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Transvestia

FICTION:

Will the Real Greta
Please Stand Up!
A.W.O.L. or
A Sister's Solution

HISTORY:

50 Years of TV

ARTICLE:

On Being Discovered

TRUE STORY:

Diana Drives Again
Frances

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS —

Give Him an Inch and He'll
Take It All



Volume XIII

No. 78

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

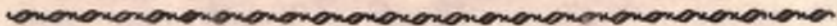
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

in place of the 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.

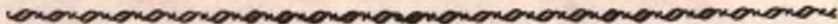


THE COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides — mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) — the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being — not all masculine — mind and reason, abstract and unseen — and not all feminine — beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



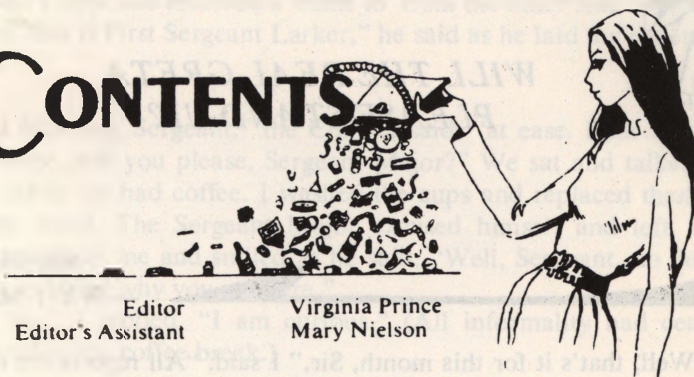
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the
MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE . . .
then shall you enter the kingdom."

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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FICTION

*WILL THE REAL GRETA
PLEASE STAND UP?*

Marylynne
— WY-1-Mc FPE

“Well, that’s it for this month, Sir,” I said. “All reports are done and now we can get back to being Marines for awhile.”

The Major smiled as he handed me the signed reports. “I can,” he said, “but you’re taking a trip.”

“A trip, Sir?” I asked, “where to?”

“Washington,” he replied. “Your orders for temporary duty are being cut right now. I’m sorry I couldn’t let you know before now, but the fewer people that know, the better off we’ll be. This way, it will look as if you’re just a courier taking confidential reports back east.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered, “when do I leave?”

“On tonight’s MATS plane. Take only your ditty bag and one change of clothing.”

After completing the distribution of the reports, I packed the few things necessary for the trip — wondering all the while why I was taking such a mysterious trip. The Major and I had been together for several years. We started together as 2nd Lieutenant and PFC, and now I was his First Sergeant. I was only 24 and could look forward to a long, fruitful service career before I retired.

On the way to the plane, I asked the Major why I was going to Washington, but he knew no more than I did. We exchanged hand shakes and salutes as I boarded the plane. We were early into Washington the next morning, so I had breakfast at the terminal before reporting in.

The Sergeant Major checked my orders and said, "Come along, Top, the Colonel wanted to see you as soon as you arrived. He knocked on the Colonel's door and received a 'come in' from the other side. "Colonel Anderson, this is First Sergeant Larker," he said as he laid my orders on his desk.

"Good Morning, Sergeant," the Colonel said, "at ease. Pour us all a cup of coffee, will you please, Sergeant Major?" We sat and talked informally while we had coffee. I washed the cups and replaced them on the coffee stand. The Sergeant Major excused himself and left. The Colonel turned to me and smiled as he said, "Well, Sergeant, no doubt you are wondering why you are here."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, "I am curious." (All informality had ceased with the end of the coffee break.)

"We won't keep you in the dark much longer. Come along," he said as he headed towards the door. We walked down the hall and entered the "D-2" Section. My bewilderment increased when I realized I was smack-dab in the middle of the Intelligence Center for the whole Marine Corps. Maybe, I thought, we are just passing through this section to another one. But I was wrong. The Colonel slowed and then opened the door to one of the offices. "Wait here a moment, Sergeant," he said and closed the door behind him. I hardly had time to look around me before the door opened and he asked me to come in.

There were three other officers besides the Colonel — one of them a very attractive dark-haired Woman Lieutenant. The Colonel made the introductions and asked me to be seated. Major Atkins — behind the desk — offered me a cup of coffee and said the smoking lamp was lit. I lighted a cigarette and waited — feeling something like a rapist suspect about to be interrogated with a piece of rubber hose — as they just sat and looked at me.

Major Jones suddenly smiled and said, "Relax, Sergeant, we won't bite." Then he held up a large photograph of a woman and asked, "Have you ever seen this woman before? Or have you ever heard of her? Her name is Greta Prein."

I studied it closely for a moment and said, "She looks slightly familiar, Sir, but I don't remember having ever seen her — and her name doesn't ring a bell. I don't believe I can help you, Sir."

"That's where you're wrong, Sergeant," Major Jones replied, "because in a few minutes you'll know why she looks familiar. In that office there is another change of clothing for you. Please put them on and come back in here."

I went into the office he had indicated and looked around. The only articles of clothing I could see was a layout of women's clothes including a blonde wig. I frowned and went into the Major's office to protest. Before I could say anything, though, he said, "I know what you are thinking, but we have our reasons. Please put them on. If you have any trouble, just call for Lt. Osborne and she will help you." "Yessir," I muttered and closed the door behind me. What in the world was happening to me, I asked myself — was this some sort of game they were playing with me? No, the Corps wouldn't yank me all the way across the country just to play games. I decided it had to be some sort of cloak and dagger gimmick. I undressed and for the first time in my life started putting on feminine clothes. I had quite a struggle with the girdle, hooking the bra gave me trouble and my stocking seams weren't straight — but then I was strictly an amateur at this. I was zipping up the dress when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," I said. Lt. Osborne came in and closed the door behind her. "About ready?" she asked pleasantly.

"I guess so, Ma'm," I replied and blushed as I thought how I must look to her. She smiled and said, "Let me help you with that," and placed the wig on my head.

"What's going on, anyhow?" I asked her.

"You'll know in just a few minutes," she replied, "but first, let me pretty you up a little bit." Before I could protest, she did something to my eyebrows and then told me to hold still as she put some lipstick on me. "That'll do for now," she said, "come on back into the office."

I almost fell as I stood up and took my first step in high heels. She laughed and took my arm. We walked around the office a few time till I said I thought I could make it on my own. It was one bewildered, embarrassed, confused Marine that walked awkwardly back into the other office. I blushed again as I saw them just sitting there looking at me — but none of them laughed.

Major Atkins spoke first. "Amazing," he said, "sit down, please." I felt like slugging the Colonel when he held the chair for me and said, "It's only proper to do that for a lady, Sergeant," and smiled. "O.K.," I said to myself, "have your fun."

The Major came around the desk and again held the photograph in front of me. He reached behind him and picked up a mirror. I looked at the photograph again and then he held the mirror so I could look into it. I had never been so surprised in my life! I was looking at the woman in the photograph!! The resemblance was so startling I couldn't move — just look.

"Now you know why she looks familiar to you," he said. "You look enough like her to be her twin sister."

"You're right, Sir, but but," I stammered, "what does it mean?"

"This woman is a spy, and we want you to take her place," he said. "You will be well trained before replacing her, but it is only fair to tell you that there will be some danger to the mission."

"I don't think I could make a very convincing woman, Sir," I replied. "I've never done anything like this before in my life!" I crossed my legs and noticed the smoothness as one nylon stocking slid across the other. I looked down and noticed that my skirt had slid above my knees. I hurriedly pulled it down and then blushed as the Major said, "Oh? *That* was a purely feminine act." "May I smoke, Sir?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, giving me a cigarette and then lighting it for me. I blushed again when I saw the lipstick on it and realized it was mine. It seemed to me that I had spent half the morning just blushing.

"What all is involved in this mission, if I accept, Sir?" I asked, dreading the answer.

Major Atkins looked over at Major Jones and said, "This is your department, Jonesy."

Major Jones cleared his throat and said, "You will be transferred here and begin your training immediately. Lieutenant Osborne will be your coach, instructor, critic and liaison between you and us. You will live, act, breathe, eat, — everything as a woman. You must let your hair grow

and your beard will be permanently removed. When Helen gets through with you, you won't even want to be a man." He paused to light a cigarette, then continued, "You will become Greta Prein. You will study movies of her until you duplicate every habit and action of hers. You will study tapes of her voice until we can't tell your voices apart. You will study and learn her life history until you believe you ARE Greta Prein."

"That's a big order, Sir," I replied, "but what about the differences in our sizes and actual physical contours?"

"Those are her clothes you are wearing," he said, "and hormone treatments will round you out."

"But I'm a man, Sir," I protested. "To be a successful woman, wouldn't I have to have surgery and lose my manhood?"

He laughed, then said, "I was waiting for that. Sergeant, you are in luck. Greta Prein is also a man. In her youth she was a Transvestite and later became a very successful female impersonator in Europe. It was because of her impersonation that she got involved in intelligence work. She has feminized her body as much as possible without actually being emasculated, so you would be doing the same."

"How long will this whole thing take?" I asked.

"About three years," he said, "one year, at least, in training and two in Europe getting the information we need. You will learn all about it as you become Greta — including speaking, reading and writing five languages — English you know — so that leaves German, French, Russian and Swedish."

"No Portuguese?" I quipped.

"That comes later," he smiled as he answered my question.

I looked at the others and asked, "How much time do I have to decide?" I unconsciously brushed at a lock of hair that was tickling my cheek.

"Twenty-four hours," the Colonel said. "I can't tell you what a service you would be doing your country if you accept. You see, Sergeant, you were selected because of your physical likeness to Greta. You may go change your clothes now, and think it over." I arose and went back

into the other office. Lt. Osborne followed me and gave me some tissues to wipe off the lipstick until I could get to a washroom and really clean up. I sat down and looked — really looked at my legs. I turned my feet this way and that and studied them. There was a full-length mirror on the closet door, so I walked over and stood in front of it and looked myself over thoroughly. All this time, Lt. Osborne just sat and looked at me.

“Do you think I can do it?” I queried?

“I think you can,” she replied, “for several reasons.”

I smiled a little and said, “But I’ve never done anything like this in my life. I was angry when I first saw these clothes because I thought it was some kind of a joke. I was embarrassed when I first put them on, but not now. What’s happened to me? I kind of like the feel of these clothes next to my skin. It’s wierd, but not unpleasant. Lt. Osborne, is there something wrong with me — I mean about liking this sensation about wearing feminine clothing? I — I’m even getting used to the feel of this hair on my face and neck.”

She lit a cigarette before she answered. “No, I don’t believe there is anything wrong in feeling like you do. True, it is a new and bewildering experience, but you may have dormant inclinations of transvestism — that is desire to wear the clothes and adopt the mannerisms of the opposite sex — or you would still be angry over wearing those clothes. Something happens to a person when they assume a new role or attitude — such as just now — you unconsciously smoothed your skirt as you sat down. Also, you didn’t walk as awkwardly when you went over to the mirror as you did when we first went into the office. And there were other actions — strictly feminine — that make me believe that you will be successful as Greta if you accept this assignment.”

“You’ll have one helluva job on your hands, Lieutenant.” I said. “I don’t understand all this, but tell the Colonel I’m about to change my name. Now, I would like to change clothes.”

She smiled as she said, “O.K., Miss Prein, I’ll see you later — and thanks very much for accepting.”

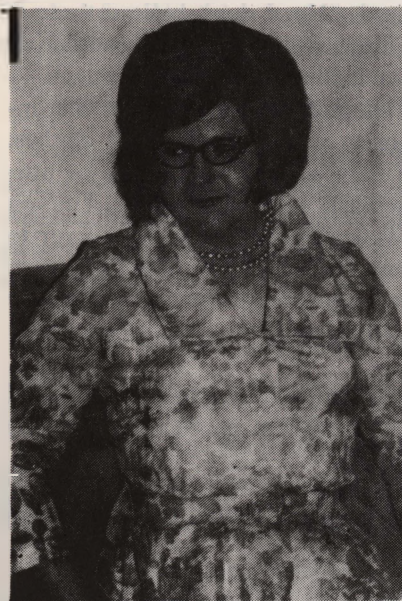
After I had changed back into my uniform and scrubbed all traces of makeup off my face, I returned to the Major’s office. “What’s next, Sir?” I asked.



Kay — MI-6-S



Barabara — FCNS-1-N



Genevieve — Texas



Maryann — FCBC-2-S

The Major shook hands with me and thanked me for accepting.

"This may sound like flag waving, Sir," I replied, "but when I enlisted I swore to defend my country, and if this is the best way I can serve, then I'll do it. Besides, I think I'll enjoy this assignment, at least during the training period."

"Very well," he said. "Report back to the Colonel — and thanks again, Sergeant." "You're welcome, Sir," I said, and left his office.

The Colonel was waiting for me. "Thank you, Top, for accepting," he greeted me, "and now to business. You will return to the Coast this evening, pack all your belongings and will be transferred here for further assignment overseas."

"Overseas?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied, "before you can become Greta Prein, Sergeant Larker has to disappear. You will be assigned to the Legation Guard in England, but — your plane will crash at sea. The co-pilot will be the only survivor to verify the deaths of you and the pilot." He smiled at my bewilderment. "The pilot and you will be picked up by a submarine and brought back here. The co-pilot will be picked up by a merchant vessel."

A few days later, we boarded the plane for my 'transfer to England.' We left in the evening and shortly after dark, the pilot sent out several "Mayday" signals as he set the plane down — not too gently — in the ocean. We got into a rubber boat and paddled away from the slowly sinking plane. The pilot fired tracers at the plane until the fuel caught fire and exploded. A few minutes later a submarine surfaced alongside us.

The skipper looked over the conning tower at us and said, "There are two ships on their way here and will arrive in about three hours. You passengers come aboard, but we'll hang around awhile to make sure you get picked up."

We went aboard, and when the radar indicated one ship was only twenty miles away, we submerged and headed back to port, arriving late the next afternoon. I called Colonel Anderson when the ship-to-shore telephone was hooked up. He came to the dock and picked me up.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Perfectly, Sir," I said, "we didn't even get our feet wet."

"Good," he replied. "Well, Miss Prein, you are about to start on your 'great adventure.' Good luck."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Helen — uh Lt. Osborne will pick you up at my home. You'll be in her charge completely for the next few months — at a farm away from the city. You will have no contact with us until she is satisfied that you can impersonate the real Prein."

Lieutenant Osborne — in 'civvies' — was waiting for us. We bade the Colonel good-bye and drove off. A little over an hour later we pulled into a well-kept but secluded farm. "We're home," she said. "Welcome to Helen's Hideaway. This farm is mine and is a nice retreat from city life." I had many thoughts running through my mind, and just gave her a smile for an answer.

We went in and I looked around. She showed me through the house. My bedroom was across the hall from hers, and we each had private baths. The living room was quite large and had a huge fireplace across one end of it. A dining room and the kitchen with a little dinette comprised the ground floor. There were four bedrooms upstairs — but they were closed off and seldom used.

"Well, Greta," she said, "It's early, so we may as well get started. From now on, I'm Helen and you are Greta. You'll find everything you need in your room. Take a shower, shave your body and dress while I prepare us a bite to eat."

And so started my training. I had a few pangs of doubt and misgivings as my uniform and male clothing went into the fireplace. But, I was now Greta Prein, and it was too darned late to change my mind. After dinner, we did the dishes — all the while Helen was instructing me how to walk, sit, rise, use my hands and anything else she could think of that would help me become feminine. We finally relaxed in the living room, but I was still under training. Helen brought out an electrolysis machine and permanently shaped my eyebrows to those in Greta's photograph. "That's enough for tonight," she said as she finished with me. "Let's get some rest."

"Goodnight, Helen," I said, "see you in the morning." As I undressed, I experienced the faint thrill and excitement of the silky smoothness of the garments against my skin. I put on a blue nylon 'shortie' nightgown and slid into bed. I lay awake for awhile thinking about my future, but sleep soon came and the next thing I knew, the alarm was going off. As I reached to turn it off, my hairless arm started me, and I awoke to the full realization that I was going to start living the life of a woman. I showered and selected a skirt and blouse to wear. I picked up a pair of flats, then decided I'd better wear heels until I was completely at ease walking in them.

Helen had started breakfast, and after exchanging good mornings, she said, "I'm glad you didn't shave, because I'll need your whiskers as targets later this morning." After the breakfast dishes were done, Helen, with a glint in her eye, smiled and said, "Come into my room and get your shot."

"Shot?" I asked, "What for?"

"Hormones," she replied. "One shot a day and powdered hormones sprinkled on your food. Hormone cream for your body. In other words, m'lady, we're on a crash program to feminize you." She swabbed my arm, stabbed me with the needle and slowly forced the liquid into my arm.

"Next, we work on the beard" — and she worked for thirty minutes on each side of my face and around my mouth. It was quite tender and red when she finished, but it felt strangely smooth. I decided it might be worth it not to have to shave ever again and told her so.

That was followed by a voice lesson. I tried to imitate the tone and inflections of the real Greta and after about an hour, the inflections came easier, but I was getting hoarse from trying to reach the right tone. Helen thought I did very well and told me the tones would come naturally as the hormones did their work. We started in on her mannerisms. Helen would show a short piece of movie film, and I would try to imitate her actions. We were so engrossed neither of us noticed we had missed lunch until I started to pick up a coffee cup like Greta. I commented that my legs were aching from walking so much in heels, so we took a long coffee break and became better acquainted with each other. As we talked, Helen shaped my nails and put on nail polish. When the polish was dry, she suggested that I shave and she'd start my makeup

lessons. The next hour was devoted to learning how to apply all sorts of cosmetics. When she had finished and had combed my wig into a new style, I hardly recognized myself as I studied my reflection in the mirror. I was looking at a fairly attractive blonde — I wish I could say that I was beautiful — but I wasn't. As I looked at myself, I felt very feminine and told Helen so.

She laughed and said, "You just think you do. Wait until your hair grows out and you sleep on curlers — and when the hormones are really working and your hips and breasts are larger — *then*, dear, you'll feel feminine. Right now, you are just a girl awakening to her femininity."

After dinner, we went into the living room and Helen handed me a German language book. "Start reading," she said.

I smiled to myself at the joke I was about to pull on sweet little Helen and the Corps. I studied the beginner's phrases and hesitantly stumbled through the pronunciation of them. Helen shuddered at the way I had fractured them. She pronounced them correctly and coached me as I tried again. After about five minutes, she shook her head and said she really had her work cut out to teach me German.

"Don't give up," I said, "let's try it again." I picked up the book, opened it to the middle and started reading. She sat there with her mouth open for a minute, then exclaimed, "Darn you, you already know German, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I also know French as well as German." She laughed and threw a French phrase at me. No more English was spoken that evening.

The next morning we went through the same routine. I showered and dressed. The only makeup was eyebrow pencil and lipstick. After breakfast, we tidied up the house and I received my hormone injection and beard removal treatment. We had coffee and had the voice lessons followed by the pantomime of Greta's movies. Before dinner, I shaved and changed clothes. Helen supervised the application of makeup and hair combing. All day, though, we exchanged phrases occasionally in either French or German.

As we relaxed after dinner, she asked me why there was nothing in my record book about knowing French and German. I told her that I had taken them as University Extension courses, and although I had made

"A's" in both courses, I hadn't thought it important enough to have them entered in my service record. In English, she commented, "Well, I'll be damned. Let's have a drink to celebrate. This will put you at least three months ahead of schedule in training. I'll call the Colonel in the morning and give him the good news."

"Russian is probably harder than Swedish," I said, "so why not start on it next?"

"That'll be fine," she replied, "I'll ask unc — — the Colonel so send us the Russian lessons next."

"Uncle?" I queried.

"Yes, Greta, he is my uncle, but please don't ever tell anyone." She smiled impishly and added, "Everyone thinks we're lovers, and it boosts his ego to let them think he is able to squire around such a cute chick as me."

"I'll carry your secret to my grave, Helen," I said solemnly — and then giggled just like a girl.

I was getting more and more accustomed to wearing feminine clothes and actually missed the feel of long hair on my cheeks and neck when I removed my wig at bed time. The days passed into months. My beard was gone and I didn't miss shaving one bit. I used a razor on my arms and legs until Helen suggested I use a depilatory. It lasted longer and I couldn't nick myself with a creme. My hair grew slowly and I cursed myself for wearing crew cuts all the time. Eventually, though, it was long enough for Helen to give me a permanent so that I found myself sleeping on curlers — just as she had mentioned almost a year before.

Our days were busy. So busy that I had little time to think about myself. The lessons in language were fairly easy, but learning Greta's way of life was difficult and time consuming. And Helen had added singing lessons to our schedule, because Greta's main role was that of a nightclub singer. But when we had retired for the night, I had time for reflections as I removed my makeup and got ready for bed.

I no longer asked myself how I had gotten into this situation as I no longer recognized Sergeant Larker when I looked into the mirror — after all, how many First Sergeants could put their hair up in curlers; or didn't have to shave; or intentionally put on lipstick instead of wiping off traces of it after a date? Not many!

The hormones were doing their work. My breasts were starting to grow and I imagined my hips were a little rounder than they used to be. My skin had a new softness to it that I delighted in feeling. My face, too, had a smoothness and glow that made me feel truly feminine. Every day I was becoming more and more of a woman — both in looks and in feelings. Perhaps the most startling revelation to me was the morning when combing my hair that I discovered I didn't want to return to a man's world! I went into the kitchen that morning singing like a bird. When Helen asked what made me so happy, I told her. She smiled and said, "The Major knew what he was talking about, didn't he?"

One afternoon Helen said I was ready to become a blonde, and by dinnertime, my hair matched the other Greta's. It was another milestone in my life, because I discovered I liked being a blonde. I was happy that I no longer had to wear a wig. It really does something to a girl's ego to look in the mirror and see her OWN blonde hair!

The next day Helen called the Colonel, and the following day, he came to the farm on his first visit. I answered the door when he arrived. When he saw me, his eyebrows shot up under his cap visor. "My Gawd!" he exclaimed, "What a transformation!"

"Come in, Sir," I said, and smiled as I held the door open for him. I was a little nervous, but he soon put me at ease with his compliments about my appearance. Helen came from the kitchen and greeted him warmly. They chatted happily for a moment, then Helen asked, "What do you think of Greta?"

"Helen," he replied, "I would never have believed it possible. I've never seen such a — a — complete changeover in a person.

"Wonderful, Sir," I replied. "I had some misgivings at first, but I'm quite relaxed as a woman now, and can talk and act with confidence. My voice has softened some, and Helen tells me it will improve even more." Helen excused herself to finish preparing lunch and the Colonel asked me several questions about my training.

"It's good to talk with someone else," I told him, "Helen is a wonderful person and we get along very well together. She's been wonderfully patient with me — but a very exacting instructor. She has worked my fanny off — so much so that I just now realized that it has been over six months since I have talked to anyone but Helen." I was telling him some of the funnier incidents of training when Helen said that lunch was ready.

The Colonel held our chairs for us as we sat down, and as he seated himself, he laughed and said, "Greta talked incessantly — just like a woman."

I blushed and said, "It was only that I've been lonesome for some outside company. Promise that you will come again soon." He promised and we chatted in generalities during the rest of the lunch. We hurried through the dishes and had an extra coffee in the living room.

Colonel Anderson 'checked out' my progress and complimented us on my training. No English was spoken that afternoon as we reviewed my foreign languages. Mostly, though, we concentrated on Greta — her voice, mannerisms and memory of friends and relatives. We begged him to stay for dinner, but he declined. He promised he would return in a week and bring Major Atkins with him.

The house seemed strangely empty after he had gone and Helen and I just sat and looked at each other for several minutes. She came over and sat down beside me. "Greta," she said softly, "I've missed male companionship the last few months, and underneath that makeup and toggery, you are still a man." Before I realized what was happening, she put her arms around me and kissed me. I was too startled to move for a few seconds, then I returned her kiss with love and feeling. When we finally came up for air, both of us were a little embarrassed.

I looked at her and said, "Now I know what's been wrong with me lately. I, too, have missed companionship." We just looked at each other until our emotions were under control.

I spoke first. "Helen, this situation could easily get out of hand. I'm desperately in love with you and that makes our set up here impossible to continue as it has been."

Helen looked miserable — her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled. "But, darling," she cried, "what can we do? I love you, too. The past few months have been wonderful as well as torturous for me. I've wanted to express my feelings so many times, but you seemed so indifferent to me."

"I didn't dare tell you how I felt about you." I told her. "All those hours we've spent with you just inches away from me — had we known the other's feelings I'm afraid my training would have had many, many interruptions."



Marie Therese — FCO-2-C

"But we do know now," she said, "and we had better talk this over and reach some decisions." "You're right, Sweetheart," I said and smiled, "I guess I can call you that, can't I?"

"Of course you can," she smiled back, "but right now let's talk about our problem."

I smiled and lit a cigarette. "Helen, our situation is one that even the kookiest script writer in Hollywood wouldn't believe. Here we are — a beautiful girl — an officer in the Marine Corps — falls in love with an enlisted man whom she has spent months feminizing. He now has long, bleached hair, and hormone treatments are turning his manly body into a womanly body. Even his voice has started changing. Now, something has happened to them. Only two days ago I was happy being a pseudo woman and didn't want to live a man's life. Right now, I want to be a man and claim you for my wife. Could any two people get involved in a more ridiculous situation?"

"It isn't as bad as you think, Greta," Helen replied. "You weren't supposed to know it, but you were appointed a Second Lieutenant the day you started training."

"But I'm dead," I exclaimed, "how can they promote a dead man?"

"Easy," she replied, "a post-humous promotion — actually dated prior to your departure from the States."

"We're getting away from the subject," I told her, "although one problem is solved. I can now kiss you and love you as an equal; but other problems still rear their ugly heads. What about us — living here as we do? I'm afraid we can't go back to the friendly but impersonal attitudes we had this morning. To be so close to you — and yet to have to keep so far away will be unbearable now."

"I know it will be hard," she said, "but we will have to try to keep our emotions under control. When Uncle Henry comes against next week, maybe he will be able to help us work something out."

"I'd rather he didn't know this just yet, Helen. Do you think we might be able to work a little petting into our schedule?"

"Maybe," she said, smiling, "but I doubt it. A little petting could lead to a little hanky-panky."

"Would that be so bad?" I asked.

"Without a wedding ring," she replied, "yes."

We fell silent for awhile, each buried in our own troubled thoughts. Later, neither of us could remember when it happened, but when our thoughts came back to the present, we were sitting very close to each other and holding hands.

"Sweetheart," I asked softly, "could we get married right away? I could use some of that greasy kid stuff on my hair, and I think I could control my voice enough to say 'I do'."

Her eyes were shiny with tears as she answered, "Please, Darling, let's talk this over with Uncle Henry. I'm sure he can help us with our dilemma."

"It had better be soon," I implored her, "because those hormones are working harder every day and soon I won't be able to pass as a man at all." I couldn't breathe for a minute or so when the full impact of what I had just said hit me! Because those hormones were indeed working on me. My breasts had grown to the extent that I no longer needed 'falsies', my hips were rounding out nicely and my male muscularity was being covered with that small layer of fat just under the skin so that my body was becoming smooth and curvy. My skin had become femininely soft and smooth, too. Most surprising, though, was my voice. It had softened and changed enough that no one would ever suspect they were actually talking to a man. Listening to tapes of our training sessions, I could no longer recognize my voice as mine of a few months ago. Between the hormones and the conditioners we used on my hair, it, too, was as soft and shiny as any woman's hair could be. Every day I was becoming more and more of a woman — and until this moment — liking it.

Major Jones was almost right on one count. I hadn't thought about being a man for quite some time — and now I desperately wanted to be a strong, virile man — to claim Helen as my bride — as a man would. I was ready to junk the whole program, but I knew I couldn't — and wouldn't.

"Right now," I told her through clenched teeth, "I wish I were a man again so I could propose to you properly, court you and marry you and care for you and our kids the rest of my life."

"Only outwardly are you a woman, my Darling," she said softly, "there has never been a doubt in my mind that you are still every inch a man — or I wouldn't have fallen in love with you." She smiled, and continued, "You see, I have the best of both of you — Bob and Greta. I can love you and be loved by you as Bob — and still — Greta's face won't whisker me when we kiss — and I can have the feminine companionship of Greta for shopping trips, gossip and other girlish things."

"Maybe so," I replied, but I don't know what these hormones will do to my manhood. I still get the longings and feelings of a man, but can I still perform as a man? This I must have an answer to and soon!"

Neither of us were hungry, so skipped dinner and discussed our problem until very late. Our true feelings wouldn't permit us to work out a liveable solution, so I reluctantly agreed to calling Uncle Henry. As we said good night, I cautioned Helen she had better lock her bedroom door or she might meet a fate worse than death. She kissed me firmly and told me there would never be a locked door between us. Neither of us slept well that night.

The Colonel came the next morning while we were still doing the breakfast dishes.

"What in hell happened here yesterday anyway?" he blurted as he came through the door, accompanied by Majors Jones and Atkins.

"Good morning, Gentlemen," I said, "come in and sit down. Lt. Osborne and I have discovered a very serious problem that requires your help."

Everybody was nervous and jumpy. I felt — and rightly so — that they were more concerned about the mission than our personal feelings. Their primary concern was that I wanted to dump the mission, but I assured them I would complete it — and that was what was causing the trouble.

Whenever the conversation became loud and animated, usually Helen or I could calm them down a little; although at times when everybody was shouting at someone else, the Colonel finally blew his top and threatened to "court-martial the whole damned bunch of us" if we didn't calm down. That cooled us off, so we took a coffee break and then settled down to work out a solution. At first they all had different ideas.

Major Jones was all for sending me off to Europe right then while Major Atkins wanted to change instructors and location for the rest of my training period. The Colonel finally suggested they put me through some tests to see if I were ready to appear in public so our training site could be moved to town. I'll never forget THAT day!

They all fired questions at me in foreign languages — questions about Greta's life, her friends and enemies, politics, religion, likes and dislikes. We didn't even stop for lunch. They checked me for feminine actions, appearance and womanly credibility. While the Colonel was asking me about the latest fashions, Major Jones sneaked up and pinched me. I whirled and *slapped* him. That surprised even me! In the not too distant past, I'd have broken his jaw for doing that, but it had never entered my head to hit him — just a nice, healthy, lady-like slap. I was almost in a state of collapse when they finally relaxed and congratulated me on my training. The Colonel said I was several months ahead of their expectations and we could move onto the next phase. I sat down, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and slowly exhaled and asked, "Now what?"

The Colonel said, "Greta, I think we'll move you into town and continue your training during the daytime only. Helen will still be your instructor, but the Majors and myself will be taking a much more active part in developing your cloak and dagger techniques."

"I've no objections to you two getting married," he continued, "but not at this time. I've been in this business for a long time, and the fewer distractions you have, the better off you will be in times of danger. Although there will actually be very little danger in your mission, you may find yourself in a tight spot one day, and, if married, your natural inclination would be to think of your wife first — instead of how you were going to get out of the spot — and THAT could be fatal when dealing with our 'friends' across the Wall. When this mission is completed and your transformation back to a man is over, then I'll bless your marriage and give the bride away."

"You're right, of course, Sir," I admitted. "Our feelings towards each other clouded our emotions so much we simply couldn't think of workable solutions. I think we'll be O.K. now."

Helen agreed and Uncle Henry told us to 'doll up' and he would take us all to dinner. We suddenly realized we were ravenously hungry.

This was my first venture away from the farm and I had a heavenly time. I secretly wished the approving glances I noticed being thrown our way were for me — but I knew Helen was far prettier than I, so I just pretended they were for me. To be among people again was such a wonderful feeling. I guess we never realized that mankind was not meant to be 'loners' in this world. We need people around us. Although this was my first venture as a woman, I never had a nervous moment because my actions and mannerisms had become so automatically feminine. During dinner we settled a few details about moving; and then we all relaxed for the rest of the evening. Helen's dancing lessons came in handy as each of the gentlemen danced with us several times.

I thanked them all several times as we drove back to the farm. I had had a lovely time and when they left to return to the city, I could look at Helen with love, but without the terrible frustrations we had suffered the night before. We were too tired to start packing that night, so we went to bed.

Two days later the Majors arrived in separate cars to take us to the city. Major Jones drove me to the apartment and helped me with my luggage. It was a small, one bedroom apartment, freshly and tastefully decorated and furnished. I liked it and said so. The Major thanked me and told me he had picked it out. Before he left, he gave me some money and suggested that I change my hair color because I would be going out more and they didn't want to take a chance on my being recognized as Greta just yet.

I unpacked my things, and checked the apartment over thoroughly. The Major had thoughtfully stocked the refrigerator, so there was nothing more for me to do except get my hair fixed. This, too, was another milestone on my road to being the perfect Greta. I was a little nervous about this, as I was going to be awfully close to a beauty operator, and I felt she would readily discover any flaws in my role and call the cops. I checked the yellow pages and made an appointment at a nearby shop for that afternoon, using my 'other' name of Betty Daniels.

When I told the beautician that I wanted to be a red-head, she smiled and said, "Miss Daniels, I think you'll make a lovely red head. We have a new shade I'm sure you will like. In the daylight you will have lovely, deep red hair, but in artificial light — such as lamp light — your hair will have beautiful copper-tone highlites. How does that sound?"

"Beautiful," I said, "let's get started." A few hours later, I emerged with lovely red hair. The operator had also given me some tips on make-up, so I also had cosmetics and nail polish to accent the new me.

I relaxed and watched TV for awhile and went to bed early. In the stillness of the night, I realized this was the first night in over a year that I had been away from Helen. The sudden loneliness and my longing for her descended on me like an avalanche! It took all my will power to keep from calling the Colonel and trying to talk to my Helen for awhile. I finally fell asleep and the alarm awakened me the next morning. The place was lonesome without her, but I knew she would soon be there. The sight of my tousled red hair gave me a start when I looked in the mirror, but after showering and dressing, I couldn't help lingering a while longer than usual as I combed and arranged it. The copper-tones glittered through it like specks of burnished copper and diamonds. I thought it was lovely.

I was still dawdling over a second cup of coffee when Helen arrived. Her big, blue eyes almost popped out of her head when she saw me. I pulled her inside, closed the door and gave her a long, but fast kiss before she could even speak.

"Greta!" she cried, "your hair — it's beautiful! But — but — why?"

"Major's orders," I said, "blonde Greta can't be seen yet."

"Oh, Honey," she said gleefully, "let me look at you!" She led me over by the picture window and stood me in a beam of sunlight. "Turn around, now, slowly," she said. And I did — several times. "Darling," she exclaimed, "I've never seen hair so strikingly beautiful in my life!"

"Flattery will get you somewhere," I laughed. "How about a cup before we get started?" "Fine, — 'Red,'" she quipped, "does the Major know what color you are now?" "No," I answered, "he just said to change color." The doorbell rang again and Helen answered it as I poured.

"Come in, Major Jones," I heard her say. "Pour one more, Greta," she called to me.

"Good Morning, Greta," the Major said as he and Helen came into the dinette. "Wow!" he gasped. "Your hair — I like it — I like it!"

"Thank you, Sir," I replied, "for suggesting I change it."

After coffee, we went to work on my 'devious ways' training that would help me be a good spy. We spoke no English so that conversing in a foreign language would become second nature to me. My training started with the smallest camera I've ever seen (and the quietest, too). I'd wait in the kitchen while he and Helen arranged the living or bed room for a certain picture. Then I had to enter the apartment and take pictures without disturbing them if they were 'sleeping' or I had to leave the room just exactly as I found it. All the time, the tape recorder was going with the volume turned up to catch the slightest noise I made. We'd play it back and I'd do it over again until all we could hear on the tape was background noise which was normal.

So it went for the next few weeks. Training in the daytime was spent in making me a good spy and the evenings were devoted to perfecting me as Greta. By now I could recall names of over one hundred people from photographs shown me, and I could sing from memory almost two hundred songs. Helen and I managed to spend two nights a week alone for awhile — and my instructors saw that we never had more than two or three hours together. Once again I began thinking like a female, except when Helen was too close and I'd want to hug and kiss her. I believe the torture of being close to each other and having to behave like friends only served to strengthen our love.

One morning as we were having coffee, the Colonel said, "Greta how is your appendix?"

"Fine, Sir," I said, "at least it was the last time I looked."

"That's good," he replied, "because Prein is in a hospital in West Berlin recovering from an appendectomy. Sorry, Greta, but you'll have to lose one perfectly good appendix as soon as we get the information on her incision."

"I don't think I like that one little bit," I said.

"Neither do I," he said, "but Greta couldn't very well have her appendix removed twice, now, could she? That's just in case you were to have an attack at some future date. Besides, with modern medical techniques, you have nothing to worry about — it's no more serious than a bad cold."

"Oh?" I raised my eyebrows clear up to my red bangs, "so how come a cold is suddenly treated with pentathol and knives?" A week later, however, I was smuggled into the naval hospital and my perfectly good appendix was removed and my nice, smooth feminine body had a small, neat scar to prove it.

Helen and I returned to the farm for my recuperation and spent six wonderful weeks together. We studied, practiced and played. The time passed much too quickly for me and we moved back into the city.

My training was nearing completion and we started planning my trip to Europe to assume Greta's place when the Colonel received some good news — Greta was coming to the U.S. for a tour of nite clubs!

New plans were quickly made and I was ready to step into my new role — a little frightened, but excited, too. The plan was simple. One Greta would be quietly picked up and kept under maximum security and I would step in and assume her life. Sodium Amatol would help her give up her secrets that would help me. The latest photographs showed that Greta was still the same shade of blonde, but her hair was now shoulder length as was mine. Helen helped me become that blonde again, and gave me the formula to be used for touching up my roots while I was on the road.

Greta arrived in New York City and was shadowed for three days. No one contacted her and we decided to make the switch before her opening date. I knew enough songs from memory that I wasn't worried about her choice of selections. When Greta returned to her hotel room after visiting the nite club to review the last minute arrangements, we were waiting for her. She was hit with the Amytol before she could do anything but look surprised at her unexpected visitors. We all questioned her about her contacts, reasons for being here, any new boy friends, anything we could pull off the tops of our heads in a hurry. Little did I realize that some of her answers would come in very handy — even before I left the States. Helen suddenly reached over and pulled a lock of her hair until it was straight. "Well," she said, "she has trimmed a couple of inches off since her last picture, Greta, so I guess you'd better come into the bathroom with me while I trim yours the same way." I told Helen, "I surely hate to lose *any* of my hair since it has taken me so long to grow it."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "I remember as a little girl the first time

my long hair was cut. I cried for two hours that day — and every morning for a week when I first looked in a mirror.” As I heard her scissors snipping away, I said, “I suppose you think these are beads of sweat trickling down my cheeks, huh?” She kissed me and said, “I understand, but repair your makeup before we join the others.”

She was smuggled out of the hotel to a maximum security cell someplace. I said good-bye to Helen and the others and as I closed the door, I became — at long last — Greta Prein (almost).

The next afternoon I visited the Club under the pretense of a final check with the orchestra. We rehearsed two songs and I chatted a bit with some of the other performers. My first sortie as Greta was successful and I felt better about my impersonation as I returned to the hotel for dinner.

(Continued in TVia No. 79)

PUBLISHING DELAYS

As indicated in TVia No. 77, I will be away from Los Angeles from about the 1st of Sept. to the 1st of Dec. Since No. 77 went out about July 1, I hope this issue reaches you early in Sept. I am going to try to have No. 79 ready before I leave so that it can be printed while I'm gone and mailed around the middle of November. If so that would make No. 80 due about the middle of January. However, as you will realize, I hope, there will be a mountain of letters, problems, both personal and Chevalier and other requirements demanding my attention immediately on my return and I may not be able to get the decks cleared to put No. 80 together in time for such a deadline. I'm only mentioning this here so that you will realize what is involved and not get too nervous about issues. As always, please send in your money and order and let us put you in the advance file, then items will be sent the first day they are available. As before, if you want to have some assurance that the order is received and on file send a card and a stamped addressed envelope so that we can just say “yes, received and recorded” and send it back to you.



Two very old shots of *The Mask and Wig Club* of 1891.
Lent by Christine of N.Y.



DIANNA DRIVES AGAIN

Dianna — N. Y.

Editor's Note: Dianna was Cover Girl on Issue No. 42. In her story she related the events of driving a large trailer to Mexico. The trailer has evidently been supplanted but she still goes to Mexico to buy items for her gift shop in upstate New York.

It's been a long time since I've had anything to really write about. I haven't actually been out dressed in over two years. But I finally had the opportunity and I made good use of it.

I have been going to Mexico for a number of years in the winter time to shop for our gift shop but for the past five years I have had to make an extra summer visit because we have had to replenish our stock. This is the first year that I have gone alone however.

About a week before I left I got all my things ready, went out and bought a few new outfits and got everything set in my new 28 foot motor home. The morning that I left, I put my 750 Honda on the front end of the rig, double checked to see that I had everything that I would need and took off. I couldn't leave the house in a dress because it was daylight and the place was rather busy. I waited until I got to a rest area on the Thru-way and pulled into a parking spot. I closed the curtains and proceeded to change into my feminine clothes. I was really looking forward to this trip in the motor home. It has wall to wall carpeting, dual air-conditioning, stereo tape, AM & FM radio, automatic transmission, power brakes and steering. It has naturally all the things that make it self-contained. Besides all this it has a bath tub! What a pleasure to drive.

But getting back to my story. I left the air-conditioning on and I had just finished putting on my make up when I heard a terrible noise. I looked out the window and saw a cloud of vapor. It took me a few minutes to figure out what the trouble was. The air-conditioner had popped some-

thing or other. I peeked out the window and everyone was looking at the motor home. I stood there for a moment, trying to decide if I should change back into male attire to go out and check. Don't ask me what I was going to check because I sure didn't know what to look for. The reason I figured it was the air-conditioner was because no cold air was coming out (smart of me, eh?). I said the heck with it and stepped out of the rig in my dress. I looked around the front end and, seeing no blood or parts laying on the ground, got back in and drove off. I had to keep the window open though allowing all the dirt and noise in. I just turned up the stereo a little and it wasn't too bad. Sure seemed stranged to have a dress on, but nice!

My first encounter with anyone was at the toll booth. It's strange how you get a little flutter in the heart area when you haven't faced anyone as a woman for some time. I just paid my toll, without a smile I must admit because I think that New York charges too much on the Thruway. I really was getting quite a charge out of the trip and looking forward to the next few days. As I was driving along, I kept wondering just what kind of situations I would be getting into. My motor home holds 110 gallons of gas so I really don't have to stop very often during the course of a day to fill up. I had brought some sandwiches with me and I figured that I would drive right through the night and really put some miles behind me.

I was not far north of Cincinnati when dusk started turning into night. I switched on the head lights and proceeded to check out the side lights with my mirrors. It seemed that the back clearance lights were not working but I couldn't be sure so I stopped at the next rest area and checked. Sure enough, no back clearance lights. I banged a few things but no lights. I wasn't about to get back on the road again and then be stopped by the state police. So I took off my dress and my make up, put on a nightie and went to bed. I got up early the next morning, put on fresh underthings, make up and a dress and was driving out of the rest stop within twenty minutes. I drove for a couple hours then stopped for gas. I got out of the rig, told the attendant to fill both tanks and then looked at all the tires. By this time it was quite hot and I was glad that I had on my hot pants with the separate short skirt.

After getting back on the road and driving for a few hours, I thought that I had better stop at a store and get some food. I pulled off the interstate and went into a small town. I found a store that looked rather nice and after checking my appearance, went in. I purchased a few items and went to the check out. The man behind the counter asked me if that was my motor home. When I answered in the affirmative, he started to ask me

the usual questions. We talked for about five minutes and then I went on my way. After getting back on the main road I started to think just how I had acted with the clerk and I can honestly say that I didn't act much different than I would if I would have been dressed as a man. After about a day in a dress I feel much more relaxed and natural going about than I do as a man. I have reached a point that I look more like a woman even with male attire than I realize. I have been called "Miss" or "Ma'am" so many times when I am not wearing a dress that I don't even bat an eyelid. I'll give some examples of this later on in the story.

I kept telling myself that I should stop and see if I could get the lights fixed before night time caught up with me. I just hate to stop and kill a lot of time when I'm trying to get some place, so it was almost dark when I finally pulled into a big truck stop and asked if someone could try and find out what the trouble was. You should have seen all the truck drivers look at me then at the big motor home! I was lucky, they found a loose wire within a very short time and I was back on the road. I should mention that while I was waiting for the repairs I had put water in the tub and placed all my clothes that needed washing in it. The motion of the vehicle while driving acts like a washing machine and they really come out nice and clean. I do my clothes every night before going to bed and I never have any dirty clothes laying around so I never run short on wearing apparel.

I am also glad that I have an adequate bust. If I had to wear a very padded bra down south I think I would melt!

I had looked at the literature on the air-conditioner and realized that I would pass right through the city (Dallas) where it was made, so there couldn't be a better place to have it checked out. I got in on Sunday night and it was so hot that I drove around for a few hours just to keep from melting. I couldn't find a park so I pulled into a K-Mart and spent the night. I got up the next morning and sat on the edge of the bed trying to figure out what I should do. Should I go to the plant as Diana or change the other way. I finally decided to go as Diana, after all, I had to have something to write about, didn't I? I parked right in front of the building, checked my makeup and gracefully leaped out of the coach. I must admit that I was just a little nervous when I walked into the plush reception room and was faced with about four or five very young and pretty girls. I explained my problem to one of them and she called someone who came down and made me tell it again. Then I was told that I would have to go to the service stop a few blocks away.

When I pulled into the place I had to look around for someone to help

me and go through the whole story a third time. Naturally he was rather surprised that I was driving the coach all by myself and when he saw the big motorcycle on the front end he really was taken aback! I figured that I had better give some reason for being alone so I told him that my husband had to fly ahead on business and I was going to meet him in San Antonio. Naturally the motor cycle had to come off the front end so I had to tell the fellows just how it was done. I explained that I had helped my husband many times with it. The machine is much too big to just pick up and set it down on the ground so it must be run down on a ramp. After they got it off I went in the motor home and read a book. Like all women, I'm not interested in how it's fixed, just so long as they fix it. The service manager came to the door and asked me for the warranty card. I looked through the folder and couldn't find it. He said that maybe my husband had it in his wallet. I told him, "not that dummy"! He really got a surprised look on his face. All that was wrong with the conditioner was that a hose had pulled loose so they were able to fix it quickly. I then had to supervise putting the motorcycle back in place. Two rather young fellows were working on it and one asked me if I could drive it. I told him OF COURSE I could and did. They were very impressed. After the bike was back on and I was ready to leave I gave one of the boys a tip. I told him it was for above and beyond the call of duty. He said, "Gee, lady, thanks a lot. This is the first tip I have gotten all summer." They wished me luck and waved as I drove out of the shop.

I had a terrible headache from the heat so I stopped at a plaza to get some pills. I picked up a tube of lipstick and the aspirin and went to the express line. There was one person in front of me and it took the clerk about five minutes to complete the transaction. By the time I got to the counter I was rather upset with the clerk. I handed him the two items and as I did so, I noticed that the lipstick wasn't priced. I didn't want to wait around while he called back for a price check so I told him to set it aside. He then opened up the cash register and pulled out a small bag and poured out loose dimes and started to count them very slowly. I slid the aspirin under his hand and said, "you can set these aside to." Then I walked out of the store. I really was burned, I then went to another store and got my pills. By this time I hadn't too far to go but I had to stop and fill the gas tanks again. I stopped at a nice station and told him not to overfill the tanks because the gas would just come out of the overflow tubes. The attendant was really cute looking. He was about 35, roly-poly with a little beard. He had a short brim hat pulled down all the way around, with a pair of big sad brown eyes peering up at me. He was of Mexican extraction and just what you would expect a Mexican to act and look like. I

have met many Mexicans like him and am always impressed with them. After he filled the truck and brought the credit slip back for me to sign he asked me if I was driving that big thing all by myself. I told him that I was and asked him if he would like to see the inside. Did he ever! After looking it over very carefully he again commented about me driving it all by myself. I told him that my husband had liberated me.

I pulled into Laredo about ten at night and stopped about a block or two from the trailer park and with much regret I took off my makeup and my dress. I have stayed at the park so many times that the owner calls me by my first name. I get very depressed after I have been dressed for any period of time and then have to change back.

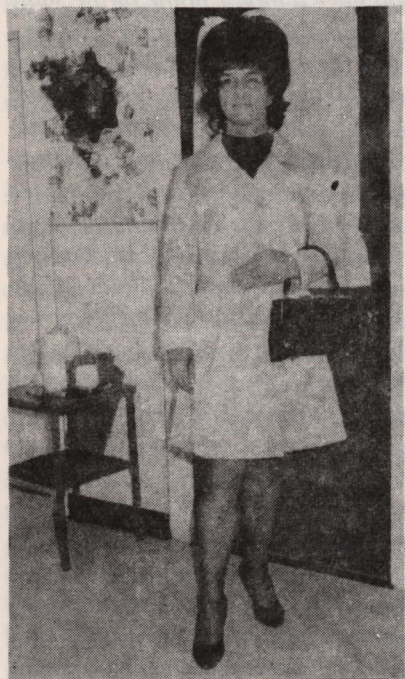
I stayed in Laredo for eight days and at least twenty people called me "Miss," "Lady" or "Ma'am" while I was dressed as a man! In fact, I was called "Miss" while I had my motorcycle helmet on!

I had to rent a big trailer for the return trip so I thought I had better not press my luck and dress on the way back. I was still called "Ma'am" quite frequently though. Since my business had to be transacted as a man and I then had to get on home with the stock there were no further femme adventures to report but the trip down was great fun.

Editor's note: Interestingly enough I too have a motor home of the same size and arrangements (except for the tub bath) that Diana describes. I take it all over the mountains of So. Calif. on weekends. The reason I mention it here as a foot note is to comment on what Diana has said about men commenting on a woman driving a 26 or 28 foot rig. If nothing else had ever proven to me the second class status that men automatically place women it is has been this kind of comment. Now it is agreed that not too many women do drive coaches but their remarks and expressions indicate their surprise that a woman can drive one. In actuality they are as easy to drive as a car once you get used to the additional length, width and height and know where your "edges" are. On the highway you sit considerably above the roofs of cars and can see what's going on some distance down the highway. It doesn't require any more strength than driving the family car, just a little special experience. However men make the implicit assumption that women are both weak, stupid and incapable of doing a lot of things that they can do. Thus their amazement when they find some women disproving their assumptions. Really, it doesn't do much for one's respect for men to see them from this side of the street. True, Diana and I have Ron and Charles in the back of our head with their experience, mechanical knowledge, etc., but the observers don't know that and just expect all women to be incapable in such matters. I presume you have head of "women drivers". Think over the chauvenistic implications of the expression next time you feel inclined to use it.



Denise — Alabama



Sharon — Kentucky

FICTION



A.W.O.L.,
or
A SISTER'S SOLUTION

Petrina — FAU - 2 - B FPE

CHAPTER ONE

The Homecoming

The "underground" train drew into the platform of the North London station of Eastcote. James Butler grasped his kit-bag and stepping quickly onto the platform and through the ticket gate he began the short walk home. It was early afternoon as he walked down the narrow tree-lined street. Worried as he was, James could still be impressed by the quiet beauty of the English autumn as by now the leaves had turned from their usual rich green to a deep golden brown.

He turned the last corner and three houses further on was his sister's mock Tudor cottage. The door opened almost immediately to his knock and he stepped into the hallway and into the arms of his sister.

"It's wonderful to have you back, James. I have so much to tell you," she told him with a smile.

James kissed her cheek, and, standing back, he looked Janet up and down. Even after six months absence she was exactly as he remembered, slightly taller than the average girl (she was almost 5' 8"); slender, with a fashionably (at least at the moment) almost boyish figure, long golden blonde hair framing a gamine face with blue eyes and rosebud mouth set in a typical English "peaches and cream" complexion. Her clothes complimented her "with-it" but not exaggerated look. A pair of cornflower blue jersey slacks (exactly matching her eyes) worn under a white satin shirt with an extreme "mod" collar, very full bishop sleeves and stockinged feet peeping beneath the slacks.

As they stood together it was apparent to any casual observer that these two were not only brother and sister but twins, although because of their sex difference it was impossible that they were identical. Their appearance belied this, the same height, slender figure, blonde hair, blue eyes and wide full mouth. Certainly in no way could Janet be described as masculine but James was decidedly girlish.

"Jan, I'm in trouble! I can't go back after the end of this leave. I'm going to desert," James blurted out.

She motioned him to sit down and, after pouring him a drink, listened while James explained his problem.

His appearance was the starting point of his present trouble; as Janet knew. It had occurred before but had never reached these proportions. Not having to shave, shorter than average, his delicate appearance and no matter what he did to disguise it he still looked like a girl even in his shapeless army fatigues. He had managed to ignore the snide remarks and cruel teasing. The first two months were the worst but he had accepted his trial and allowed his tormentors free rein. After seeing his efforts in basic training, the fact that only he and one other had passed unscathed through the very difficult assault course and that his shooting had gained the highest marks in the company, he had been accepted as being rather "odd" but one of the boys.

"But James, everything seems to be alright now and if you have managed to survive the first six months, the remaining eighteen should be easier?"

As James continued it became more apparent that the situation was untenable. It had been fine until the arrival of Major Webster and Sergeant Black to the company three months ago. Both were sadistic bullies and even worse were homosexuals who used their position to obtain victims. James had been chosen by them and his reluctance seemed to further whet their appetite.

He had been appointed company clerk directly to the Major who was the Adjutant and to Sergeant Black who was Headquarters N.C.O. and it had been strongly emphasized that unless he cooperated his life would become a permanent "hell on earth," and now to seal his fate the company had been informed that it would be embarking immediately for the Kuwait Dependency in Arabia for a twelve month's tour of duty immediately it returned from leave.

"It's more than I could take, Sis. I'm not sure what I will do but I can't return to the army under these circumstances."

She could realize her brother's horror and distaste at these advances, as at the age of fourteen he had been the victim of an indecent assault which had fortunately not succeeded but had left scars which had not yet been eradicated.

"I'm sure you will be able to find the answer to the problem, Janet. You have always cleared up these messes and I hope you can do it again."

Janet looked helplessly at her brother. It was true that she was the leader of the two ever since their parents had been killed in a car crash three years ago. Now that their biggest crisis had come she had to tell him that she was leaving in two day's time.

"James, I've been trying to tell you. I'm getting married in Australia in one week's time. I leave here on Sunday and I don't know how to help you."

Looking white and shaken he asked her to tell him more. She explained that they had met two months ago while Donald Jackson had been in London on a business trip for his mining company and it had been a case of love at first sight. Donald had flown home to make the arrangements for their wedding in Adelaide the following week.

James managed a smile, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Congratulations, darling. I'm very happy for you and nothing must spoil your marriage. I'll find a solution and manage somehow."

Janet sat deep in thought, then suddenly said:

"I think I have got the solution and it seems foolproof. I'm not sure you will like it. You said you had been a company clerk, right? Now, how good is your typing and shorthand?"

"What on earth has that got to do with it? Anyway, it's 100 words per minute typing and 170 shorthand, which I think you will agree is very good for a mere male," he replied with an attempt at light relief.

"Well that's wonderful, and I think everything will be fine, because you see, my darling brother, you are going to change your name to Janet and become me in the very near future."

CHAPTER TWO

The Transformation

James looked absolutely stunned and tried to speak but only managed to produce a splutter.

"This is no time for joking. I thought you at least would try to help. If this is all you can suggest I should have tried to get out of the country today instead of coming home. Dress as a girl! Why it's the very thing I'm trying to avoid. I don't want to become a homosexual."

"My dear brother I'm perfectly serious and certainly not suggesting anything of the sort. You could easily pass as me, and don't be so indignant about wearing girl's dresses — it certainly wouldn't be the first time you have worn mine."

James relaxed and decided not to keep up the pretence. Janet was right, it wouldn't be the first time. In fact several times before his departure while Janet was out he had completely dressed in her clothes. On the last occasion he had thought the coast clear and had taken a short walk in their small rear garden. Suddenly the next door neighbor had appeared and he had had no option but to pass the time of day.

Mrs. Tulloch hadn't suspected when he had explained that a sore throat was making his voice huskier than usual. This near escape had been enough to stop him dressing again.

"All right, sis, I have dressed," he admitted, "but how did you know?"

Well, I had noticed that my underwear had been disturbed on a number of occasions but I hadn't taken much notice of that until several months ago Mrs. Tulloch asked how my sore throat was. I realized I had not been speaking to her on that occasion and put two and two together. Luckily I realized the truth before she was aware that all was not as it seemed."

"I can type and take shorthand, but what about all the other problems? I don't know who you work for, I have no insurance certificate or social security clearance and I can't work without them!"

"James, I will be leaving the country. I only need my passport, and all my other documents will remain here. As far as everyone is concerned I will never have left. Work is no problem as I will explain later, so let's not waste any more time and get you into some proper clothes."

James was sent to shower and remove any hair from chest, arms, legs and face while Janet laid out some clothes to suit. The hair removal was accomplished with a minimum of fuss and with a liberal dusting of powder, delightfully lavender scented, he draped a large fluffy bath-towel around himself and with mounting excitement proceeded to the bedroom.

From the vanity chest Janet took a garment, a pair of blue, stretch satin, bikini briefs — lavishly trimmed on the legs with smokey colored Venetian lace.

"Now James, let's start with this. Oh, it's all right — remember it's not the first time I've seen you naked recently and I want to make sure the change is perfect."

James drew on the briefs and as they slid up his legs his excitement began to mount, which rapidly became evident and with difficulty he settled them on his hips.

"Now, brother, that's not very ladylike. Let's see whether we can get rid of that bulge with these," Janet said with a laugh.

She handed him a champagne colored lycra panti-corselet and James drew it on over his powdered body. It was very light with no boning or zips and Janet fastened the crotch pad hook and eye fastening between his legs as he settled the shoulder straps.

"PHEW!" It looked featherweight but he could feel it firmly moulding his body. Now there was no tell-tale bulge and his figure was almost perfect.

"Now," said Janet, "let's top it off with these." She handed him two flesh colored plastic pads filled with liquid. It was obvious where these

were supposed to fit. In place in the brassiere they completed the feminine look and his figure was perfect.

The next item was a pair of dark plum-colored panti-hose. He balled the stocking legs and, ballanching precariously on one leg he drew the first leg on. It slithered caressingly up his smooth skin to just above the knee. He received the same delicious feeling as he drew on the second leg then drew them up to fit snugly over his hips. To complete his underwear a satin mini slip with full lace bust shaping and a further three inches on the hem was slid over his head to finish four inches above the knee. Janet placed a nylon negligee over his shoulders and motioned him to the vanity table.

"Now let me make up your face before we go any further. On second thought, as we only have two days, you make it up and I'll describe how to do it. Remember, with your complexion you only need a light application."

Seated before the mirror he began to apply a beige liquid foundation. Starting at the forehead he worked it carefully into the skin, finishing at the base of the neck. The eyes were next and after three attempts a successful eyeliner was drawn on the top lid and under the eye. The mascara almost resulted in his defeat but with patience and advice his eyelashes became the perfect frame for his cornflower blue eyes. A light blue shadow was worked into the inner corner blending smoothly into a mid-brown carried slightly past the darkened eyebrow line. A bluish pink rouge was used to emphasize the high cheekbones and the final application of a "Mary Quant" lipstick in deep red completed his face. It went on smoothly and with a very ladylike "pursing" of the lips a perfect rosebud shape emerged.

Janet turned him quickly from the mirror. "Wait till we have finished then you can see what you really look like."

She took a blonde wig from its case and fitted it. A half-dozen quick strokes of the brush and the tresses framed his face with two heavy locks reaching almost to his breast. From the closet Janet took a claret-colored creme "midi" dress which almost exactly matched the stockings. The neckline was heart-shaped and the shoulders flowed into long full sleeves buttoning at the wrist into a long four button cuff. From the neck dozens of tiny pearl buttons held the dress together leaving it up to the wearer to decide on the length of leg that would be displayed. James slipped into it and fastened the buttons until only an inch of the slip's lace peeped beneath. He slid his feet into matching suede pumps and at last he was dressed.

"Well, Sis, what do I look like? Will I pass?"

"It's hard to call you James, now, but you look absolutely fantastic. I really feel just a little twinge of jealousy."

He turned to the full length mirror. Was that beautiful creature reflected back really him? Moving closer, he examined himself from top to bottom (also just the right shape) and finally pirouetted to reveal a neat pair of girlish thighs.

"Okay, that's enough," Janet interrupted him. "I know you are good looking but you don't want to develop a narcissism complex this early. Now we had better prepare you for your new job."

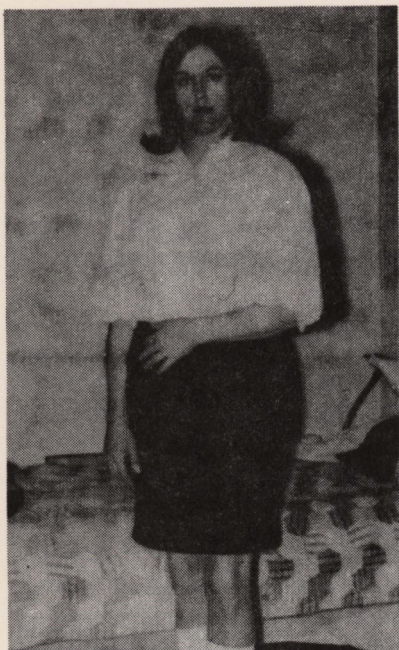
CHAPTER THREE

Janet's Departure

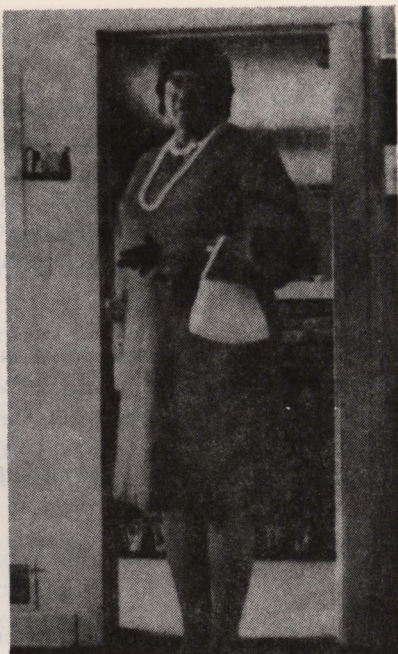
They went downstairs for dinner and, as this was James' first walk in high heels, the first dozen steps were very shaky and the walk down the stairs nearly resulted in disaster. But with a little practice in walking around the living room he began to enjoy the tightened calf muscles and the need to take smaller steps. He began to realize that the caress of the skirt brushing his legs and the leaning back to counteract the high heels gave him a constant reminder of being feminine.

"Well, James — no, that's silly. I can't keep calling a lovely creature like you by a man's name. From now on you're Janet and I'll use my second name of Tania. Anyway, you must get used to being called by that name. You prepare something to eat while I draw up a list concerning what you must know about the job, who you should know, their nick-names, etc., and little facts about being a lady.

Over a rare steak with green salad and a bottle of claret, she explained the work. The job was with "Executive Girl," a small company which supplied temporary secretaries to companies as replacements for holidays or when someone was required urgently. The salary was excellent and there was a variety of work. She explained that the clothes he was wearing had come from her last job at "BIBA'S", the latest London boutique, and she had finished that job only yesterday. Her resignation should have been submitted a fortnight ago, but somehow it had been



Mary Ann — New Mexico



Freida — KS-4-H



Esther — Mich.



overlooked, which, as it turned out, was extremely fortunate and also as she was starting a new job on Monday it would be very easy for the new Janet to fit into the position.

"Wait a minute while I get the details," she said as she went to the bedroom. "It's with Anglo United Dairies as secretary to the Marketing Manager. It's likely to last for up to three months so there should be no problems. Just memorize all the names at "Executive Girl" and when they contact you, which won't be for a couple of weeks, you should have established yourself."

The two "girls" sat talking. "Tania" explained the need to buy sanitary pads as she normally did and live according to the instructions she had prepared. Suddenly they realized it was midnight and that some sleep was required.

"Now just a moment, Janet," Tania said interrupting Janet's bed preparations, "it's not just a matter of flopping into bed now. The complexion of yours must be protected. In the bathroom cabinet you will find removal creme. Cover your face with it and wipe off with cotton wool to remove the makeup then cover it with the night creme. Don't forget to pat it gently in under your eyes. I've laid a night dress out for you."

"Janet" completed his toilet preparations and went through to his bedroom to remove the clothing he was certain now he should have been born to. "Ah" it was good to remove the corselet but he was glad that tomorrow it would begin again. The gown was Victorian styled, a high neck ruffled and tied with a satin bow falling straight to a ruffled hem, the sleeves long and full and fastened again with satin ribbons. It was beige colored and the material was a clinging crepe georgette. "Janet's" body tingled with delight as the cool fabric slipped over his head and caressed his body. He fastened the bows and slipped into bed as his sister bid him goodnight. Well, this had certainly been an eventful day!

"Tania" was first up in the morning and hurried him out of bed, as shopping was the order of the day. A quick shower and then a surprise as he was told to dress in male clothing with full feminine underwear including stockings underneath.

"Well, brother dear, some people are sure to have seen you arrive so they had better see you leave. Put on some civilian clothing and carry

your kit-bag with all your army gear. We will have an argument as you leave the house so that Mrs. Tulloch will remember!

He was to take the train to a station five miles away where Tania would collect him in her car. He would change into a dress and return as Janet while, with the aid of a short dark wig, a pair of glasses and different makeup, Tania would become a friend who was staying the night.

The plan succeeded. The tearful argument took place on the front doorstep and produced the required twitching of neighbor's curtains as James stormed off shouting that he had expected more help from his family. After an interval Janet returned with a dark haired companion in her small blue car.

Janet prepared for the shopping trip dressing in a buttercup yellow three piece linen suit, a blazer styled jacket over a pleated mini-length skirt, the pleats seemed to mid-hip the released to flare softly to six inches above the knee. Underneath the jacket was a white polka-dotted yellow taffeta blouse softly draped with the neckline finished with an artist's bow. The outfit was completed with a pair of knee length white kid boots.

"Well, brother, you look very smart, even better than the real Janet."

The first visit was to Harrods in Kensington to purchase an absolute necessity — a body stocking. This, padded in the right places, would allow Janet complete freedom from detection as well as being comfortable in bed. After parking their car Janet was rather nervous walking along the street but soon realized the looks they were receiving from males and females alike were the same any beautiful girl received — some of admiration, others of envy.

The purchases were completed (too quickly thought Janet as he was just beginning to enjoy himself) so he managed to persuade "Tania" to have a cup of tea and explore some of the nearby boutiques. It was very exciting examining racks of lovely clothes, tasting lipsticks and trying on a number of hats. "Tania" insisted that he try on some clothes in the changing rooms so with a feeling of trepidation and her assistance Janet did so. He quickly gained confidence and after sending his sister out for a number of changes of clothes completed his purchases by buying an evening gown.

"I think we should go out tonight for a farewell dinner," said "Tania" as she completed the purchase. "I'll book the table."

Then it was home for a quick shower and change before the evening's entertainment. "Tania" had managed to obtain a table at "Danny La Rue's" club in Mayfair so it was a good opportunity for Janet to wear the new gown. The makeup was slightly heavier this time, especially around the eyes as he added a gold flecked deep blue eye shadow to emphasize them. Then on with his latest acquisition, a deep blue panne velvet gown, falling straight from the boat neckline to the hips where the unpressed pleats were allowed to flare softly toward the ankle length hem. The "Camelot sleeves" followed the same pattern. As the gown was perfectly plain he chose a heavy silver pendant to match the silver satin evening pumps.

The evening was very enjoyable. Janet not realizing until the end of the caberet that the rather tall husky woman who sang so well and held the audience in stitches with the risque jokes was in fact a female impersonator. All this, Janet realized, had been organized by "Tania" to give him confidence in the time ahead.

All too soon it was Sunday morning and after a quick breakfast they commenced packing Tania's clothes for the flight.

"You can take me to the airport, James, but don't take me in, as twin's might just cause someone to speculate."

"Tania" wore the short wig and glasses again until they were clear of the district and with their last tearful farewells completed in the car Janet watched "Tania" walk into the terminal and realized that now she was definitely on "her" own.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Career Girl

Monday started as a perfect, crisp, sunny day with not a hint of cloud. Janet rose early and hoped the new job would be as trouble-free as the day was bright. First a bath with the water slightly scented. Then she commenced to dress as "Miss Career Girl of 1972" in accord with his sister's list. First, the lace trimmed batiste panties. Then came the lycra

panti-corselet which had finally become comfortable to wear for long periods. "Tania" had fixed the pads into place underneath the normal breastline which resulted in his chest muscles being forced up to form a deceivingly natural cleavage. Next the silky nylon mini-slip with the lace trimmed hem finishing six inches above the knee, and then his first secretary's dress, light grey in a very fine wool cut almost on the lines of the old school tunic; a pintucked bodice with the skirt box pleated, a snowy white shirt style collar finished with a grey and white striped silk man's tie fastened at breast height with a diamond stick pin. The same styling was reflected in the cuffs fastened with discreet cuff links. Smoky grey nylons and suede shoes in almost the same color completed the outfit.

Janet arrived at "Anglo United Dairies" and was taken directly to the Marketing Manager, Mister R. Walker (Robin was his first name as she later discovered). She was surprised to find him so young, no older than thirty, slightly built and very good looking in rather a feminine way, soft spoken and, as it proved, very easy to work for. He explained that his previous secretary had had to move suddenly to another area due to her husband's promotion and if Janet proved suitable the job could become permanent.

There proved to be little to do that day and at Robin's insistence Janet was introduced to the other company executives and their secretaries. It was with trepidation that he joined, at their insistence, three other women members of the staff for lunch, but by listening more than talking he managed to get through the period without incident, helped by his previous interest in women's fashion. This allowed him to divert the conversation into these areas when their interest began to focus on his own life.

The rest of the week continued without incident. The work was not arduous but Janet quickly realized the job was more than typing letters and collecting cups of coffee. Robin, as he asked Janet to call him, spent a good deal of time away from his office and as he noted that Janet was efficient and prepared to use initiative, more and more she became a personal assistant rather than just a secretary. She was asked to stay on permanently and she accepted.

On Saturday she decided to arise early and do some shopping. She had spotted a delightful blouse in the local boutique and was determined to secure it. She was somewhat surprised by the abrupt and in

sistent ringing of the doorbell. Pulling a high-necked satin negligee over her matching night dress and checking that her wig was naturally positioned she opened the door to find two burly "Red Caps", the British equivalent of the military police.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss. I'm Sergeant Miller and we are enquiring about Private James Butler. He is at present absent without leave and gave this as his last address."

Janet tried to conceal her nervousness. She had seen Sergeant Miller on a number of occasions in the guard house and it seemed so strange that she hadn't been instantly recognized.

"Yes, Sergeant, I'll try and help you. I'm his sister and he did stay with me last Friday night a week ago. But after telling me he wanted to desert and I refused to help him, he left early Saturday morning and I haven't seen him since."

"Desert! He told you that, Miss? It's a very serious offence."

"I know, Sergeant, and after our argument I thought he was going back to camp. I didn't think he would carry out his plan."

"His plan, Miss. And what might that have been? It will be for his own good if you tell us. We will try and make it easy for him."

Janet pretended reluctance but finally informed them of James' plan to go to the Republic of Ireland and hide there. After further questioning they departed, satisfied.

Janet decided after that that she would cheer up by doing some shopping and after a quick bath, went to change. Removing the satin nightgown and negligee he reflected how much more comfortable it was sleeping in a "nighty" especially the cool slippery satin rather than the cotton pajamas he had worn for so long. After this morning's episode it looked as though he would be able to continue wearing them for the rest of his life.

He finished lavishly "talc-ing" with the lavender scented powder and pulled on a pair of pink silk panties. This was followed by the panty-corselet and a dark pair of nylon panti-hose. Saturday was always casual in London so he decided on a black tapestry velvet "Knicker suit," the pants fitted with an elastic waist band and fastened just under the knee

with a silver tab. A yellow silk high-necked blouse went under the velvet short jacket and as the black nylons matched he decided to dispense with boots and instead chose a pair of high-cut patent pumps. Make-up was easy to apply and with a hint of dark eye shadow and a dark red lipstick he was ready and left the house for the day's shopping.

Sunday was a perfect English autumn day and Janet found herself passing the time of day with Mrs. Tulloch who was very sympathetic about James.

"Wasn't it terrible? Such a nice lad like him deserting! It must have been very hard on you having to tell the authorities but it was the right thing to do in the long run."

That afternoon Janet decided to celebrate her successful impersonation with an open air concert in Regent's Park and again decided to wear the knicker suit this time with a white crepe blouse and high patent leather boots. It was a wonderful afternoon, the band of the Coldstream Guards played a complete selection of music from pop, jazz, classical and a number of traditional marches. Janet though rather wryly that it was possible to enjoy the marches now, but a couple of weeks ago they would have driven James mad.

The afternoon was perfect and she decided to stay on and have a meal at the open air restaurant next to the concert stage while the music continued. The only thing to mar a perfect day was to be alone. Janet realized that for the time being there was no one with whom she could confide in or share her problems. She was convinced that apart from a few female impersonators and some sex changes that had been highly publicized she was alone with a rather unique problem. She wanted very much to meet someone in a similar situation.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Similar Problem

Six months had passed since Janet had started her new career, and she had proved to have a highly developed aptitude for marketing. She had moved quickly from secretary / assistant to Robin Walker to Assistant Marketing Manager and as Robin had been appointed to the Board of Directors as Marketing Director she stood a very good chance of taking Robin's old position as Marketing Manager. It had been accomplished

with a lot of hard work, dedicated effort and long hours. The fact that she was thought to be a woman had not helped at all.

Janet arrived early one morning to complete some research work that would be needed later in the day for a meeting. She realized that the papers had been left with Robin the previous night and not expecting anyone to be there had begun to quietly enter his office, when suddenly she saw that Robin was already there. She was about to call a greeting but what she saw took all thought of speech away.

Robin had his back to the doorway and had removed the trousers of his suit. His left leg was raised and resting on the seat of his chair as he bent to adjust a wrinkle in his stocking. Janet was astounded. There was no doubt about it. The stockings were definitely feminine and were held up by a satin and stretch lace garter belt. Under the belt was not a pair of male cotton briefs, but a pair of lavishly lace trimmed pink silk panties. Janet managed to quietly withdraw without disturbing Robin. She needed time to collect her thoughts after this shock!

She waited a few moments then noisily opened and closed the outer office door, paused, then knocked on the door and walked in. Robin was now seated and rather hurriedly thrust two grey colored booklets into his "security" drawer.

"Good morning, Janet. You are in early this morning," he said, slightly flustered.

"Good morning. Yes, I am a little earlier this morning but we have a meeting later with the Managing Director on the new sales promotion and I still have some work to do on the market potential."

"I'd forgotten all about that. It's just as well that you reminded me."

"I came down to collect the figures I left with you last night. I still have some work to complete."

"All right, Jan, they are in my second drawer. I have to go down to the advertising section so why don't you stay here and work? I'm also expecting a telephone call from Brown's. Could you take it and tell them I won't be there until tomorrow?"

Janet began on the figures as Robin left the room. She had been calculating for ten minutes when she noticed the security drawer that Robin had placed the booklets in had not closed properly. This compartment was used for highly confidential company documents and only Robin had the key to it. Janet was about to push it shut when curiosity got the better of her and she opened it and took out the two booklets. The first was called "Transvestia" and the second "How To Be A Woman Though Male." She was intrigued by the titles and the promotion figures were forgotten as she began to glance through "How To Be A Woman Though Male." She was amazed! There were people like her. She had gotten half-way through the photographs in "Transvestia" and was so engrossed she did not hear the door open.

"Janet, has the call from Brown's come through yet? Oh, my God, what are you doing with those," Robin burst out.

"I'm sorry Robin. I didn't mean to pry, but my curiosity was too great. Please don't worry, your secret is safe with me."

Robin was not prepared to confide and attempted to bluff his way out of it.

"I don't know what you are talking about, what secret? You can't mean those two books. Why I found those on the street outside, someone must have lost them. I've only looked through them out of curiosity."

"Robin, it's no use. What about those lovely pink silk panties you are wearing today. Did you find those outside also," she asked mischievously.

She had never seen anyone look as astounded as Robin.

"How on earth did you know that?"

Janet was about to answer when the phone rang and realizing that this was neither the time nor the place to discuss the subject suggested that they meet elsewhere to talk it over. At Robin's invitation she agreed to have dinner with Robin, his wife, and his sister at their home that evening.

The rest of the day took an age to pass and during it she noticed Robin observing her very closely and thoughtfully while Janet considered carefully what she would tell them that evening.

At last the day was over and she hurried home to prepare for the evening which she thought might prove to be the most important in her life.

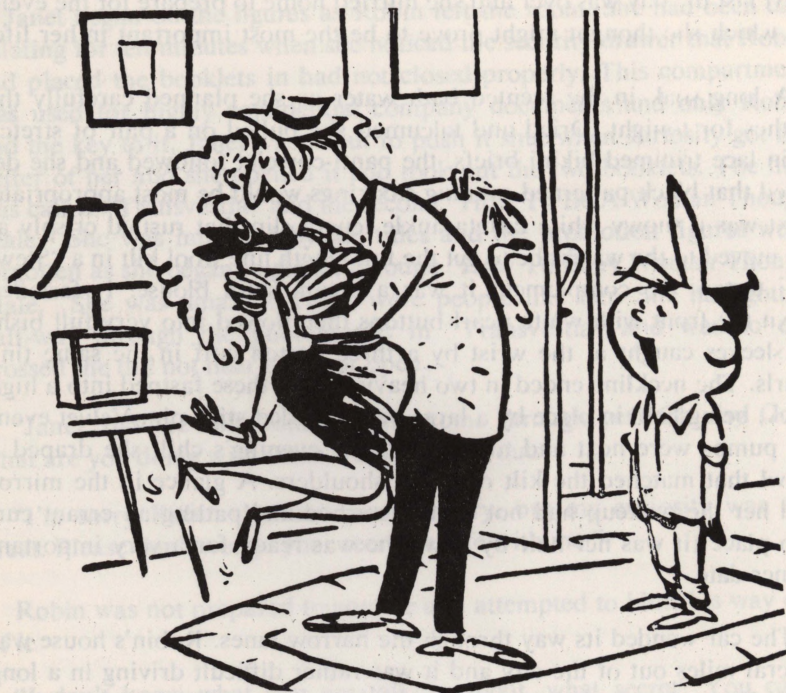
A long soak in the scented bath water as she planned carefully the clothes for tonight. Dried and talcumed she pulled on a pair of stretch satin lace trimmed bikini briefs, the panty-corselet followed and she decided that black patterned evening stockings would be most appropriate. Next was a snowy white taffeta ankle length slip that rustled crisply as she moved to the wardrobe to get the full length fine wool kilt in a "Stewart" tartan. To complement it was a cream satin blouse. It fastened down the front with white pearl buttons then flowed into very full bishop sleeves caught at the wrist by a three button cuff in the same tiny pearls. The neckline ended in two heavy ties — these fastned into a high stock, being held in place by a large pearl-headed stick pin. Velvet evening pumps were next and to ward off the evening's chill she draped a shawl that matched the kilt over her shoulders. A glance in the mirror told her the makeup had not been disturbed and patting an errant curl into place (it was her hair by now) she was ready for a very important dinner date.

The car wended its way through the narrow lanes. Robin's house was several miles out of the city and it was rather difficult driving in a long skirt. The only solution was to fold back the slip and kilt over the knee and drive with a daring amount of leg and thigh showing. At last she was there and as the car drew up before the front door it was necessary to use a tissue to remove some very unladylike sweat from the palms of her hands. She was more nervous than she realized. Knowing that more hesitation would only make it worse she immediately went to the door and rang the bell.

It opened almost immediately and there stood a tall, lithe figure which at first Janet took to be a very beautiful man.

"You must be Janet. I'm very pleased to meet you. I'm Bobbie, now please come in and let me take your cape."

She realized now that this was Robin's sister and as she turned to the coat closet with the shawl it gave her a chance to examine her. At first appearance, and hightened by the manner in which she dressed, it was easy to make a mistake as to the sex. She gave the appearance of a feminine male, tall, about 5' 9" with an urchin hair cut, large brown eyes under a high forehead and a wide generous mouth. Her figure was very



“Hey, that’s my brother — Sis will be down in a minute.”



“Try to understand, son. This is ladies day and your old daddy is bust and has a sure thing in the sixth at Hialeah today!”

slender with only a slight bulge at the bustline and with slender boyish hips. Her clothing accentuated this — a bright yellow silk shirt fastened at the neck by a man-styled tie in white and over this she wore a dark brown velvet pantsuit.

She escorted Janet into the living room to be greeted by Robin's wife, Anne. She was a complete contrast in beauty; blonde, petite and dressed in a simple silk cocktail gown.

"I'm afraid Robin won't be here tonight. He's very upset about his secret being discovered and has instead sent along a very close friend," said Anne.

Janet was about to protest that she was here to talk to Robin when into the room stepped another lovely girl.

"Ah, there you are, Robyna. Your guest has arrived. Do I need to introduce you, Janet? I think you two have already met."

Janet was suddenly aware that this was Robin before her but almost totally unrecognizable when dressed completely as a woman. A long blonde wig, styled naturally, framed an exquisitely made-up face with the blue eyes accentuated by mascaraed lashes and a dark red lipstick producing a generous mouth. He wore a Victorian style full length cocktail gown in plaid taffeta with the high neckline and cuffs trimmed in white lace, and he looked terrific.

"Well, Jan, which one do you prefer. Robin or Robyna?"

"I liked you as Robin but if given a choice, I think I would choose you as you are. You look really lovely."

"Well, that's terrific," said Bobbie. "We were not sure how you would take the change but decided to find out for better or worse."

The maid, which Janet was surprised to see but was assured had been with them for years and knew all about Robin called to say the dinner was ready and they went in to eat.

The dinner was terrific and the wines had obviously been chosen with care. Fortified by them and a number of liqueurs they withdrew to the living room to continue their talk. Bobbie was still commenting that Janet was so understanding about Robin that she decided to tell them of her impersonation.

"Well, why shouldn't I be understanding. Bobbie. I'm in the same situation. I'm also a male."

There was a surprised squeal from Bobbie. "I don't believe it. You could not have deceived people for so long without someone realizing."

Janet told them the whole story. Even then they were very skeptical and a highly embarrassed Janet was forced to remove her skirt and undo the *panti-corselet* to produce his final and ultimate proof. Her hosts now finally accepted that she was a male but were still staggered by the utter femininity she now possessed.

It was now past eleven o'clock and thinking of tomorrow Janet exclaimed, "Well, Robyna, it's time we working girls were getting to bed, otherwise my 'boss' might fire me."

"Well, if that happens, Janet dear, you can always become my secretary," said Bobbie with a wry smile.

Suddenly Janet realized that Bobbie was "The B. Walker," a newcomer in the literary field who had recently reached the best seller list with the latest thriller and had completed two highly successful plays. Like the rest of the public she had considered the author to be male as no journalist had managed to penetrate the private life of the writer.

Declining the offer for the present she thanked her hosts and prepared to depart. Bobbie insisted on seeing her to the car and arranged that the two of them have dinner together the following week. Janet felt that there was a close attraction between them and with a timid kiss they parted.

CHAPTER SIX

The Partners

Following their first meeting Janet and Bobbie spent a lot of time together at the theater, ballet and simple dinner dates together with a number of parties at Robin's house. Robin had encouraged her to read "Transvestia" and now Janet had been subscribing to Chevalier Publications herself and quickly decided to become a member of "PHI PI EPSILON", F.P.E. for short. Two months had passed since forwarding the application and in today's mail she had finally received confirmation of her acceptance.

Robin had decided that this required a celebration and had arranged a party for Saturday night, tomorrow, but tonight was a private celebration between her and Bobbie. She had chosen "Danny La Rue's" club for dinner and cabaret. They were finished with dinner and watching the last show. Bobbie was again dressed (at least on top) in a mannishly cut Brocade trouser suit and was being addressed as "Sir," while her partner wore a blue floating chiffon gown and looked utterly feminine.

Janet had never been deceived by Bobbie's clothes. She may have liked to play the man's role on top but underneath, like her feminine underwear, she was strictly woman. She could never understand how anyone would want to wear such ugly rough garments as men's underwear.

They were finishing their coffee and liqueurs when Bobbie leaned across the table and taking Janet's hand said,

"Darling, I have been trying to gain courage all evening to ask you this. I love you and I'm asking you to marry me. Oh, please say yes!"

Janet was overwhelmed. For the last two months it was obvious they were so suited for each other that she herself had been trying to pluck up enough courage to ask the same question.

"Yes, Bobbie darling, of course I will," she answered with enthusiasm.

They called for another bottle of champagne to celebrate and within the next hour all the arrangements had been made. The announcement would be made tomorrow night at the party and they would be wed the following month.

"Oh, it's wonderful, Bobbie. I've always wanted to be a spring bride."

They finally parted for the night, very reluctantly as there was some danger that it might not be a white wedding but with emotion at last under control they bid each other goodnight. Janet still had those wonderful words ringing in her ears, "Please marry me."

She prepared carefully for the party. This was a very special evening. Not only her engagement but a time when she joined a very special and exclusive club. The chosen gown tonight reflected her mood — demure yet very gay. A daringly cut underskirt of the lightest rose pink satin,

cut very low on the bust and slit to mid thigh on the skirt. But over it was worn a most demure high-necked over-dress of pale cream Swiss voile only allowing a tantalizing glimpse of the wearer.

Her hair was worn long in a natural style, loose to the shoulders and they eyes had been accentuated to appear enormous above the pale pink lipstick of the rosebud mouth. Cream satin evening pumps and a matching stole completed her outfit and she was ready for the party.

It was early and the guests had not yet begun to arrive. Bobbie had greeted her with a long lingering kiss. She looked magnificent in the dark blue Thai silk evening trouser suit and together they went in to meet Robyna. He was dressed tonight, as was Anne, in a "Harlow" inspired bias cut crepe gown. They had just started to sip cocktails when the first guests began to arrive.

The party was a roaring success. Janet and Bobbie received greetings and congratulations (they were not sure whether it was congratulations or felicitations to Bobbie) and a further congratulation to Janet on joining "F.P.E."

The party was now in full swing and she had a chance to give the guests a closer examination, who, with the exception of Bobbie were all gowned. Almost a third of these by conventional standards should have been as they were wives of F.P.E. members. The others on the whole had achieved a very successful transformation. Their gowns and movements would have passed the most discerning eye, only very occasionally would a masculine movement or gesture intrude. A small number were too tall and muscular but were immaculately dressed and seemed completely at ease, which would have convinced onlookers they were indeed female if somewhat larger than normal.

At last the very weary but happy hostesses bid their final guests farewell as dawn was just breaking over the horizon and decided that immediate sleep was required before they discussed the final wedding plans with Robyna and Anne.

Janet, without thinking of Robin's true sex, took him in her arms and kissed him on the lips. "Thank you so much, Robyna, this has been a night that I'm going to remember forever!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Wedding

The next weeks seemed to take an age to pass but at last the great day arrived. They were to be married in the afternoon. As Janet began dressing the events of the last weeks passed through her mind. They had decided to sell Janet's house in London and find a place with more privacy and seclusion and also to get away from some inquisitive neighbors.

They had found their ideal in Kent just thirty miles southwest of the city. It was large enough for entertaining and to house Bobbie's cook and housekeeper. There were also two studies, one where Bobbie could write without interference and the other for Janet in her new role of secretary and literary agent. Overall it was situated in large grounds and offered complete privacy.

The trousseau had been a further delight for Janet. She had searched every shop in London for the clothes she required for the honeymoon and with delight had also agreed to buy Bobbies at the same time. So with that and searching the antique shops for furnishings for the house, which was now ready to move into, it had been a very busy six weeks.

It was a beautiful day and she knew the wedding would be the same. The minister was one of the members of F.P.E. and had agreed to hold a private ceremony at his small church. His only object was that he could not wear a dress during the ceremony. Janet had bought him a delightful set of silk underwear (a slip and pantie set in pale blue) and was insistent that at least this would be worn.

A lifelong friend of Robin's had suggested that the wedding would not be complete without flower girls and page boys and he suggested that his twin sons and daughters perform the function. They were eleven and ten years old respectively. As appropriate to the occasion the boys would be flower girls and the girls the page boys.

Her musings were stopped by the arrival of the "Matron of Honor" in the form of Robyna. He had taken very little persuasion to fill the role. Bobby had had a problem finding a "Best Man" as most of the guests belonged to F.P.E. (Those that didn't were sworn to secrecy and could be trusted) and preferred to go gowned to the wedding, but Richard had finally agreed to carry out these functions.

Robyna was dressed in the gown Janet had designed in palest blue organza over a taffeta underskirt fashioned in a "Gainsborough" shepherdess style, long full organza sleeves and finished at ankle length over white nylon stockings and satin pumps.

"Come on now, Janet. we haven't got that much time and we don't want to be late." Robyna urged.

She fitted the long silk petticoats over her head carefull not to disturb the carefully coiffed hair style. then came the satin wedding gown. It was completely traditional in the "Camelot" style, high-necked, long slender sleeves and finishing with a small train. Next the satin evening shoes and finally the cowl veil and headdress was placed in position. There stood one of the most radiant and beautiful brides of the year.

The two flower girls. (William and Robert) were called in to have the pre-wedding photographs taken. They still looked a little embarrassed at appearing in front of strangers in their girl's clothing but enjoying it more with every passing moment. They managed a very sweet curtsy to the bride.

They were dressed in an exact replica of Robyna's gown of organza over taffeta and it finished at knee length allowing the lace trimmed petticoats to peek beneath when the skirt flared as they walked. Luckily they both wore their hair reasonably long and it had been fashioned into an urchin cut for the wedding. They had known of their father's activities for some time and as this was their first chance to emulate him they had insisted they be completely dressed in feminine clothing, including a brassiere, garter belt, and white nylon stockings!

They were joined by the two page boys (Hazel and Penelope). These two were dressed in an exact replica of the suit Bobbie would be wearing, who was determined to be a white Bridegroom. A white silk shirt with an enormous lace cravat and lace cuffs. This was worn under a gleaming white satin evening suit with a tightly cut coat and trousers flaring slightly towards the cuff.

At last the photographer was finished. They got into the car and began the journey to the church and into a new life.

TRUE STORY



FRANCES

Frances ME-1-G FPE

My mother was a real dresser. She was a confirmed tight lacer, padded her bosoms, and wore the highest heels in town. It was fortunate for me that from the time I was thirteen we were about the same size. At least it seemed that way to me.

I helped her get dressed every morning. My father went to work early after bringing coffee to her bedside. When I was dressed, I went to her bedroom. She was usually waiting, standing in her high-heeled shoes that laced up to her knees, with her corsets clasped around her, ready for me to lace her up. She said she loved to have me lace her in her corsets, saying they fitted better when someone laced them for her.

Those were the days of long, heavily boned corsets, high waisted in front, the well-boned back curving up from her armpits to her shoulders and the bottom reaching down well over her buttocks and thighs. Her dresses fitted tightly and were fastened by hooks and eyes, often in hard to reach places at the back and sides, making it difficult and sometimes impossible for her to finish dressing herself after being laced up thoroughly in the tight unyielding corsets and brassieres of the time. Even her padded brassiere laced in back. She even needed help to fasten the six garters tightly to her stockings, and she was very fussy about these. They had to be placed just right and adjusted to keep her stockings pulled up tightly. She wore expensive heavy silk stockings and there was little danger of a run. Finally, corset cover tightened in place, I would help her with her dress and hook her up.

I had been helping her dress since I was old enough and it did not seem strange to me that a boy should help his mother with her corsets as my father often did when he was home. For the last year or so, how-

ever, I began to wonder about the big difference between men's and women's clothes: why did women seem to enjoy their clothes so much? I wasn't old enough to realize that many were simply following the dictates of fashion to please their men. Or were they?

One day, when I had laced my mother as tight as I thought necessary, I tied a half granny knot at her back and as usual passed the left-over laces around each side of her waist. She usually took these laces and wound them around her waist again before tying the ends in a bow which was then secured under the flat steel hook on one of the strong front spoon-billed stays of her corset. But today she passed the laces back to me, saying,

"Dear, you didn't lace me half tight enough!"

"Mother," I said, "I'm quite sure your dress will fit over you, and I thought you would be more comfortable if you didn't have to be laced any tighter."

"Oh no, no, *no!*" she exclaimed. "Please lace me up as tight as you can. That's what corsets are for, silly, and the tighter they are the better they feel! Every woman of style likes to be laced just as tight as possible."

I took the laces and tightened her already tight waist, leaving the top and bottom as they were. But again she complained, saying, "No, dear, lace me tight all the way from top to bottom. I need the support high in back and front or I'll slump, and I need them tight at the bottom so they will stay in place. Besides, they feel better that way. So go ahead and lace me as tight as you can."

I did as she asked, and finally satisfied I could lace her no tighter, she took the left-over laces and secured them, saying, "Oh, that feels much better!"

Next, after her padded brassiere was tightened around her and hooked at the bottom to one of the metal clasps on the front stays of her corset, I laced her into her corset cover, which was a boned garment for the purpose of reinforcing her corsets. "A good corset cover protects the corsets and makes them last longer," I had heard my mother's friends agree when they were discussing their clothes one day. Now she was ready for her dress.

"Mother," I asked her as I hooked her up, "Why do women wear corsets?"

"Women have always worn corsets, dear. They need the support and a good pair of corsets are necessary to make their figures look better."

"Aren't they awfully uncomfortable?"

"Of course not, silly. A woman isn't comfortable without them," she said matter-of-factly.

"Well, on the street car I heard a lady say her corsets were killing her, and I heard a girl at school say the same thing. And when you are in your corsets you can't bend. I have to pick things up for you, and you can't tie your shoe lace if it comes undone. Isn't that because of your corsets?"

I had finished hooking her up and she turned to me and said emphatically, "Now, let's put an end to all these silly questions. The woman on the street car probably had a bone sticking into her leg because her corsets didn't fit or weren't laced properly, and the girl at school was probably showing off before the girls who haven't started wearing them yet. She probably loves wearing them and no doubt laces herself as tightly as her mother will let her. Now let's go to breakfast."

"But, mother," I countered, "do you *love* to wear your corsets?"

"Of course I do, silly. I've become so used to them I can't go without them. I need them for support. I've worn them so long I couldn't hold myself up without them. *And* they are very comfortable. *And* I can't bend over because the bones in my corsets are put there so I can't, and they are supposed to hold me up straight. *And* I don't want to bend over anyway because I don't want to wrinkle or strain my dress. *And* I love being laced tight in strong, well-made corsets so I *can't* bend over. *And* I love the feeling they give me. *And* I am proud of my small waist and a lot of my friends envy me. — Now, are you over being sorry for me? I hope I have convinced you that I simply adore wearing high heels and corsets. Actually I feel sorry for you men. You will never know the pleasure we women get from our clothes."

Actually I had not mentioned high heels, nor did I say I was sorry for her. I determined to find out how it felt to be dressed in her clothes at the first opportunity. And I soon did!

From then on I could not take my eyes off her as she daintily high-heeled around the kitchen preparing my breakfast and what little she ate. I know now, from experience, that tight corsets are not conducive to a large appetite.

When breakfast was on the table I watched her come in from the kitchen relishing every step on her very high heels. Then she would carefully and stiffly seat herself, as though she doubted she could bend into a sitting position. Once seated she would feel her hard, tight-laced waist and run her hands up over her exaggerated bosom and lean slightly forward and back, as though to see if she could. Then, satisfied that she was properly put together, and held rigidly erect, she would sigh contentedly and smile at me, as though to say, 'Now I feel well supported and secure.'

I soon knew exactly how she felt. Many times since the day she complained I hadn't laced her tight enough, when she was out. I had put on her high-heeled shoes that laced to the knees and laced myself up in her corsets, often wishing I had someone to lace me up. I put extra padding in one of her brassieres and laced it in place, put on a corset cover, finding it added considerable more pleasing constriction, and would, of course, "protect and lengthen the life of the corsets." Then, wearing a dress I found I could fasten alone. I had enjoyed learning to walk as a woman in her high-heeled shoes. I would walk to the kitchen and then to her breakfast chair, imitating her every motion, as I carefully seated myself.

No wonder she always smiled so contentedly! I found that wearing her clothes, though it took me some time to get used to their constriction, gave me a *superb sensation*. And I vowed I would wear women's clothes every moment I could for the rest of my life. And I have.

I do not want to give the impression that I blame my mother for my FP habits. It was I who offered to help her dress after seeing my father help her. I was eager for the job because as far back as I can remember I was always fascinated with women and anything feminine. As a child I sincerely wished I had been born a girl and could dress like them and play with them. Neither do I want to give the impression that I am a fetishist or a masochist. It was simply that I derived extreme pleasure from experiencing everything that a fashionably dressed woman experienced. Since the time that I first laced myself in corsets I have seen the styles change back and forth considerably. The modern woman has been "liberated from the dreaded corset," but I know many women who wore them to their dying day. I heard one woman who is in her eighties com-

plaining that it was such a bother to have her corsets made because none of the stores carried good corsets any more. I must confess that I know how she felt. Apparently from my experience, if one is indoctrinated early in life to give a man one gets to need the feeling and support of a well-made pair of strong corsets at all times



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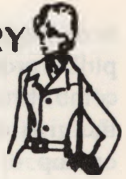
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April
CA-48-L FPE



*FIFTY YEARS OF TV*

Susie FL-5-W FPE

Somehow I just can not believe it, but I'm a TV. I think my story is a little unusual, it might be interesting to some, and I hope by telling it, some mother will profit from it.

I was born way back in the hills of Kentucky over sixty years ago, on a hot day in August. My sex was a bitter disappointment to my mother and my grandmother. They wanted a girl; my father didn't care.

My father worked for a railroad. He left home before daylight and worked twelve long hours, returning after I had been fed and put to bed. I can't remember him ever holding me in his arms or even playing with me. My father and mother separated when I was just a few years old, and of course I was left with her.

We went to live with my grandmother on a farm. My grandfather had passed away, so there was no man around. There we were, miles from a town, with no one to look after us after dark, only a huge mastiff dog. He really did his job. No one who knew him would come within a hundred yards of the house. Big Bill, as we called him, lived to be fourteen years old and I never will forget him.

My mother was a beautiful woman, with long brown hair. She wore it in a braided bun, either at the back or on top of her head. She loved to sew and could make some beautiful clothes.

Since both my mother and grandmother were so heartbroken because I was not born a girl, and we lived so far out in the country that no one would know, they decided I would be a girl anyway. They let my hair grow long, which I wore in curls or in a pony tail. My hair must have

been long because I remember sitting on it and my mother telling me to pull it around my neck so I wouldn't get it dirty. They taught me how to comb, brush and braid my hair. Sometime they would let me wear it as the girls do today. Now and then I would ask mother to do my hair up on top of my head like hers. She would oblige, using grandmother's switch to help out and let me wear one of her long dresses. When I was six years old I would take her hair down, comb, brush and braid it at bed time every night. As far back as I can remember, I wore pretty little dresses or pinafores. When we went to Sunday School I wore a big bow on the back of my head and of course I was put in the girl's class. I must say that I was a perfect little lady.

One day after I had reached my tenth birthday, mother hitched up old Ned to the buggy and said she was going to town to get me some new clothes for school. Up until this time I wasn't allowed to go to school because of a speech defect, caused by meningitis eight days after birth, which I somehow lived through. She returned that afternoon with a lot of packages. Of course I was all excited like any girl would be. She dropped them on the table while she went back and unhitched, watered and fed the horse. We had talked about school and about having to buy some new clothes. I just knew I would have some new dresses and other things. So as soon as she was outside I took a peek. What a surprise! The first box I opened was a pair of ugly old boy button shoes and the next some old long black stockings that they wore in those days. Just then grandmother came in the room and caught me. She ran me out of the house and I couldn't understand why.

My mother finally called me back in the house for a talk. She told me I was not a girl by the name of Susanne, that I was a boy with the name of James, then the rest of the story. As young as I was it was quite a blow. I cried myself to sleep that night because I had been told how unfortunate it was to be born a dirty little boy. I had never been told anything about sex up until this time. I can see now why mother and grandmother would never let me see them in the nude. Why they would always run me out of the room when they changed clothes or dressed in the morning, which always puzzled me.

The next day mother cut off my beautiful curls, which by then were down to my waist. She saved my curls and tied them into a switch. She made me put on my new boy clothes. I cried so hard she felt sorry for me and let me put my girl clothes back on and pinned my curls back on for the rest of the day.

It took a month or two before I got used to boy clothes and by then it was time to start school. I had been taught a little at home, so I was able to start out in the third grade. I must have been a sissy due to my early training, for the boys gave me a fit. They would push me into the girl's toilet and wouldn't let me out. I was made to put on my old dresses to play in after I came home from school, "to wear out." Some of the boys riding their horses came up to the house and almost caught me in one of them. That ended me wearing dresses for a long time. They were torn up by my grandmother for quilts.

Mother married soon afterwards and we left the farm and moved to the city. I still had the longing for dresses. Mother found it out and let me wear some of hers when my stepfather was not around. I would pull my hair back and pin on my old curls.

Finally I outgrew her clothes and started to high school. I became interested in baseball and then football. By this time I has about 5' 4" tall and 160 lbs. . . . and had no desire to put on dresses. As a matter of fact I was ashamed of myself for my past interests.

After I was presented with my diploma by my high school principal my mother ran up and hugged me. She said she would have been more happy if I could have worn a white dress with my hair done up like the girls in my class. She told me not to go to the party with the other students unless I had to, but to come straight home — she had something for me. When I got home I found a beautiful long white dress mother had made for me. It was laid out on the bed along with a padded satin brassier, silk panties and slip, a pair of sheer hose and a pair of satin covered pumps just my size. Mother came in the room and said she would have given anything to see me graduate in them and asked if I would put them on and hold my diploma, just so she could see what I would have looked like as a girl. I knew better, but I thought, "What the hell, it will please her and my stepfather is out of town. Why not." I took off my clothes and showered. When I put on my pretty panties, bang, the old thrill came back. After I had put on my underthings, my mother came in and helped me with the dress, made up my face and put on some earrings and beads. She went to her room and brought back a shoulder-length wig, the same color as my hair, and adjusted it on my head. She pinned up the hair here and there so it would look like I had my hair done up, then draped some of my old curls she had been saving down from behind my ear to my breast, gave me some long gloves to put on and then made me go in her room and look at myself. When I looked in the mirror I was so pretty I was shocked. My longing for dresses had returned.

Since there was no one there except us I kept the long dress on until supper time. Mother was afraid I would get something on it, so she brought out another dress she had made. I put it on and wore it until we went to bed. She even had made me a beautiful long nightgown for me to wear. After I had it on she called me into her bedroom and asked me if I would like to take down her hair, comb and braid it for the night, which I did. Every time my stepfather was out of town, if I was home from school, I would fool with her hair. I got so good at doing up her hair that she would have me fix it up for her for a social event if I was home.

I received a scholarship from a large southern university to play football. As a matter of fact I played in the Rose Bowl. We won 8 to 6. I still have the watch that was given each player. So you see I wasn't a sissy after I got away from home. I took a real man's course, Electrical Engineering. It was a lulu.

After graduating from college I accepted a job with a large electrical manufacturing firm in their testing laboratory as a trainee for future work with the company. While at work in the laboratory I accidentally received a jolt of 13,200 volts of electricity. It burnt me pretty badly and I lay unconscious for three weeks. When I came to a little, and was semiconscious, I lived in a world of women and beautiful clothes. I was a girl again. When I really came to — what a let down it was. I have been fighting the desire to dress ever since.

After I completed my course in the laboratory I was given a job in the generator department as a construction engineer. While there one of my employees was struck in the side with a piece of flying steel. While I was trying to stop the bleeding I found he was wearing a pair of lace panties. He begged me to take them off and I did, stuffing them in my pocket before the ambulance crew could see them. After I got home I washed and dried them and later tried them on. Gosh, they felt good.

A few days later, after he got out of the hospital, I carried them back to him at his home. He had a beautiful wife and a beautiful home on the creek. She came to the door when I rang, blushed, but took me to see him on the screened porch. He began to beg my forgiveness for wearing the panties. I told him to forget it and then told him about myself. I have never seen two people more relieved. We instantly became close friends. They insisted that I spend the next weekend with them, which I did. His femme-name was Denise and his wife's name was Helen.

When I arrived the next Friday evening I found him in the most beautiful dinner dress and blond wig. His face was made up perfectly and I have never seen a more beautiful woman. His wife asked me if I would like to dress before dinner. I stammered around a little and said I had nothing to put on. She said, "Well, I guess you don't, so follow me." She took me to the back bedroom, opened the closet door and said, "Help yourself." She pointed to the dresser and said all the underthings and hose could be found in the top drawers. Make up material and jewelry was on top of the dresser. I have never seen such a wardrobe since, everything the heart could ask for.

I chose a beautiful pale blue organdy dinner dress, blue padded bra, blue panties, sheer hose and blue pumps. She said when I got dressed to call her and she would bring me a wig. I did and she came in with a pretty black wig and adjusted it on my head. I looked in the mirror after she through and was I ever thrilled to see myself as a woman again.

After dinner we sat around and talked and listened to the radio for a while. Then Helen suggested we go window shopping. I balked, but Helen said I looked fine except for walking with the high heels I had on. She brought me some low heel shoes. They fitted perfectly. Then she brought us two fur coats and head scarfs because it was quite cold outside. We saw everything that could be seen in the store windows and walked for miles. What a thrill it was, after I got over my fright, because the streets were very crowded. I passed beautifully. Denise had been in public before, so when we got a wolf car from two men it didn't bother her. She just stuck up her nose at them. But it scared me to death and I was on the verge of taking off. After Helen saw that we passed together, we would go to out to the restaurants and shows as three girls or one man and two girls, as the mood struck us. What a time we had together. But Denise was transferred a year later and took all of her clothes with her. Since I had purchased only a few underthings and hose, and was unable to dress while living in a boarding house, I lost the desire again.

Three years later I met my wife and after a short courtship we were married. I never had a chance to tell her completely about myself. When I would see her pretty clothes the old desire to dress returned, but I suppressed it.

Some years later I was asked to take the part of a woman in an all male show and accepted. I needed a dress so my wife shopped around and found one to fit, hers were too small. She got all the other things,

including a wig, which was a fright. I guess I looked like the devil but I enjoyed the feel of things.

A month or two after the show my wife was trying on a new dress she had bought and the desire hit me again to dress up. I knew I had to get over it and to do this I had to find something to take my mind off of it. I was then about 40 years old and had a pretty good job, so I couldn't let anything jeopardize it. Luckily a fraternity to which I belonged had asked for volunteers to perform as clowns before sick children in hospitals. I thought, "That's it," and I put all of my spare time into it. We formed a little unit. We hired a professional clown to start us off. I never will forget the thrill of hearing the squeals of laughter at our first performance, when I slapped a pie in the face of my best friend. Since that time, twenty years ago, I have traveled from coast to coast and performed before thousands of kids and have made them scream with a special act I have developed. For obvious reasons I can't tell what it was. During all this time I had no desire to dress.

After retiring from the clowns I was watching my wife try on a new evening dress one night. Just to see what she would say, I said, "Let me try it on too and see what I will look like." She said, "O.K., I would like to see you too. I think it will fit you and it'll be fun." She gave me a brassier which I filled with socks. I put on her hose and saddles. Then she helped me put on the dress, her wig and then made up my face. After she was done I stood up for her to look at and she couldn't believe her eyes. I looked a perfect lady. We tried on several of her other dresses, "just for fun" and she saw how much I enjoyed it and became interested as to why I enjoyed it so much. I thought the time was right and told her the whole story. She was a little shocked but told me to stay dressed until bed time if I wanted to. I did.

The next day there was nothing to do but see our doctor for help in trying to overcome the desire to dress. She insisted on hearing what he had to say, so she went along. I told him my complete story. My wife was most embarrassed and began to cry. The doctor told her not to be upset, that there were thousands of men in the nation that liked women's clothes and the reason for it. He told her there was no cure for my desire and the best thing to do was for us to live with it and try to enjoy it. He told us that 95% of the men that crossdress are heterosexual and not homosexual and made good fathers and providers. Years later I got hold of a copy of "A Transvestite And His Wife," and everything he told us was backed up by Virginia Prince.

After we got home from the doctor's office, my wife gave me a fit because I hadn't told her years before, so she could help. She made over some of her clothes and some new dresses for me. We shopped for a wig and things I would need to make me a lady. She said, "If you are going to play lady, you're going to be as perfect as you were when you were a clown. I mean it." We have no children and dressing wasn't any problem. She made me wear high heels in the house until the calves of my legs ached. I got so I would just as quickly put on a dress in the house as my regular clothes. I only own one pair of P.J.s to wear, in case we have overnight guests, the rest, you know what.

After finally reading Virginia's book, we found out about FPE and sent for an application, which was approved. I am now in the Florida Chapter and have met some wonderful people. Some of them are engineers, like myself, lawyers, doctors and just plain businessmen. Those of you who do not belong, "get with it and be involved. You'll enjoy it."

My wife says every woman would love to have another woman around the house every now and then, to girl-talk to, even if it is her dressed-up husband. I sincerely believe that our life together has been sweeter since she has accepted all of me, as I am. So, all of you girls that are afraid to tell your wife, try it, but don't drop a bomb out of the blue. Pick the right time. Make a pass at putting on her clothes, or a gown every now and then. Let her see how much you enjoy it. If she will let you dress at all you have your foot in the door. If when you are dressed you grab the broom, mop or dishrag and help her with the housework, you are in the groove to stay. Then, when you can, you can put on a dress, your hair up (if it's long enough) or a wig and make up on and enjoy yourself. Above all things, don't fight 'em, join 'em.

—●—

An executive whose work was too pressing
 Would ease it in time by his dressing
 And by his slick make up
 His office he'd shake up
 When leaving, she left them all guessing.

WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

by Janet 16-M-1

Y D A L O A N W O G T H G I N
 W A E T O K A S O F T S I L T
 B I K I N I I T F M C C R U S
 E N G I R L N O O A A K D L C
 C T P R T O I P R E L N L H O
 A Y D A M E G F M C Y S E I R
 L O V U E M R O H L N M I T S
 F R A C S E I E O S I A M E E
 C E M O U L V N J S K I R T L
 B A N S O A S B E P F A I I E
 U A M M L M A R I E L Y C T T
 S N H I B E P A N T Y H O S E
 T H E J S F H S A T I N S E T
 D R E S S O J S J I U T M V T
 H O L E H S L I P C P E E S O
 O R S A R I L E Y O L S T N L
 S N M A S C A R A A I R I A U
 E N I N I M E F A T F O C R C
 F O U N D A T I O N T C S T J

1. Look for your favorite words in the Word List in the Diagram of letters. Find them by reading FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN, and DIAGONALLY. The words are always in a straight line and they never skip letters.
2. Draw a circle around the word in the Diagram once you've found it and cross it off the Word List. Words overlap and letters are used more than once. However, you will never use up all the letters in the Diagram.

WORD LIST

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Beaumont | 21. Heels Girl |
| 2. Bikini | 22. Lace Heels |
| 3. Blouse | 23. Lace |
| 4. Brassier | 24. Lady |
| 5. Bust | 25. Mascara |
| 6. Camisole | 26. Nightgown |
| 7. Chemise | 27. Nylons |
| 8. Chevalier | 28. Pantyhose |
| 9. Corset | 29. Petticoat |
| 10. Cosmetics | 30. Pink |
| 11. Culotte | 31. Satins |
| 12. Dainty | 32. Scarf |
| 13. Dame | 33. She |
| 14. Dress | 34. Silk |
| 15. Falsie | 35. Skirt |
| 16. Female | 36. Slip |
| 17. Feminine | 37. Transvestite |
| 18. FPE Foundation | 38. Uplift |
| 19. Girdle FPE | 39. Wig |
| 20. Girl Girdle | 40. Woman |

RESEARCH FUNDS NEEDED

Some of you are aware that Dr. Peter Bentler of the Dept. of Psychology at UCLA and I have published several papers dealing with "transvestitites", that is FPs. Recently we completed a pilot study of 42 operated male to female "transsexuals". We found considerable substantiation for my frequent arguments about sex and gender being different and each providing its own motivations for surgery. We found that those who had been heterosexual and usually married before surgery were very

ous aspects of sex and more in the social aspects of womanhood than those who had been homosexual before preoperatively.

This work is the first in the field that makes this separation and draws valid conclusions from it. However 42 is not a large enough sample considering that it had to be broken down into 3 groups of 15, 14, and 13. We therefore want to repeat it on a much larger scale and feel sure that we now have the contacts to do so. However with the Nixon administration cutting back on all research funds Dr. Bentler no longer has access to funds to cover secretarial and computer time nor postage.

Since I think this is a very important piece of work which may hopefully shed an entirely new light on the whole problem of "transsexualism" I very much want to repeat it with a statistically significant number of subjects so that the results can not be put down as not being important. The lives and futures of a lot of people could be affected by this project and who would like to contribute to research to make a donation for this purpose. This will not be to me personally nor to Chevalier though it will have to be sent to one or the other. It should be stipulated as a Research Donation and all money will be accounted for and Donors listed when the project is concluded in the early part of next year.

I sincerely hope that sufficient money can be raised by this appeal to cover the expenses for the project which while not high cannot be afforded out of one pocket. If you have been helped — help others.

Thank you,

Virginia



BOOK REVIEWS

By Vern L. Bullough

Thomas Berger, *REGIMENT OF WOMEN* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1973), \$8.95

Georgie Cornell, the central character of Berger's novel, is a 29 year old secretary with the publishing house of Philby, Osgood & Huff who goes to work every morning neatly attired in a white tailored blouse and pleated skirt of kelly green with beige pumps and matching purse. Georgie spends the day dodging the advances of a lecherous senior executive, concentrating on repairing makeup and trying to overcome frustration by visiting the analyst. George, however, is not the ordinary secretary of today since Georgie is a man.

The novel is set in the twenty-first century when inflation has escalated and everyone lives in the city except a few forgotten souls. Women also have asserted their control over society, rewritten history and literature to emphasize their superiority and the inherent weakness of the male, mainly the susceptibility of their organs to damage. Thus though men remain physically stronger than women they have a protected status. Reproduction takes place in test tubes from sperm collected from young male draftees who are milked against their will by a machine. Intercourse is forbidden except that women penetrate males anally by wearing false phalluses and masturbating. Men have inserts put in their chests so that their breasts will push out their blouses.

Berger in sum has written a novel on role reversal with females dominant and males submissive. The transvestite in the story is a female who wants to dress and act as a man, i.e. wear skirts, blouses, panty hose, and be a proper man. Though the ending is somewhat contrived, at least from a woman's liberation point of view, it should prove interesting and diverting to readers of *Transvestia*.



TRUE STORY

"ON BEING DISCOVERED"

By Marilyn 50-M-1 FPE

Last September, my wife and I took her 21-year-old nephew Steve to live with us while he attended college in a neighboring town.

The first of December, though, my wife (a C+) decided to visit the Cancer Clinic in San Diego and would be gone for at least two weeks, so we convinced him to move back with his uncle since I didn't want the responsibility of getting his meals, etc., while working an odd shift.

As I put my wife on the plane she cautioned me to "keep the blinds drawn and the doors locked" — which I intended to do anyway!

A day or two after she left, after dinner, I dressed and was particularly careful about my make-up. There I was a TV watching T.V., enjoying myself more than I had in a long time, when I heard a key in the door! I had forgotten to get Steve's key when he moved.

I had barely gotten to my feet when I was face to face with my nephew. I was so frightened that I could hardly speak — and he was so shocked and surprised he just looked at me for what seemed an hour. He finally spoke something like "What - what - who - what are you doing dressed like that?!" I told him to get a beer and sit down because I had something to tell him.

When I told him that I was a Transvestite, he said he had heard of them — and that wasn't it true that everyone had a little of the opposite sex in them? I told him yes — but some of us more than others. I tried to explain how much TVism meant to me — how it relaxed me and helped me face the working world and gave me a better understanding of all people. He replied that he then knew why I was so understanding with him (I had never bugged him about his long hair).

I had calmed down considerably by this time and was enjoying a beer with him. He asked what name I used when dressed and I told him. Then the fun and games started.

"Marilyn," he said, "do you have a dark wig?"

"Yes."

"That blonde one makes you look older."

That sent me scurrying upstairs to put a dark one on. A fast brushing with brunette makeup and I confronted him again.

"Oh! That's better," he said. "Don't you have any dresses that are shorter? That one is an old lady's dress." (It cleared my knees, but he wanted a mini.)

Back upstairs and into one of my wife's that I had tried on. Believe it or not, I'm down to 160 pounds and could squeeze into her size 14! It was black and I changed into the *long*, dark wig I'd purchased the day my wife left for the coast. He yelled up at me to put on some flats if I had any!

When I came down again, he stood up and smiled at me — "You look great now," — and "I love that long wig."

How's that for acceptance? We talked until nearly midnight and when left he said, "I like you Marilyn, and your secret is safe with me." I could have kissed him.

He visited me once after that when I modeled the remains of my ward-robe — including one pants-suit of my wife's, and again we had a pleasant evening. My step-sons came home on Christmas Vacation, though, and Marilyn went back into the trunk.

I had hoped that Steve's acceptance of me would give me the courage to tell my step-sons about Marilyn, but their opinions are adamant and bigoted; so I feel I'd better wait a while.

As so many of us know, the shock and fear of being discovered is almost overpowering at times. How many of us have tried to quit? Only to let our Femme self sneak back into our lives — demanding her rightful place in life.

How many times have we been frightened when discovery was almost impossible to avoid — and congratulated ourselves when we escaped?

Telling a loved one or a friend about yourself takes courage — as we all know. But to have them find out the hard way — to look at a husband in women's attire, no matter how carefully he's dressed — is a shock to both parties. The surprise and hurt in her eyes and the embarrassment in yours can be indelibly printed in your minds. It will take a world of explaining, understanding and love for a marriage to survive when that happens. I know — I'm on my third one. I'll never really know how much TVism had to do with the breakup of the first two, though I'd like to believe it had very little.

If there were a simple way to explain what we FPs are, our wives, loved ones and friends could more easily accept us, but I'm afraid many of us will stumble through our explanations over and over again until a glimmer of understanding finally penetrates. Even then we have to proceed carefully because one case of overdoing can undo everything you have accomplished.

My wife has been trying to understand me and to accept me. She finally realized how up-tigt I was when I took a swing at my nephew over a trivial little thing that shouldn't have bothered me — but he snatched a cigarette out of my mouth as a joke — and wound up in a heap across the room. Two days later — when we were alone — she mustered up her courage and suggested that I dress — and she would help me all she could — which she did.

The fear of discovery was heavy on her conscience and she called two friends who have a habit of dropping in and told them we were going shopping — just so they wouldn't come by.

By late afternoon, both our nerves were calmer and we had had one of the best talks we have ever had.

I've tried to make a point by relating these two incidents. Discovery is a fear that gnaws on us constantly — both the FP and his spouse. I believe that that fear is well grounded because many of us could be ruined if the wrong people found out what we are.

But on the other side of the ledger the fact of being discovered may be more rewarding than you might expect. Because through that discovery you may find another understanding loved one or friend.

How nice it will be when all people can accept us for what we really are — Virginia and FPE are making progress in that field, and I wish them the greatest success.

Through reading Virginia's articles and talking with her, I have found it easier to explain TVism to a stranger. I just wish I could explain as clearly as she does, but I don't want to parrot her. I feel we should develop our own way of explaining it, if possible. That we, we know it comes from our hearts.



GOOD NEWS FOR ME!

In TVia No. 77 I wrote a short squib to the effect that I could not go on forever and asked if anyone was interested in taking over. Fortunately for me — and for you readers too — I have made contact with a real live, intelligent and attractive GG (Genuine or Genetic Girl to any newcomers not acquainted with that abbreviation) who has come into the picture to help me and relieve Mary. She is a free lance writer and has also been the advice editor of a small newspaper so that she is well acquainted with the human side of things and the needs of those wanting someone to talk to or to turn to. I have had to do a great deal of counselling by mail over the years and this has taken much time. Jeanne (that's her name) will be able to lighten this load considerably. She has read a lot of Chevalier items so she knows pretty well where you all are at. Moreover many of you will find it a special pleasure to be writing to a real live girl.

As related elsewhere I will be gone for some time this fall and Mary and Jeanne will hold the fort here while I'm away and, if all works well, also after I return. I will be much relieved to know that Mary will not be having to do it all alone in my absence. So if you begin getting notes signed "Jeanne" instead of Mary or Virginia you will know who she is. I'm very glad to welcome her to our staff and hope you will tell her so too.

*"Dear
Editor"*



LETTERS

Dear Virginia —

After watching your interview on the Morning Exchange on Channel 5 TV in Cleaveland in November I obtained a copy of your book from the library and my wife and I spent the next two weeks reading it together.

My long kept secret was finally revealed and I feel reborn. More important, the relationship between my wife and I has gained new strength and we've never been happier!

I could write much more but suffice to say that we are grateful to you for what you've done and are doing to educate and help TVs and their families.

I would like to receive your magazine (newsletter) and would appreciate advice as to subscription cost, etc.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

There has been some discussion in your magazine as to the cause of the practice of cross-dressing and the purpose served by it. Perhaps I can add something to this discussion.

In my case I believe that I can trace the course back to my early youth when my mother kept me in curls and skirts for an undue length of time. I have seen two photographs of a boy apparently six years old, taken the same day. The first shows a girl with curly hair and skirts, the other a boy in coat and knee-length pants. I think it was about the time when I was due to enter Kindergarten. I wish I could find those pictures. My sister kept them until her death about five years ago and I am sure that my oldest son has them now although he has not been able to find them. Be that as it may, I can trace my desire to wear feminine garments back to those days with some experiences which would make a story in themselves.

In this letter however I am going to confine myself to the *purpose* of donning feminine clothing.

I live in a large house in a suburb of a medium sized city, where I go to work every morning in an office. It is a fairly large office and my life there is filled with problems and anxieties. Fortunately, however, I am able to confine myself to two or three hours in the forenoon. Then I return home where I live with my mentally-retarded son. On my arrival there I remove my heavy masculine clothing and don the lighter and more comfortable feminine clothing. With this change in attire I attain a definite change in character and become a housekeeper. I do all the cooking, laundry and other household chores. This work could be very tedious and boring were it not for the lift which I get from the cross-dressing. As I discard my office clothing I somehow tend to forget my office problems, especially now, thanks to my reading of *Transvestia*, I can do this without any feelings of guilt.

I believe that I have done my duty in my masculine life such as three years in the army, many years in public life — first in the city government and later in my town government. Also a member of the Board of Trustees of a large church. Now I would like to give more attention to the other phase and explore the thrills of mingling with other FPs.

I could never become a cover girl but I believe that I could present a fairly good appearance. I am 5 feet 5½ inches tall (or short), have shapely legs and might assume 42-36-42. I wear high heels all the time at home (except when I have company) and my son seldom sees me except in dresses.

I should be thrilled to extend my acquaintance with other TVs.

Stan

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

I am writing this letter because I need to say what I think to someone and have decided to say it to you. First of all let me say that I am the wife of an FP and have known and lived with his secret for ten years. I have read "The Transvestite and His Wife" and many issues of TVia. I have tried to understand and to be of some assistant to my husband but my marriage is going down the drain.

Everything I have read about FPs has stressed that the wife and family must give him understanding and acceptance. But nothing has been said about the FP trying to understand his wife and family. I have met several FPs and they all have one thing in common — they are self-centered, egotistical, and very immature. They fail to realize that their wives and families have problems that are not associated with FPia, and that wives have their hangups too. I have not objected to my husband's dressing nor his going out while dressed up. He looks very good and can and has passed as a woman. But it seems the more I allow him to do in this area the less he needs me or his family. Our sex life is almost at a standstill because no one can turn him on like his femme-self can. I cannot make love to him while he is dressed as it seems too much like a lesbian relationship and this makes me physically ill.

I can't talk to him anymore because if I try to tell him how I feel he automatically takes it as a personal insult or that I am trying to make him feel like a louse. So I have kept my mouth shut and that makes him mad also. No matter what I do I am still in the wrong. I am trying to keep our marriage together but I don't know how much longer I can stand our present situation. My nerves are shot and I am under a doctor's care for them. I can't make a marriage work all by myself.

Even though I have read the book "The TV and His Wife", I still worry that he will eventually want to become a full time woman such as yourself. He says he doesn't want to have the sex change but if he should decide to live as a full time woman that would be just as bad as if he had had the change.

I don't want to spend the rest of my life living with another woman, even if she isn't the genuine article. I want and need a real man that I can lean on and that I can depend upon, not half a man who leans so very heavily on me that I can't depend upon him to be there when I need him.

I am tired of screaming for help and nobody listens to me.

You can print this if you desire and think it might help someone else

even though there seems to be no help for me. I am not signing my name as it would make my life an even worse hell than it is already.

Editor's Note: Since this wife did not sign her name I am unable to reply to her or her FP husband. I can only hope that he recognizes himself in her description, that he becomes aware of her anguish, that he resolves to do something about it and that he does not make life "hell" for her for having written it.

It is a good thing that wives speak out every now and again in these pages and not necessarily in an accepting way. It will perhaps serve to arouse some of you to "count your blessing" if you have an understanding wife or to reconsider some of the attitudes that your wife has if she is not understanding (see following Editorial).

I am deeply sorry for this family since they have a lot going for them but it is all coming to nothing because they are not communicating. If I could reach either one of them I would suggest sitting down and telling each other "how it is" without rancor or accusation. Communication is the first step in solving an interhuman problem.

Why "FP" and not "TV"?

Since we are always getting new readers who haven't read the back issues it seems in order to explain to them why they never seen the expression "TV" in this magazine even though the magazine itself is called TRANSVESTIA. That name is too well established to be changed. But a couple of years ago it became evident from the kinds of ads and articles appearing in other publications that the word "transvestite" had lost its specificity. It used to be that this word referred only to persons whose only special behaviour pattern was that they cross-dressed. However, today it is used to cover homosexual, and heterosexual, masochistic, transexual, fetishistic and many other types of persons where cross-dressing is involved. Since, as indicated in our Purpose statement on the inside front cover, this magazine is dedicated exclusively to heterosexual cross-dressers it came to the point where one couldn't tell whether the use of the abbreviation "TV" properly referred to that kind of person or not. Thus I invented the terms Femmiphilia for the condition and Femmiphile for the individual and both mean "lover of the feminine" which properly describes the kind of persons for whom this magazine is printed. If you wish to distinguish yourself from all other types of cross-dressing individuals you should become accustomed to using "FP" in place of "TV" and "FPia" in place of "TVism."



*"GIVE HIM AN INCH —
AND HE'LL TAKE IT ALL"*

The foregoing letter from an anonymous wife provides the stimulus for this editorial. On the one hand there are a great many FPs bewailing their fate because their wives either know and don't understand their husbands dressing or who don't know and the husband feels certain that they wouldn't understand if they did. On the other hand we have a considerable number of husbands whose wives do know of their dressing and whose reaction runs all the way from tolerance thru acceptance to cooperation and participation. Naturally the latter group is the subject of much envy from the former.

It is, however, much to be regretted that in letters like the proceeding one and in personal communications and conversations with wives I am informed that many of such fortunate husbands do not "pay their dues". At the same time histories come across my desk thru FPE applications and letters that say something to the effect that, "my wife used to be very accepting and cooperative when we were first married (or after I first told her) but of late years she has gone from a "B" to a "D" wife". As an outsider trying to digest this type of information I am forced to the question of "what made such a nice situation go bad"? I may not have the answers for all such conditions since there are obviously a lot of personal situations that may develop within one family that I would not know about and which could contribute mightily to the change of attitude. However I am persuaded that I have a pretty good idea of what happened in a lot of such cases and I'd like to share them with you in the hope that it might help some such deteriorating cases to reverse themselves and to help prevent them in others.

First let me say that I don't speak from out of nowhere. In another "TV" publication, the editor, commenting on my book "The Transves-

tite and his Wife", said — "Virginia is not married so her views on marriage may or may not help you. But then, most books written are written by un-married persons." (I suppose he means books written on the subject of marriage though he doesn't say so.). Now it is true that I am not married at the present time but I daresay I have spent more years as a married person than the writer of those words since I have been married twice, 9 years to my first wife and 11 to the second. The writer of the quotation is not too many years older than the sum of those two—20 years. His last observation, however, is interesting, namely that most books (on marriage) are written by un-married persons. One has to have been somewhere before they can write about it, and those who are happily married have little reason to be writing about it, tho there are some conspicuous exceptions in literature, so the observation is not only probably true but could hardly be expected to be any other way. Hopefully those who were in marriage and then out of it would have learned something by the experience that could be helpful to others undergoing the same experience so it is not unreasonable that they should share their experiences and lessons learned with others still within the experience. While it is true that I am presently unmarried, I have some back ground for my observations from personal experiences and from a great many interviews and conversations with wives of FPs. With that commentary on my qualifications let's move on.

The book *The Transvestite and His Wife* was written to help those wives willing to learn to find out something about the subject and have more to base their decisions upon than just what their harried spouse might tell them or that they could observe for themselves. I did not by any means write it all myself. A doctor, a catholic monseigneur, two other FPs and about a dozen wives contributed parts of it. But in any case, it was written to help wives understand their husbands. This editorial is written to help husbands understand their wives. The Virgin Views editorial in TVia No. 77 began the subject by trying to get FP husbands to see something of how their wives look upon them and why acceptance is difficult for all and impossible for some. This time I want to continue the subject with a discussion of the obligations of the FP husband toward an accepting wife.

It has become increasingly clear to me during my last five years of living as a woman and of joining Womens Liberation etc. that a man's idea of a woman is considerably different from a woman's idea of herself or of other women. This isn't surprising as we are thoroughly polarized into masculine and feminine points of view during our bringing up that it could

hardly be otherwise. But nevertheless men see women as they *think* they are (or ought to be) and not as they actually are. In the past woman has largely been man's creation and she spent most of her life trying to conform to that image. Things are changing today but much more quickly for the young and malleable men. The older ones, which includes most of the readers of these lines, are still operating in large measure by standards and concepts they acquired in their youth.

So the FP in femmedress and "living" his "Girl Within," constructs her according to his own concept of womanhood. Naturally not being a female himself and therefore not being brought up as a girl and woman he has not been subjected to the molding forces of society which have been applied to her. He therefore has only his own concept of her to go by. This was elaborated in some aspects in the No. 77 column but this time let's take up some others.

To the average FP, his Girl Within is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever", swathed in nylon and lace floating in clouds of fragrance from Coty, Chanel or whatever, and who must not waste her precious hours or soil her pretty hands in the more mundane aspects of womanhood. Although the FP husband of an accepting wife sees her cooking, housekeeping, shopping, sewing, child nurturing, etc. when in his femme form "she" seems to overlook these aspects of femininity completely as though they were not part of being a woman. If he is fortunate enough to have an accepting wife whom he supposedly loves (and should for her acceptance if nothing else) he ought to take some time to look at himself-herself from the wife's point of view.

On an evening when he dresses or on a weekend what happens? To begin with he-she takes literally several hours going through the delicious process of "becoming." Meanwhile, back at the range (kitchen) the "little woman" (another male chauvenistic expression), who probably also spent a long and tiring day, is tidying up the house and getting dinner ready. If it is a Saturday she can probably dust and clean the whole house while "my lady" is in her boudoir "getting herself together." Finally, the charming creature emerges like a butterfly from her cocoon. If she looks good enough and has some experience she probably immediately takes off for the outside world if that is convenient. If not she sits down in the living room to read *Mademoiselle* or *Vanity Fair*, to watch the "real TV" or to busy herself with her nails or other "feminine occupations."

How many of our "Princesses" dress themselves in housedresses and

grab the vacuum cleaner, the broom or the mop and get at the housekeeping? How many of you have ever soiled your pretty little hands when "en femme" by getting out the silver polish and cleaning up the family silver? How many of you have taken the dust cloth and dusted (as your wife does it) the whole house? How many of you not only can sew but who instead of making a cocktail gown for yourself undertake to mend torn clothing, darn socks, shorten or lengthen a hem or even more important make a dress for your wives? There are some who can answer yes to this last question I know, because I've talked to them and in some cases seen their handiwork and that is grand. But as my old professor used to say "beware of the conspicuous exception." Such FPs are rare and don't disprove the points I'm trying to make at all.

What I want to call to your attention is what all this looks like to the long suffering wife. To begin with not only has the FP put great pressure on her view of him as a husband as outlined in No. 77 but now he is in a sense presenting a ridiculous view of women in general and of her in particular. Now I don't mean that he looks ridiculous as a woman—he may make a living doll as a girl. What is ridiculous is that he sees women as beautiful creatures that have lots of time to kill and just lay around reading or doing their nails, or going out shopping etc. Sure they do those things, but they also work, shop for food, sweep, mop, vacuum, dust, polish, change beds, do laundry, pick up, darn, iron, cook, take care of sick children or husbands, keep the kids fed, clean, healthy, happy and out of Daddy's hair, etc. When the FP "Princess" then comes forth and does none of these things it is like saying that a real lady (like him-herself) doesn't stoop to such tasks. That hits friend wife right where she lives. It's an unrealistic presentation of womanhood.

Is it any wonder then, that in a lot of cases after several years of trying to understand and to accept the idea that men have a need to express their femininity as women do their masculinity, that she gets a bit fed up with seeing what his concept of femininity is? She becomes increasingly annoyed about it tho in the beginning the annoyance may not even be on a conscious level because the FP husband communicates the same message everytime he gets dressed of what his concept of a woman is as evidenced by the things he does and the attitudes he takes when is is "she." Pretty soon it comes to her that, "if *that* is the way he views women then that's the way he views me and he doesn't really see all the hard work that I put in to make a home for him and keep him and the children clean, fed and happy." Naturally this breeds growing resentment and a consequent fall in her tolerance or acceptance — from maybe a B plus wife to a C minus one.

Well, that's a discouraging picture so what's the solution? Simply this! If you admire femininity, if you want to BE a woman, then go ahead and be one, but be all of one not just the easy and fun part. "Desert is good, and you can have it, but only after you eat your salad and vegetables!" Ever tell that to your kids, or remember it being told to you as a child? That's the way life is. Why don't you practice it?

Consider how a wife might react to an FP husband who, when he got dressed up would grab a broom and sweep the kitchen, following that with a damp mop. Or who gets out the vacuum and does a really good job of vacuuming the place. Or who, if he can, gets dinner for the two of them and washes the dinner while the wife for once can sit in the living room and read the paper. Under this kind of cooperation she might not just merely put up with "another woman in the house," she might be darned glad that she was there. I've known a couple of wives who were married to that kind of an FP who told me that if anything ever happened to their husband they would look for another FP.

That kind of sharing of the hard and tiring aspects of womanhood as well as the soft and pretty sides of it would send an entirely different message to the wife. She would then see that her husband had and understood a complete picture of what it meant to be a woman and enjoyed experiencing it all (eating the salad and vegetables as well as the ice cream with fudge topping). She could then even feel more appreciated as a person because his sharing her feminine tasks and responsibilities with her proves to her that he is aware of all that she does as a wife (and mother) and appreciates it—thus appreciating her. This means of showing recognition and appreciation, unusual as it might be and as unacceptable to society at large as it might be, will nevertheless be of great significance to her and will promote a greater sense of love, understanding and sharing between the two. Such a wife is not going to drop from a B to a D; she is more likely to rise to an A.

So I suggest that those of you with wives who rate as tolerant or better, that is who can stand to see you dressed up, lay off the fancy frills and high heels sometimes, put on a housedress, apron and flats and take your turn at being a housekeeper. I'm willing to bet that it will improve your wife's attitude beyond what it was regardless of the level. It's really a simple matter of balance. If you want her to understand, accept and help you in your FP-ing then show her that you understand the totality of womanliness (to be distinguished from femaleness of course), that you accept the bitter with the sweet sides of it and that you are ready to help her with her burdens too.

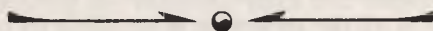
I have only one further word of caution. Women come in all kinds as well as all sizes. What pleases one may not please all and vice versa. All women have egos the same as men and in our culture as it stands today, and even moreso yesterday when you and she were younger, women's self fulfillment was to be found in the home. However some are good housekeepers and cooks and some are not. If you happen to be a very fussy housekeeper or a very good cook, you'd best not surpass her too far in these tasks lest you open up a whole new can of worms. If you do too much better a job than she does you will be giving her the message that she is inadequate in those fields and that this is the way it ought to be done. This will be a kick right in her self confidence and she won't accept that lying down either. The same thing happens when a young FP makes a prettier girl than his wife — she naturally is jealous and feels that he has invaded her realm and taken over her perquisites and what is there left for her? It has happened. So while I hope you will take my advice and share her world with her — both the good and the bad — it is necessary here as in everything else to judge the nature of the person and the situation and not overdo it.

A clear example of taking advantage of a wife's tolerance or acceptance and of thereby spoiling a good thing is the moderately well-to-do FP who gradually acquires both more and prettier clothes than his wife. She might well be the tailored type that wouldn't even wear the kind of clothes that her girl-husband would wear but it won't prevent her from becoming resentful at all the money he is spending on his "silly hobby." This combined with not taking any interest or responsibility for housework etc. is a sure fire prescription for down grading an A wife to a C minus. It would only be human nature. Put yourself in her place and consider the whole picture that you present to her and then perhaps your perspective will improve — and so will your marriage.

However, like all good coins there is the other side of this one too. Our culture naturally breeds male chauvenists who are not aware that they are chauvenists. Thus, although FPs are presumably more interested and concerned about women than non FPs, there are nevertheless a lot of male chauvenists among FPs. Strangely, some of them don't see it even when they are their femmeselves. A husband given to calling on his wife to get him this and that or to do this or that will likely continue to do so when he is dressed, habit being what it is. If he regards certain types of activities as being "women's work" he will not involve himself in them when he is the "man of the house" and yet strangely enough he also avoids them when he becomes a "woman".

In addition to the aggravations presented to a wife by an FP husband who won't help out with the housework when he is dressed, there is considerably further aggravation when he continues to exert what he considers male prerogatives even when attired as a "lady". Naturally this rubs a wife the wrong way, particularly if the husband tends to be a bit bossy as a husband. She may be either conditioned to or resigned to such order giving when her "lord and master" is attired as such, but it is really rubbing salt in her wounds for his "sister" to behave in the same way.

So if you either want to get a wife into at least a tolerant attitude, keep her there, or hopefully improve her acceptance, for heaven's sake give her something to build on. DO take some of her housekeeping burdens off her shoulders, especially if she works as well, and DON'T run around in skirts, and then give orders and make demands as you do as a husband. You'll never make it that way. After all, you are probably not given to making big concessions to other people in ways that you don't really like yourself, just because they ask you to. Why expect your wife to do it either. Give her some reason, some justification and some advantage to her in making the concession and she is a lot more likely to do it. If you follow these rules, who knows, she might find you even more interesting to have around than her old chauvenistic husband. Good luck.



NO GIR - THE ONLY
COLOR SETS WE HAVE
IN OUR TV DEPARTMENT
ARE MATCHED PANTIES
AND BRAS.





EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. CANADIAN CHECKS: Those of you residing in Canada please note. If you wish to pay by check please be sure that your bank make the check payable in "U.S. Funds." A Canadian bank money order that is payable in Canadian funds cannot be cashed at my bank, it has to be sent for collection which takes time, screws up my book-keeping and may delay shipment to you, so please send your payment in Canadian bank money orders, or Canadian BROWN postal money order that are in U.S. Funds and not for domestic use in Canada. Please do not send your own personal checks. These are only payable in Canadian money and of course my bank here doesn't have it. Canadian currency is naturally cashable, but the mails being what they are these days currency is too easily lost and cannot be traced or replaced. In addition to this a service charge is made so that \$5.00 Canadian nets us \$4.00 American and necessitates a letter to the sender.

II. FOREIGN READERS: It has for some time been necessary to inform new foreign readers writing in for information about our items, that the price list prices are for domestic U.S. consumption. That is, because they include domestic postal delivery. However, foreign postage is considerably higher — and going higher still shortly — and thus we have to ask that the difference between domestic cost and the required foreign postage be paid by the customer. This amounts to 50 cents extra for each issue of TVia and \$1.00 for either the Wives book or the How to be a Woman book

when sent by surface mail. By air mail the differentials are \$1.75 and \$3.25 respectively. The books are much more because they weigh 10 oz. apiece. Other items are proportional and can be estimated by the price. Thus a \$3 book would be about half the weight and thus half the postage of TVia itself while a \$5 book would probably weigh approximately the same as TVia and would take the same postal surcharge.

III. MARK YOUR MANUSCRIPTS: Once again I have to ask that you put your mailing name (not just your femmename) or else your FPE Code number on your contributions. Otherwise I may forget to take the name from your letter of transmittal and write it on and then I won't know whom to give credit to when it's printed or whom to make the payment to.

IV. NEW MATERIAL: In the Editorial Emanations of No. 77 I made an appeal for the submission of more material, particularly articles, personal experiences and histories, though fiction is also needed. Since I wasn't exactly overwhelmed or inundated with items I reprint this note again. I don't want to write TVia alone, it's your magazine, so let's have what you have so that others may enjoy it too.

V. PRICE INCREASE: You may have heard of inflation, yes? Well, it's here as well as elsewhere. The makers of the inserts for the jelly filled falsies have informed me of a price increase which perforce has to be passed on to you. It is only 25 cents a pair, however, so it won't break you up. But those of you who have old price lists in hand where the regular and mastectomy inserts are listed at \$4 should add the 25 cents as the price must now be \$4.25. In due course the bras will probably be raised again too but they haven't been yet.

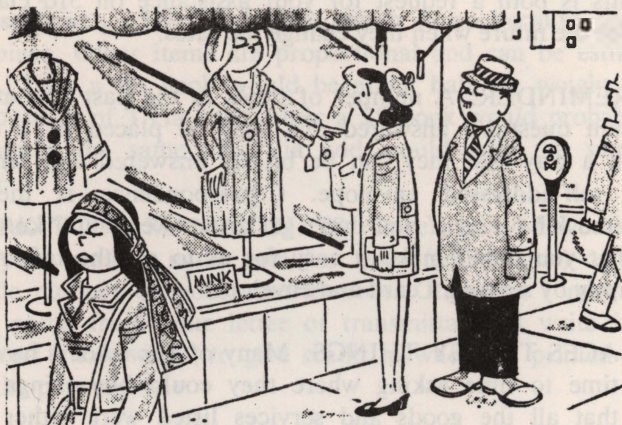
VI. THIRD CLASS ANYONE?: In No. 77 I pointed out that postage was a very big item in Chevalier's expenses. I also indicated that many of you receive materials from other publications which is sent 3rd Class mail. If you can receive it from them you could also receive it from Cheavlier that way and I asked to be informed if you would permit this. Only about a half dozen readers have given us the authority to ship 3rd class. The other publications don't even ask you, they just do it. I've always mailed 1st class for security reasons and will continue to do so for those for whom it is necessary but when you are getting other items that way I would appreciate your consideration of permitting 3rd class. When the new postal rates go into effect at 10 cents per oz. there will of necessity be an increase since 10%

of the price for mailing alone is more than the budget was made for. So this is both a request for your assistance on 3rd class and a warning for the future when they change the rates.

VII. A REMINDER: A number of times in the past I've asked that if you want questions answered that they be placed on a card and worded in a way that they can be briefly answered and sent *with* a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Correspondence is the biggest thief of time I have so if you don't get an answer you'll know why—namely that you didn't make it easy for us to get the information to you promptly by sending a card and envelope.

VIII. PLACES TO BUY THINGS: Many of our readers have written in from time to time asking where they could buy things or complaining that all the goods and services listed were either in N.Y. or L.A. I can't help that. I have no means of soliciting advertising from establishments in various parts of the country that are understanding and helpful to FPs. That must come from people in the area. If you have found such a shoe store, wig shop, makeup place or whatever, ask them if they wouldn't like to place an ad in TVia. The prices are \$50 for a full page, \$30 for a half and \$15 for a quarter page. If you are a good customer of theirs presumably they would like some more like you so tell them how they can get them. Do your sisters in the area a favor at the same time and help me to make the magazine more interesting and helpful.

IX. REPRINTING OF STORIES: I always have a problem as to how many copies of stories to print. To do too many means that a lot of money is tied up in printed goods, to print too few means that I run out and have to reprint. Generally I end up in the latter situation. Everyone of the five new stories has sold out and had to be reprinted. So it was with the *Martin to Marion* series too. That sold out of its first printing and for some time due to the press of other new stories taking up the printer's time it did not get reprinted. But it has been now and we have ample stocks of it. Since it is such a good story I hope that those of you who did not get in on the first printing will do so now. It is in three parts at \$3 each because it divided best that way and totals only \$9 rather than in two parts at \$5 each, so you save there too. I expect that with this notice of availability we'll have a considerable rush on it, but that will be good for both of us.



"Well, look at it this way, if your wife doesn't like it you can always keep it."



"Just think my very first party dress. You're the best Mom in the whole world."

PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.

Per Copy, Issues 61 and after (all are available) \$5

Per Copy, Issues prior to No. 61 IF Available \$4

Annual Subscription \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.

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SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4.50

"HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE" . . . A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing, jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status. \$7.00

"FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. Illus. \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. Illus. \$5

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. Illus. \$4

"THE BIRTH OF BARBARA" . . . Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. Illus. \$5

"THE TURNABOUT PARTY" . . . A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they MUST win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends too. Illus. \$5

"IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM" . . . A high school boy finds himself outclassed by a girl, wears her clothes as a penalty, required to maintain role by sisters, joins a sorority. Accepted by his family he gets job, meets girl, falls in love, reveals all, they become engaged. In two parts.

PART I "DOWN TO DEFEAT" Illus. \$4

PART II "MARILYN MAKES IT" Illus. \$4

"SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE" . . . Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girl's school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$4

"HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS" . . . Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie . . . and stays that way. \$3

MARTIN TO MARION — A novel in Three Parts

MARTIN DISCOVERS MARION — PART I \$3

MARION GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II \$3

MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III \$3

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. Illus. \$3

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA

Any 6 of back issues listed here \$20

The following back issues are still available: 14, 15, 18-22, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53. Every issue is new until you have read it.

A few issues other than those listed here have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought when available for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need put a hold on it — first come first served — and we will ship when it is available.

We have retained a lending library of 3 copies of *all* issues of TRANSVESTIA. They may be rented for \$6 per copy, \$4 of which is a deposit and will be refunded or applied to something else upon returning the rented copy. This way you can read every issue from No. 1.

MERCHANDISE

Item 1. **SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS:** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a poly-vinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

BRA and INSERTS \$6

Item 2. **JELLY KIT, FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals — one liquid the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided suggestions for producing "cleavage".

JELLY KIT \$5

Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 4. **MASTECTOMY INSERTS:** For those desiring a larger bust it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give thus being more natural on a larger figure.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 5. **"PRETTI PANTIES":** If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a "must". Nylon, lace trimmed, and with ribbons threaded through lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical. Sizes large and medium. Manufacturer varies colors.

EACH \$5

NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks". That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

Item 6. "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two, separate, shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derrier to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. PER PAIR \$5

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. PAD, EACH \$4

Item 9. A small front pad designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth rounded feminine contour. PAD, EACH \$3

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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. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than $\frac{2}{3}$ of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore 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 deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. After having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues, having read them, and deciding that we are your kind of people, ask for an application to join. Acceptance into FPE is dependant upon approval of the application, payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in the FPE Directory of Members. Admission into local chapters of the sorority requires an interview with the appointed interviewer for that group. Five or more members may form a group and can request designation as a chapter.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressee's femmename and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

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Ask for rates.



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