set with blue stones about Lily's ring finger.

"N-no," Lily gasped. She winced and Douglas reluctantly released her hand.

"You don't have no brand on this lady yet, Rip?" he turned with the question to give the saloon owner a hooded look.

"Course not," said Hassell cheerfully, returning his attention which had wandered off to survey the packed barroom. "Lily's the performer and as free as the wind."

"Good," Douglas nodded his huge, heavy head. "You may have heard o' my spread, Miss Dupree, the River Circle Ranch." He said it proudly. "I'd like very much to have you visit me there."

Hassell's drink spilt as he swallowed hard. Lily appeared frozen mesmerized by the older man. "I also own a share in the Diggings," Douglas was going on. "I buried

two wives down on the Creek, and I'll tell you frankly, I'm getting very lonesome out there on that big ranch all by myself. All the money I got ain't enough to make me happy."

Hassell was trying to intervene but Lily spoke first. "I think I understand what you're saying," she began, "but really", she gave a little shrug, "I'm a show-girl, a dance hall girl."

Douglas grunted. "So was my second wife," he said. "Best wife a man ever had — like all you girls when you settle down. Course, his tone was suddenly bleak, "I don't intend to spend all the year of any year at the River Circle. I got a place in St. Louis. Aim to spend winters there, and other times of the year." Again, there was an awkward pause. "So, come on out and see the place, Lily, if I can call you that. It's one of the most beautiful ranches in the territory." He turned to Hassell. "When you gonna set her free, Rip? When can she come see me?"

"W-Wednesday," Rip's voice was strangled. "I'll bring Lily out on Wednesday."

"Fine," said the older man. He picked up his stetson and covered up his thinning strands of black hair, his face the epitome of power and firm resolve. "I'll see you Wednesday, Lily. I'll be counting the hours." Then he stood and walked away stiffly, several cowboys gulping down their shots rapidly before scamp-ering after him.

"I need another drink," said Lily unsteadily.

Rip waved away the miners who now wanted to join Lily since Big Jim Douglas was gone. "Don't worry," he said. "We should have this . . . this business over with by Wednesday. I'll just have to tell him that the marshals got here first."

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But the marshals did not arrive on the Tuesday stage as Rip was sure that they would. There was a little crowd about the landing stage so that it took a while to unload the passengers but there was obviously no marshal aboard.

As he turned to leave, Rip saw George Askin and Lyle Cooper, saloon owners from the main strip, also turning away, but there was disgust on their faces. Rip went up to them, but Askin spoke first. "So you got away with it," he said, chagrin written all over his face.

Rip frowned. "Maybe no-one reported it," he said slowly.

Cooper shook his head. "We did, Rip," he said quietly. "George and I sent in complaints about you. You broke the terms of the Company Agreement." He smiled. "You've almost wiped us out of business this last week-end."

Rip nodded, puzzled. "Perhaps they'll be riding in," he said knowing, however, that Dunford and Crockett, the South Bend marshals, always took the stage.

"No!" Askin was still in a rage "It's Douglas," he said. "You played your cards right there, Rip, with that Dupree woman. Douglas has already asked for the ban to be lifted, and, while they consider it, your woman can stay." He was very bitter. "How did you get her in?" he asked, lips compressed so tightly they were almost white. "You must have found a pass through the mountains. Gonna undercut our whiskey next?"

"George!" Even Lyle Cooper was astounded by his partner's sneers. He turned to Rip. "You know that my hat's off to you, Rip, even though I don't know how you did it. Now, if Douglas breaks the ban, I've a couple of

stages full of girls ready to pile in here that'll make Lily Dupree look like a man." He smiled at his own joke and Rip laughed, too.

"Never," he said lightly. "If Lily gets to stay on here, she'll always be the darling of the valley, just you wait and see."

He didn't hear Cooper's bemused comment, "I'm afraid he's absolutely right," which upset George Askin even more. Hassell was too busy thinking about how he was going to explain to Lily that her engagement had just been indefinitely extended, and that she would be going on a picnic with Douglas after all the following day.

"I won't go! I'll just become Monty Lewis again!" Lily's pale face, framed with gentle brown curls, her lips very pink to contrast with the dark green silk she was wearing, was repeating her argument even as they waited for the trap to be delivered from the livery stable. "This is taking it too far!"

"You like the money you've been getting, don't you?" asked Rip harshly, as he watched the street from her bedroom window "This is just one of the payoffs for that. Think of it this way. Jim Douglas has given us at least one more week of raking in nothing but profit." He turned. She looked very neat, the dark green ribbons under the straw hat the touch she needed to look so young and innocent. She looked even younger than Leah Douglas, but then that young lady took after her father in both looks and physique.

The buckboard was now turning up the main street. "Come on," said Hassell, picking up the bag of cosmetics Lily had insisted she would have to take with her. "You're going to go, and you'll have a good time." Lily resisted his taking her arm, walking

ahead of him, her mouth a sullen pink line. "Look," said Hassell exasperated. "I don't like this one bit more than you, and if I could think of a way out, I'd take it. But don't let's kill the golden goose just because some guy wants to marry you. You can always say no."

Lily's dark painted eyes turned ablaze to Rip Hassell. "Suppose I say yes," she retorted. For a moment, Hassell was speechless "He couldn't say anything, could he?" she sneered. "I mean, after our wedding night, he couldn't tell the world that Lily is a man and Jim was a fool, could he?" She opened the door, smiled easily at the guard at the top of the stairs and headed down, past a line of admirers.

"You wouldn't do anything like that?" Hassell's voice was dry and raspy even to his own ears. He had only caught up to Lily as she mounted the buckboard. Now, she waved to the men who whistled and raised their hats as Rip directed the team out of Cottonwood and up the only road out of the valley in the direction of South Bend.

Lily didn't answer. She gripped the side of the buckboard and looked about her disinterestedly at the silver-leaved wolf willow that lined the road. "He'd kill us both," said Hassell, his tone strangled. "He likely killed his first wife anyhow. Strangled her with his own bare hands." He shook his head. "You wouldn't live past that first night."

"Oh, forget it," said Lily, irritated. "It was just an idea I thought you'd be coming up with any second."

For the first time in half an hour, Rip breathed a sigh of relief. He rested the team halfway up the incline towards South Bend. It was a steep climb, but the going would be easier when they made the turn off just un-

der the brow of the long plateau, and plunged back towards the river and Douglas' ranch.

"You had me going for a while," he said to Lily, getting out and reaching up to take her by her waist and lift her to the grassy side of the track. "You don't seem quite yourself these last two days. What is it?"

Lily sat down on the edge of this hill, looking back across Cottonwood Creek. To their left, there were dark gashes in the slopes of the hills, marking out the excavation sites of the mines. When the rail came along the valley floor in another year, not only would Douglas be richer from that, but then Cottonwood would really boom as its stockpiles depleted and the miners would be joined by railway men in the saloons and taverns.

"It's this whole thing," said Lily, when Rip sat beside her. Her hand, nails a pink now to match her lips, took in the whole valley with a wave. "Do you know I'm actually beginning to like being the only girl in the whole place? All of you guys are so nice to me. You move on any whim I have. Do you know what it's like to be accepted, even loved, after being disliked and ignored for so long?" She swallowed and looked directly at Rip. "I was even rather glad when you came to me and told me I could carry on wearing my skirts for another week. So what does that tell you about me, huh?"

Hassell was shaken, he'd quite forgotten Monty Lewis in the last few days. Of course, he knew that Lily was a man. But that hadn't stopped him thinking that she'd react like a woman. What kind of man was it, he trembled at the thought, who liked to be a woman more than to be a man?

"I've got to get out before this gets worse," Lily was going

on hoarsely. "Before I do something crazy, and forget who and what I really am."

"Sure." Rip was alarmed but trying not to show it. "We'll definitely end it as soon as we can." "Take the buggy on," said Lily, desperation in her voice. "Let's just keep right on going to South Bend. You can keep the money. Just let me go."

"All right," Rip was too shaken to argue. All he could think about was this . . . this man and his longings. He tried not to look at Lily's round, feminine figure as he helped her back up on the buckboard. He tried not to listen to the soft rustle of petticoats about her silkened legs, but each glance, each touch as the buckboard rocked, each feminine sound, filled him with apprehension. This thing was out of control and he didn't know what might happen next.

Jim Douglas was waiting for them at the turn off to his ranch, blocking the way to South Bend. "Didn't want you to miss the road," he said pointedly to Rip, noting and misinterpreting the strain on the man's face.

"It was really nice of you, Mr. Douglas." Lily gave him a demure smile and the big man nodded, before cantering ahead on his large chestnut gelding.

The 'picnic' was a torture for Rip, as Lily insisted that he accompany her and Jim, much to Jim's disgust. She was overly feminine and helpless throughout the lunch by the creek, encouraging and flirting with Jim Douglas outrageously while the older man bragged about his spread, his only child, Leah, and about his great wealth.

Lily even bestowed a gentle kiss on the rancher's cheek at their parting, a move totally at odds with her earlier requests of Rip. When the buggy reached the South Bend-Cottonwood trail on

their return, Rip turned to her and said simply, "Well?"

"Well what?" asked Lily, slipping her arm through his. "Oh, you mean running off to South Bend. You can forget that," she cuddled close to him, a wicked grin at her lips. "I wouldn't dream of letting you down, Rip. After all, what would the Good Times be without Lily Dupree, the darling of Cottonwood?"

Even though she wasn't supposed to, Lily gave a performance again that evening, doing an extraordinarily provocative dance in a Chinese costume, the skirt slit up to her waist, showing off her long, slim legs to the bemusement of the crowd, who'd turned in just on the off chance that she might appear. It was the same through the next few days. Rip was affronted by the way in which she flaunted herself in front of the miners, who didn't object at all. Big Jim Douglas was in again on Friday and caught not only the Chinese girl act but also the Muslim dance in which a veiled Lily, backed by Ben Grimes sensuous piano, stirred as much in Rip as she stirred in the mob. For the first time, Rip began to wonder what it was that he had loosed on the men of Cottonwood.

"I didn't like that last dance," said Big Jim to Rip as he was leaving for the ranch. "Nor that Chinese one either."

"Why not?" said Rip, sounding as disgruntled as he felt. "She is the entertainer. She has to keep the men interested."

"No," said Big Jim, his eyes hooded again. "She doesn't have to keep men interested. I might have known it was your idea to have her dress like that."

The unfairness of it made Rip angry. "If you don't like the way Lily dresses," he said hotly, "you can just stay away. She can't

stand you anyway."

The moment the words were out, Rip knew they should never have been spoken. Douglas' fist crashed against his temple and Rip was only dimly aware of the room, the bright colors, and the loss of feeling in his legs even while men scattered out away from him. Then Lily came running, leaning over him, her hair now blonde, in the red and black dance hall costume she had worn for her very first routine in the Good Times. When the roaring in his ears stopped, Rip was able to hear Jim Douglas' hollering even as the big man was being restrained by two of his cowboys.

"My apologies, Jim," said Rip. "There was no call for me to say that."

The incensed rancher strained at the arms of Ross Connors and the other two ranch hands. "I'll kill you," he was shouting.

"What happened?" It was Lily her face white even beneath her makeup. Afraid I told the old guy the secret and ruined her chances with him, thought Rip sardonically.

She turned right away to Douglas. "Take it easy, Jim," she said, the color returning to her cheeks. "Come on," she pushed Connors away, slipping Douglas' arm about her. "Come into my room and have a drink with me."

Douglas' arm closed about her, his hand caressing her soft shoulder. The look he gave Rip as Lily guided him off to the side door was one of pure triumph.

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Lily slept late on Saturday, and, in the mood he was in, Rip Hassell didn't want to face her until it was absolutely necessary. He'd decided now to end the charade they'd been playing. He didn't know what Lily would do,

but the length of Jim's stay in her room, his mocking gestures to Rip when he left at last, now convinced the saloon owner that he would hear little else in the future but bad news. He didn't doubt that he'd seen the last of Monty Lewis. He only hoped that when he'd given her the word, he'd have seen the last of Lily Dupree, too.

"Stage coming in!" The yell ricocheted into the deserted morning bar where Rip was totalling the evening's receipts as well as trying to keep down the black coffee served up by the restaurant next door. There was no stage on a Saturday, but Hassell reacted to the call like everyone else. He charged out into the street.

For some reason the stage went right past the landing dock. It didn't halt until it came to Lyle Cooper's Lucky Dollar Saloon. Lyle was standing out front a big smile on his face. As the door swung open, the reason for his pleasure became obvious. Each of the girls who jumped down lightly from the stage was brightly dressed and a good-looker from the distance of the Good Times. Lyle Cooper looked up along the board walk and saluted to Hassell. The girls showed no inclination to leave the street and go into the Lucky Dollar. Unable to stand it longer, seeing the crowd grow larger and larger in front of the impromptu parade, Rip retreated back into his saloon. "What's all the fuss?" she asked. She was wearing the blonde wig still, with a dark striped dress, an ordinary dress. She looked so feminine with her soft curls and light touches of makeup that Rip had to struggle to remind himself that she was a man.

"You're going to have to hustle now, darling," he sneered. "Lyle Cooper just brought in a

stageload of girls, real girls, to the Lucky Dollar."

If Lily was upset by the news, she didn't show it. She went over to where he was totalling the previous night's take. She took a sip of Rip's coffee and then pulled a face. She actually had no lipstick on her lips, Rip was surprised to see, and her nails were clean. With the dark blue bow in her hair, she had revived the innocent look so absent from her wild performances at the end of the week.

"I'm sorry about the way I've behaved, Rip," she said very softly, lifting and then dropping a bill from the top of one pile of money. "You've been so good and so patient with me."

"No more," said Hassell harshly, pushing one of the stacks towards her. "With this, we're through. You can leave on that stage when it goes back to South Bend, or you can go where you like. You've enough to hire a buckboard to take you anywhere even to the River Circle Ranch."

He was surprised by her distress. "Never that," she said, staring at him.

They were both surprised by the sudden arrival of customers into the bar. Lily's face quickly changed to a smile, which then faded. Rip didn't know if she knew the marshals, John Dunford or Bob Crockett. They were both big, powerful men. The young, red-haired woman in the black coat Rip didn't know.

"Rip," said Dunford, the first to speak. He gave Lily a nasty look. "Gotta lady here to talk to you. This here's Miss Becky Blake. I reckon you can tell her all about her brother."

Somehow Hassell got through the telling of the tale of Joe Blake's death without glancing at Lily who had withdrawn to be sheltered from the girl's direct view by the body of the tall Dun-

ford.

"But where's Monty?" said the girl at last, her big, brown eyes watching Hassell closely. "He didn't come back to South Bend."

Hassell shrugged, "perhaps he went somewhere else," he said. "I think he had his share of the money I paid Blake and Lewis."

Becky Blake shook her head. "He wouldn't go anywhere without me," she said firmly. "Monty and I were to be married when he and Joe got the act working well enough. Besides, there were all the costumes they had. Most of them belong to me."

"To you?" Hassell was surprised.

"Of course," said Becky. "I inherit Joe's share and then there were all the other costumes we'd bought for me to wear when I joined the act on the riverboats. So you see, she reached up and took a pin from her hat, releasing it, "Monty would still have an act with me. He'd come and get me."

Dunford and Crockett were getting bored with the conversation. Neither had the application or interest to be a detective. "Look," said Dunford impatiently. "Do what you can for the lady, huh, Rip? And you check with us before you leave Cottonwood, Miss Blake. It's an open town now, you know. Mr. Douglas had the Company lift all its restrictions." He gave another nasty look to Lily Dupree. "We'll be talking to you again, Rip."

Rip answered with a nod as the two marshals left. Becky seemed to notice Lily for the first time. "Hi, she said with a smile. "You must be the girl they're all talking about. Lily Dupree?"

Lily nodded. Rip stepped forward. "Why don't I show you where Joe was buried, Miss Blake?" he began, but Becky was

staring at Lily's dress.

"I had a dress like that," she said slowly. "Where did you get it? Did Monty Lewis sell it to you?" She looked up at Lily's distressed expression. "Give it to you?"

Rip tried to distract Becky, but she wouldn't allow him to take her arm. Her eyes had traveled all the way up the alluring figure that Lily presented to the eyes that had only mascara on the lashes. Becky's mouth popped open, a look of utter astonishment on her face.

"Yes," said Lily huskily. "It's me, Monty. Oh, why couldn't you stay in South Bend, even until tonight. I'd have been joining you then."

Becky Blake groped for a chair at the nearest table grouping. "It is all my fault," said Rip, taking in at a glance the distress of both of them. While Becky sat there, her mouth agape, he launched into the story of Lily Dupree and the confusions of which he'd insisted Monty take advantage. He left out all account of the picnic and of Jim Douglas' visit to Lily in her room.

"I've got all the costumes safe," said Lily at the end of Rip's tale, "and this." She opened the small bag that she always carried. Rip hadn't realized how much money he'd given her. The roll of bills she placed in Becky's hands made the girl's eyes almost pop again.

"The Lily Dupree act brings all this in?" asked Becky Blake, looking from one to the other.

"If she talks to the customers afterwards," said Hassell. Then he wished he hadn't said it as he saw how unhappy Lily was and the scornful look that Becky Blake gave her.

"But I'm not doing that any more," said Lily quickly.

Becky nodded, looking sharply at Rip Hassell. "No," she snap-

ped. "We're artistes, not barroom girls."

Hassell shrugged. "It's where the money is," he said. "You must have come in with the bunch who'll be getting it all after today."

"On the stage this afternoon?" Backy asked. Then she thought for a moment. She looked at Monty Lewis. "I can't believe it's you," she said at last, while Lily flushed and looked down, showing her long darkly colored lashes. "You look so . . . so . . . feminine, and innocent. Whose idea was the bow?" She reached out and touched Lily's tresses.

"M-mine," stammered Lily, very confused by the girl's touch.

"Show me your room," said Becky suddenly. "I want to talk to you alone."

As the two left, the same height and approximate shape, Rip Hassell would have been unable to guess which was the man if he hadn't known.

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Despite the attractions of Lyle Cooper's girls, who were constantly under the attention of Marshal John Dunford, permanently stationed in Cottonwood, the crowds at the Good Times were not diminished. The new attraction, Becky Blake, didn't have the flair of Lily Dupree, but she was good, a professional dancer/singer, too. And after a little while, she and Lily began once again to visit the miners at the tables. Jim Douglas visited Lily regularly and made a proper proposal to her. Lily's gracious denial left him still a friend, and even though his relations with Rip were glacial, neither caused any trouble while under Dunford's watchful eye.

The departure of Lily and Becky left a hole in the life of Cottonwood that wasn't really

filled, not even by George Askin's girls, brought into the Good Times when Rip Hassell went East to become Lily and Becky's manager for their performances in the big cities. Becky Blake married a guy named Monty Lewis in a town that knew neither, before or after the ceremony, and then Becky retired from "the business." With the tours that Lily was doing, and the money that was rolling in, Becky didn't need to hit the boards herself. She was jealous of the men in Lily's life but she knew more than anyone, save perhaps Rip Hassell, who traveled with Lily constantly, that Lily was never unfaithful as the "Penny Dreadfuls" would have had her believe.

When Lily returned, exhausted after a tour of European capitals, or the principal cities of the coast, Becky Lewis would get to wear the jewels, the presents that Lily had collected on her travels. Becky had never tried to persuade Lily to dress other than in her best dresses during their time together, and with time, she even forgot they'd intended Monty to return within a year of leaving Cottonwood. The songs written about Lily were a shock to both of them, almost as bad as the stories about Lily's love affairs, but, as Rip said to Becky one day, she shouldn't mind any story written about Lily Dupree. In fact, she should encourage the lies. After all, the only story none of them ever wanted in print was the true story, the one that only the three of them could write -- the true story, that a songwriter would call, "The Ballad of Lily Dupree."

\*\*\*\*\* END \*\*\*\*\*

# TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Linda, Virginia

Sunday Morning. The first rays of sunlight break through the tall oak trees on Foxhall Road, through the open bedroom window of Apartment 302, and rest ever so gently on the reclining form of a nubile woman, still in deep slumber. Mary Tyler, the occupant of 302, a slender, blonde, 30'ish school teacher is sleeping late this morning after watching the late late movie on TV.

A car back-fire on the street below rouses Mary from her sleep. She stirs, turns over, and gazes dreamily out the window. Her husband, John, has spent the past week at the Tri Sigma convention in New Orleans, leaving Mary alone at the apartment. John (also known as Bernice) is a successful businessman in town, as well as an avid transvestite. A crossdresser since childhood, John had reached an agreement with Mary early in their marriage allowing him to wear women's clothing around the apartment "as long as it wasn't too often." He had left for the convention last Sunday, suitcase in hand, wearing one of her traveling dresses and one of her lightweight coats.

Mary raises herself up in bed, head propped on her pillow, and glances around the room ... at the clothes hanging in the closet. Mary's on the right side, neat, clean, well-ordered; John's on the left, clumped together in disarray. Her gaze falls upon a stack of John's underwear which she had washed the night before, folding each item carefully and precisely as she put it into an orderly pile on a bedroom chair.

She has often wondered why John enjoyed wearing women's clothing ... why it seemed to be almost an obsession with him. More so than any of his other hobbies. He had convinced her after they were married that he was not gay ... they had an active sex life ... yet it still left Mary perplexed, watching him walk around the apartment in her clothes in such obvious delight. After all, wasn't this unusual behavior? None of the men she had dated before her marriage had ever expressed a desire to wear her clothing.

A vagrant thought passes through Mary's mind. She wonders how she would feel if she were to dress as a male. From top to bottom. She never has

done this before, except for occasionally wearing slacks around the apartment. Why not give it a try?

Mary swings her lithe body out of bed and onto the bedroom carpet. In a few deft movements, she removes her baby doll nightie, dropping the lace panties to her ankles. She reaches over to the chair and removes a pair of boxer shorts from Tom's pile. Standing first on one foot and then the other, she pulls the shorts up her slender legs, over her hips, until they rest in place, firmly attached to her waist. A perfect fit! A small chill runs through her body as she feels the touch of the smooth polyester fabric against her skin. She takes a tee shirt from the pile and carefully pulls it over her head, putting her arms gently into the sleeves so as not to tear the cloth. The feel of the cotton fabric against her breasts is delightful, and she notices another chill go through her body. She wonders why Tom does not get the same feeling when he gets dressed for the office every day. If he does, he certainly hasn't mentioned it to her.

Next step, ankle-high socks. She reaches into one of Tom's drawers and extracts a pair of navy blue stretch socks. Sitting back on the bed, she pulls on each of the socks, enjoying the tight smooth feel of the socks encasing her tiny feet.

Mary looks into Tom's side of the closet to select a pair of slacks and a shirt. She chooses a pair of solid gray knit slacks and a red alligator shirt. In an instant she removes the slacks from the hanger and pulls them on, again enjoying the exhilarating feeling which is coming over her. Slowly

as she puts on each item of clothing, a subtle change comes over Mary. Her mannerisms become ever so slightly masculine.

She takes the alligator shirt from its hanger and pulls it on over her head, delighting in the snug feeling it gives to her torso. Mary smooths the shirt over her body, the alligator emblem resting over her left breast as if it were ready to nibble.

Finally, a pair of Tom's Gucci loafers. With a little toilet paper wadding in the toe of each, they fit reasonably well. Her outfit is now complete. Mary steps in front of the full-length mirror in the bathroom and admires herself. With her short hair, she can pass easily for a man, she thinks. An exhilarating feeling surges through her body as she looks at herself from every angle, running her hands over the fabric.

Feeling in such good spirits, she decides to spend the day as a male, to savor every bit of her new-found pleasure in wearing male clothing. She goes downstairs, stops briefly at the front door to bring in the Sunday newspaper, and, in a few brisk steps, strides into the kitchen to make breakfast. She feels vaguely strange as she goes about her cooking chores ... frying bacon and eggs ... dressed in Tom's clothing at a time when she normally would be wearing a house dress or negligee.

Mary lingers over each bite of her breakfast, and, when finished she casually sips a cup of coffee. She plans some activities for the day, now that she is dressed as a male. A trip to a shopping mall, a stop to mail letters at the post office, maybe even a drive around the suburbs. The thought of doing all this while dressed as

Tom gives her a thrill of excitement.

By now it is noon time. She jumps up, throws on one of Tom's windbreakers, takes one last look in the hall mirror, and goes out to her car. No nosy neighbors outside to see her. The coast is clear.

Her first stop is the local shopping mall. A group of teen-agers is gathered in front of the pin-ball emporium. Mary worries about how she will appear to them, but, as she passes, none of them look at her or even acknowledge her passing. Passed her first test, she thinks to herself.

Mary stops in a couple of men's stores to look at shirts and ties. She is greeted by friendly salesmen in the stores, each asking the obligatory question, "Can I help you, sir?". She smiles to herself and feels her self-confidence growing. Passed another test. Then back out into the main corridor.

A tall, large-boned woman emerges from Lane Bryant, looks nervously up and down the corridor, and heads quickly toward the exit. As she passes Mary, it is obvious from the heavy make-up and the beard shadow that the woman is really a transvestite. Mary grins as she thinks about the irony of the situation. Like two ships passing in the night.

A couple of stops at other stores and her shopping chores are done. Mary leaves the mall and drives over to a nearby post office to mail some letters. The building is deserted today, being a Sunday. No chance of being read there.

Then, back home. Mary enters the apartment, tossing the windbreaker over a chair, just as Tom

would, and plops down in one of the living room chairs to relax. Just as she picks up a magazine, there is a knock on the front door. Mary jumps up quickly and looks out a side window. It's Tom, complete in his feminine finery, suitcase in hand. Mary runs to open the door. Tom looks at her, gapes in amazement and stammers, "M-M-Mary, what on earth are you doing with my clothes on?"

"Oh, Tom, I just tried them on this morning for the heck of it and fell in love with them",, says Mary, taking a hitch in her slacks. "I didn't think you'd mind".

"We.. ... I don't know ... I didn't expect to come back and find you like this!" Tom takes off Mary's coat and drapes it over a chair. He is wearing one of Mary's nylon dresses, a pair of black pumps, and a new blonde wig.

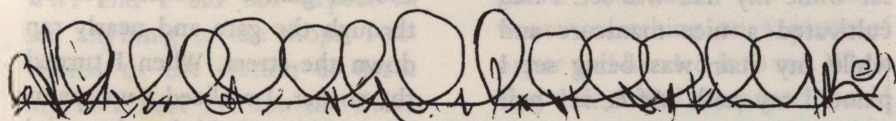
"How was the convention?" asks Mary. "I notice you got yourself a wig. Looks good on you!"

"Yeah, the convention was fine", mutters Tom. "I got the wig at a boutique near the convention hotel." Then, hands on hips, Tom surveys Mary again. "I don't know what to make of you, Mary, parading around in my clothes while I'm gone. What will the neighbors think if they see you?"

Mary walks over and puts her arm around Tom's waist, patting him gently on the seat. "That's OK, honey, you'll get used to it ... just like I got used to your dressing up". Then, pulling him toward the bedroom, she murmurs, "Come on now ... if you're a good boy I'll let you wear my new nightie to bed tonight!"

# A POW ESCAPE

## LRS, Oklahoma



I was born and raised in a small midwest town which had a large German population and although I disliked many of the people because they were very aggressive, I learned to speak German quite well. When I graduated from high school in 1938, I went to work in a coal and lumber yard. During high school I had TV instincts and occasionally dressed in my mother's and sister's clothing. After high school I acquired a few pieces of old clothing and even found a lipstick in the park; however, I can not say that I was ever very good at crossdressing and always did it when alone.

When WWII broke out in Europe, I hung a large map on my bedroom wall and followed the news reports every evening. I also went to all the free lectures at the high school; some were on American Isolationism, the German Crusade, and the British French Alliance. The lecture that impressed me most was one about an American who joined the RAF. I was told that the man in the story was a student in England when the war started and he just enlisted. The lecturer went on to say that some Americans traveled to England to join

the RAF but most went to Windsor, Ontario and joined the Canadian Air Force. I decided to join the Canadian Air Force.

It took me 10 weeks to save enough money to make the trip to Detroit and when I got there I simply walked across the International Bridge. The Canadian Immigration Officer asked a great many questions and held me for about 45 minutes. I kept saying that I wanted to enlist in the Air Force; he answered, "Yes but there is a War on?" and kept on asking questions. He finally finished his forms and gave directions to the recruiting office. At the recruiting office I had more trouble. They wanted me to wait and come back in two days. I became insistent and they finally agreed to ship me to a processing center.

I was trained to fly a Hurricane and arrived in England in May, 1941. I did not accomplish anything as a pilot and was shot down over Holland on March 17, 1942. I was captured as soon as I hit the ground and was shipped to a POW camp in Germany.

The camp was located in a small town. It consisted of a large stone building which must have been a monastery or con-

vent at one time. It was known as St. Michael's because of a fresco of the saint which could still be seen in the dining area. The building was divided and the guards lived on one side of the building separated from the prisoners by a locked and bolted steel door. This arrangement conjured all kinds of escape plans and one evening, a few weeks before I arrived, two POW's dressed as German officers went through the door and tried to walk out of the compound. They were detained by the sentry at the gate and he refused to let them leave until he talked with the prison commander. The POW's were quickly identified. After this incident seals were put on the door and if they were broken, the whole camp was punished. It did not stop escape attempts, it only put restrictions on the attempts.

After I was in the camp about two months, I saw my chance to escape. After roll call one Thursday night I saw two girls enter the guards quarters. They only waved to the sentry as they entered. They left a little after 11 p.m. and again only waved. I lay awake all that night making plans. I would dress as a girl and simply walk out of the gate!

I needed clothing and accessories. The next morning I volunteered to clean the guard's quarters. I guessed that the girls would forget some items which I would steal. The next Thursday night the girls came again. In the weeks that followed, I observed that 2, 3, 4 and even 5 girls would arrive about 7:30 and leave just after 11. They never stayed after 11:20. It was probably illegal for the girls to come to the barracks but the officer who would enforce the rules

must be absent on Thursday evenings, so they came anyway.

I told my cell mate and asked for his help. He thought I was nuts but agreed to help. I let my hair and beard grow, the latter to confuse the German's after I escaped. My cell mate, Jim, and I alternated on clean up every Friday morning. We acquired little items like a lipstick, a silk stocking, and even a shoe. The other items of clothing, a dress, a pair of shoes, a purse, cosmetics, etc. I acquired by bartering with the civilians who came to the fence to talk to us. The guards were usually bored and did not object to our talking to the town people. We traded chocolate and cigarettes from our Red Cross packages for vegetables and eggs. Most of the guards let us trade for anything we wanted as long as we gave them a few cigarettes. Thus with Jim's help, by August, I had a hat, dress, bra, girdle, a purse, 3 pairs of stockings, a pair of walking shoes, and cosmetics. The clothes were not stylish but then most of the German girls lacked style — in wartime one wears what he or she had.

My hair was not as long as I wanted it but I made plans to escape on the second Thursday in August. The actual escape depended on the number of girls who came that evening; I felt that I could hide among three or more visitors. By this time there were six involved in my escape including an RAF sargent who had worked for a hair dresser before the War.

After roll call we all watched the guard compound. At 7:15 two girls arrived and 10 minutes later another one came through the gate. I headed back to my room and started to shave. At

7:50 Jim came in to say that two more girls had arrived. I was in luck. Earlier in the day I had shaved all the hair from my legs and other parts of my body that might be exposed so that I would only have to cut off my beard. I put on the bra which was carefully padded with old socks, and sat while my hair was set. I had cultivated a nice manicure and while my hair was being set I painted my nails. After my hair was set I put on my stockings, dress, and hat. I even had a bracelet and necklace. I hated to give up the Hamilton watch which my parents had given me for graduation, but it could not be taken with me so I gave it to one of the other POW's. I put on makeup to cover my beard stubble, mascara and lipstick. I then looked at myself in the mirror; I looked like a German prostitute. The other fellows laughed at me and made some obscene remarks. They all wished me luck with my disguise.

I had made an escape plan. I was told that many POW's were captured because they did not have a plan after they left the compound. I planned to catch the 11:05 train for Monnheim and then proceed to Strasbourg and from there to Paris. I knew the police were always looking for strange men but rarely ever checked a woman; I would stay with my disguise as long as possible.

At 10:40 one of the POW's picked the lock and opened the steel door. I slipped through the door and watched them relock it. I walked down the stairs and nervously tried to be silent. It was the first time I was going into public as a woman. I avoided the guard's social rooms and walked

into the compound. I was frightened as I approached the guard station, but he did not pay any attention to me until I was about three feet away, then he asked, "Aren't you going home early?" Without hesitation I quickly answered, "Yes, I must go to work early in the morning." Without another glance I walked quickly through the gate and nearly ran down the street. When I turned the corner, I realized I was panting and was afraid that the guard must have known who I was and would probably shoot me; but when I looked back no one was there, I had escaped!

I arrived at the station at 10:55 and bought a ticket to Monnheim. I went out onto the station platform where it was dark and waited for the train. It was on time and a conductor ushered me into the third class compartment. I sat nervously by myself. About 3 a.m. two police came through the compartment and checked the identification cards of the male passengers, but ignored the females. I began to feel safe. At 4 a.m. I went to the wash room to check my makeup and use the toilet. I was afraid of using one in a train station. The train arrived in Monnheim at 4:45.

As soon as I disembarked from the train I checked the schedules and discovered that a train left for Strasbourg at 8:50. I did not know what to do. I hated to travel by day but I could not loiter around the station. Furthermore, I was afraid that the beard stubble might begin to show so I bought a ticket and went into a small cafe attached to the station and ate a bowl of porridge. I took as long as possible to eat the breakfast but after 30 min-

utes I knew I was becoming noticeable and left. Since I still had two hours until the train left, I ventured into the streets and walked with some deliberation up one street and down the next. I was surprised at the amount of consumer's goods in the stores. I could remember the stories of WWI and I did not expect to see anything in the shops. I returned to the station at 8:10. My feet hurt me for the shoes were not a good fit and the heels were too high for walking. I went out on the platform to wait for my train and was watching another woman when a railroad policeman walked up to me and asked where I was going. I almost fainted from fright but quickly realized it might just be a check against loiterers. I told him and showed him my ticket. He looked at the ticket, then returned it to me and went to checking other people. I watched him until he found an elderly lady without a ticket. He ran her out of the station.

I was afraid my beard might be showing so I hid my face as best I could. I went to the rest room in the train as soon as possible. To my surprise I could hardly see the beard under the makeup. I shaved and made up my face again. I returned to my seat and fell asleep in about 20 minutes.

About 2 p.m. the man next to me woke me. I could not understand him but learned from another passenger that custom's inspectors were coming through the train. I knew I would need to cross the French-German border, but since France was occupied, I did not think about customs. Since I had no papers, I decided to play the part of a dumb dame.

When the inspectors arrived, (there were two, one French and one German) I told them I was traveling to Strasbourg to see an Aunt. They asked a lot of questions, name, where born, address, occupation, etc. The French inspector wrote everything down. The two inspectors talked together and then the German wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to me. When they left, I read the paper. It said "Marie Vogel has our permission to travel to Strasbourg, H.P. Reicher, Custom's Inspector." I had passed the supreme test, I was officially a woman in the eyes of the Third Reich.

The train arrived in Strasbourg a little after 4 p.m.; and as I stepped from the train, I was greeted by a French policeman. He escorted me through the station to a small office. As I entered, I realized that it was a Gestapo office. A small man behind the desk shouted at me about leaving Germany without travel papers. After about 5 minutes of the monologue he ordered me to stand against the wall and took my picture. He then asked a lot of questions which he entered on a long form. When he was finished, he announced that I was to return at exactly 12 noon the next day for my papers. I looked astonished and before I could say anything the little man ordered me out of his office. The French policeman held the door open for me. I thanked him and left the station.

This was an unexpected turn of events. If I returned to the station, the police might arrest me. However, if I returned the next day, I would have papers to take me anywhere. I decided to stay in Strasbourg that night. I slowly

walked away from the station and about 5 blocks from the station found a small hotel. A fat man sat behind the desk reading a newspaper. I asked in German for a room and the man answered, "50 pfennings," without looking up from his paper. He announced, "First door on the right at the top of the stairs." The room was small but contained a bed, an overstuffed chair and a lamp - nothing else. A common bathroom was located at the end of the hall; there was no lock on the door and a bathtub was located in a closet. A tea kettle and gas burner provided the hot water.

I went back downstairs and asked about a place to eat. The fat clerk looked up and announced, "Denise's is in the next block, but she doesn't speak any German." I assumed I was dismissed for he went back to reading his paper. I found Denise's and ate two bowls of stew in a very unladylike manner. I returned to the hotel and immediately went to bed.

When I awoke the sun was shining and a clock had just started to strike. It was 8 a.m. I had slept 12 hours. I carefully surveyed the hall. No one was around so I gathered my clothes, took a bath, shaved, and dressed. When I was finished, I surveyed myself. I no longer looked like a prostitute, I looked like a cleaning lady with too much makeup. I decided to use some of the money I had to buy new clothing.

I rented the room for a second night and searched for a shop where I could buy a complete set of woman's clothing. I also bought a new pair of shoes. Some of the new clothing was of a poorer quality than what I

was wearing, but the new clothing was clean and pressed. I returned to the hotel and changed my clothing. I rolled my old clothing and left them on the chair. I hated to leave everything behind but it was necessary. At 12 noon I was back in the Gestapo Office. The little man smiled and announced, "You are right on time, here are your papers." As I turned to leave, he added, "I hope you enjoy your trip."

I immediately bought a ticket to Paris. I had an hour until my train left so I went to a little cafe and ate a bowl of vegetable soup. I returned to the station 15 minutes before my train left and went directly to the platform. To my horror the French policeman was standing there. He did not notice me at first, but when he did, he started to walk towards me. The train arrived at this time and I climbed aboard. He did not bother me and the trip to Paris was uneventful.

I arrived in Paris at 3:30 a.m. and immediately took a train to a suburb on the North side of the city. I needed help so I approached a French woman in the ticket office. I told her in German who I was, but she did not understand. Then I tried English, but she still did not understand; finally she called a young man from the freight room who could speak English. I told him who I was. He looked me over from head to foot and finally asked me to wait until 6 a.m. when he got off from work.

He took me home and hid me in their attic until the rest of my escape could be arranged. Since my disguise had worked so well, I continued to travel as a girl and was never questioned. The French helped by supplying me

with clothing, makeup and even a hairdresser. When I reached the coast, I put my disguise aside. I felt it would be best to meet the British patrol boat as a man. A French fisherman agreed to take

me out to sea; however, he was stopped by a German patrol boat shortly after putting to sea. I was identified and sent to Colditz Prison where I spent the rest of the War.



## A LADY AT LAST

I am a young lady named Kimberley Anne.

For years I've lain dormant, inside a man.

He's hidden me, his femme self, away from the world,

In the closet I've lingered, Oh, such a sad girl!

I've struggled and pleaded and longed to be free,

To meet other girls, who, like me, are Tvs.

I've yearned to wear dresses, have high heels on my feet,

And, if I could pass, even walk down the street!

But my boyself's been nervous, you know, the fear,

Of taking that first step, I'm sure, don't you dear?

He's waited and waited; the years have slipped by.

But he'll no longer deny me; Do you know why?

He knows that his Kimberley just has to live,

He's half woman, remember, and life has so much to give!

So now, as I write this, my mind in a whirl,

I'm taking that first step toward being a "girl".

I've left fear behind me, and with it its stigma.

Yes, Kimberley Anne is joining Tri-Sigma!

— Kimberley Anne

Toronto, Canada

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# SHE MUST BE HONEST

## Sally Ann, Maryland

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In swirling full chiffon skirts and taffeta petticoats she danced about her living room to classical music and as her skirts flew out the dainty lace on her petticoat peeked out over her thin-heeled spiked silver shoes. Lola's new gown she had just bought at a nearly-new store for under \$8 was so heavenly and just darling to wear. She admired the full sleeves and pretty lace at the open shirtwaist collar and cuffs at her wrists. Lola is 45 years old and has been enjoying total feminine joys of darling women's clothes for many years. As Robert Judd, Lola works as a sales person in a small town in the Valley of Virginia, traveling most of the week, and to some of his customers he is Lola, and Lola comes alive in her most feminine ways each evening and on weekends and holidays and vacation days. Lola is a perfect size 14, slender, five feet, six inches, with a 38 bust, 18-inch waist, and shapely legs and face with a pug nose. Her face is smooth, having had her beard removed many years ago, and she keeps her body smooth as well. Lola is single, not by choice

but by honesty. As Robert Judd, she has been honest about being Lola to six women, all of which turned him down, but thanked him for being honest. This town was a new area for Robert, having moved just outside of town two years ago. Robert is most careful to shop in other towns, keeping Lola out of the sight and knowledge of the town in which he lives. Since age 15 Lola has been Robert's second self, and only since the last three years has Lola realized that other heterosexual men enjoy being girls; in fact, they have to on occasion or suffer deep emotional problems. The record stopped and Lola swirled around once more, so enjoying her new long gown and the freedom to be totally feminine in her latest addition to her extensive wardrobe. As Robert, Lola earns an above average income in sales, which enabled her to purchase her two-story frame farm-type house one mile out of town on five acres of land. In her living room Lola enjoys her music and each room has a full length mirror. There is a library, fireplaces in the large kitchen, the library,

and the living room, and a large dining room with a picture window looking out toward the mountains. Lola gathered her skirts about her and admired herself in the full-length mirror. Her own lovely hair cascaded down over her neck and rested on her shoulders. Robert wears it curled up with a sporty man's hat to keep it clean and not as noticed. But, Lola loves her pretty hair, and each week in another town she has it set and washed and she has a manicure. She does this as Lola and it is fun to be among the girls in the beauty parlor.

Lola had reached another point in her life where her longing for the love and acceptance of herself by a genetic woman was about to be played again, and she feared that when she had to tell the truth about Robert Judd, she would remain alone in her lovely house. Linda Thomas, a dark-haired, slender, beautiful woman 42 years old, and a widow, has joined the sales force. Robert had dated her three times and often they lunched together. Robert was quiet, easy going, and most polite to all women. All of the women at work liked Robert and he was quick to give compliments on their outfits each day and he often brought them flowers or other things on their birthdays, anniversaries, and on other times. Thus, Robert Judd was much liked as a person who liked other people, mostly women. Linda Thomas quickly began to enjoy Robert Judd's compliments on her daily attire as Robert was glad to see that Linda only wore dresses or skirts and blouses, and her taste was good, and she seemed to express the total woman to him in her sweet feminine self. Linda

Thomas noticed that Robert was well experienced in feminine clothes, thoughts, and the ways of women, but she ascribed this to his sales personality and his tender and polite way with people. Oh, dear, Lola said to herself as she swished into the kitchen to get supper started. I must call Linda Thomas on Saturday to see if she wants to attend that concert in the next town south on the interstate where an all Bach concert was to be featured Sunday evening. Suddenly the phone rang, and Lola had Robert's voice answer it. It was Linda Thomas! Yes, she would enjoy going to the concert. Now about supper at my place Saturday evening? Lola was perhaps moving too fast, so she had Robert add, if that pleases you and you have nothing planned. How do you get to your place, Linda Thomas asked since she had never been there. Robert's voice gave her the directions and his voice was almost shaky as she thanked him. She offered to come around 3 so she could walk outside in the cool air and enjoy the outdoors instead of her apartment. Lola was most happy as she hung up the phone. She liked Linda Thomas very much, as she was mature, well educated, and liked many things she liked in art, music, and of course in clothes.

Lola decided to enjoy her new gown that evening as after her supper she ironed some dresses and slips and skirts and blouses and panties, as she liked her lingerie smooth, scented, and soft on her body. Lola had spent four years in the Air Force as a fighter pilot, flew many missions in Korea and left the service as a Captain. Lola continued her love

of aviation by purchasing a Cessna 170 which she kept at the airport two miles further out of town from his house. Often she used her plane for business, but on weekends she would fly as Lola in a pretty shirtwaist dress, high heels, gloves, and a hat over her pretty hair. She had made sure that both Lola and Robert owned the plane jointly, as did these two in one own her car. To be safe, she had her automobile operator's license and plane license in the name of Lola Judd and Robert Judd, taking the exams for Lola as Lola. Linda Thomas knew Robert had an airplane, but she had not told him she was a pilot as well. She felt she wanted to get to know this sensitive, slender, almost feminine man who was so kind and tender and sweet to her. All Friday night Linda Thomas thought about Robert Judd and the main problem she had was trying to figure out why such a nice guy never married. Well, she determined to find out more about the person Robert Judd on Saturday, and on Sunday. Robert was glad to let Lola slip away as just after lunch she showered and put on clean panties, thigh high nylons, a chemise, unisex medium-heeled low calf boots, slacks, and a dark blue sports shirt. He put clear polish on his nails, put up his hair and with expert experience changed his outward appearance to that of a 45-year old, clean, soft, and yet slightly masculine person. He had thin eye brows he kept plucked, his eyelashes were full and fluttering and his deep blue eyes were set just right over his pug nose and then his full lips filled out his pretty face. He put on minute gold earrings on his pierced ear

lobes and covered them with a wisp of hair softly brushed in place. He put on a thin, gold necklace and wore three gold filagree rings. He wore a soft scent and he lit a pipe as he made sure Lola's things were all in Lola's room and it was locked and he had the key in his pocket. Linda Thomas drove up exactly at three and Robert Judd walked out through his screened-in porch to meet the lovely woman. She slipped out of her car wearing a sweet, ice blue, full skirted dress, light blue heels, and her long, jet black soft hair swirled about her face in the slight cool breeze. She had a sweater over her shoulders and she smiled at Robert as he extended his hand in greeting. He took her hand gently and led her slowly up the walk and into his house. She put down her purse and sweater and followed him as he showed her his place. She found everything clean, the carpets thick and comfortable to walk on, and the kitchen a woman's dream. Since Lola designed it, it was in fact a woman's dream. Upstairs she saw three bedrooms, but the door to Lola's room was covered by a hanging India print that was pulled aside when Lola used her room, which had her own full bath, double bed with skirts around the bed, and it faced the back of the house where Lola could wake up and see the mountains in the morning. Lola had installed large walk-in closets in her room to hold her extensive wardrobe of dresses, skirts, blouses, and gowns. Also, her shoes, and two large bureau's of lingerie with scented softness.

Outside Robert wore a sweater and Linda Thomas borrowed one of his light coats. They walked

up the path behind the house, past the well, past the barn, and up the incline toward the end of his property, which was fenced. He let people graze cattle there in return for fresh vegetables he put up each year and beef for his freezer. Linda Thomas's dress flowed softly in the breeze and her hair brushed about her face as she took Robert's hand to help her up the incline in heels. Robert as Lola many times had climbed this incline in skirts and knew the delight and wonder of wind in his long hair and his skirts swirling about his legs. Robert knew and understood womanhood, being a woman himself, yet still very much a man. It was this paradox that Linda Thomas recognized in Robert - his male self was certain, but there was a total softness, gracefulness, and a hint of total femininity, even in his picture on his living room wall in his captain's uniform, about Robert Judd. Robert was smoking a large bowl, curved pipe and the smoke curled up and vanished in the pure, clean mountain air. Linda Thomas wanted Robert to put his arm around her, but she sensed that this decent man was not only shy in a way, but not like any other man she had ever known. He talked to her and considered her as a person, as an individual, and his soft blue eyes settled on her as a total vision of loveliness as he told her softly how beautiful she was to him. As they talked, time slipped past un-noticed, quickly, like the first shadows of the ending day bounced on the mountains and the air grew more chilled and the birds chirped louder as their day ended. A deer appeared to their left, followed by another, then

they left away out of sight.. They made their way back down the hill seeing Robert Judd's roof and chimney below, then the second story, and then the whole house came into view. It had not occurred to Linda Thomas that there were four bedrooms in the house, nor had she noticed the lipstick and powder in the first floor bath as they were inside the wall cabinet. She did notice the many full length mirrors, and she enjoyed seeing herself in them, as she was proud of her slender figure, her pretty dress, and her hair, and she liked being pretty, feeling pretty, and she so enjoyed being a most feminine woman. Yet, she was well educated, had a master's degree in education, and taught at the local highschool before taking the sales job. She was a good sales person, and Robert had helped her get started. Back in the house, Robert Judd began to make magic in the kitchen. Linda Thomas set the table, including the wine glasses, though she did not drink much at all, she did enjoy wine with dinner. Also, Linda Thomas did not smoke as she felt it was not lady-like. Robert Judd only smoked a pipe, and Lola had small, slender pipes like European women smoke. Robert Judd's home was furnished mostly in family antiques from his parents who died when he was 18 in a train accident, leaving him well off, but lonely and grieved. His mother had known about Lola and had tried to help Lola, but that was kept from his father. Many of the furnishing came from his grandparents on both his parent's sides, and his library was full of three generations of book collecting, plus his hown literary

interests. Robert Judd finished college and went to war, then came back, and in another town further south in the Valley of Virginia began his sales work. Even then, he often sold to women customers as Lola, and that was when he first obtained an airplane. He moved away after the last woman had refused to marry him due to his honesty about revealing Lola, not in her sight, but in words alone. Now, dear skirt wearers, it was going to be soon that Robert Judd would have to tell Linda Thomas about Lola. He would not do it that weekend, but for sure within a few days as the woman was beginning to like him very much and he was falling fast into her grace. After a gourmet supper, Robert Judd said he would wash if she would dry, and for some reason Linda Thomas took a frilly apron and tied it around Robert Judd's slender waist. It had a deep ruffle and tied in a pretty bow, and Linda Thomas could not help feel that Robert looked cute in the apron. She had noticed his smooth, totally free of hair or beard shadow face his longer nails, his bountiful hair on his head, and his soft movements and poise. There was something she sensed about this decent man that was like herself in some way she could not at once understand, yet she felt as if her femininity was somehow like the reality and personality of Robert, only she told herself that was foolish. Yet, as she dried dishes, she felt very close to Robert Judd, not knowing just why. They sat back to enjoy a fire in the living room fire place and Robert Judd's extensive collection of classical music. Robert sat down in his chair as Linda

Thomas came in, sweater over her shoulders, one hand playing with her full skirt as she curled up on the sofa. They were having after supper coffee. Robert Judd crossed his legs as Lola would, and lit a pipe. The music filled the house with creative genius as the two people talked far into the night with Robert Judd asking her questions about her life, her likes, her dislikes, her dreams her desire for her future, yet never about her marriage. At last she told him she had been married for 10 years, had no children and that her husband had not treated her well, in fact he drank too much, and was killed while driving drunk, going off the road at over 90 mph into an embankment. That was three years ago, she told him. She went to court to get her maiden name back, which was Thomas. Her parents were dead, and she had no sisters or brothers. Close to midnight she realized she had to get back to put her hair up and get ready for the concert the next day. Robert Judd escorted her with a flashlight to her car, and before she got in, she turned to him, put her arms around his neck, drew him close, and kissed him softly. Thank you, she told him, for the most delightful afternoon and evening of my life. Robert Judd stood tall and slender as she drove down the lane onto the empty highway back to town. He returned to his house, entered Lola's room, and took a shower and put on scented powder before getting into Lola's nightgown. Sunday morning Lola put on her robe and had breakfast, then a simple, but pretty day dress until later in the afternoon when Lola slipped away again so Robert could pick up Linda

Thomas to drive 20 miles to the concert. Linda did most of the talking as she snuggled up beside Robert as he drove. As a car's lights filled the front seat for a brief moment of twilight Linda Thomas saw a gold reflection from Robert's right ear lobe and she looked and saw the minute earring. She thought it was pretty, and told him so. He blushed, smiled, and said it was nothing. Yes, she told him, it is pretty with your hair.

During the concert, Robert Judd let Linda Thomas take his hand in hers and when they left she put her arm about him as they walked to the car. Once she touched him, he drew her to him but he would not be the aggressor, she noticed. What kind of decent man is this, she pondered, who will not abuse or insult or otherwise treat a woman with disdain or be aggressive toward her. What a wonderful feeling of security she had with him, as she knew he was above the antics of all the other men she had ever met who could not keep their hands to themselves. This man, this unique person, was totally decent toward her, a real gentleman. Things began to click in Linda Thomas's mind as they drove back, she close to him, her head on his shoulder. She reached up and felt his earring and told him how pretty it was. Her perfume enveloped Robert Judd and her closeness was pure joy to him. Something was trying to come out of Linda Thomas' mind, as she knew about what it was, but was not yet sure. He walked her up to her floor and she unlocked the door and asked him in. He said it was late, and he did not want to impose upon her. She offered him coffee and

he accepted. They sat in her eat-in kitchen and he lit a pipe and she gazed into his face and wondered and smiled at him and talked softly to him. He took his leave, thanking her deeply for her delightful company, again told her how pretty her black dress was, and her black heels, and he liked her perfume, and she was so beautiful to him. She kissed him softly good night and he left, floating on thin clouds of emotion long dormant sprung to life again. He slipped off the clouds as he realized he must tell the truth, as soon as possible, even if it meant selling his house and moving again. He could not let this lovely woman begin to like him without telling her the truth about Lola.

Linda Thomas slept deep, dreaming about Robert, and in her dreams Robert was a girl suddenly, and she woke up and laughed, then went back to sleep, dreaming again. As she awoke in the early morning she broke a dream of Robert with his long hair down in a pretty gown. She was unable to reason why, but it seemed most natural. As she entered the office prior to going out for the day to sell, she saw Robert Judd just leaving. She waved to him as she drove past and he waved back. That night she waited as she got home, but not for long. The phone rang and it was Robert Judd.

Now, dear skirt wearers, the time had come for Lola Judd to expose herself and be renounced again, she felt sure, as she had been six times before in her life, only none of the other women were as beautiful, lovely, and darling to him as Linda Thomas. It was Lola on the phone, using Robert's voice, in a dark blue

jacket sheath, high heels, and her hair down and pretty as she had combed it out. Her nails were deep red as were her lips, and she wore dangling earrings and perfume. She had to tell Linda Thomas something serious about himself, she said. As he talked, Linda Thomas suddenly realized what she had known about Robert. Stop, darling, she told him. You are both a woman and a man, my sweet. Stay as you are right now, do not change please, and I will be over, if you will let me, she pleaded. My God, Robert exclaimed. She hung up after blowing a kiss over the phone. Almost paralyzed, Lola put up the receiver and took two steaks out of the freezer. In no time at all Linda Thomas arrived in a darling dark blue skirt, white frilly blouse, a ribbon in her hair, and her sweater over her shoulders. She bounced into Lola's house and threw her arms around Lola and kissed her softly, then with ardor she drew Lola into her as close as possible and their skirts met, their busts met, and their hair fell into each others faces as Linda Thomas softly talked to Lola. At last, she asked Lola her name and aproved of Lola as a perfect description. Now, she said, let me see that fourth bedroom where Lola lives. After I check the potatoes, Lola said, smiling. The two feminine persons gazed upon Lola's total feminine room, as Linda Thomas kept her hand in Lola's and Lola kept her arm about this wonderful woman. To celebrate, Linda Thomas would have wine with supper. She set the table and as they had supper she told Lola that she felt she was in love with Robert, and she loved Lola as well. She asked Lola to tell her

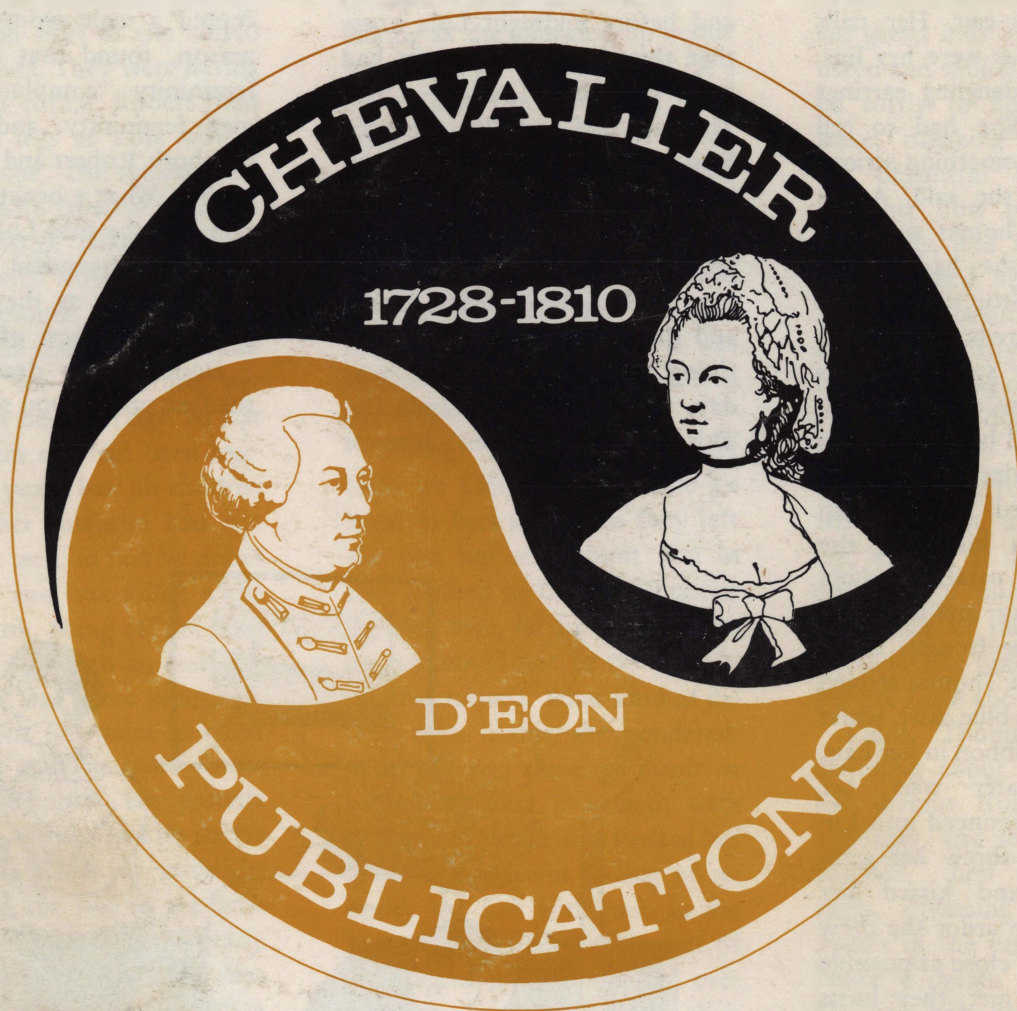
all about herself and they sat after supper together on the sofa and before midnight Lola knew that this time being honest had been her best policy. Linda Thomas had totally accepted Robert as Lola, wanted her to remain Lola, and wanted to be with her as much as Lola would let her. She wanted to go shopping with Lola in other towns, and she accepted Lola's offer of flying to see customers the next day, only if Lola let Linda fly. This further mutual interest

cemented their relationship, as Linda Thomas found herself accepted a male woman as a real person, found that Lola's total femininity complimented her own femininity, and that Lola was both Robert and Lola in one person. What a beautiful woman you are, she told Lola. Yet, you are also a beautiful man. They kissed again, as they would so often for the rest of their lives.

Honesty, my dear sisters, is the best policy, you see.



"Sam, this person who was arrasted for dressing in women's clothes looks just like you. (Gasp)... It is!!"



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