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TRANSVESTIA



FPE Incorporated
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NO. 18 - 1962

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

TRANSVESTIA is published by, for and about Transvestites for the purpose of providing a center about which people interested in the field may gather. Its pages will provide Entertainment for the initiated; Education for those who see evil where none exists; and Expression of opinion both lay and professional. Discussion, sharing ideas and experiences all lead to greater understanding of any facet of human behaviour.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to provide information both to and about Transvestites and Transvestism in order to broaden the understanding of this form of personality expression, not only among those interested in it, but by friends and relatives who may find themselves indirectly involved.

TRANSVESTIA also serves as a means of gathering information as well as disseminating it. Medical science has no adequate means of contacting and interviewing enough Transvestites who are reasonably well adjusted to their problem and not complicated by other psycho-social behaviour patterns to form any well considered opinions about the subject. This magazine has and will continue to provide research material to further the understanding of Transvestism by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials

KNOWLEDGE	is the beginning of	UNDERSTANDING
UNDERSTANDING	is the beginning of	ACCEPTANCE
ACCEPTANCE	is the beginning of	PEACE OF MIND
PEACE OF MIND	is the beginning of	HAPPINESS

But unhappiness, loneliness and fear have too long been the lot of the Transvestite. It is to be hoped that TRANSVESTIA can help through knowledge to bring understanding and happiness.

*** **

"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."

The above is a "saying of Jesus"
from the "Gospel According to Thomas."

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

TRANSVESTIA NO.18

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TRANSVESTIA

Vol III. No. 18

December 1962

I Could Not Win Till I Lost

by Jean (FPE-9-C-3)

In all of life's unusual experiences there is a beginning. Mine was at age four and a half. Perhaps vivid memories of our infant years are rare, but my first recollections of the "Girl" are very clear.

My childhood was an isolated and lonely existence. Due to my Father's employment, his residence was in distant cities in my early life and I saw little of him. My Mother was employed throughout all of my youth, so my only contact with her was a brief period in the evenings and weekends.

Consequently, I was reared by my Grandmother who severely limited my development during my childhood, by preventing contact with other children.

Undismayed, I sought companions in my imagination, --and did indeed find one, --A Little Girl--in the clothes closet--with the aid of my older sister's clothes, of course.

My cross-dressing continued throughout my childhood, always in secret and without discovery. By the time I was eleven years of age, I had progressed to the point of complete female attire, dresses, high-heels, coat and scarf for after-dark strolls in the neighborhood. As I was large for my age, my sister's clothes fit me quite well, though she was four years my senior.

I experienced my first shocking revelation when I was eleven. I was told that all males that cross-dressed were homosexual.

My life altered drastically at this point, and I rebelled at the thought of any association with males, considering all contact deviant, however casual.

(I was nineteen years old before I found medical data that accurately described my behaviour.)

I pursued the manly arts and sports with vigor and tenacity to 'prove' to myself and to all the world that I was not only male, but a superior male.

In swimming, diving and gymnastics I succeeded admirably. Unfortunately, I shunned all close relationships with other males, and was constantly in difficulty with them all. I was frequently involved in fights, but seldom lost as my mild nature and quiet appearance belied an inner fury that took many by surprise.

It took me many years to finally overcome this antagonism through understanding its causes. My middle and late teens were largely spent in school, working, indulging in sports and girl-chasing (never any problem there).

At seventeen I experimented with my first public exposure of the "Girl", and although my height did invite some speculation, my attire and make-up proved sufficiently skillful to thwart detection.

My success encouraged fairly frequent public excursions until I enlisted in the service in '41.

Army life and the excitement of the Paratroop Infantry fostered a determination within me to forever rid myself of my 'habit'. So, for nearly three years I found it impractical to do other than refrain from my TV practices.

In early '43 I was seriously injured in the So. Pacific and remained hospitalized for eight and a half months. During this period I dreamed constantly of feminine finery and Femme-Dressing, and before I was discharged, I was 'climbing the walls' in frustration.

My first acts immediately upon discharge were to secure



JEAN
9-C-3 FPE



JEAN--
A LADY AT HOME

private quarters and outfit the "Girl" in a suitable wardrobe. (Remember shoe rationing girls?) My Femme-Dressing continued fairly constant with brief periods of discontinuance while I struggled against my natural (feminine) inclinations.

In '47 I gave up forever any further attempts to rid myself of my other personality and began learning to live with myself (and her). This decision finally led me to the path of true understanding, peace of mind and a 'balance', so necessary in all personalities, male or female. My masculine nature benefited immeasurably from my decision. I found that I was able to soften my attitudes toward people as a male, and gradually began to feel less inhibited about exposing the "Girl".

Needless to say, I have delved deeply into studies of unusual human behavior, --searching through texts and journals in public and hospital reference libraries. The general knowledge accumulated relative to psychology and psychiatry has been helpful, but as we all know, medical science has not been able to cope adequately with problems of great magnitude, well defined, much less the dilemma faced by such a minority as we.

I am now able to look back only, --at all really serious problems associated with my dual nature, having made all important adjustments years ago. I feel great happiness in living two lives, though I much prefer the "Girl" and cater to her whims and desires as much as mundane responsibilities will allow.

My unsolved problems are few, --probably the most important is the desire for marriage, --I continue to feel confident that some day I will meet that 'certain someone', and find the happy lasting union I long for.

As has been said before, we F.P.'s have much more to offer a woman (R.G.) than any "average" man.

Through the years I have studied the female mode of living

in infinite detail and great care, selecting subjects whose attractiveness, taste and personality inspired emulation. Based on my observations, I have tried to develop my personal traits, appearance, and habits to create the most favorable feminine illusion possible.

I have a consuming interest in all feminine fashion, and have a passion for shoes and hats.

In working out my apparel needs, I have become fairly skilled in dressmaking, and have developed my own figure foundation quite satisfactorily. After considerable experimenting, I molded my girdle and breast pads to fit standard figure sizes. This has been a great aid in purchasing merchandise requiring no alterations.

I'm tall, 6' and weigh 172 lbs., am long-waisted, so I wear sizes 18 and 20 (tall).

Being small-boned, I am blessed with small hands and feet (for a "Girl" my size that is) and wear size 9 1/2 A or 10 AA shoe. I have always felt that it is very important to dress carefully and in good taste rather than be concerned about the latest style which changes so quickly. Certain basic ensembles change little from year to year, lending themselves easily to restyle. It has been my practice to purchase only quality items (I watch the sales carefully), and have the understanding assistance of several salesgirls in local shops.

I have a few confidants of long duration (My hair-dresser and dress maker), but still practice my F.P.ing with great care and utmost discretion.

I have found it is best to plan carefully and with purpose. Aimlessness can lead to disaster and regret.

I have not worn a wig for quite a few years, though I have had some that proved satisfactory, I much prefer my own hair, which



JEAN-- THE SPORTY
AND OUTDOOR GIRL

styles easily. I have practiced extensively with makeup and have tended towards a more subdued and natural look for several years. I am able to use less foundation as my beard thins gradually (through electrolysis), so I am able to achieve a good result with base, powder, lipstick and only a little eyeshadow. My dark lashes require no mascara (unless I go dramatic). Naturally, I continually seek to improve and perfect all aspects of the "Girl".

To portray the inner being is difficult for the average person or "Norm". To describe two people is somewhat of a challenge, so I will stress simplicity. My male nature is quiet and reserved, mild-natured and of even-temperament. The "Girl" is cheerful and fun-loving, though not overly demonstrative. "She" is a "Lady" at all times. Both are thoroughly domesticated and love home-making, artistic pursuits and social activities.

My Femme-Personality is devoid of any inverse sexual manifestations, and my male nature has been as normal as blueberry pie in physical act and desire.

My open public disclosures are decidedly male and incur no indication of the existance of another "self". My private life centers about the female personality within me that is the more natural existance. To experience the transference into the feminine world is exhilarating and inspiring beyond words. I become a whole being and live life to its fullest, which contrasts to my otherwise average existance.

To those who are younger and beset with inner turmoil due to a struggle of natures within themselves, I say this:

No one knows better than I the price of such a conflict--I could not win, until I lost. And in the end, I am the Victor. I live in peace and happiness and beauty, --at least part of my life.

Jean (9-C-3 FPE)

A Restatement of Purpose

This issue of TVia marks the end of our third year of publication--somewhat to my surprise I may say, since we started with just 25 subscribers--and it appears in order to say a few words about the purpose of this magazine at this time. We have acquired many new readers over the last year as a result of ads we have run in various places. Since these ads could not be too specific we have added to our rolls people of various different persuasions and interests. These friends are surely welcome to be readers and to enjoy what is presented in these pages to the extent that it fits into their needs. However, their needs and our purposes and intents are not always in harmony--therefore this brief article.

We get requests for articles, pictures and contacts about or with persons interested in rubber clothing, boots, bloomers, corsets and the like. We have newcomers ask why we don't show more leg and lingerie shots of the girls or pics that they describe as "sexy", etc. Now the situation is that there are many kinds of fetishists in the world and there are bondage and punishment devotees spanking enthusiasts and the like. It might be possible to publish a magazine with something for everybody in it, something on the order of Bizarre or Exotique. However, if we did so several things would result; (1) We would likely find ourselves in trouble with the post office which we do not want not only in the simple sense of self preservation but because it reflects on the integrity of the whole movement (2) We would not be able to develop a point of view and serve the interests of any given group, and (3) We would be unable to build anything with dignity, integrity, respectability and long range social purpose since we would be busy running off in all directions at the same time. Moreover, having everything between our covers interested outsiders would simply discredit everything worthwhile that we tried to do because the magazine would just appear to them as a hodge podge of outlandish behavior patterns and offbeat interests.

Thus it has been our policy since the original Preference Poll run in TVia #4 and will continue to be in the future, to deal strictly and solely with the subject matter of what I call TRUE Transvestism or to use my own coined term, FEMMEPERSONATION. By holding firmly to this viewpoint I believe that we have been able in the past and will

in the future to help this type of person to understand and accept himself, to provide him with a rational philosophy concerning the phenomenon and the means of explaining his position to others for the mutual benefit of both. It has been a great personal satisfaction to me to receive letters continually indicating that my efforts in this endeavor have had the effect of freeing some of you from your locked rooms; of reassuring you because you now realize that you are not alone; and of relieving the minds of some of you who have been led to think of yourselves as probably homosexual (even though you may have never had an experience of that type) simply because other non-understanding persons whether lay or professional assumed that the expression of femininity through clothing was a manifestation of homosexuality.

So TRANSVESTIA will continue to take up the cudgels in behalf of the heterosexual man who enjoys expressing his inner femininity through cross dressing. Other types of persons will either have to seek elsewhere for material to their liking or find a magazine of their own. We do not condemn anyone since we believe in the motto, "TO EACH HIS OWN", but I am principally concerned with serving my own kind. The old proverb says, "Don't judge others by yourself". However, modern psychology has shown that only by matching others against your own true self and experiences can you judge anything. So in this case I am judging my readers by myself. That is to say I am presenting material, offering points of view, giving aid and comfort, and organizing activities which I think will be of interest and benefit to my own kind of people. Please don't take this to mean that I am trying to make you all carbon copies of me or asking you to think, act and do as I do. Not at all. I am merely proceeding on the assumption that there are thousands of other heterosexually oriented males who, through one circumstance or another, have learned to express the "girl within", who enjoy doing so, but who have never been able to do so freely and without guilt and fear. It is for you that I produce this magazine and write my editorials, it is for you, my own people, that I have set up FPE and the Foundation, but it is to you that I look for moral as well as financial support, and for contributions of ideas, material and help as and where it is needed. We may never sell TVism to the public at large, but we will certainly make it more understandable, less frightening and more enjoyable through our combined efforts.

Your Editor--Virginia

How It Was With Me

by Donna (38-J-3)

Making the acquaintance of Transvestia, has been a wonderful experience and a comforting reassurance that my position is not at all unique and that there are many others who have the same desires, preferences and problems.

1924
I had always been ashamed of my desire to dress in girl's clothing and of the pleasure and satisfaction I obtained from wearing feminine attire and originally thought such behavior was something disturbing and peculiar to me alone, as I naturally assumed that males would never want to wear women's clothing. I am now 38 and it has only been in very recent years that I have finally and permanently "accepted" my great longing and desire to dress as a girl and become indoctrinated into the ways and joys of femininity.

I am a college graduate, a combat veteran, of normal height, weight and masculine appearance and have always liked girls. I say this, because as I first acquired a desire for wearing feminine attire, I assumed that no male could ever like to dress as a girl and still be a normal male. So acceptance of this commonly viewed premise, that a male who liked to wear women's clothing could not be all male, led to constant doubt and wonder, shame and guilt. That is why I say that Transvestia is a comforting reassurance.

I was the youngest child and had three older sisters, but I led a relatively normal male existence in my younger years and my definite desire and acceptance of feminine attire, comes from a much later period--my middle 20's, after I had come out of the Service and was working my way through college.

I suppose the logical point to begin the explanation of where a behavior pattern originated, would be at the beginning, or where the first experiences occurred. However, I do not have the slightest idea where the actual beginning is. Until I was four years old, I never had my long curls cut off and wore a most effeminate costume. I have a picture of myself, at that age--not a snapshot, but a regular studio photograph--taken of me dressed in black velvet shorts, with matching suspenders and a white satin blouse, together with long curly hair. I first saw this picture when I was about 28 years old, after having been in and out of the Service, graduated from college and by then, a complete FP. (To use your new designation.) I was never aware of this photo before and had never even known I had been so dressed and was amazed to be told, "That's you." (One sister said to me, referring to the picture, "Didn't you look cute!" and I wondered what she would have thought, if she knew how much I then wanted to wear feminine attire.) I attempted to think back, but I could not remember a single detail concerning my dress or hair at that age.

I know that psychologists say that the pre-school years are the most important formative years, but in this instance, I disagree completely as to possible significance, as I have not the faintest recollection and I would never have known, were it not for the chance seeing of this photograph years later. So, I fail to see how events of which I have no knowledge, can be of bearing or importance.

During my early years, I never at any time had a desire or inclination to play with girl's things or indulge in their games or pastimes and in fact, had a distinct aversion to anything connected with femininity and to associate with girls or to be like them in any way, would have been a "fate worse than death". I got along excellently with the other boys my age and was regarded as completely normal and perfectly masculine and I engaged in all the boyish sports and activities, in which I was as good as most and better than many. However, I was painfully shy with older people and females of any age.

My attitude that everything feminine was to be completely avoided was even more firmly entrenched by an incident which occurred in the second grade, at which time I was seven years old. We had no desks which were bolted to the floor, but ordinary chairs, which some of the boys in the class would tend to rock back on two legs. So the lady teacher had a most effective way to stop such action. She brought a large doll baby to class and any boy she caught rocking back on two legs of his chair, she would say, "If you want to rock, you can rock the baby." So to my complete horror, I was inadvertently caught, leaning back on two legs of my chair and was presented with the large doll to hold in my lap. I was blushing furiously and was in numb embarrassment, to have to hold the doll in my lap, in front of all the other grinning boys and girls. (Needless to say, I never again leaned back with my chair.) I cannot comment on the propriety of such corrective procedure, but can attest to its effectiveness. Also, I do not know if such an incident could possibly have any bearing on the entire picture.

On two occasions around ten to twelve years of age, I masqueraded in girl's clothes, for parties at Halloween, using old costumes of my sisters' and I found feminine attire neither delightful, nor distasteful. The events do not stand out and I believe it was merely the case of accepting whatever costumes were available. But when I was about 15 or 16, I experienced a definite most disconcerting and disturbing incident, in which I had an irresistible desire to try on a young woman's dress. We had a large three story house and as there were two extra bedrooms on the third floor, my mother kept roomers to help alleviate expenses, and a young pretty girl of about 24 named Kathryn, roomed with us for awhile. She was always extra pleasant, to me, going out of her way to greet me, as I was so bashful with girls. Very shortly, however, she left to get an apartment, but left some of her things in her room temporarily for which she said she would return.

So one day, I was alone in the house and happened to go to the third floor--for no reason that I can now recall--and I saw

a pretty dress of hers hanging on the door, waiting for her to come and pick it up. I had liked Kathryn a lot and for some reason was impressed by this pretty personable girl and as she was about 7 or 8 years older than I, she had a decidedly mysterious aura, for a shy naive 16 year old. So I was fascinated by the dress and eventually yielded to an extreme desire to try on the pretty garment.

I was surrounded by feminine attire, so to speak, with three older sisters and so had every opportunity to put on girl's clothing if I desired and I had no desire to wear my sisters' things. But here, I took off my shirt and trousers and got into the dress and was delighted with the extremely pleasant feeling it gave me and it was with mixed feelings of guilt and satisfaction that I replaced the dress and went downstairs. I remembered Kathryn and her dress for sometime after they were both gone and I had a mild desire, or perhaps curiosity, sometimes - in fantasy only - to again see how it would feel to wear girl's clothing and I tried to put such thoughts completely out of my mind, as unthinkable for a boy to even be daydreaming about.

And so it was some months later that I yielded to an increasing desire to again try on girl's clothing and I made my first purchase of feminine attire, an inexpensive dress and slip, hose and pumps in incorrect sizes, after very nervously and timidly and even blushing in one instance, telling the girl clerks that the things were for my sister. Of course, again, I do not know why I did not merely use my sisters' attire, except that the anticipated thrill of wearing my sisters' things apparently was not as great. So I went to the expense and embarrassment of purchasing my first feminine attire, now at the age of 17.

In several days, however, I was overcome with the feeling of shame and guilt and confronted with the accepted premise that boys should not and must not wear girl's clothing, the clothes were disposed of and I attempted to push the desire to wear feminine attire completely from out of my thoughts.

I went into the Service shortly after finishing high school and I was now extremely busy and was soon a proud fighter pilot-having earned my wings and commission after completing pilot training and so with many other things on my mind, new likes and preferences, it is difficult to look back and say exactly how strong or how weak any desires to dress as a girl actually were. (And I know that I repeatedly told myself that I had none.) Occasionally actually very seldom, there would be a fantasy or wonder as to how it would feel to wear girl's clothing---which I would try to quickly put out of my mind.

However, one day shortly before I went overseas, I was away from the Base for several days in a near-by city and I happened to see a movie and in one scene the beautiful leading lady was attired in an extremely pretty satin nightgown and I experienced a tremendous wonder as to how it would feel to wear such a nightgown and had a growing desire to try on such a garment. So after leaving the theatre, I passed a shop window which displayed an extremely beautiful pink satin and lace nightgown and I could not resist the desire to walk by the shop several times, in order to get repeated glimpses of the garment, as I was too embarrassed to stop and be seen looking in the window of a feminine apparel shop. Eventually, I yielded to my great desire to buy the pretty nightgown and after getting sufficient nerve, went into the shop, now very embarrassed, and bought the beautiful garment, which cost about \$20. That evening in my hotel room, I put on my new purchase and was greatly pleased and thrilled with the desirable feeling the beautiful nightgown gave, but next morning, "in the harsh light of day", so to speak, I was extremely ashamed of myself and tore up and threw away the pretty nightgown, while reprimanding myself for so stupidly wasting \$20.

Upon leaving the Service, I immediately entered college, meeting the expenses partly by the G.I. Bill and partly by working part-time or evenings. My disturbing fascination with girl's clothing continued and I would often wonder how it would feel to be dressed like a pretty girl that I had just seen, or to wear a feminine outfit or lingerie displayed in a shop window or magazine

and I now began to purchase various items of feminine attire-- still horribly embarrassed to go into stores--and I soon had acquired a rather complete collection, which I began to enjoy wearing more and more, until I actually preferred feminine attire to my own.

One day a college friend invited me to his aunt's luxurious winter home and I was extremely impressed and a little awed by my hostess, who was a tall very attractive sophisticated most smartly attired woman of about 40. So I was most fascinated by her extremely smart elegant and feminine appearance and was nervous and shy to even be in her presence. She had her own private secretary and a personal maid both of whom travelled with her and I was not used to associating with people of her financial status. Her secretary was a very pretty trim polite and efficient appearing neatly and perfectly dressed blonde and her maid was a cute little black haired girl, who was wearing a pretty black taffeta uniform with white organdy collar apron and headband. The two girls were in their middle 20's - about my age - and I thought both were very pretty and that they were most attractively and prettily attired and so it was with an unexplainable growing desire and delightful contemplation that I began to think that it would be wonderful if I could be dressed as either of them and be a secretary or a maid to a smartly attired and personable woman as they were. I had never before had a desire to work as a girl or to take a feminine position, but now I was overcome with an intense longing to be dressed and to be working as a girl and I would have given anything to be dressed and working exactly as either of these two pretty girls.

Now in addition to the desire and preference to dress as a girl, to have been allowed to become a maid or a secretary for some woman and to wear the appropriate and preferred attire would have been my fondest wish dream and desire. So I, who profess to have been definitely masculine, have to actually state that I would, even now, still greatly desire and immediately accept a position as a maid or secretary, even though such would mean greatly reduced income and be anything but practical or

advantageous.

In spite of my desires, I greatly liked girls and although I would have to admit to being still on the shy side with girls, I went out with them whenever the opportunity and my finances allowed.

I spent the following summer - between college semesters - working at a northern steel mill blast furnace. (Which I mention merely to point out the amazing incongruity of my feelings and existence, since I was then working at an ultra masculine occupation, while preferring a most feminine.) When I returned to college in the fall, my finances were in pretty good condition, so I continued to buy feminine apparel and had even purchased my first woman's wig, an expensive item to me, but something I had to have and could not longer resist getting.

It was then that I met the first of the two girls who I eventually attempted to confide in and tell of my desire for wearing girl's clothing. I had liked both of these girls and they returned my affection. The reaction of the first girl was shocked amazement and it took her a day or two to even begin speaking to me again, after which she insisted, "Never do it again!" (In case you think I go blithely around telling every girl I meet, that I like to wear girl's clothing, such could not be further from the truth, as it was only after much delay, anguish, embarrassment and the gathering of every ounce of courage, that I was finally able to bring myself to tell girls, on these two occasions.) The reaction of the second girl was much different. She was extremely amused that I had worn girl's clothing and wanted me to tell her all about it--and this was the last reaction that I had expected. But alas, although this girl did not condemn me in the least for having worn girl's clothing and had even thought it was very funny, she too said, in as many words, "Never do it again!" So needless to say, I was now firmly convinced that girls--all girls--could not condone a male wearing girl's clothing and I abandoned all further attempts at confiding with them.

After I had finally told the first girl, she had made a most disturbing reply and I was crushed with the overwhelming logic (at least to me at that time), of her remark. She said, "How would you like it if I wore men's clothing?" I did not know what to say to this. I like pretty girls, dressed in pretty girl's clothing and I even prefer myself dressed in pretty girl's clothing... so my only answer could have been, "No, I wouldn't like you to wear men's clothing." This incident was most disturbing and made a profound impact on me at the time.

It was shortly thereafter that I again began to be overwhelmed with shame and self-recrimination and I was actually amazed that I, a man, should ever want to wear girl's things and I told myself that it was incredible. And so resolving that, "This is it, never again!" I threw all my feminine attire, including my new wig into the incinerator.

However, it was inevitable that I would very soon again yield to my unquenchable and still not understood longing and desire to dress in girl's clothing. Whatever the forces and longing for femininity inside of me consisted of, they had already won.

The accepted beliefs and premises of society are quite powerful and it is impossible to adequately describe the erratic struggle I conducted with myself, as I first attempted to be completely masculine, as defined by the "Rules" and then yielded to the pleasures ways and joys of femininity.

So Transvestia can be of tremendous value to all of us and it is comforting to learn that there are so many of both sexes who have only understanding to offer and I note with almost amazement, that so many of the FPs written about in your publication remark that they have wives, girlfriends, or sisters who not only understand, but who actually approve and give assistance and help as well. Such is almost impossible to believe, but it gives me much comfort and hope.

The sporadic and confused ramblings contained in this letter, are partly because I am no writer and partly the result of the fact that the subject matter about which I am commenting is one which I have for so long kept hidden in great embarrassment.

From viewing the copious and extensive flow of words here amassed, you probably believe that this lengthy narrative was written in a facile and fluent manner. Such could not be further from the truth, as these pages represent a slow tedious groping for words and was written over the span of the last several days, since receiving my first two copies of Transvestia, (Nos. 12 & 13).

At any rate, a short time ago, in fact just immediately before my introduction to Transvestia, such a recital would have been impossible. So my sincere thanks to Virginia, Barbara, Joyce- and whoever else may have a hand in Chevalier Publications.

I have never had the opportunity or occasion before to use a more desirable and appropriate name, and so it will be with pleasure and satisfaction to sign,

Donna

THE BOOK FOR WIVES

The fact that this book is now available was announced in TVia #17. At that time a title had not been selected and it was given in general terms as INTRODUCTION TO TRANSVESTISM.

Just to keep the record straight the title finally selected was "THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE, A DISCUSSION FROM BOTH POINTS OF VIEW". This appeared to be more descriptive.

It is pleasant to report that it has already helped several wives to see things differently. One of them said, "I credit it with saving my marriage." Feeling that there were not so many un-understanding wives as there are TVia readers we did not print nearly so many of these, so if you wish one it might be well to get your order in. Price \$3 prepaid.

Twenty-six Days as a Woman

by Loretta (43-Z-1 FPE)

Hi girls, want to hear about a most wonderful vacation! Well, I just finished one, and believe me, it was wonderful. My brother got four weeks off at work, so I packed my bags and headed for Calif. and stayed with Betty, as Loretta, for 26 days. I had stayed with Betty and her brother (I'll call him Roy, that's not his real name, but it will do) last year while I was on a three week vacation, and I was surely looking forward to the four weeks this year.

My brother drove out there and you might say that I rode in the suitcases. The trip took about 25 hours and we arrived at Betty's at about 3:00 in the morning. After much gossip, and catching up on the news, I packed my brother's clothes away in a suitcase and that was the last I saw of him until 27 days later. Betty cooked us a nice big breakfast while I took a hot shower and got into a nightie and robe. Then Roy had to go to work, and I got some much needed sleep. About noon I got up and gave myself a manicure and painted my nails, fixed my face and hairdo, got dressed, and Loretta's vacation had started.

That evening Roy took me out for a drive around town, but since I was still pretty tired from the trip, we came home early.

The next day was Saturday, and that afternoon Roy took me down to Tijuana, Mexico, and we walked around sightseeing. Of course, I had to buy some perfume and stop to look at all the jewelry in the stores. Back home here, I go out a lot, but its much more thrilling to go out with a man like this, and walk down the street holding on to his arm. You know that it looks natural, and you feel natural and after a while you start to forget. Yes, you forget that you have a brother, and that you have another life, and you believe that you really are a girl out on a date, and its wonderful to be alive and living as a woman.

After much sightseeing, we had something to eat and then went to a nightclub that had a female impersonation act. Roy and Betty knew the F.P. personally so after her act, she came over and sat down with us for a while, and told us that there were two other F.P. shows in town, so we thought we might as well take them in too. Roy also knew the F.P. at the second place, so she also came and sat with us between shows. She knew of me, from Roy, and had seen my pictures in TVia, so we sat and chattered like a couple of old girlfriends. Then off to the third club and another F.P. show. In the United States a F.P. show has to be advertised as such, but in Mexico, they don't tell you what kind of show it is, so if you haven't been there before and the F.P. is good, the average person will think he is looking at a real girl, until the end of the act when he takes off his bra and wig. But, there always seems to be one guy that has seen the show before or heard about it and he has to sit there and tell everyone how smart he is, and that he knows its not a girl, but a man. It just so happened, that in this third nightclub, this sort of person was sitting right behind us. The lights came on, and out came "Shalimer--the wonder from two continents". So this fellow sitting behind us starts telling everyone at his table, that, "That's not a girl, its a man." He wasn't satisfied with just telling his friends, but had to speak loud enough so that everyone else around there could hear. I turned around and looked at him, and he caught my eye and said, "No kidding, Miss, that's a man up there." Oh, did this tickle my funny bone! So I just looked at him with a shocked look, as if to say, "Oh no, I've never heard of such a thing, a man wearing women's clothes, my goodness!!!" When I turned around again and looked at Roy, he winked at me, and I thought he would split trying to keep from laughing. This guy kept it up, till the end of the show when Shalimar took off his wig and bra. Then he said, "See, I told you, I could tell all the time. Heck, I can spot them a mile away." I just sat there thinking to myself, "Yes, sir, you sure are the smart one. You may be able to spot them a mile away, but I'm only about 3 or 4 feet from you and you haven't spotted me."

By this time, it was pretty late, so we decided to go home.

Until now, I had forgotten about crossing the border back into the United States because I was having so much fun. But now that the time was coming, I'll admit I was a little scared. At home, I go out a lot, I've been to stores and markets, movies and restaurants up and down the main streets both in daylight and at night. I've walked past several policemen on the street and have always passed. But now I was getting scared! For those of you who live inland and have never been out of the U.S., I'll explain the "Border Patrol" to you. These guys are smart. They are trained to see things that the average person won't see. Thousands of people cross the border every couple of hours. They have to be able to spot the dope pushers, the person trying to get cheap liquor into the States, the person who isn't a citizen, and is trying to get in. They can't stop every car and search it and look at everyone's I.D. papers. So they are trained to just look you over real fast and ask you one or two questions, that if you are lying, will trip you up. The lights at the gate are bright as day and you pull up to them and the guard sticks his head in the car and asks each person where he or she was born and maybe a few other questions. If you stutter or stammer they'll pull you over and search your car and give you the third degree. If not, they pass you through, and you're back in the good old U.S.A. again.

Well, as I said, I was getting scared. The closer we got to the border, the more scared I got. Then we were there! The guard stuck his head in the car and asked Roy what his citizenship was, and he said U.S. Then he looked at me and said, "And you, Miss," and I said "the United States." Then he asked us if we had bought anything in Mexico and we said no, and he motioned us on our way. We made several more trips into Mexico and back, after that night. I was still a little scared for the next couple crossings, but after that it was easy, and I got to be as much at ease, as if it were my brother making the trip.

The next day we went to Mexico again to take some outside pictures of me at the Jai Alai Palace, and at Caliente Race track. Then back home again. Roy then got fixed up and I finally got to see Betty. I'll admit it was nice having Roy escort me around,

but it was nicer seeing Betty again.

I won't go into too much detail about what happened during the week days because I led just a normal woman's life on week days. I'd get up and eat breakfast with Roy and he'd go off to work, and I'd clean the house up and get dressed up and if the weather was nice, I'd go out for a walk or window shopping or anything else I could think of just to be out. Then I'd fix supper and after we ate maybe we'd go some place in town or maybe down to Mexico for a while, or maybe just stay home and talk.

Virginia invited us to a costume ball the next weekend so that Saturday we took off for L.A. We visited some friends in L.A. and Barbara Elin, and later on Roy changed to Betty and along with Virginia and a couple other girls we went to the Ball. What a ball! So many beautiful gowns and dresses.

The next weekend was the monthly meeting of the Hose and Heels, so Friday afternoon, we went to L.A. again. On the way, up there we stopped at Disneyland, and Roy took a few pictures of me there. At the H. and H. Roy changed to Betty, and I changed dresses, as I had worn a daytime blouse and skirt, so I changed to the new blue satin sheath that Betty had made for me. That evening, I met all the girls from around L. A. that were there, and also a couple of other visitors. I had a wonderful time and enjoyed everyminute of it. I realized then, how wonderful it was to live somewhere, where a group of FPs can get together like this once in a while. It will be a great day, when there are chapters of Phi Pi Epsilon all over the country, and all of us can enjoy ourselves, as much as I did that night.

The next day Roy and I went to downtown Hollywood and spent the afternoon sightseeing. You might notice that I did a lot of sightseeing on my vacation. That's one of the differences between my brother and Loretta. When he goes on a trip, he never sees anything. He just goes to where he is going and is not much interested in seeing anything special. But Loretta is different. She wants to see everything. Around every corner is something new,

something exciting, its a wonderful world!

The following weekend we left Roy at home, and Sunday afternoon Betty and I went out to take some pictures. But to the disappointment of both of us the film was a bad roll, so none of these pictures came out.

Monday evening, Roy and I made one more trip to Mexico, and I said goodbye to the FPs and some other friends down there. The next day came all too soon, because Loretta's vacation was about to come to an end. Yes, it was about time to start back to Texas, and once again live as a man in the daytime, and only have time for Loretta at night, and on weekends. So the next day, although I put it off for as long as I could, I finally got busy taking off my nail polish and getting rid of all traces of lipstick and makeup, and packed my clothes and got my brother's things out. Boy did I feel unnatural in men's clothes!! Like a fish out of water, or maybe I should say, like a girl, out of dresses. Its a funny thing, but when my brother changes to Loretta, he's gone. None of his habits stay with her, or linger over into her. But when Loretta goes back to being a man, she lingers on. And for the next few days, he has to watch his habits. For instance, the way he holds a cigarette, or when he starts to smooth a skirt that isn't there, when he sits down, or his walk, or a lot of other little feminine habits that Loretta has.

But anyway, like I said, I finally got things packed and the car loaded and the next morning, after saying goodbye to Betty, I left and started back home.

When I first started out, I was very sad that my vacation was over. But as I drove along and thought of all the places Loretta had been, and the things she had done in the last four weeks, I felt very happy and good inside, for I had some wonderful memories, of my 26 days as a woman.

Loretta

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Loretta

Transvestism Without Cross Dressing

by Doris Louise (32-G-6)

The common dictionary definition of transvestism is the "desire to wear the clothes of the opposite sex." I believe, however, that there is more than cross dressing in being a true transvestite. Like all TV's of course, I know the tremendous thrill of wearing lovely dainty lingerie and beautiful dresses. Of all the kicks that life has to offer, I can't think of anything more thrilling and exciting than standing in front of a mirror dressed in a pair of lacy pink or blue flare type panties (my favorites), garter belt, nylons, brassiere, and a beautiful lacy nylon slip. Standing front of this mirror, pulling up ones slip so that the slip, panties, and nylons all show is a gorgeous sight of loveliness that I consider the ultimate in pleasure. Of course all TV's have experienced this thrill and you might say that this is the icing on the cake.

So far I haven't said anything that was any different than the previously mentioned definition of transvestism. You might ask then what's he driving at? Well, as I said before, I believe that there is more to transvestism than this. During this past year I've really begun to realize this as my opportunities to cross dress have been extremely limited. You see, dear girls, I'm in the Air Force, presently stationed at an isolated base overseas and my opportunities to indulge in my favorite pastime are extremely limited. You might be interested to know that I've been in the military for over 20 years, am married, and have been a TV for most of this time. Cross dressing or no cross dressing I'm enjoying being a TV practically all the time. This is why I believe there is more to it than actually being dressed in feminine attire.

Okay wise guy, you must be saying by now, what is your angle? First let's consider the normal biological desire or drive existing between the male and female sex which leads to union.

This sexual drive or polarization of male and female also exists within each man and each woman as we all have hormones and traits of the opposite sex within us. If you will agree with this, then it is natural that this male and female within us is also seeking union. All the male has to do is to give life to this female existing within and suddenly life becomes complete.

It was when I gave life to this feminine side of mine that I discovered that I had two entirely different personalities. One was pursuing normal masculine activities and the other was a lovely feminine person who had an appreciation of beautiful things. I realized that wearing lingerie and dresses was only a part of my feminine personality. Regardless of what I may be doing or what I am wearing, this feminine self which I have named Doris Louise is always at my side. Since I've given her life, Doris never allows me to be lonely and is my constant companion. What seems to make this possible is the love that exists within us and the complete harmony we have suddenly reached with the world around us.

One thing of which I'm completely convinced is that love is the only answer to the problems of life and the key to happiness. Since I've discovered my feminine self and have completely accepted her without guilt, I'm extremely happy. I not only have a complete love affair existing within, I've become a very loving person externally. My love for my fellow man has increased to a point far in excess of what I had ever thought possible.

Naturally I'm looking forward to returning to the land of pretty lingerie and dresses but in the meantime I'm sure Doris and I will continue to be happy making the best of our situation. We are both hoping someday that we will have the opportunity to meet some of the girls that we have read about within the pages of Transvestia. In the meantime, lots of love to you all,

Doris Louise

My Summer In Petticoats

by Ruth (9-C-2 FPE)

I enjoyed a lovely summer in petticoats after school had closed at the end of my second, or sophomore year in high school, which I would like to tell you about. I had started wearing long trousers when I entered high school about two years earlier, and was approaching my sixteenth birthday. My wonderful summer in petticoats came about as a result of an accident.

Several years before, I had discovered a girl's dress, and a slip and panties among some old clothes stuck away in a closet in my home, and tried them on. I need not tell you of the delicious feeling I experienced at that time, I am sure. Further search had revealed a 'panty-waist,' to which the panties were buttoned, and another slip, and a blue gingham dress, which soon became my favorite. A pair of Mother's shoes and stockings completed my outfit, and I began to dress in my feminine outfits every time Mother left the house for any length of time. Mother always went shopping at least twice a week, and I was of course familiar with her shopping days, and the length of time she was away from the house on these occasions, so that I was always home on her shopping days, and as soon as she left the house, I hurriedly dressed in one or the other of the two dresses I had found. As I have said, one was a blue gingham dress with lace-trimmed puff sleeves, and the other was a white party dress, but both were a little small for me, and, I regretfully realized, neither had been ironed, and both were quite wrinkled as would be expected considering where I had found them. The panties and the slips were both white cotton, with a pretty ruffle at the hem of the slips and at the leg of the panties. I always remained dressed about two hours, allowing plenty of time to change back into my boy's clothes before Mother returned.

About a month before school closed Mother went on one of her customary Saturday morning shopping trips, and as usual, I quickly went to put on one of my dresses. I will never forget. That morning I had put on my blue gingham dress, and had put on Mother's shoes and stockings, and was just admiring myself in the

full length mirror in her bedroom, when I suddenly saw in the mirror that Mother was standing behind me! I realized at once that she had returned unexpectedly, and discovered me. She had forgotten something, she explained later, and had come in quietly, thinking I had gone out, and no one was in the house.

I was embarrassed to death! I immediately started taking off my dress as quickly as possible.

"Turn around and let me see how you look," she said.

I did so, feeling miserable, and wondering what she would do to me for dressing in girl's clothes.

"I didn't know you liked to wear girl's clothes," she said, "how long has this been going on?"

I did not answer, but just stood there. She buttoned up the dress again, and to my great surprise said:

"You don't have to undress. Just keep your dress on if you want to until I get home. Maybe I'll buy you a pretty dress, and a pair of girl's shoes and stockings if you would like me to do so."

I did not say whether I wanted her to buy me a new dress and shoes and stockings or not, but I was sure she knew that I did want them, so I kept on my blue calico check dress, and her shoes and impatiently waited for her to return from shopping. Finally, she did return, and to my surprised delight, she brought me two beautiful dresses, two sets of girl's undies, and a pair of black patent leather Mary Jane shoes, and two pair of white girl's stockings.

"Let me help you get dressed now," she said. In only a few minutes, I was completely dressed in a beautiful blue dress with collar styled like the collar of a Middy-blouse which was so popular in those days, and a black patent leather belt. With the lovely undies and my Mary Jane shoes, and my white stockings I had never felt so wonderful. Needless to say, I wore it all day, and when bed time came I was most reluctant to take it off, and the next day, which was Sunday, I put the same outfit on when I got up, and wore it all day long. Complications began almost immediately, however.

On Sunday afternoon, my aunt, the one who always had sent us the "hand-me-downs" came for a brief visit, and I fled to the privacy of my bedroom. After she had gone, Mother came in search of me.

"Why did you run and hide?" she asked, "If you want to wear girl's clothes you must not be ashamed to be seen in them. Really, I didn't buy them for you to hide in!"

I continued to wear my two outfits alternately, at least part of every day as soon as I returned from school, and at all times on weekends, but I never went out of the house, and never permitted anyone who came to the house to see me. Several times boys came to the house asking for me, and on each occasion, I retreated to my bedroom until they were gone.

One day, a few weeks before the summer vacation began, Mother called me out on the porch for a talk.

"I don't mind you wearing your pretty girl's clothes", she began, "but I did not buy them for you to hide in either. I would even buy you some more if you wanted me to, but I see no point in it if you are going to run and hide everytime anyone comes to the house, and you cannot expect to stay in the house all summer, now can you?"

I agreed that I could not do that.

"I'll tell you what I will do," she continued, "you can wear your girl's clothes whenever you want to, and I will even buy you some more to wear this summer if you want me to, but only if you quit running into your bedroom everytime anyone comes. The next time anyone comes, I shall expect you to go to the door and greet them, no matter who it may be, and if you choose not to do so, I will assume that you are ready to give up your girl's clothes. Is that clear?" she concluded.

"Yes," I replied, "I understand."

A few days later, while I was dressed in my girl's clothes, as I usually was whenever I could, the front door bell rang. Mother looked at me inquiringly.

"Do I have to go to the door now?" I asked.

"No, not unless you want to," she replied, "but if you do not want to then please change into your boy's clothes."

Without answering I went to my room and changed into my boy's clothes. I simply did not have the nerve to go to the front door in my dresses. Within an hour, however, I had changed my mind and regretted not having done so, and I told Mother of my regret.

"I must admit I was surprised when you changed back into your boy's clothes," she said, "you look so nice in your dresses, and I thought you were beginning to become accustomed to your pretty girl's clothes."

"The next time, I intend to go to the door no matter who is there," I promised, "may I wear my dresses again?"

"Yes," she replied, "I did not intend to require you to do anything at all, I simply do not want you to be ashamed of being seen in dresses if you are going to wear them at all. As long as you are modestly dressed there is no reason for you to run and hide."

Joyfully I returned to my feminine clothes, and, inevitably the test came again: the doorbell rang! I had on my white organdy princess style dress with a pink ribbon sash tied in a big bow at the back. I went to the front door, and opened it, and found Mrs. Russell, our neighbor from across the street.

"My, how nice you look," she said, "is Mother here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Russell," I replied, "won't you come in, and I will tell her you are here."

Mother was in the kitchen, and I went and told her that Mrs. Russell was waiting for her in the living room.

"That wasn't so hard, now was it?" Mother asked.

Mother went to the living room to greet Mrs. Russell, instructing me to prepare refreshments consisting of lemonade and cookies, and to bring it in and serve it in a few minutes. It took me about ten minutes to prepare the refreshments, after which I served it on a large tray.

"How nice!" Mrs. Russell exclaimed, "I would love to have

you come over to visit with me some time," she said, smiling at me as I served her.

"I would like to," I replied, "you have such a beautiful home."

"You are more than welcome," she assured me, "and of course, I hope you will wear one of your pretty dresses."

I promised her I would, and then I sat and listened to their conversation. I had never felt so wonderful, and I found that I really liked to be seen in my beautiful dresses. Secretly, I decided that I would not hesitate in the future about being seen in dresses.

Olive Knowles, a girl about a year older than I lived next door, and we were both accustomed to running in and out of each other's homes at almost all hours of the day, and a day or two after Mrs. Russell's visit, Olive rushed in without knocking, as usual, and found me in my blue dress.

"What in the world is going on?" she demanded.

"Don't you like the change?" Mother inquired.

"I love it!" she exclaimed, "but when did he change into dresses?"

"He had been wearing dresses secretly," Mother explained, "and I bought him some, and insisted that if he wanted to wear dresses at all he must do so openly, and for the last week or so he has been in dresses more than in boy's clothes. I have been thinking of buying him some more girl's clothes so he can change into girl's clothes entirely as soon as school closes if he would like it," Mother concluded.

"Oh, I think that would be wonderful!" Olive exclaimed, "if you will, I will take you to some of the girl parties we are going to have during the summer," she promised, "you will have a wonderful time."

After she had gone, Mother asked, "Are you sure you want to be a girl this summer? Remember, there will be many things you can't do as a girl that you could do with your friends as a boy."

"Yes, Mother," I replied, "I really do want to be a girl this summer."

"I don't think you know how much it will change your activities every day," Mother continued, "but it may get this idea out of your mind for good, so if you want to do it, I will buy you the new clothes you will need."

The end of school for the summer was only two weeks away, and I could hardly wait for the last day to come but finally it arrived, and I was impatiently waiting to change into my new role. School closed for the summer on a Friday, and I hurried home. When I got home Mother had my new dresses hanging in my closet, and my undies in my dresser drawers, and all of my boy's clothes had been removed. Without waiting, I changed into one of my new outfits, a pretty pink dress with lace at the collar, and on the cuffs, and went at once to show Mother how pretty it was and how well it fitted.

"I have decided to give you a home permanent," Mother announced, "you might as well have the full treatment."

First she trimmed my hair so that it was the same length on both sides, and then gave me a shampoo, leaving my hair light and free from oil. Next, she put my hair up in tight curls all over my head, and for the rest of the afternoon and night I wore curlers and a hair net. The next morning, being Saturday, I woke up at the usual time, and dressed in the same outfit I had worn the previous afternoon, and went out to breakfast.

"I will leave you to clear off the breakfast dishes, and to wash the dishes and straighten up the kitchen," Mother announced, "then I want you to make up the beds, and straighten up the rest of the house, then I will take your hair out of the curlers."

I proceeded to get through with my house work as soon as possible, and then went into Mother's room where she removed the curlers and combed out my hair. The transformation was simply amazing! Next she applied lipstick, and makeup lightly, and both of us were really surprised with the results.

"I must admit that you are a much prettier little girl than I expected," she observed, "I hope you enjoy being a girl as much as you think you will."

"Oh, I am sure I will," I replied. I immediately called Olive and asked her to come over, without telling her how I was dressed or that my hair had been fixed.

"I can't come over right now," she replied, "can't you come over here?"

"I don't know whether I can or not," I replied, "I'll call you back in a few minutes."

I told Mother that Olive had asked me to come over to her house, and Mother replied: "Well, why don't you go?"

"Do you really think I should?" I asked.

"Now my dear, I thought we had agreed that you could not expect to stay in the house all summer, and that you would wear your dresses wherever you went," she protested, "you have on a beautiful dress, and your hair looks lovely, and it seems to me that if you are going to be a girl this summer, now is the time to begin, so I would suggest that you go over to Olive's house."

Without further discussion, I went out the back door and walked across to the back door of Olive's house, and knocked at the door. In a moment Olive came to the door, and it was clear that at first, she did not recognize me, and then, when she did, she opened the door, and exclaimed:

"For goodness sake! I simply did not recognize you! Come in and let Mother see how simply lovely you are! I can't get over how lovely a girl you are," she continued, "the hair-do makes and the makeup have made a wonderful transformation!"

We went into the house, and Olive presented me to her Mother. "Mother," she asked, "do you recognize this beautiful little girl?"

"If you had not told me he was going to change into girl's clothes this summer, I never would have recognized him," she replied, "but what are you going to call him now? He doesn't look much like his name is Robert, now does he?" she inquired.

"Of course it will have to be changed to 'Roberta', Olive replied, 'Robert' will never do."

In a few minutes the phone rang, and Mrs. Knowles answered it. "We have just decided he must be called 'Roberta' now," she said into the phone, and, turning to me, she said: "Roberta, your mother wants to speak to you."

"Yes, Mother?" I said. "Harold Jones just called," she explained, "and asked if you were going to the movies with him."

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him you were over at Olive's, and that he should either call you there or come over and ask you whether you were going," she replied, "after all Harold and your other friends will have to learn sooner or later that your name is 'Roberta'" she concluded.

In a few minutes, Harold was at the back door:

"Hey, Robert!" he called, "are you ready to go to the movies?"

Olive went to the back door, and brought Harold into the living room where her mother and I were seated, and Olive said:

"Harold, do you know Roberta?"

Harold hesitated a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Holy smoke! What are you doing in those girl's clothes?"

"Robert is going to wear girl's clothes all summer," Olive explained, "and his new name is 'Roberta'."

"I don't suppose I will be able to do some of the things boys will be doing this summer," I said, "but I will be able to go to the movies. I don't believe I should go this afternoon though."

"No, I don't suppose you will be able to do all of the things boys do," Harold agreed, "is it all right if I tell the other boys about you wearing girl's clothes?"

"I suppose so," I replied, "they will find it out sooner or later."

"OK, I'll see you later--Roberta," he stammered, as he bolted for the back door.

"Well, at least, the news is out now," Olive said, "and I'll

bet they will all be around to see you."

The next day, Sunday, I put on my prettiest dress, a white organdy with a satin underskirt, with a narrow red velvet ribbon laced around the neckline, and around the cuffs of the long full sleeves, each one tied in a pretty little bow, and white stockings and pumps with two-inch heels, and a little red velvet ribbon in my hair. I felt wonderfully feminine, and with just a little lipstick and makeup Mother said I was a charming little girl. About 4:00 o'clock that afternoon, Harold called on the phone and asked if he and some of the fellows could come over.

"What shall I say, Mother?" I implored, holding my hand over the phone.

"Why, invite them, of course!" she replied. "You knew yesterday afternoon that this was likely to happen, so you might as well get it over with now."

"Yes, Harold," I replied over the phone, "come whenever you like."

"We'll be right over!" he replied, hanging up the phone.

As soon as I put down the phone Mother came in and looked me over to see if my makeup was alright, and that I otherwise looked my best. Her hasty inspection had hardly been completed when the front door bell rang.

"Your company has arrived," Mother said, "go and let them in while I fix some refreshments."

I went to the door, and I must confess that my knees were shaking, and I was extremely nervous.

"Come in boys," I invited, "I'm glad to see you all," I managed to say as Harold and four other boys with whom he had run around filed in on the porch and took seats.

I smoothed my skirts and sat down in a straight chair, keeping both feet flat on the floor with my knees together. Harold and two of the boys sat in the porch swing, and the other two sat in the rocking chairs. For a few minutes nothing was said.

"I told the boys about you being dressed in girl's clothes,

(Continued on page 50)

I Played Tennis In A Pink Chemise

by Nanette (32-C-6)

When I was in college, I was an excellent tennis player, and entered into a number of tournaments. Despite my slim physique, I won several local championships, and went on to take the men's singles in the state tournament. Many people urged me to enter the men's national tournament at Forest Hills. But, as you will see, I never did. As I look back, I think that I might have had a good chance of winning in the men's national tennis competition. However, I have no regrets about having passed up this opportunity.

It all began when I entered the intercollegiate mixed doubles tournament with Helen Fitch. She was the prettiest brunette I've ever seen. I still have some photographs of her at that age. She had hazel eyes, a pert nose, and was almost as tall as I was. Helen had a fairly good game of tennis. There were some better female players around, but one day, in the jostling crowd leaving Geology class, she was somehow pushed against me. Her warm, soft body rested against my side for a moment, and our hands accidentally touched.

"Oh, excuse me," she said. She smiled at me for a moment. Then we were out in the hall, and she walked away, her yellow skirt and white ruffled blouse disappearing down the hall. The click of her heels and the scent of her perfume lingered in my senses long afterwards.

Several days later we met at the tennis courts, and we played. She had a good, steady game, and I enjoyed the set. Afterwards she said, "Walk me home?" It was heavenly escorting her back to where she lived.

From then on we met every afternoon to play tennis. She usually wore a pleated white skirt which came over her knees. Her pink bra showed through from underneath her blouse. I couldn't help staring, but she didn't mind; in fact, she seemed to enjoy my attention. Once, on a difficult shot, when she had to run to return the ball on her backhand, I caught a glimpse of the tantalizing lace of her panties. From then on, I often deliberately made her chase the ball on her backhand. I probably lost a lot of

points by looking at Helen's undies rather than the ball, but it was worth it. She appeared to sense what I was doing, and seemed to encourage me in my interest.

The mixed doubles tournament was held in a nearby city. Helen had an aunt who lived there alone in an apartment, and we arranged to change clothes there before the tournament. I waited with the aunt while Helen went into the other room to change from her light blue skirt and blouse combination into her tennis clothes. We were in a hurry, and she came tripping out very soon.

"Better hurry it up", she said, "We're due at the courts in fifteen minutes." I grabbed my bag with my tennis slacks, and went in to change, closing the door behind me.

In her hurry, Helen had left her things scattered around her aunt's room. Her skirt and blouse lay sprawled across a chair, her shoes where they had been kicked off. I quickly undressed, and sat down on the bed to take off my shoes. Something warm and soft brushed against my bare body as I sat there. It was a lovely pink chemise, with laced edges and a ribbon around the waist. Intrigued, I picked up the dainty satin in my hands. It was as if I held the quintessence of Helen.

Why I did it I don't know. But as if it were the most natural thing in the world, as if it were something I did every day in my life, I held the delicious pink underthing in front of me. Then I slipped first one foot, then the other foot into the satin chemise. Never had I felt such a deliciously cozy feeling. I put my arms through the shoulder straps, tied the ribbon around me, and luxuriated in its soft, smooth warmth.

Suddenly Helen was knocking at the door. "If you don't hurry, we'll lose by forfeit." I was frantic lest she open the door. I ran over, and pushed against the door, which she had started to open.

"I'll be right there," I called.

I pulled on my slacks and sport shirt, put on my tennis shoes, grabbed my racquet, and ran with Helen out to the waiting taxi. Only when I settled back in the seat, with Helen next to me, did it dawn on me that I had forgotten to take off the pretty silk chemise.

"Are you nervous?" she asked.

"Why, no."

"I've never seen you so excited looking," Helen said.

She took my hand in her's. Just before the taxi pulled up in front of the tennis courts, she turned to me. "Here's something for good luck," and her arms were about me, her lips next to mine. We kissed warmly, and her hands ran up and down my back. It was delicious to be wearing the soft, silky feminine lingerie while her body was next to mine. The taxi came to a halt, and Helen drew back. She looked at me with an amused expression for a moment, and giggled. Then she straightened her hair, and said, "Let's go."

We won both of our matches in the tournament that day. I was very concerned about what would happen when Helen missed her chemise back at the apartment. But nothing was said, although as I look back both women did seem somewhat amused about something.

When I went to get dressed, my first act was to leave the chemise in a corner, so it would look as if it had been misplaced. But after I had taken my shower, and began to dress again, I took one more look at the dainty lace-edged pretty. I just couldn't bear to part with the darling underthing, so I put it on again under my regular clothes.

I washed and ironed my lovely pink undie in secret, and from that day on I wore the silk chemise whenever I had a date with Helen. Maybe it was my imagination, but she always seemed more tender with me when I had her prettiness next to my skin.

The night after we won the finals of that tournament, Helen and I had dinner at her aunt's apartment in order to celebrate. After the meal was over, the aunt said, "I've got a little surprise for you both. It's a prize for winning the tournament."

The gift was in a small box. Helen and I opened it. A lovely perfume became evident as we undid the inside wrapping.

"Oh, how lovely!" said Helen.

It was indeed gorgeous. The gift was a satiny pink brassiere with built-in padding. Inwardly I could hardly control my desire to put it on. But I couldn't admit that to the two women.

"I'm sure Helen will enjoy it a great deal," I said.

Helen and her aunt shrieked with laughter. "Helen will enjoy it," they mocked.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

Helen came near to me. Her eyes were bright with love and amusement. She was bewitching as she brought her lips a few inches from mine. I was almost melting under the gaze of her hazel eyes and her delicate fragrance.

"You silly, silly girl," she said.

"What are you talking about?" I managed to say.

For an answer she kissed me gently, and caressed my lapels with her hands. Then, so quickly that I couldn't stop her, she unbuttoned my shirt, and pulled it aside. There I stood, in her pink chemise!

Both Helen and her aunt laughed again. I was blushing deeply, and hardly knew what to say. But Helen placed her cheek against mine.

"You're lovely in a satin chemise," she said. And before I knew it, she had me completely undressed. I stood there, clad only in Helen's lace underthing. The aunt said,

"We've known all along that you were a chemise-girl. Ever since that first day."

"Oh, she's so pretty in my chemise," said Helen. "Kiss me, darling," she said.

I asked, "But how did you know?"

"I could tell that day in the taxi that you had taken the bait," said Helen.

"The bait?" I queried. Helen's aunt interrupted,

"You see, Helen has always wanted to find her ideal man--a man who loves to wear pretty girl's clothes. We suspected you were a chemise-girl when Helen first saw you in her Geology class. Then, playing tennis, you were so fascinated with her pink undies, that we were almost certain. So the first day you changed clothes here, I told Helen to leave her chemise where you could find it."

"And you couldn't resist it," Helen said dreamily.

I laughed. "Yes, it was just too darling."

Helen and her aunt nodded. "We thought that's what would happen," they said. "And now," added the aunt, "it's time for you to try on your gift."

The two girls helped me slip into the stunning brassiere. As the aunt adjusted the straps, Helen and I were rapturous. It fit snugly, and gave me just the profile I needed.

That was how our tennis twosome started. With the aid of her aunt, it wasn't long before Helen was buying me all kinds of pretty feminine clothes. But what we both liked most was a tennis outfit I wore which was an exact match of Helen's--white pleated skirt and all.

"Too bad we two girls can't play tennis together," I said. Helen's aunt thought for a moment.

"Let's experiment," she said.

So I was fitted for a wig. On the day it arrived, Helen and her aunt shaved my legs and arms. After I put on my tennis dress, they added some makeup. A crimson lipstick completed my girlishness.

I was so perfect that Helen almost swooned with joy. That very day, we played tennis together on a public court. I found that playing in a skirt gave me an added freedom of movement, and my game improved tremendously. Helen and her aunt urged me to enter the local women's singles tournament. I was nervous beforehand, but as soon as I got on the courts in my pretty curls and pink sneakers, I became calm. I reached the finals in the tournament. Then disaster occurred! One of my shoulder straps broke when I made a difficult return on the tennis court! I was sure my lovely figure would be ruined, and was so concerned that I lost the next set. But Helen's aunt saved the day. From somewhere she procured a needle and thread, and during the brief rest period, she sewed the pink ribbon back to the lace bodice. I went back on the court, and won the tournament without losing another game.

The rest is sports history. I went on to win championship after championship, and rapidly rose to the top. So as I said before, I have no regrets as I look back. True, I might have won the men's championship at Forest Hills. But why should I regret that? After all, I did win the women's championship, wearing a pink chemise.



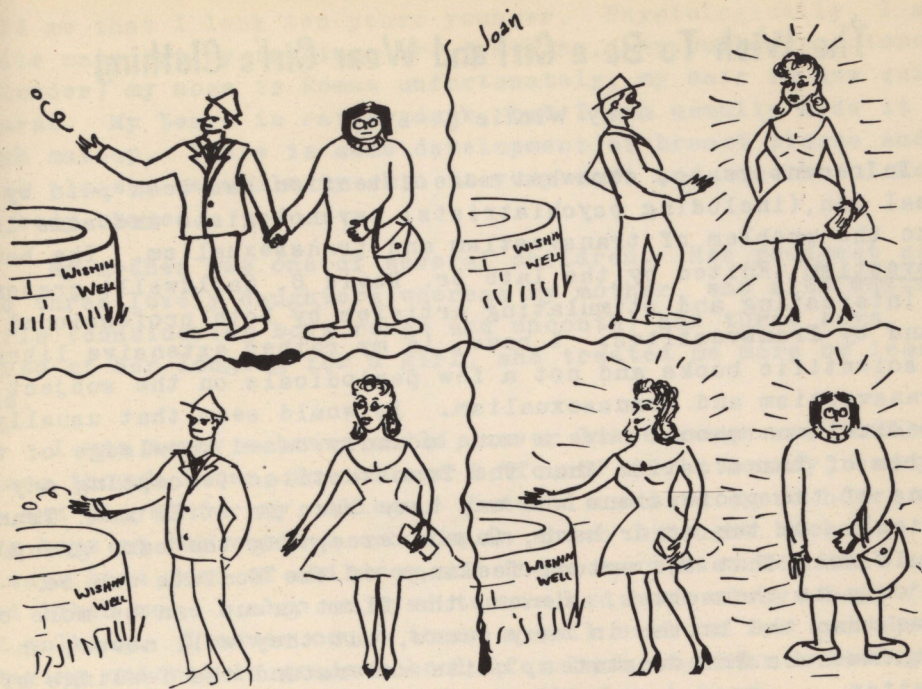
G. S.



Olivia (FPE-37-P-1)



Pamela-England



"THE DEBBIE DRAKE COURSE, WERE BOTH FOLLOWING IT."

The Wish To Be a Girl and Wear Girl's Clothing

by Winfie (5-B-1)

In recent years, somewhat more attention has been paid by medical men, (including psychiatrists) psychologists and some laymen to the problem of transvestism and transsexualism. The book Transvestism (Edited by the late Dr. David O. Cauldwell) presents some interesting and stimulating articles by both professional men and by Transvestites. I have, in my rather extensive library many scientific books and not a few periodicals on the subject of Transvestism and Transsexualism. It would seem that usually the medical men should have a more soundly based knowledge of the dynamics of Transvestism than the Transvestites (excepting any persons of the professions who may have been or still are, Transvestites). On the other hand, (again excepting the same group) it would seem that the actual feelings of the Eonists can be known only to themselves. Hence, the first group can be more objective than the latter in many cases, but they will never, unless themselves Transvestites, quite understand the feelings of the latter.

As a Transvestite and Transsexualist I propose to give some authentic facts about myself, with comments. The existence of such a magazine as Transvestia can prove helpful in providing a medium through which such experiences may be shared and in so doing can be cathartic. Most of us have no wish to be rid of our desires, but in most cases they have to be satisfied in loneliness. Having them printed can be a vicarious way of communing with others who feel the same way.

My Transvestitism and Transsexualism have not been shared. The former is known to my wife and daughter and the latter who has never seen me in feminine clothing is quite accepting of it whereas my wife is disgusted so that I wear my finery only when she is not around as I do not think it fair to do otherwise. My Transsexualism is known only to myself. At times the desire to be a woman in form is excruciatingly intense but at my age I realize that there is no hope for a change.

I am now 57 years old though my psician and others have

told me that I look ten years younger. Physiologically, I am a white male but my feelings are feminine. My build is ectomorphic (slender) my nose is Roman unfortunately, my hair is now quite sparse. My beard is rather dark, but I can usually hide it through makeup. There is some development of breast tissue and this pleases me while my skin is very soft and smooth. I keep my body shaved.

My mother was one of several children. Her youngest sister had three lovely daughters whereas my mother, who also wanted girls (considering boys rough and uncouth) had three boys. Because of her longing for a girl, she treated me more or less as one.

I was never a brave child, never liked rough and tumble games though later, in college I "found" field hockey, enjoyed it and played for my college. Later I used to spend hours coaching boys at the various schools in which I taught hockey. I have always been fond of children and there have been few that have not liked me. I also enjoyed tennis and have always been fond of walking. I never could throw a ball well or far and when playing cricket in grade school (for lack of other better players) I was usually put where I could do the least harm.

I recall, when young, attaching myself to strangers who were walking the same way as I was, and talking with them so that I might avoid boys who would torment me. Whether this "sissiness" was partly the result of physical endowment and partly the result of environmental factors I do not know.

I might say here that for a long time I suffered from very severe nosebleeds. My trouble was finally diagnosed as thrombocytopenic purpura and after some experimentation vitamin K was prescribed and for some years now I have been free of the hemorrhages but will have to take the vitamin for the rest of my life.

In the cause of science I have bequeathed my body after death to a famous clinic in the state. When giving details of my trouble I mentioned my Transvestism and Transsexualism so that search for any physical causes may be made at the same time.

My mother expected me to help with the housework but this never bothered me as I enjoyed doing it. I still do. Nothing

pleases me better than to don feminine garments and work around the house. In my wife's absence I can do this at times.

I have been called artistic. I recall, when young, taking great pride in arranging the table and floral decorations when visitors were expected and many favorable comments were made on my efforts. Comments too, have been made on my choice of gifts and when I purchase clothing for my granddaughters, salesladies usually say how attractive and suitable it is.

I was born in England though, when about eight went with my parents to one of the Dominions. While in England, I usually spent several weeks with my maternal grandmother. In the home were several aunts who made much of me. There was also a favorite girl cousin whom I loved dearly and envied too for her fine frilly attire. We played together, cut out paper dolls, and sometimes were put to bed together when visitors crowded in. We talked of many things. As a result of my professional training, I should imagine that under such conditions some sexual experimentation would take place, but if so these were repressed. I would imagine this to be the case since my mother was quite a prude where sex was concerned and I had to find out about sex in my own way. Some months ago, this favorite cousin of mine (now a war widow) wrote to me and we resumed our correspondence. In one letter I asked if I had ever been dressed in girl's clothing as my grandmother always had at least one maid and I had read of some of the things maids can do with little boys. I could not recall ever having been dressed that way but wondered about it in view of my Transvestism. In her reply, my cousin wrote, "You ask me about dressing up in my clothes. Yes you did and I can tell you how it came about. You always felt it wasn't fair that little girls could wear frillies and gay colours and you really coveted a little feathered set of cap, necklet and muff I was wearing on Sundays that winter. Well, as it happened, my Auntie Edith got married while you were living at N....and I was the bridesmaid with an extra frilly white dress with a huge sash and a floppy hat with pink rosebuds and when you saw me driving off in all my glory that was the last straw. You were discovered later sitting in state arrayed in my complete Sunday outfit, velvet dress, scarlet coat, hat, necklet, muff the lot and you hadn't been satisfied with the top layers either but had fallen for

undies threaded with pale pink ribbon."

I still recall the long dark curls my cousin wore. I think that my choice of girl friends and later my choice of a wife (now that I look back) was largely determined on this basis. When I add that my mother had lovely hair, though not the dark tresses I love, the thesis that Transvestism is connected with one's mother may apply here in part.

I also remember still her pretty lace-trimmed drawers (as they were then termed). Once her mother said something about putting a pair on me. Delight rose in my bosom but faded when she decided against this. On another occasion, I was the only patient in the isolation ward in my home town and since my case of scarlet fever was a mild one, I had the run of the place and the nurses spoiled me. One day, one of them took me with her when she went to put away clothing of some children previously discharged. (At that time such clothing and toys had to be left at the hospital.) Holding up a pair of pretty lacy drawers the nurse said something about my wearing them, but once again I was sorely disappointed. Eyelet hole lace-trimmed panties still exert a powerful influence on me. If I happen to catch sight of pretty panties on a little girl with bare legs below, I still feel thrilled and I feel certain that this stems from my experiences with my cousin. I recall when in grade school a very pretty, talented little girl falling backwards off a form in the classroom. Momentarily I saw her pretty underwear and though I felt sorry that she had fallen, still felt thrilled at the sight. I also felt the same way then, at a school concert, a musically talented little girl, in a frilly frock stood on the stage to play a violin solo. The stage was quite high and the little girl's dress quite short. I am afraid that I did not hear much of the music but gazed enviously at her very lovely panties.

During the time I was in undergraduate college, I had no opportunity for crossdressing. The upsurge of puberty no doubt played a part here but I know that once or twice when my family was out I looked through my mother's drawers and found some soft silken bloomers which I had to don. My Transvestism was only more or less dormant.

When I became engaged to my wife I enjoyed buying her lovely

lingerie but I know now that part of this was so that I might have pleasure vicariously.

After marriage, I had no opportunity for carrying out my Transvestite desires. When both my children, a son, and a daughter married and left our home the dormant desires became active. This happened suddenly. One day I found an illustrated catalog from a women's clothing store. I looked through it. A pair of lacy panties struck my eyes. I had never had such a feeling as then came over me. I think that the long-dormant feelings came flooding out. I sent away for a pair. When they came I donned them in secret and my heart beat wildly as only Transvestites can understand. I knew what I had been missing for so long.

I began to buy lingerie. In fact, the urge was so strong that at times, when money was not plentiful, I sold some of my books (and next to my feminine clothing my library is very important). For quite some time, the urge to buy was so compulsive that I could hardly control it.

I began to wear pretty things in bed. My wife and I occupied at this time twin beds so for a time the change was not noted by her. One day, she came to me to make love, something that for quite a long time she had not desired. She found what I was wearing and was shocked. I tried to explain what Transvestism was and since then have succeeded but have never been able to eradicate her disgust. Intuitively she knew that I would graduate from wearing panties to other articles of feminine attire and she was right. Now I have a wardrobe of lovely feminine wear but wear it at times when my wife will not come upon me because, though I should love to have her approval, I do not feel it is fair to annoy her because her views differ from mine.

My Transvestism is very satisfying. None but a Transvestite can know the feeling one has when arrayed in lovely garments. It cannot be told in words. But I should like more. I should like to be a woman, but know that this is not possible for me so accept my state with the best grace I can. I know that physically I am a male, but my mental state and my emotions are feminine.

In conclusion I might say that I have attended a number of universities in a number of countries and have several degrees.

I am well regarded in my community and have sought at all times to be a good citizen. Possibly my work, in which I am of service to others, is the way in which I sublimate my longing in some measure.

Winfie,
California



"I see you got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning, Rollo."



"Would I have ^{TV} ~~any~~ privileges?!"

"And if you're a good boy, daddy will let you attend the next FPE meeting also."

(Summer in Petticoats continued)

and how you looked," Harold explained, "but they wanted to come over and see you too."

"How do you like my dress today?" I asked.

"It's super!" they replied in unison, "but are you really going to wear dresses all summer, and is your name going to be 'Roberta'?" they asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I am going to wear dresses all the rest of the summer, and my new name is Roberta."

"Are you going to wear girl's clothes even when you go to school next Tuesday to get your report card?" Harold asked. I had forgotten entirely that although school had closed for the summer on Friday, that we were expected to return to school on Tuesday morning for the closing exercises and to get our report cards!

"Maybe one of you could bring me my report card," I suggested, "I had forgotten all about it."

"You ought to go," Harold replied, "you can even go with me if you want to."

"I really don't know," I replied, "perhaps I will, and I would like to go with you."

"If you do, why don't you wear the dress you have on now," Harold suggested, "it will be a sensation!"

"Do you think it would be alright?" I asked.

"Do I think it would be alright!" he exclaimed, "It would be all wrong if you did not go, or if you did not wear one of your dresses, everybody is expecting you to come and everyone is anxious to see you."

A little later, Mother came out to the porch, and said, "Boys, please excuse Roberta for a moment?"

I went to the kitchen, and returned with a tray of refreshments consisting of cokes and cookies, which I took out to the porch and served to the boys. After about an hour, and after all of the boys had assured me that they wanted me to go to school with them on Tuesday, they left.

"Well, Roberta!" Mother said after they were gone, "It looks like you are really going to be a girl this summer, doesn't it? How do you feel now about being seen in your pretty dresses?"

"Oh, Mother, I had no idea everyone would know about it so soon," I replied, "and I had no idea everyone would like me in dresses. Do you really think I should go to school for the closing exercises and wear girl's clothes?"

"Certainly I think you should go and wear your prettiest dress," she replied, "after all, you would look much more out of place in boy's clothes with your new hair-do and everyone is expecting you to be in girl's clothes, and since you are going to be in dresses all summer you really should not miss this opportunity to get everyone used to your new clothes."

Later that night I called Harold, and told him I was going to school on Tuesday, and that I would wear the dress I had worn that afternoon, and that I would like to have him go with me. I went over to Olive's house later, and told her about the boys coming to see me and that I was going to school Tuesday. Olive was a year ahead of me in High School; I was just finishing my second year, and she was just finishing her Junior year.

Later that night I went over to Olive's house and told her I had decided to wear my white organdy dress to school for the closing exercises.

"How are you planning on getting to school?" she asked.

"I really had not given it a thought," I replied.

"Well, my dear girl, you certainly cannot ride that boy's bicycle you have been riding all year, now can you?" she demanded. "After all, it would not look very nice no matter what dress you wear, and it is most certainly out of the question if you wear your nice white organdy," she concluded.

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Call Harold and explain to him that you won't be able to ride your bicycle, of course," she directed, "and I will get Mother to let me drive the car, and you can go with me, and if Harold wants to ride with us, of course he is welcome."

I called Harold and explained that I couldn't ride my bicycle, and that I was going with Olive in her mother's car, and he agreed to ride with us.

I awoke early on Tuesday, and Mother helped me dress in my beautiful white organdy dress, and after she had brushed my hair and put on a very light makeup I was all ready to go. Mother went with me over to Olive's house. To my surprise, Olive was dressed in white organdy too, and as soon as Harold came we got in the car and started to school. I had on a cute little bonnet-shaped straw hat with a red ribbon tied in a bow under my chin. When we got to school Olive left us and went directly to her room, and Harold and I went to our room. I went in, and took off my hat, and hung it in the corner closet where the girls kept their hats and coats, and, after smoothing out my skirt, took my regular seat. Nothing was said, but I realized that everyone was staring at me, and I must admit that I blushed. Miss Anderson, our home room teacher came in and took her place at her desk and looked out over the room.

"I see that we have a new girl this morning," she observed, "please stand up and tell us your name."

I stood up, blushing furiously, but made no reply to her request that I give my name; I was much too confused to say anything. Finally, I sat down as everybody started whispering at once. Miss Anderson rapped on her desk, and order was finally restored.

"We will all have an opportunity to get acquainted with our newest student after the exercises are over," Miss Anderson said, "so let us have order!"

She then started giving out the report cards, and finally, I heard my name: "Robert Mason!" I arose and walked up to the front of the room to Miss Anderson's desk, and like all of the girls, instead of shaking hands I gave a curtsy, and took my report card, and returned to my seat. Mother had told me to curtsy instead of shaking hands, and I had watched the other girls, but I must admit I was somewhat surprised that I had remembered it, and had been able to make a curtsy without having had very much practice. After the report cards had been given out we all formed

in a line and marched to our designated place in the school auditorium where, at the suggestion of Miss Anderson, I sat in the section reserved for the girls. Finally, the day was over and school was formally dismissed for summer vacation. No sooner had I gotten out on the school grounds than I was surrounded with both girls and boys. I remembered little of what was said, and what had happened except that quite a number of the girls asked if I would come to parties which they were planning during the summer, and I told them my new name was to be 'Roberta'. I made no attempt to give any explanation for appearing in girl's clothes. At last we were in Olive's car, and on the way home.

"Roberta, my dear", she said, "you were a sensation!"

"Really, I am glad it is over," I replied, "but I have enjoyed it, and I'm glad I came."

We arrived at Olive's home about noon, and her mother had a lovely lunch prepared, and to my surprise, two other girls, Elizabeth Price, and Mary Dolan also arrived at Olive's house very soon after we got there.

"Elizabeth and Mary wanted to get better acquainted with you," Olive explained. They were in my class at school and both were just about my own age.

We had a perfectly lovely lunch, and I enjoyed the 'girl-talk' thoroughly. Both Elizabeth and Mary invited me to come to their house whenever I could, and promised to invite me to the parties they were planning for the summer.

Thus my summer in petticoats began! It was indeed a happy, and a busy summer! Mother insisted that I must learn to cook, keep house, and take care of my clothes, so I had a full schedule of activities. I helped Mother with the house work, and she began teaching me to cook, and bake. I also learned how to iron my clothes, and to sew when mending was necessary, but I must confess that I found sewing difficult. I had been taking piano lessons twice a week, and needless to say, I continued with them, and my piano teacher was delighted with my change into girl's clothes.

"My dear," she said, "your progress will be much more rapid,

and I am sure music will mean much more to you," she explained. "If all of my boypupils were put into petticoats they would be much more satisfactory," she concluded.

At least once a week, I went to Olive's house, or to Mary's or Elizabeth's house, or they came to my home, and I was invited to every 'girl-party' they had that summer. On some occasions of course, they invited boys to their parties, and after one of those parties, Mother decided I should not attend parties where there were boys except in our own home. I had several parties at home, and on those occasions I always invited Harold and the other boys I had run around with, and also invited Olive, Elizabeth and Mary, and later I invited my cousin Judy also, I also went to the movies at least once a week, usually on Saturday afternoon, and always with a girl companion, and often Harold accompanied us.

My birthday came on July 31, and of course, Olive gave a birthday party for me. I received some lovely presents consisting of panties, slips, and inexpensive jewelry. Mother gave me three beautiful dresses, one of which was a winter dress. "It will be nice for school-wear," she explained. That was the first indication I had that I would return to school in the Fall in feminine attire, and it thrilled me to think of it.

Soon it was necessary to think about returning to school where I would be in the Junior Class.

"I do hope you will not change back into boy's clothes when school opens," Olive said one day.

"I think Mother plans on me continuing in dresses," I replied, "she is already getting my school wardrobe ready."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Olive replied, "Everyone has become accustomed to seeing you in dresses, and your hair has grown out so nicely, it would be a shame for you to change back."

All too soon the first day of school arrived, and it had been decided that I would return to school as 'Roberta', so when the great day came I was dressed in one of my prettiest dresses, a lovely blue dress with long sleeves, and a very full skirt under which I wore the frilliest panties and petticoats I had ever worn! I felt absolutely wonderful! The first day, or course, was for

registration, and Mother decided to go with me in case any question arose. When I presented my report card, which bore the name 'Robert Mason', Mother made the necessary explanation, and I was duly registered as 'Roberta Mason', and assigned a locker in the girl's locker-room, and it seemed that I was fairly launched upon my Junior Year in a High School as a girl! I was delighted, and thrilled to think of the pleasures in store for me during the coming year, but, alas! It was not to be after all.

At the end of the second week of the term Mother received a letter from the School Board advising that since my name had never been legally changed from Robert to 'Roberta', and since all of my school records were in the name of 'Robert' it would be impossible for me to continue as a girl, and they requested that I be re-registered as 'Robert' instead of 'Roberta', and that I be dressed appropriately also. Mother went to see the County Superintendent, but he refused to change his directions, and I was compelled to cease wearing my beautiful clothes to school, and resume my boy's clothing. Needless to say, however, I continued to wear my beautiful dresses at home, and on week-ends, and to parties not sponsored by the school.

My wonderful summer in petticoats had come to an end, but I shall never forget it, nor have I ever ceased to love the many beautiful dresses, and the other lovely articles of feminine attire to which I became accustomed during that wonderful summer.



"...And now, panel, if Mr. Baxter will whisper his secret to me, we'll get on with the game."

Foundation Activities

The Foundation for Personality Expression is now a corporate entity in the state of California. The purposes of this organization as stated in the articles of incorporation are as follows:

Primary Business

To promote and assist by all possible means the study of human personality development and expression, particularly in the field of gender role differences.

General Purposes

The general purposes for which said corporation is formed are:

(a) To receive gifts and grants of money and property of every kind and to administer same for the purpose of supporting research in the field of personality development and expression.

(b) Of disseminating to both lay and professional groups information to increase their knowledge of various forms of personal behavior.

(c) Of publishing material for both general and private circulation dealing with personality development and expression.

(d) Of helping to arrange and/or provide opportunities for persons of similar interests to meet and engage in group experience, study and evaluation of various aspects of human personality and behaviour and through such experience and group investigation to attain greater knowledge of their own personal motivations and behavior patterns.

(e) To cooperate with other organizations, groups and professional persons and associations in any appropriate and legal activities or investigations intended to gather information or to disseminate it in the field of personality development and individual expression.

(f) To seek by any lawful means to influence legislative, police and judicial persons, authorities and bodies toward a more enlightened view of human expression and eventually to a more permissive and understanding attitude toward various aspects of personality expression which are now little understood and thus frequently both persecuted and prosecuted.

(g) To engage generally in any causes or objects to promote the above purposes or purposes similar thereto and to do anything necessary or proper for the accomplishment of these purposes.

There follows a lot more pure legal material, on leasing land, carrying on business etc. which need not be enumerated here.

It will be noted that these articles cover a wide range of opportunities. Just which, when and how will be exploited is not clear just at this time. Many ideas have been advanced in the fields of research, education and law. But there are several things which must come about before we can begin to make our weight felt. Two of these are primary--finances and organization. Foundation finances which at this juncture amount to around \$900 have come from Phi Pi Epsilon and dues and from donations. This is a lot of money to buy nylons with, but it isn't much when there is printing, postage, typing secretarial work to pay for etc. or when a research program is planned. This being the case I ask any of you who are able to support this organization, the only one of its kind ever to be formed to help promote the general interests of femmepersonators, transvestites or whatever you wish to call us. A specific program cannot be given to you at this time, but rest assured that the money received will be recorded and accounted for.

The next step is to set up some sort of national organization to guide in selecting a program to assist in carrying it out. Steps in this direction will be begun as soon as this issue of TVia is safely in the hands of the printer. Not only will your contributions be welcomed, but your ideas as well. We won't be able to do everything, and doubtless some that are submitted will be impracticable, but many will be useful and capable of being acted upon sooner or later, so carry your share of the load both financially and in a contributing sense.

Many of you are not aware that a gathering of something over 60 FPs and about a dozen wives took place at the Resort the last weekend in October. Although this was not an organizational meeting in the sense of planning, it did serve to allow a lot of people to get acquainted, to exchange ideas, to vent opinions and to learn that we have plans and mean to carry them out. Many pictures were taken during this weekend. I am asking all those that did take good shots to send them to me with the persons pictured identified as far as possible. Also those who would like to offer a few lines of comment are invited to do so. All this material will be assembled into a booklet and published. Depending on its size it will sell for \$3 or \$4. With \$1.50 or whatever the printing, typing and secretarial expense amount to deduct, the balance will be put into the Foundation treasury. Thus we will be able to give you something of interest while you are helping the cause. If all cooperate and get this material in promptly it may be possible to get this out by New Years. Because of the plan

for this booklet I am not going to draw all its punch by reporting on the gathering in TVia. However don't let the fact that this will be available restrain you from making a more sizeable gift. The \$1.50-2.00 realized from the sale of this booklet will certainly help, but it will not do the job alone.

Contributions to the Foundation will be publicly acknowledged but since some are much better off than others and the less well off may be sacrificing as much for smaller contributions, the actual amounts given will not be mentioned except in a general way. The following persons have contributed to the fund to date. The members of FPE are not named even though collectively their dues have provided the bulk of the money so far. They know who they are and all other readers do too by the initials FPE which appear after their names in titles, pictures and letters. Here then are those who have helped so far. Will your name be on the next list?

Alice (5-H-2FPE)**
Gloria (38-A-1)**
Susanna (32-V-1)*
Gail (32-W-4)*
Susan (20-C-1)
Gettys (32-G-6FPE)
Jeanne (37-B-1FPE)
Dot (38-E-2)
Doris (32-G-4)
Tina (35-C-2)
Marianne (8-T-1)
Jeanette (5-L-1FPE)

Milly (5-L-6FPE)
Flo (20-L-1FPE)
Jan (5-L-3)
Barbara Ann (32-P-1FPE)
Evelyn (5-P-3)
Polsky (38-P-1)
Tecla (38-M-2)
Jackie (57-T-1)
Joan (5-D-6)
Reitemeir (no code yet)
Hosogi (no code yet)
Rita (no code yet)

** \$100 dollars or more.

* \$25 dollars or more.

Bobbi Goes Public

by Bobbie (32-T-3)

The old time minstrel shows always included at least one impersonation. Julian Ettinge achieved much early fame in this manner. For several years a group to which I belong did minstrel shows and so it was readily accepted that I introduce the feminine element. This I did with my rendition of "Louisville Lou" in a gay 90's outfit complete with a lovely plumed hat, feather bow, parasol and long sweeping skirt with a tricky little bustle. The next year I did "Oh You Beautiful Doll" in a lovely chiffon, gorgeous pouf-type strawberry blond wig (dressed by my TV friend Walter), another parasol and a lovely orchid satin peplum overskirt. That same year, in a 1910 motoring outfit complete with duster, broad brimmed hat and chiffon scarf, I did "Henry Made a Lady out of Lizzie". My entrance was to that old favorite "In My Merry Oldsmobile". We have a wonderful band and it's a real pleasure to work with them as they can do so much towards putting over a number.

Carmen Miranda followed, I sang "Quanta La Gusta" which was one of the original of Carmen's favorites. At the end of the number, I led a conga line with the Mexican hat dancers followed by the rest of the chorus. The group shot was taken just as we were getting the beat for the conga. In other years, "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" and my Auntie Mame and Gunsmoke Kitty impressions. This year included a repeat on "Diamonds" and another as an "Annie Oakley" (Ethel Mer- man) in "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun". In addition in my Petty Maid outfit I acted as the magician's assistant in a comic skit.

My fourth outfit, the suit with lovely red hat, was as a member of the chorus in a take off on the UN. My wife helps me a great deal with my outfits although I get a great deal of pleasure making things myself. For instance, my grey suit I made from a discarded man's (ugh!) suit. The hat started life as a lampshade but a roll of crepe paper, some scissors and glue and a few strategically placed pieces of sponge rubber transformed it into a lovely creation worthy of Mr. John.

The "Diamonds" outfit was interesting in its development. When I decided to do that number, the matter of costuming naturally came up. After a number of false starts I finally suggested "How about that black crepe formal with the fur trimmed peplum?" "Oh, you can't wear that, it's too small for me," my wife said.



"LOUISVILLE LOU"



"OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL"



"MIRANDA" and Chorus Line



"CARMEN MIRANDA"



"ANNIE OAKLEY"



"DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S
BEST FRIEND"



PETTY MAID

"Want to bet?" (knowing the answer already)", I replied? So with that I retired upstairs and in a half hour returned resplendent. The costumatation was terrific. I took off one shoulder strap and we made the tiarra from some rhinestones odds and ends and the photo tells the result.

So that brings us up to date. My characterizations are always looked forward to by the patrons. I have a good baritone voice, but a very poor falsetto, so I blast forth after an appropriate entrance and that draws a laugh adding to the fun, but not to my inward pleasures. I'd give anything to be able to sing like Jackie Lane.

The other characters are just fellows dressed as gals with very much the burlesque approach, with one exception. One of the fellows does excellent characterizations. I'm not yet sure just how much of a TV he is. I'll find out one day.

This is one way at least to lay my heart on a silver platter for the world to see and do so without embarrassment or harassment. Those who don't understand accept me for my skill, costumes and such, but with those who understand, it has given much recognition and admiration. That has been a real reward. To be identified and admired for what I am.

I commend this approach to any who can do the stage work. It's work--but oh, such great fun.

The above brief article shows what one of us has done to solve the problem of public expression. We would like articles by others who have done similar things or in other ways established themselves in the public eye in some way. By sharing these experiences with each other someone new will be given the courage and enthusiasm to break out. Such public appearances done with dignity and in the right spirit are not only beneficial to the individual involved but help break down public resistance to the idea of a man wearing feminine attire. So if you have done something in this field please share it with the rest of us. Ed.



SUIT WITH "LAMP SHADE" HAT



"KITTY FROM GUNSMOKE"



"AUNTIE MAME" KICKS UP HER HEELS

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

How we almost lost a plumber--this is a strange title for a story which has to do with transvestism. But you'll agree with me that it makes a good TV true anecdote. As you all know, there was a big get-together for Halloween at our resort. Dr. Pomeroy of the Kinsey Institute was there as well as Dr. Hugo Beigel. Both as our guests for the event. We missed Dr. Benjamin who just could not return from Europe on time to be with us. The presence of his two colleagues was indeed a novelty for most of the girls as well for the 9 wives who managed to retain their sanity as well as their sense of humor in the midst of a veritable tornado of skirts and barely covered blue shadows. Wives, I found, are a marvellous ingredient in a TV gathering. We even noticed that some wives were entering into a subconscious contest with other wives.. "my-husband-makes-a-prettier-girl-than-yours" sort of attitude which was most refreshing. There were a couple of wives who told me off-the record (never tell anything off the record to a gossip columnist! that's the first thing she'll report!) that they were sorry they hadn't been helping their hubbies regarding makeup and walking techniques, they realized it was important to prevent their being a bit awkward and looking a bit under par. One of our non-TV guests also told me off the record a most fascinating bit; "Methinks--he said-- that too many of you people protest too much when the subject of sex is brought up--you are almost desperately trying to prove the world that you are super-he-men. Guilty?"- I just nodded and promised him I would not repeat what he said. Another remark made by this same guest will perhaps paint a picture for future research into TVism; "These people's main subject of conversation is TVism--he said--and most peculiarly, they don't talk about sex at all." To the first part of his remark I managed to point out that after all, most of us do not have any opportunity to talk to ANYBODY about our most cherished dreams and, naturally, in a TV gathering, that's the time to let your hair down and talk about TVism to your heart's content. There are not very many TV's who enjoy talking about air speed, shotguns, fishing tackles and other such subjects when someone has just discovered a marvellous store where they sell four inch heels in size 14 shoe! As to his remark about our ignoring sex subjects in our conversation, I wish this would be shoved down the throats of those who are so quick to condemn TVism as a perversion or as Gail (NY) says "an abberation". The nicest reaction--as far as I am concerned--came from Gail (Connect.) She said "I'm beginning to see myself in a different light. I find that I am

becoming proud as well as being happy when dolled up." And that my wonderful friends, is what I've been trying to tell everybody for a long time. It is not enough to accept ourselves..we must reach the point in which we are proud of having this double barrelled arm to face life with. It means that we can even be a little sorry for those who just haven't found "the girl within". As you probably realized, Marie and Susanna did not have as much opportunity to socialize as much as they would have liked. The cook we had hired decided not to show up 24 hours before the weekend and that left us both stuck with all the work. And so we could only get glimpses of many wonderful friends we would have liked to get to know a little better. Gloria remarked that among the 68 TV's present (yes, that was our official figure, not counting wives and non-TV's) there were six cover girls: Anita, Annette, Lee, Fiona, Denise and Susanna. Gloria tells me she got 30 good pix including 8 candid of the crowd. Says she'll be glad to send sets in color at \$8. Anyone interested can contact me and I'll pass the word along to Gloria. But before I forget, let me tell you about the plumber we almost lost. On Sunday Oct. 28, when the crowd had already thinned out considerably, Marie received a phone call from our plumber who lives some 25 miles away. This is the way the phone conversation went. Plumber: Marie, I hope you'll forgive me but I don't think I'll be doing any work at your place anymore.-- Marie: How was that? Plumber: Just as I said: There's something mysterious going on there..I just don't like all that mystery. Marie: What are you talking about? What's this about a mystery? Plumber: Just what I said. Just what I said. Just forget about my working for you there. Sorry. Bye." And that was the end of the conversation. However, inasmuch as the plumber is a very good worker and we need him badly at our place, we decided to drop in and see him at his house on our way back to New York that very same night. We arrived at his place around midnight and proceeded to question him on this "mystery" business, although I had a pretty good idea of what it might be. At first he refused to go into details, but he finally ended up by telling us that on the previous afternoon, Saturday, he drove in his truck to talk to us. He noticed the huge number of cars parked all over the place and imagined there was some sort of a convention. He got out of his truck and proceeded to approach a couple of ladies who were coming out of the house. He wanted to ask them where he could find Marie. However, as the two ladies saw him, they both turned aside and almost ran away from him. Slightly baffled he turned to another lady who was coming towards the main house. Again this lady no sooner saw him, turned around and proceeded to walk away from him. At this point the plumber was getting peeved. So he boldly approached still another lady and asked her if she knew where the owner of the place was. The lady did not even look at him and went by as if she were

deaf. At this point the plumber said "what the---" and got back into his truck and drove away. "Now--he finished saying--what kind of a mysterious going on was that?" Naturally Marie and I professed to be very much baffled at the discourteous behaviour of those ladies but suggested that they probably belonged to a group of foreign visitors who were part of the convention and probably were not used to being approached by strangers. This pacified the plumber and I can report to you that he is happily disconnecting pipes and pumps and closing down the place for the Winter.--We must, must, must develop some sort of a technique so that we can talk at least in the contralto range. Baritone voices must go, otherwise we are going to lose plumbers by the dozen.

Among the many amusing anecdotes which took place I can report the answer given to Margie (I guess it was Margie) by the gas station man at the village when she asked him the location of the resort. (You see Margie has a tendency to getting lost.) When Marie's name was mentioned, the gas station attendant smiled and said "Oh yes, I know the place. Marie's husband is the one who is some sort of an actress."--As you see we do cause some confusion among the poor members of our society!!

At this point I must make an apology to our Chicago friends. It was my intention to have a Mistress of Ceremonies--and the one who had committed herself to the job had been rehearsing her part for about 3 or 4 weeks. She just didn't show up and up to this moment I have not even heard from her as to why she left us holding the bag. (And I don't mean by bag any of our lovely friends who so graciously consented to pitch in and help out in our predicament--as a matter of fact our MC as it turned out was terrific and I'll never be able to thank her enough). Another apology has to do with several extra numbers we had planned but did not materialize. We had thought of some comic bits to spice up the proceedings which will have to wait for another time. Our Chicago MC plus Fiona and Irene's ballet number really hit the spot. All of this proves that we must never lose sight of the fact that transvestism is not only a marvellous state of being but also a source of fun and a perfect vehicle to express good humor. Did you notice how much laughter and good natured kidding went on at all times? There were a couple of exceptions to this rule--and I must say that I felt sorry that bitter bellicosity had to be injected into such a pleasant atmosphere. TVism is not the place for fights--TVism is good natured, soft, tender, kind, pretty, friendly, wonderfully dreamy and has no place for bitterness roughness or anger. Let's leave that to our "other selves" huh? Of course I admit that muscles do come in handy. Did any of you see around 2 o'clock in the morning

of Saturday (or rather Sunday) two lovely figures in evening gowns lugging a huge metal bottle of gas from the casino all the way to bungalow number four? One of the ladies was holding a wrench in her muscular hand and the other was puffing and tugging at the metal monstrosity which contained heat for some very cold guests who had just notified me their gas supply had run out. The harsh, cold reality of that mountain night forced us to forget our femininity. Thanks Caroline for the muscular hand you gave our guests that night!

Before closing this hurriedly written account I quizzed Marie on her recollections..she still dreams of mountains of fried chicken. Of Cindy eating chicken standing by the stove, of dozens of wigs which she combed, of how her plan to set up a nice buffet table at the casino the night of the party was frustrated by the sight of the tables selected for the buffet just loaded with cameras, bulbs and photographic paper--of how blissfully happy Darlene was when she saw herself in the wig Marie lent her..how she thought she was through with breakfasts and there would still be another couple walking in who had not had theirs yet...how pretty Gloria, Anita, Gail, Karen, Jessica, Annette, Denise and Jacqueline looked..how sorry she was not to have had the time to personally help all to pretty up...and how wonderful Virginia's wife turned out to be...and how wonderful it would be if there could be a TV village where all TV's could live and work together...

As for myself, I was thankful to all who trusted Susanna's discretion and assurances that everything would be alright--although I did feel terribly embarrassed at not having enough blankets to go around. By the way, the following weekend when we went back to close the place, Marie and I had a good laugh at finding ourselves sleeping under 8 blankets!!! It was even colder then than the previous week. Anyway I feel that the main thought behind this gathering: TV unity got a good push forward. I hope that this was just the beginning of an even closer sense of "belonging together"--a funny reaction was registered among some of our NY TV's. Wonder if others experienced the same. Gail reports that 2 days after the Halloween weekend, the urge to dress became even stronger in many of our friends..she asks: could it be that the presence of Drs. Pomeroy and Beigel made dressing seem more natural and respectable? May be she's right.

And this is all for now..I'll be around in the next issue with more gossip from NY. As ever,

SUSANNA VALENTI



WILL THE REAL ADMIRAL BILGEWATER- PLEASE STAND UP!!



When Transvestia started it was just Virginia, now there must be about 20 of us boys employed here.



Beverly (32-S-13 FPE)



Eileen
(38-D-1)



It Should Happen To Us

by Tecla (38-M-2)

"Hmph! My legs have more shape to them than hers!" Private Eddie Spangler thought to himself as the WAC lieutenant swung the car onto the four-lane highway that led back to camp. Despite the military cut of her uniform, she was not unattractive to him. As a civilian, she would be quite stunning.

Eddie crossed his legs. As he did, the whish of his nylons brought a glance from her. Was that a smile that crossed her face?

"You have lovely legs, private."

Then, back to her driving.

Private Spangler blushed. It was bad enough to be picked up for masquerading as a woman while on leave from the army (he could not even dwell on the consequences), but to be arrested by a woman! This was the most embarrassing aspect of the whole terrible series of events.

He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye, then looked away. The determination on her face brought back the sound of her voice as she sat next to him in the theatre, "Private Spangler, you are under military arrest. Come with me, please." He knew there was no choice. Outside, without saying a word, she directed him to her car and in seconds, they were on their way back to camp. It was as simple as that.

But, how had she known it was he? That was what puzzled Eddie. When she offered him a cigarette, the private mustered the courage to ask her.

"It wasn't easy. You make an excellent woman," she admitted as she exhaled a cloud of smoke. "The truth of the matter is that I had no suspicions until I happened to be in the lingerie shop the day you bought that lovely white satin slip to send home 'as a gift'."

"But I've seen a lot of the fellows buying things in that shop."

"Not with the care you did, baby," she smiled.

For the second time, Eddie caught himself blushing and wondered

if it could be noticed through his makeup. He was wearing the slip in question. "I suppose they'll throw the book at me for this, eh, lieutenant?"

She looked at him sternly now. "That's up to you, private."

"How do you mean? I'm guilty; there's no question of that." As he said it, he glanced down over his nylon "Sissy Blouse" and the protrusions of the gelatin-inflated bra beneath, his new blue skirt, the shapely legs, thin-heeled shoes.

"Oh, yes. You're guilty. But, oddly enough, you DO have a choice." Now she spoke earnestly, looking straight ahead as they approached the sprawling army camp. "You may admit your guilt, stand trial and accept what will probably be a very severe punishment. On the other hand, you may join us and perhaps discover a life-long career of service to your country."

"What? Me---join the WACS?" Eddie exploded.

"I didn't say that," she continued calmly. "In the government's intelligence work, there is great need for men who can live as women. Because of their peculiar position in the scheme of things, they can accomplish a great deal. I think you can understand that - a "woman" without the problems of womanhood. We do not recruit these people; but, when we find one, we ask that they make the choice. If they decide to join, they are given all the training we feel they need in both intelligence work AND femininity. Then, an assignment for as long as they feel they want to maintain the masquerade."

Eddie's head was spinning. The car came to a halt in the camp parking lot near a cluster of isolated buildings. The WAC lieutenant smiled at him as she tapped her lipstick smeared cigarette in the ash tray, saying softly, "I've never regretted my choice."

Neither did Private Eddie Spangler.

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** *****

"No man is an island, only the girl within the man", wrote one of our readers. TRANSVESTIA is therefore like an inter-island shipping company that links all the islands together making available the products (ideas and contributions) of each for the use of the others. Like the Hawaiian Islands which, when sufficiently interrelated became important enough to become a state, so too can TVs make themselves heard when enough of them are interrelated and join their forces through the Foundation and TRANSVESTIA...Ed.

"VIRGIN VIEWS" — by VIRGINIA

A discussion of the relationship between homosexuality and femmepersonation has been in the works for a long time. It has been needed, but other things seemed to be more important and it has been put off. However it is a matter that troubles many of our readers so let us think about it a bit.

To begin with let me make it clear that what appears below is my own view. I put it forth knowing full well that many will not agree with me for one reason or another. But I also know that the discussion of the problem openly will relieve the minds of many who have pondered it. My mission is not to persuade everyone to agree with me but to present information or points of view that will help others to arrive at the best understanding of themselves, of the phenomenon (I refuse to call it a problem) of TVism and of its place in the scheme of things. I should also like to say that I am going to use the term Femmepersonation here since transvesting or cross dressing goes on in both groups and the term makes no distinction.

In the first place let us be aware of a psychological phenomenon that psychologists term "homosexual protest". This refers to persons who take every opportunity to deny that they are homosexual and in fact enter that denial when no accusation has been made and no denial is necessary. Such persons are usually suspected of latent homosexuality simply because they take such pains to deny it. Because this pattern is common enough to acquire a name in psychological terminology does not by any means imply that everyone who denies homosexuality is therefore guilty of it. We must also remember that up until recently (and still only in the thinking of a few of the more advanced psychologists and psychiatrists), femmepersonation of any type was considered a manifestation of homosexuality. Now that we are drawing together married, heterosexual men who are frequently fathers and yet who have discovered and yearn for femmepersonation we are arriving at the point where greater awareness of the true nature of femmepersonation is being forced on psychology.

Because femmepersonators have for years been thought of as being homosexual we often tend to take too antagonistic an attitude toward it. This does two things; it makes us suspect as protesting too much,

and it deprives us of our objectivity about the whole matter. What should our attitude be? I believe it should be somewhere between the, "I don't want any part of the gay world" attitude and complete fraternization. The former tends to deny that gay people are also human beings, that they can be friendly, intelligent, interesting and pleasant to be with. This is not to say that there are not some very obnoxious types in the gay world, but in case you had'nt thought of it these types are obnoxious to the better type of the homophile set too. In other words any minority has its screwball, far out characters, and this goes for femmepersonators too. However, the best should not be judged by the worst. On the other hand complete fraternization tends to blur the lines between the two forms of behaviour and to make it increasingly difficult to segregate the two in the public eye. To the extent that society does not understand either group and condemns both, we have the common problem of promoting understanding, but to the extent that the motivations and satisfactions are different we must keep the two separate in order to build up the identity of femmepersonation as a unique pattern.

A word about the primary distinction is in order at this point. But first it is necessary to distinguish between sex and gender. In common parlance they are lumped together and this makes for a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding. Sex. Is a matter of anatomy and physiology and gender is a matter of psychology and sociology. The key sex words are male and female and the key gender words are masculine and feminine. Sex is an aspect of animal life and of the animal side of human life. Gender is not animal in origin and is almost exclusively a human manifestation (with a few primitive patterns in the higher apes). Further, sex is from the belt down, gender is from the belt up.

. Since homosexuality by definition has to do with preferential sexual orientation and satisfaction, it is properly called a sexual deviation. Femmepersonation, however, in the sense I use it does not involve any variation in the biologically normal heterosexual orientation. It cannot then properly be called a sex deviation. If it must have a category at all it should be termed a gender deviation.

I realize that some do not see this as I do and point to various intermediate types. However, I maintain that the existence of intermediates does not invalidate the distinction made. Exceptions do not "prove" the rule right, they "test" its validity. (Check this with Webster).

Homosexuals primarily identify with the sexual activities of fem-

ales. They wish to receive the male as a female does. In short it is what a woman IS that they imitate. The heterosexual femmepersonator on the other hand is interested in what a woman represents. He does not wish to copy her in bed, he wishes to copy her in her social behaviour, appearance, clothing and prerogatives...in short, her gender--her femininity. Even most of those homophiles who affect femmeattire do so for the purpose of attracting a male who is willing to have male-male relations, but whose conscience and cultural training make it difficult to enjoy without the sham and rationalization of the feminine element being present. Again there is, of course, the special class of invert, not just homosexuals, but persons who feel themselves as essentially feminine in all respects and who are therefore rightfully entitled to the attentions of a man. The fact that the genital apparatus is out of harmony with the psychological orientation is unfortunate and leads society to class the invert with the regular male-male type of homophile. This type of person is now more properly considered a "transsexual".

With these factors cleared up what should the relationship be? Since both the homophile and the femmepersonator are misunderstood and not accepted by society, both groups have a common focus of action. Whatever the more highly organized homophile community does to improve their lot tends to improve ours and vice versa. Anything that removes some of the bigotry and sexual infantilism from our society benefits everyone. The homophile group is much better organized, larger, and has been at it far longer than we have. Thus where we can assist any general programs they have for breaking down prejudice and legal restrictions, we should do so. Where we can take advantage of any organizations or procedures which they have set up which can be of help to us individually or collectively, we should do so. We should establish and maintain contact with the organizational centers that are maintained by the homophile community, getting from them and giving to them such information and assistance as may be mutually helpful. All this is on the impersonal level, now what of more personal relationships?

I am a Democrat, but I fraternize with Republicans. I am a Protestant, but I have a lot of Catholic and Jewish friends. I am not a nudist but I have some friends who are. I am also not a homosexual either in performance or desire, but I have a number of very fine friends who are. In short, humanity and its good qualities should be appreciated and enjoyed when they are manifested in an individual not just when he conforms to our own particular set of beliefs or patterns of behavior. Individuals have values other than these which they can contribute to our total experience. As a Democrat I do not

automatically admire and make friends with all Democrats nor hate all Republicans. As a Protestant I do not find all fellow believers to be upstanding, worthy persons nor all Catholics and Jews to be undesirable. My point is let us judge the individual whom we meet and find to be a homosexual on the basis of his other human qualities not on whether his sex orientation is the same as ours. Isn't this what we are asking of others about ourselves? Don't we say in effect "What difference does my love of the feminine and its manifestation through clothing make to my other worthwhile human qualities?" Does it help to say in effect, "They are sex deviates." ? As indicated above, in the eyes of society we are "gender deviates". Shall the pot call the kettle black?

What I am trying to say to those of you, and there are many, who are worried about this relationship is this: One an organizational level let the groups cooperate in any way possible for the advantage of both in the fight for social recognition and acceptance. On the individual level, let us judge people on other grounds and leave their private lives to them even as we wish ours to be our own business. Some FPs worry about what they think of as guilt by association. If they go to a predominately homosexual drag ball people will see them and think they are gay. Well, I answer, so what? It's what you know about yourself that is important not what other people think. Anyone who would see you at such an affair would have to have some interest of his own that was a little off the beaten path to be there himself. If you can have an evening's freedom of social expression at such an affair why not? Is everyone that goes to an impersonator club to see the floor show immediately suspect? I think it all comes down to what I have said before, Use Wisdom, Moderation and Perspective in making your judgements and decisions and all will be well.



"Heck, George, just because you've been to Casablanca doesn't mean we can't still be roommates, does it?"



"Harry, how many times have I told you not to wear my favorite slit-skirted suit to work?"



"The trouble with you, Dick, is that you act just like a woman!"



"That was Helen. She said, 'I want you two fellows to come over right now, I'm having a Come as you are party.'"

Editorial Emanations

I. DELAYS: I expect the first thing I had better mention this month is the delay most of you experienced in getting your orders filled. As many of you know both Joyce and I were away, she for two weeks and I for about 10 days. I could not begin to do all her work as well as my own while she was gone so I merely took care of the emergencies, forwarded Contact mail and tried to get my own work done. As a result when she returned she had about two weeks accumulation of shipments to record and to make. Naturally while she was catching up on these the daily mail kept on coming in. So that is why so many of you deluged us with what we have come to call, "Where the hell is it", mail. Most of you are too ladylike to use such language, but once in awhile one comes through in about that vein. Well, anyway we are sorry, but we couldnt keep our noses to the grindstone all the time especially with the Resort Gathering to go to. This backlog has, of course, slowed up the Nov. 15 Mirror and prevented catching up on this TVia, though it won't be as late getting to you as was #17. So bear with us, we work hard and do the best that we can, but there is an awful lot more to this than meets the eye.

II. IN ANTICIPATION: As you know postal rates are due to go up the first of the year. For us they have been climbing steadily. Remember when the magazine used to go out for 16¢? I do. Now it is 28. With the new rates at the same weight it would be 35¢ which is just too much. So early next year we will switch over to printing on a larger press which will require the page size to be altered. Since it will be somewhat smaller we will increase the number of pages to 92 or 96 depending on what weight will stay inside of 5 oz. Our method of operation is to get material typed in advance as it comes in and then to "assemble" the greater part of the magazine from this pretyped material. As a result there is quite a bit of material on hand already typed in the larger page size and also on 2 or 3 different machines. This will have to be used up in Nos. 18, 19, and 20 before we can change over. For this reason the variety of material in these 3 issues may not be distributed the way we normally would, but it is the best that we can do at the moment.

So bear with us in this adjustment period.

III. NEW MATERIAL: Some of you may feel discouraged that material submitted does not appear in the next issue after you send it in. Please don't be. I have to allot the pages according to subject and length, so the right combination may not come about for 6 or 8 months. A number of stories that have been sent in and typed on the current size basis cannot be used in TVia itself prior to the switchover in size, so they will probably be printed in a book of short stories. Announcement will be made about this later. However this is an appeal for more material for use in the new sized mag. It has to be typed in advance so send it in anytime. Particularly I'd like to encourage the poetesses among us. We have had very little appropriate poetry come in, so how about it? Also any small half page articles, stories, jokes that are appropriate etc. are welcome, as finishing up the last half of the last page of a story that stops in the middle of a page is something of a nuisance, so lend a hand.

IV. FILM DEVELOPING: One of our girls is a pretty good photographer and has her own darkroom. She has offered to help solve a problem that comes up every now and then. Some of you take shots and are then reluctant to send them to a local developer for fear of identification. So now if you will send your roll of film to Chevalier with \$2 I will have her develop and make one print of each for you and return it. This will give you more freedom in your shooting, but please--no shots that could be termed obscene etc. This is a well intended service, not a circumvention of the P.O.

V. RESPONSE: I should like to thank the few of you who did as I suggested in #17 and wrote to the good judge in Chicago and the bad judge in Texas. Too bad more of you aren't given to taking some sort of active role in such matters.

V. OBITUARY: In the rush of getting #17 out I neglected to pass on the sad news of the passing of two more of our girls. One was Barbara of England who gave us the interesting story "60 Years a TV" in #16. Her story was in itself her best credit line. She had lived her life fully and enjoyed her feminine personality up to the end. A few weeks later there passed another that some of you knew, namely Jim Davidson--Ellen Robbins. Ellen was not a subscriber at the time of death as she had been having a rough go

of it financially, yet she was with us in spirit as her letters indicated. She died at the age of 64 and those years had seen Ellen do about everything a woman can do outside of being a mother. We hope that these two souls having experienced life broadly (no pun intended) here on earth will be well received on the other side.

VI. **GENEROSITY:** This is a fine quality but it is sometimes used in unhelpful ways. I surely have no objection to loaning copies of TVia to those whose financial circumstances preclude their subscription---nobody should be denied the opportunity--but it seems rather unfair to the whole idea when some who are quite able to carry their share of the load don't do so. I don't say this out of selfish financial considerations. I think I am safe in asserting that I do my share. However, it seems to me that loaning copies to those who can well afford to support the efforts of this magazine themselves is not helping. The more we are in number the better we can be in quality and the louder the voice with which we speak. Naturally I would like to see the size of our readership increase so that when I am asked, "How many subscribers do you have" I could name a large and impressive number. So how about you free loaders carrying some of the load, financially, numerically and otherwise?

VII **ADS FROM NON-SUBSCRIBERS:** We have had Ads sent in by persons not on the subscription list. These have been refused. We feel that those unwilling to support should not be entitled to the benefits of the magazine. Moreover, lack of support may be indicative that the advertiser is not a good security risk, perhaps not even a TV at all. Thus in the interests of all the ad is not accepted.

VIII. **DO ME A FAVOR, PLEASE?** There are various types of services and offers of help that many of you have made from time to time. I try to note these down, but when they are made in letters that have ads or orders in them the letter usually gets routed another way. So I have a request. Would those of you who can and will contribute in various ways take a 3 x 5 file card (or piece of paper that size) and put your femmename and code number in the upper righthand corner. Then state what you can and will do. I'm particularly interested in those of you who are artists and can do illustrations for stories or other types of art work; translators from foreign languages into english; typists; those who are M.D.s or attorneys able and willing to help sisters in need; and any other talents that can be put to good use. Please list these things and then I can set up a card file for this sort of thing. It would help a lot.



=====
39-F-1 Like to meet other FPs in Boston area and to correspond
with others in New England E.F.
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32-S-13 FPE Married, 31, would like to corres. or meet other FPs
or persons intrsted in subject partic West. N.Y. Beverly
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30-M-2 Like to meet others in NYC or New Jersey area, particular-
ly those with understanding wives. Nancy
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5-B-15 Married FP, 31 yrs. Travels all of No. Calif. Like to
meet other FPs in area. All corres. answered Earlene
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30-B-2 FPE and AA member wishes corres. with any alcoholic FPs
regardless of area or state of sobriety Sheila
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9-K-1 FPE Enthusiastic FP in Florida wishes contact with other
members in area. Wishes form local FPE chap. Mary Kay
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VIRGINIA SPEAKING----I have two blond wigs given me to sell. One of them is almost new and would be a \$200-225 piece if new. The other is older and more used, but is still very wearable. It is human hair and ventilated--would have been in the same price range originally. FPs are always worrying about the cost of a good hair piece, so here is your chance. The better one goes for \$125 and the older one for \$75 to the first taker. Money back if piece is not satisfactory and is returned within a week. Write me at Chevalier Publications Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, California

TRANSVESTIA is published about the 1st of even-numbered months at \$4 per copy. ALL back issues are available. Nos. 1 and 2 are in 1/4 page photoreduction at reduced prices. All others \$4 each.

TV "CLIPSHEET" is published the 1st of each odd-numbered month and consists of reproductions of newspaper and magazine clippings both old and new sent in by readers. Its purpose is to provide material for scrap books that might not otherwise be available. Price \$1 an issue or \$5 per year of 6 issues.

The FEMMEMIRROR is published monthly on the 15th and consists principally of excerpts from letters, suggestions, discussion of questions of interest, news notes etc. It is a newsletter for FemmePersonators. Price \$1 an issue or \$10 per year of 12 issues.

NOTE:: As an inducement to save a lot of record keeping, those who wish a full year of each of the 3 publications above and will pay for them all at once will receive one issue of TVia free. Price of 6 TVias, 6 Clipsheets and 12 Femmemirrors--\$35. Save \$7 over regular price. This offer applies only for 1 year IN ADVANCE. Back issues of TVia available any 6 for the price of 5 when ordered at one time (6 must not include #s 1, 2 or current issue) \$20.00

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TRANSVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Case histories, true experiences, fictional stories, articles of opinion, poems and pictures are welcome. The greater variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited on this basis:

1. Material is offered for publication without compensation and for the benefit of all.
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off color material will not be published and therefore should not be submitted.

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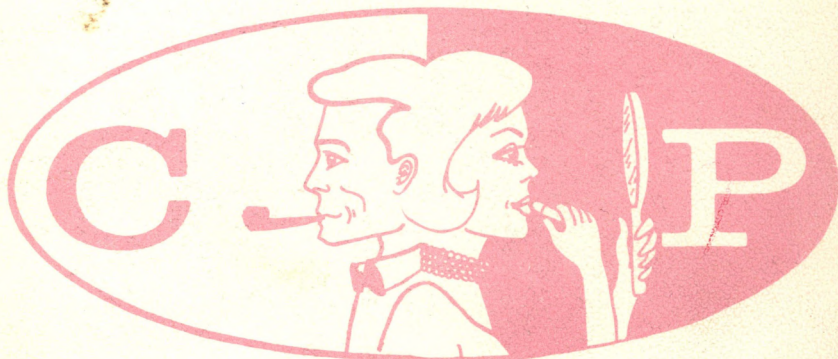
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