

SC. 1510

HQ17

T73

Transvestia



FICTION

- A War Story (Continued)
- Dear Joe! Drop Dead
- Show Girl
- Man Sees What He Wants To See

PICTURES

44 Pages of Them

Volume XII No. 69

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

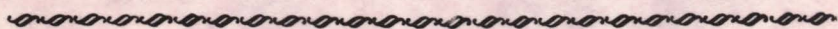
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

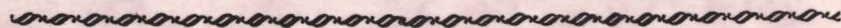


THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

PICTURE — FICTION ISSUE

Although there were not as many pictures available for this issue as had been hoped, there are quite a few. Several girls didn't put their names or codes on the back so that proper name credit could be given them and some are just readers of TVia who have not joined either CONTACT or FPE and so have no code numbers assigned. They are identified only by states.

As promised in the previous issue all other features generally printed in TVia have been omitted from this one, even including the price list usually found in the back, to make as much room for pictures and fiction as possible. In TVia No. 70 we will revert back to our usual format. But as indicated previously I would appreciate more personal experiences, helpful articles and interesting histories to round out the content. Fiction far outweighs other categories in the material submitted.

If all goes well you should be receiving this issue sometime in June and if I am able to prepare another before leaving on my summer trip it will probably appear in August. However, I will not be able to go to work on number 71 until I return the end of Sept. and it usually takes about 5-6 weeks for the typographer, printer and bindery to do their respective jobs. Thus there will be a somewhat longer than usual spread between No. 70 and No. 71 which I hope you will understand. May I suggest that you fill in this vacuum in your FP reading by ordering some of the remaining back numbers which have a lot of very good material in them.

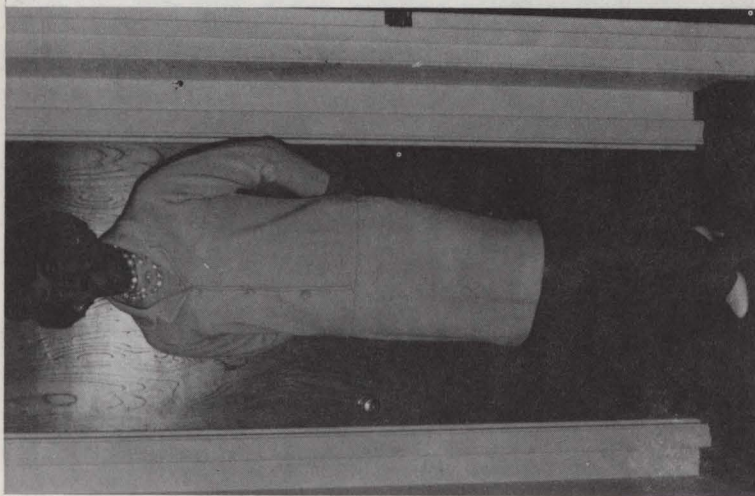
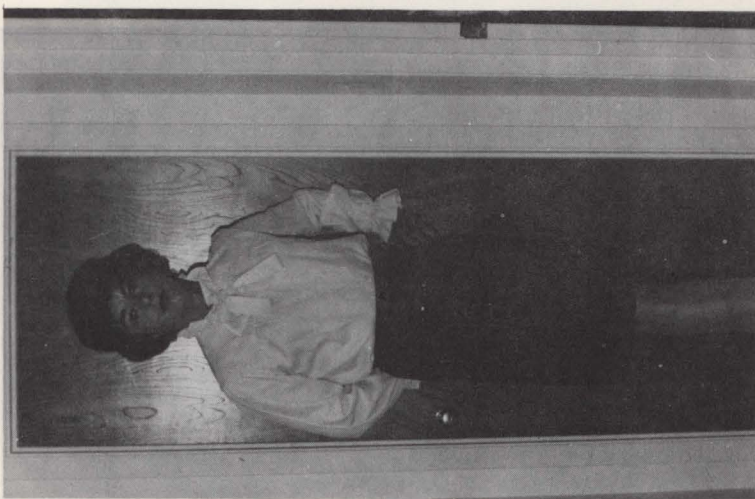
Finally, the book HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE is being printed simultaneously with this issue and should be available about the same time. It puts a serious double financial burden on me, however, so I will appreciate advanced orders for it. I'm sure you will find it worthwhile. It will probably be about 150-175 pages long and covers all aspects of FPing, clothing, cosmetics, wigs, jewelry, body alterations, public conduct, behavior patterns, legal problems and change of status — both sexually and genderally.

Thanks,

Your Editor
Virginia



Teresa 22-C-5 FPE



Colleen — 5-F-9 FPE



Pam — 33-B-5 FPE

Trans 22-C-8 FPE

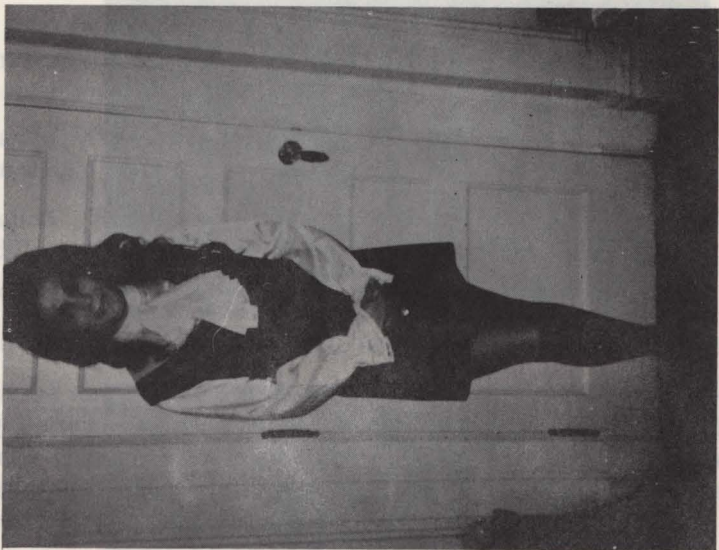




Maryann — 35-J-1 FPE



397 Anne — 13-B-8



Wendy — 20-R-3 FPE



Beverly — 5-C-12 FPE

A WAR STORY

(Continued from *Transvestia* No. 68)

"Why can't I wonder?" I protested. "It'll give me something to dream about tonite?"

"I can tell you this, whatever I got for you is as soft and lovely as can be. You should know that by now."

I smiled, "Thank you, Jean. You've made me so happy . . . and wanted!"

"Well, I'm pretty pleased with my sister, too!"

With thoughts like these, I went to bed, happy and secure.

With the sun, I was up, even before Jean came in, washed and wearing my lipstick. I brushed my own hair softly down on my forehead, on a sudden inspiration, I pinned a pink bow above my ear. I had a matching pink nightgown on, and I slipped into a ruffly peignoir of the same color. Just then Jean came in.

"Well, good morning, sunshine."

"Good morning Jean!"

"I see you're already to go somewhere! Or did you get all dolled up just to see the doctor?"

"Doctor?"

"Yes, he's on his way in to see if you are fit to leave. That is if you'd like to go somewhere," she added, grinning.

"Stop teasing me! Did you bring me some clothes?"

"Why, do you want to sneak off somewhere?" she said, innocently.

We were interrupted at this point by the Japanese doctor who came in to examine me. After prodding, tapping and looking, he pronounced me fit to leave, provided I was careful to rest and stay off my feet as much as possible. I would be given a prescription for medication and could leave whenever we were ready.

As soon as the doctor left, I looked over at Jean with anticipation. She just sat there smiling.

"Well?"

"Well, what, that's a deep subject?" she said innocently.

"Miss Fleagle, will you please stop teasing me, and help."

"Oh, that," she said casually, "you certainly are in a hurry to get harnessed up."

I was almost in tears of frustration by now. She got up slowly and moved toward her room. With incredible slowness she smiled and went through the door, in a moment she came back with her arms full of boxes.

"Take off your gown set, Brenda, and lets get started, if you're so impatient."

Before she finished her sentence the nightgown and peignoir were lying at my feet in a pile of pink froth.

"Let's shave your legs and underarms again before we dress you," she suggested.

Once again the razor glided over my limbs, leaving the smooth wake of soft skin. After the session, powder was applied. Then, Jean opened the first box. She pulled a pair of pink panties trimmed in lace out, and held them up for my inspection. Wordlessly I stepped over, took them from her hand, and stepped into them. Waves of pleasure filled me as I moved them up my hips. As they settled in the proper place, the clinging material adhered perfect to my new shape. I smiled a secret knowing smile and watched her open the second box. It was a beautiful bra, with a tiny pink bow between the cups, I held out my arms, and Jean slipped the straps on my shoulders. My breasts fitted into the cups perfectly, and she stepped around behind and hooked me into the wonderful harness of my now visible femininity. A slight adjustment and, it was over.

"How does that feel?" she wanted to know.

"Comfortable . . . perfect . . . wonderful." I said with my voice filled with emotion.

"Good, you look just radiant, Brenda, let's try on your garter belt and nylons."

The belt was hooked, and I sat down as the sheer nylons were started on their journey to my thigh. A short wonderful journey of complete sensual pleasure. I was practically in unexplained ecstasy by the time they were hooked to the waiting garters.

"Now kick off those horrid hospital slippers Brenda," Jean said. If a girl is going to put her best foot forward into a new life she'd better have a shoe on it." So saying she reached for another box waiting on the couch and began to open it. "High heels are for later on when you are stronger and more adjusted to life. For the moment I got you a pair of low heeled pumps that will go with your outfit but won't be difficult to wlk in."

She picked a pair of pretty blue calf pumps with heels about 1½ inches high and with a pretty silver buckle on the toe. I sat down and slipped them on. They felt so light and soft. I stood up and walked a -few steps.

"These are sure lighter and more comfortable than marine combat boots I said reminiscently.

"Yes they are," Jean agreed, "but you must put such thoughts and memories completely out of your mind. You are Brenda Marie now and you don't know what its like to wear Marine boots.

A slip, gossamer light, was next reaching to a mini length and giving my legs a wonderful coolness. Next was to come the main course.

Jean hesitated and smiled before opening the three remaining boxes.

"Do you want to close your eyes or something, Brenda?"

"No, I want to see and appreciate every detail."

"I'll warn you, this is about the most feminine blouse on the market today, if you still have hesitations about dresses and all that "crap" this isn't for you."

"Oh, yes it is! Hurry up and stop keeping your sister in suspense."

"Well don't say I didn't warn you. This is bound to turn you into a frilly, frilly girl."

"Hurry please!" I begged all in a dither to complete my new "self."

Teasingly she peeked into the box and then lifted out a light pink blouse. I saw that the entire bodice was covered with frills and intertwined with light pink, velvet bows. The sleeves were plain, and full and ended in french cuffs. The collar was rounded in a Peter Pan style. The material was nylon and rayon and it felt cool as I pulled my sleeves on. My breasts were rising perceptively, lifted by the shapely bra, and my deep breathing. The lacy blouse was buttoned over them and the frills were pressed softly outward by my bust to completely accentuate the beauty of the styling.

The next step was the skirt. It was a navy blue A-line, buttoned in the back, and reaching to about an inch above the knee. It was fully lined, and felt swishy and kinky as I walked about the room enjoying the freedom and at the same time the restraint of the garment. I was still quite excited, and Jean was smiling happily, too.

"One more thing. It's quite chilly outside, especially with you just recovering, and since you haven't finished the sweater you are knitting yet, I had to pick one up for you."

She opened the last box and pulled out the softest sweater that I had ever seen. It was an angora, navy blue cardigan, with white mother of pearl buttons. I touched it as she was holding it, then took it and hugged it to my breast.

"Its beautiful, Jean! It's like . . . like a cloud, so soft! I don't think I've ever touched anything this soft in my life!"

"Go ahead, Brenda, put it on. I think you'll find it's as warm as it is soft."

I slipped my pink bloused arms into the sleeves and arranged the buttons in a neat row over my left breast. The other side was adjusted by Jean, who suddenly leaned over and gave me a kiss on the nose.

Grinning, she stepped back and said, "Brenda, you look absolutely lovely. You're soft, radiant, and happy!"

We came together at the same time and hugged each other. We stayed like that for almost a minute, then Jean pulled away.

"Let's get finished, and take you HOME!" I'll do the painting job, and get your things together, but first I have a little gift for you."

She pulled out a small gift wrapped package, and handed it to me. I opened it quickly, pulled back the cotton and lifted the two plain silver bands out of the box. Quietly I slipped them over my right wrist. They rested loosely, and the navy blue of the sweater made them shine brightly and clearly. I leaned over and kissed Jean, on the cheek.

"Thank you, so much!" This means more to me than any present that anyone has ever given me!"

"I'm glad you like them, they're just to say thank you for wanting to be my sister! Now, how about some nice blue eye shadow."

Quickly, I was painted properly, and perfume was applied to my wrist, neck, and short hair. I took one last look in the mirror, wondering again at the lovely, soft girl that was reflected there, smiled and went over to pick up the blue leather purse that Jean had prepared for me. Our luggage was to be taken down by the hospital staff, and we hurried downstairs to meet it and the waiting taxi.

One more surprise awaited me at the door. Dr. Yasota and the hospital staff were gathered at the clinic entrance, as we approached. The doctor came forward and took my hand.

"We all came to see our lovely Brenda, set off on her wonderful journey. Of course you'll have to stop by now and then for a while for a checkup, but I think that we have definitely succeeded in giving you the wonderful gift of life back again. And I must say, perhaps a little conceited, that you are the loveliest girl who has ever left here. Or one of the loveliest," he said, smiling at Jean.

Then the head nurse stepped forward and put a beautiful bouquet of pink roses in my arms. I sniffed their perfume and smiled. I was too choked up to say anything.

We walked out to the waiting taxi, and the Doctor helped me in. I waved goodbye to all of the staff, and then reached up and kissed the Doctor on the cheek, saying softly

"Thank you . . . again. I tried to fight you, I guess, but goodness won out. I don't have any more regrets, about anything. With friends like you and a new sister . . . Jean, what more could a girl want?"

"You have a lot more ahead to learn, Brenda . . ."

I interrupted, "Yes, but I can hardly wait to learn, its going to be nothing but fun!"

"With that attitude, you'll surely succeed. Maybe, I'll be coming to your wedding some day! Who knows."

"I smiled at that thought, but then, who could predict the future, especially after the events of the last weeks! "Maybe, who knows!"

With that, the taxi pulled away, and I waved at the receding figures, turning my head I looked through the windshield, toward the future. Jean reached over and squeezed my hand, I returned the pressure, and smiled at her. Together, we would face the future, and whatever adventures it would bring. I couldn't predict much but I knew that the next couple of weeks were going to reveal some real changes!

CHAPTER SIX

The apartment was airy, and painted in light shades. There was a balcony overlooking the bay, and the furniture and appointments reflected Jean's love for beauty. My room was done in light blue, with a double bed and taffeta spread. Jean had already put make-up on the dressing table for me and a few skirts and dresses were hanging in the closets. The drawers revealed undies and some folded sweaters. After looking around the whole place that was to be my new home, I begged tiredness and went to take a nap.

About six, I woke up to the sounds of Jean in the kitchen preparing some dinner for us. I got up, slipped on my bra, and put on a pair of white bermudas that I found in the drawer, slipping my feet into sandals, I was chilled, and pulled on the blue angora sweater. It was even softer without the blouse and I enjoyed slowly buttoning it. Adding a touch of color to my face, I bounced off to the kitchen.

"You certainly look wide awake, Brenda."

"Umm, it was a nice rest, that bed is just fine. Can I help you with something?"

"Yes, why don't you set the table, the foods about done. I was just about to call you."

We enjoyed the dinner in the dinette, and afterwards over a cup of coffee I brought up the subject of my education.

"For a while, I think that its best if you just read and rest. You can walk in the garden, sew, knit and just become familiar with the place and more relaxed. I know you are excited, but you haven't acquired the inner grace of a girl, yet. You have to become sure and confident of yourself, so that you can walk, and sit, without each motion being pronounced. I'll help you with this and give you some ballet exercises that you can do. I do them every day, just to keep my tummy firm and in shape. Mostly just concentrate on being you, and develop your personality. There is a good selection of clothes in your room, and if you want to borrow anything of mine, go right ahead. The most important thing is for you to do it yourself."

That set the pattern for the next few weeks. I read all the fashion magazines, trying to learn styles and matching colors, I set up a schedule of exercises, and walking. I cooked every other meal, and experimented with new recipes. In the evening, Jean and I worked on a sleeveless shift in silk print for me. She helped me with the pattern and gave advice, but I did all of the sewing, and adjustment. In the end, I finished it by myself, not allowing her to look, and modeled it at dinner, wearing the pink mohair sweater that I had finished, with it.

"That looks just fine, Brenda. But one thing, its just too pretty to wear around the house. When was the last time you were out?"

"When we went to the movies, last week."

"Lets get out tonite and show that dress off!"

"Where?"

"Over at the hospital "O" club! Can't tell how a dress really looks till you see how the guys appreciate it."

"Jean, I . . . I can't go there."

"Why not? Are you still thinking you're really not a girl?"

"No, it's not that, it's just that I don't know how I would act around a man, supposing he asked me to dance or something?"

"So what, you know how to dance."

"But, with a man?"

"Its as good a time as any to learn. Or do you intend to be a recluse all of your life?"

"I just never thought, that . . ." I stammed in confusion.

"That what? That you could be a woman just by wearing soft clothes, or that you and I were going to grow into old maids together. Unh, unh Brenda, there's just too much fun in life to miss any of it. If you want to wait, O.K. But I think I'd like to go over and have a drink anyway and see some people. I'll be home by twelve."

"Wait Jean . . . I'll go with you."

"Alright, that's the attitude! Wait while I change."

She hurried into the bedroom, when I thought of something.

"Jean, I can't go."

"Will you make up your mind Brenda! I'm not going to play silly games with your inhibitions all night."

"Its not that, Jean, its my hair, its a mess and shapeless, nobody would even want to talk to me, let alone dance with me."

"Got your problem solved, girl, in a jiffy."

"What?"

"The working girls best friend, a nice long fall! Sit down and let's see what we can do."

I sat down and Jean pinned the back of my hair up. Then she pinned on the light brown fall. Leaving it in a soft flip on my shoulders. With the added length, I felt much better and gave her a hurry up smile.

"Happy now?"

"Yes Jean, I feel a lot prettier!"

"You could feel just as pretty with your own hair. Its really long enough, we're going to have to do something about it sooner or later."

We gathered our purses, and scarves and set off for the club. By the time we arrived the lounge was about half full, and the band was playing. Jean lead the way to a table on the side, and we ordered a drink. Almost immediately the inevitable happened, and when I lifted my head to look around, a tall smiling man of about thirty was standing beside my chair. I looked over toward Jean, just in time to see her leaving for the dance floor on the arm of an equally good looking man. I was all alone, and trapped!

"Hell-o, can I have this dance with you?"

"Well . . . um . . . no I don't think so, I'm a little tired."

"Oh, mind if I just sit here and talk?"

Before I could object or justify an excuse, he was seated.

"I'm Bill Connors, I don't think I've seen you around here before."

"No, I've just . . . just gotten to Japan, to visit."

"What's your name?"

"Brenda Stevens."

"Miss or Mrs?"

"Miss, of course, or I wouldn't have let you sit down at all," I replied.

"That sounds like an invitation," he came back with a smile.

"Mr. Connors, I don't know what you mean, but if you are being suggestive, I suggest to you that you do it somewhere else!"

"I'm sorry, Brenda, you must have misunderstood me. It's just that a doctor here, doesn't get to meet girls as pretty as you every day. I'd

just like to know you better, besides if I leave, the rest of the woman hungry bar is ready to leap into that seat."

I glanced over at the bar and noticed that several of the men were indeed looking my way! I must have come on a lot stronger than I thought. Just then, the band started on a slow dance tune, and I said, "Alright Bill, I'll make it even by taking you up on that dance invitation now."

He stood up and took my arm. I was fairly tall, even in flats, but I only came up to his nose. We walked onto the floor and he pulled me close. Before I could think of what I was doing, he had skilfully led me out among the dancers, and even stranger, I was enjoying the pressure on my waist. I pressed my forehead against his cheek and just enjoyed the dance. About that time, Jean whirled by and gave me a large wink and a smile!

"After the music stopped, Bill led me back to the table where Jean and her new found friend were sitting. After introductions all around, we just enjoyed ourselves, having a few drinks, and dancing, closer and closer. On the last time around, Bill's fingers caressed my shoulders and his lips brushed my hair.

"May I take you home?"

"I came with Jean, I'm afraid."

"I brought Joe, he can ride with Jean, and we'll meet at your place later for coffee."

"I'll check with Jean."

Asking her, I found that Joe had already approached her with the idea.

"Would you mind, Brenda?"

"No, not at all, sounds like fun."

"O.K. see you at home, don't be late," she said giving me a grin.

I put my sweater on and Bill escorted me to his car.

"You say that you're new in Tokyo?" he asked.

"Yes, I haven't seen too much of it."

"Let's take a ride then and I'll show you some of the sights."

We wound on down the road, and soon began to climb into the foothills around the city, I was sitting in the middle of the front seat, but he had not made any attempts to get intimate. Suddenly we stopped on a promontory overlooking Tokyo harbor. He got out of the car, and came around to open my door. I got out and we walked to the point. From there we could see the lights twinkling, below. Neither of us said a word, but it became a little more chill, and I gave an involuntary shiver and pulled my sweater tighter. Bill reached across and put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close to him. I could feel his closeness, and the breath against my ear. He kissed my ear lightly and whispered, "Brenda."

I turned to face him, and was incredibly close to his handsome face, I closed my eyes, and suddenly I could feel his lips on mine and his hands holding me tighter. The kiss lasted forever. Slowly I put my hand on the back of his neck and held him tightly. I opened my lips slightly and our tongues touched for an instant.

"Brenda, when can I see you again?"

"Whenever you want to, Bill."

"I have to work tomorrow night, but how about Friday?"

"Fine, what time?"

"About seven-thirty, for dinner and a movie."

"Sounds wonderful . . ."

"Not as wonderful as you," he said kissing me quickly again.

"One thing, Bill, would you still like me if I didn't have long hair?"

"Why, are you planning on having yours cut off?"

"No, this isn't all mine, but I'll wear the fall, if you want me to."

"I'll be happy with you no matter what you look like, just so your hair is soft and I can bury my face in it, and kiss you."

"It will be, Bill, but fairly short."

"Good, I like short hair, too!"

We got back into the car and I snuggled up next to him. He fondled my shoulder, while driving, and we shared quick kisses at the stop lights. As we pulled up to the apartment house, Joe and Jean were saying goodnight on the steps. We walked up and said our collective good nights. Joe reached over and kissed Jean lightly and then I caught her watching me for my reaction. I just leaned over and let Bill give me a nice long goodnight kiss. I smiled and said goodnight. Then Jean and I walked back to our apartment.

"What happened to you, Miss Wallflower — I — Don't — Want — to Go!" she teased.

"I'll never tell! But I have a dinner date Friday night, and I've just absolutely got to do something about my hair!"

Jean laughed and opened the door. "Suppose us girls have a cup of coffee and compare notes on two young doctors!"

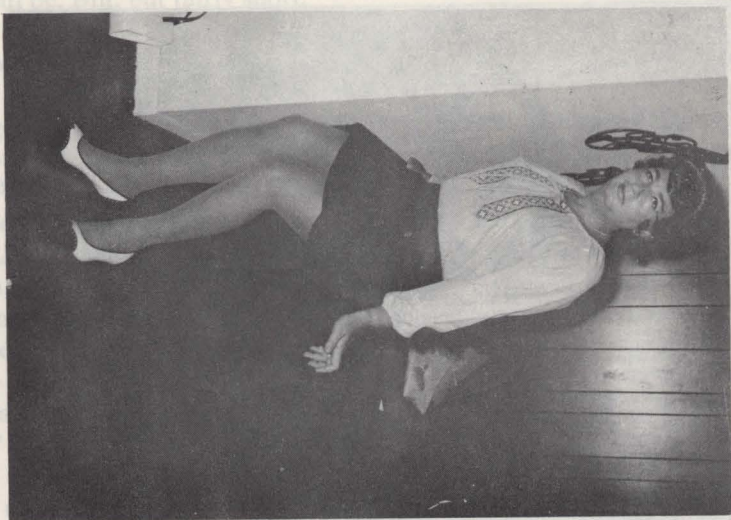
(Continued on Page 32)

PEANUTS





Joy — 36-H-1 FPE
Maureen — 6-4-1 FPE



Stella — 9-L-4 FPE





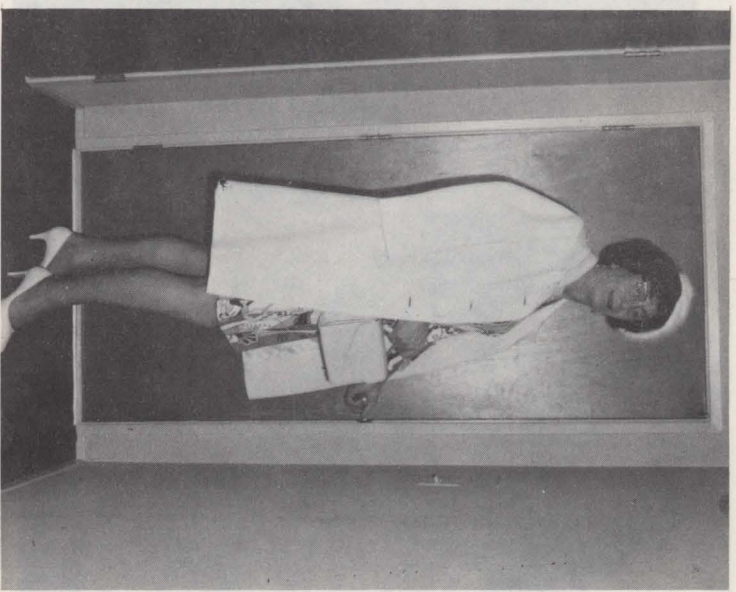
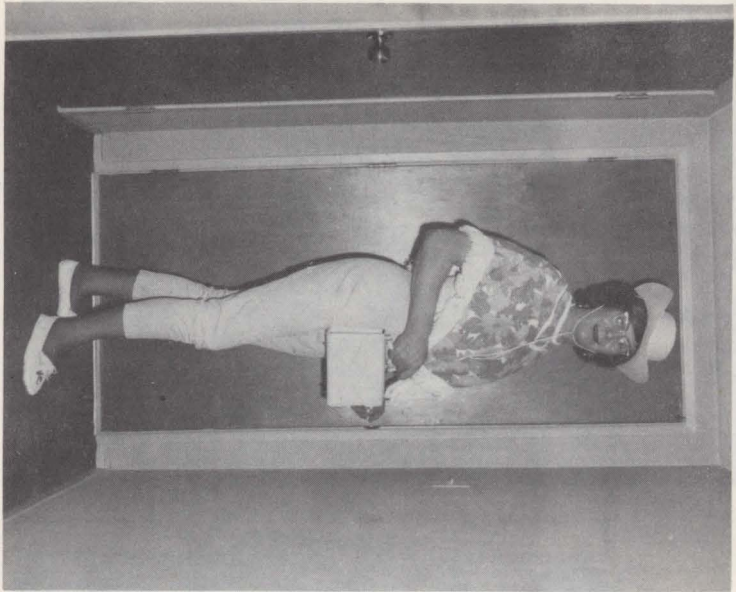
Maureen — 6-J-1 FPE



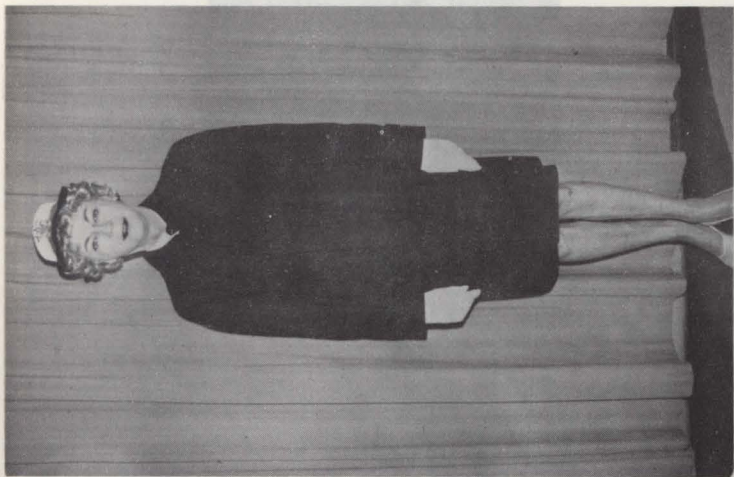
Bobbie — 32-T-3 FPE

On stage in dramatic productions

Maureen — 6-J-1 FPE — ungrateful



Marylynn — 50-M-1 FPE



As a "WAVE"



As a singer.

Bobbie — 32-T-3 FPE

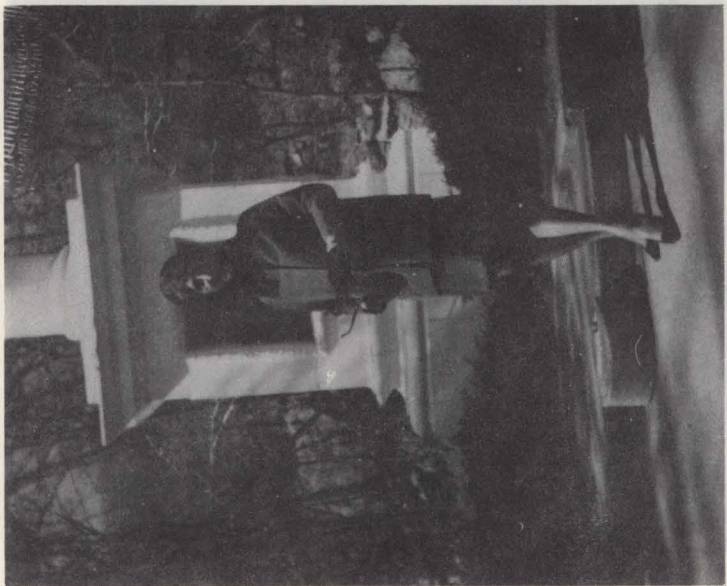
On stage in dramatic productions



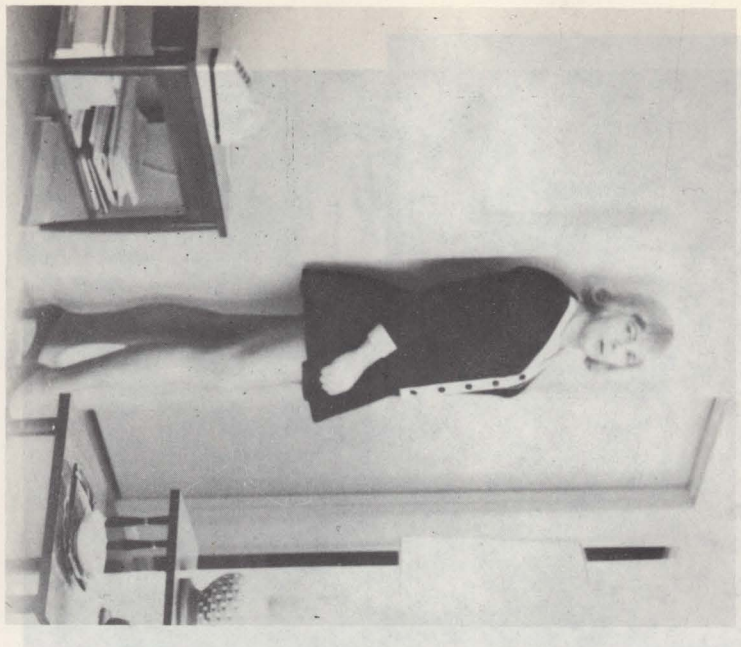
Page 1-1-35 — Boppe

Page Drew 5-S-27 FPE

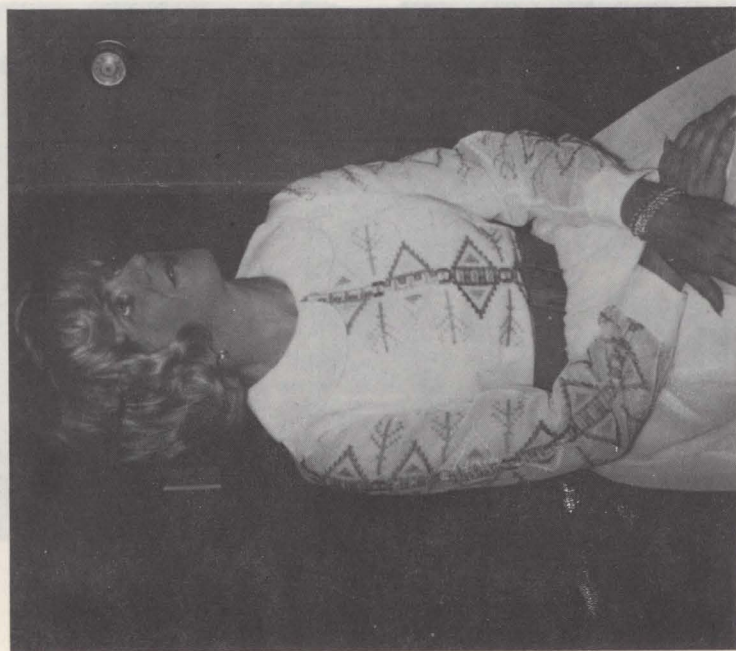
Page Marylyn — 5-M-1-FPE



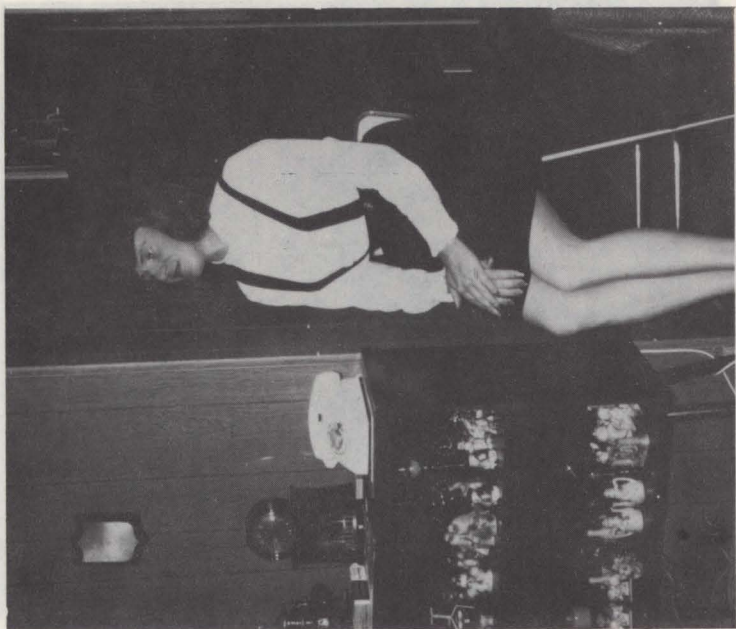
Carla — 13-H-3 FPE



Denise — 11-L-1 FPE



In sports



In the arts

Managers of the year
Frances — 13-F-8 FPE



Janet - Wisconsin





In the arts

Marge — 24-H-1 FPE



In sports



"DEAR JOE — DROP DEAD"

Jeri 49-K-3 FPE

September, 1958

Dear Joe,

You probably never expected to hear from me, but anyway I thought I'd drop you a line. You were the only one I ever got to know very well at college, everybody else just left me alone or ignored me. I know I sound like I'm complaining, but honest Joe, I get pretty lonesome sometimes.

I finally got a good job, I guess. As an accountant—so for the first time, maybe I can get some money. Boy, will that ever be a change! After going through school on the seventy-five cents an hour I used to get for washing dishes at the Greek's, a hundred a week looks pretty good, huh? The first thing I'm going to do is get a car—and maybe start dating regular. I think that's what used to get me the most, Joe—everybody thinking there was some reason I never dated. I never could afford it, Joe—that's why all those things Ed and the guys used to say bothered me so much. I'll always thank you for defending me—even though I should have done it myself.

Well, anyway I got a job now and after I get my car, maybe I can run up some weekend and we can talk old times over. Both of them. Say—you wouldn't be willing to send me a page out of your address book would you? That's a joke, but seriously, Joe, how do you get to meet girls—I never had any practice. Well, so long—wish me luck.

Jack

December, 1958

Dear Joe,

Thanks for the letter. Never thought you'd answer, but I'm glad you did. No—the job isn't very interesting, but it was really the only one I could get there. I'm keeping my ears open—if you hear of something good, let me know.

To be honest, though, I haven't had much luck with the chicks. I went down to the Museum a few times—took one of those night art courses, but either everybody is married or they won't even look at you. Anyway, I still haven't got my car, so that may hold me up. I don't need one to get to work, so I thought I'd do better to pay off my school loan. I did buy a hi-fi, though. A good one, too.

Well, that's all from here, so far, —oh, yeah, I thought maybe I'd do a little extra work, nights. If I can get maybe four or five part-time clients, then I should be able to pick up a few bucks—right—and then, oh, boy. Well—see you.

Jack

May, 1959

Dear Joe,

Too bad about getting drafted. Oh, well, I can sleep better, knowing you're out there defending me. Seriously, though, I sort of envy you. I got my papers in January, but I didn't pass the physical. I was sort of hoping I'd get to go in—yeah, I know, I got rocks in my head (maybe that's why they rejected me—they figured anybody who wanted to go in was nuts!). But really, I thought it might do me some good—sort of a shock treatment, but anyway I thought maybe I'd gain a little in—well, self-confidence, I guess.

Old Crummy down at the office has been riding me again. Hell—I do all his work as it is, and the old goat wouldn't even give me a raise. You know, Joe—I'm not a paranoid—people really do pick on me! Well, sometimes, it sure looks like it. I felt like telling him where to stick it but I didn't—as usual.

Still no car. I'd kinda like to wait now and buy a sports car—bet the chicks would go for that, Huh? I suppose you're making out all right, though, right? You old dog, you.

I managed to pick up two clients last month—a dry cleaner and a liquor store. Well, at least I can say my cleaning bill went down. That's something.

Otherwise everything is the same. Oh — I went up and took dancing lessons, and met a few girls, but they all either weigh about twice what I do—or they have bad skin or something—I guess only the dogs bother to go to those places. Well, Rover has to go bury some bones himself right now—so—as you were, Joe.

Jack

September, 1959

Dear Joe,

Or should I say “Dear Sir.” Congratulations on making OCS. Just think—now you can be a gentleman—although it takes an act of Congress to do it. I must say I envy you. And I pity the female population when they let you loose with those shiny gold bars—hey-hey!

Of course, you probably looked at the photo already—yep, that's me alright, sitting in the big hairy Mercedes. Well, it's not my car, unfortunately, it belongs to Clair — Clair Benson, one of my clients. She's an interior decorator — and I can tell you, Joe, she makes a pile of it. I took her on last month and she's a real pleasure to work for, Joe. In fact, we went on a picnic together a couple times. That's when she took the picture.

Things are about the same at work. I finally got a raise—a lousy five dollars a week. Oh, well, with my extra work, it's starting to mount up — boy! If I had a few more clients like Clair, things would be O.K. Well — good luck, Joe.

Jack

January, 1960

Dear Joe,

Good to hear from you again. Germany—it sounds great, what with all the frauleins. One thing, I'll bet you won't win any chug-a-lug contests with the Krauts, huh?

Things are pretty good here, now. I quit the firm I was working for and I'm free lancing now. I have several small clients, but most of my work is for Clair. I mean, if she wants to pay me accountant's fees for clerical work, who am I to kick? Plus — my hours are better and the money is real green. Of course, I've been currying favor with the boss. She's a lot of fun, Joe—probably the most fun person I've ever been around. I'll be honest—part of the attraction *is* the money angle—I mean, she has this car, plus a boat and a big house on about five acres overlooking the lake here, so—well, we enjoy ourselves you might say. And she's not that old, Joe—I mean she's maybe sis-seven years older than me—quite a bit different from the younger girls. You know—she knows what she wants and she knows how to get it. So—I guess a lot of my job is seeing she gets it. Right? Oh—I know what some people might say, Joe, but look at it from my angle. I mean, for God's sake—I never had much of my own anyway, you know, with my old man running off and my mother dying before I was out of high school. And I never did learn how to act with all those damned girls. The young ones. You know that quotation I used to keep framed over my desk—from *The Black Rose*? "I prefer the partnership of maturity to the vexatious mewlings of virginity." Well—there's a lot to be said for that!

So—call me a gigolo if you want, but there it is, Bob. Anyway, I'm more an escort and high class errand boy for her than anything else, so I figure I'm really earning what she gives me.

Say—do you think you might get back to the U.S. sometime in the near future? We could sorta get together and hash over the old times. Maybe I can buy back some of the beer you used to buy for me.

Well, like they say, auf wiedersehen.

Jack

P.S. Enclosed is a picture of me and Clair—not bad is she?

September, 1960

Dear Joe,

Gee, that's too bad—not getting to come home until next year—glad to hear of the promotion. And don't ask me if you should go for a career stretch—I mean, after all, who am I to say? If you like it—stay—that's the way I feel about it.

Maybe you're right—I mean, I don't know what she sees in me either—in all seriousness. I know you meant it as a joke, but even so—well, well, I never had any real friends—except you, Joe, and everyone I know around here is one of Clair's friends. And they're all a bunch of kooks. Even her clients are—most of them are rich women who haven't got anything better to do than redecorate their bathrooms all the time. Hah—one of them you'll get a real charge out of, Joe—this gal did her whole bathroom in mirrors! Not that Clair only designs bathrooms—I mean, she does the whole house, especially her own. I swear she spends more time on her own house than all the others put together. But, it's like she says—it's her main advertising point.

She has just gotten done with an Oriental kick—and it'll be a relief to get something resembling a chair back here. She's talking about a Victorian revival now, and she's got me doing all sort of research now—interesting, though.

Well, back to the old grindstone—I'm living here now—in Clair's house. I mean, my work often requires me to spend some long hours—and well—it's more convenient. I kidded Clair around one night about getting married, you know, just to see how she'd react. But she didn't seem to take the hint, because she just laughed.

Oh yeah—before I forget—I'm back in school again—Clair wanted me to take some classes, so I'm a student again. Which is kind of fun—although the classes are sort of strange. One of them is a design course at the Art Institute, and the other is a decorating course; she wants me to help out a little, I guess. So I'm pretty busy.

Drop me a line when you get time—and let me know when you're coming home—we'll do the town (in burlap). Hah.

Jack

August, 1961

Dear Joe,

It was very good to hear from you again. Your trip through the Mediterranean sounded very thrilling. I would love to go through there sometime myself, although I should think for slightly different reasons. I mean, of course, I should like to see the museums and all. Especially Florence. The art books must be a poor substitute for the genuine experience. They say that one's first sight of the "David" stops everyone right on their footsteps.

Yes, I'm still attending classes. Surprising enough, they're becoming more and more interesting. You know, I never really enjoyed accounting, but I always thought it was a good way to ensure a good living. But it really hasn't anything to compare with the thrill of actually creating something. I've discovered something new in life—and I really can't begin to describe it!

Oh, I hope you get back here sometime, because I want to tell someone about it all. Seriously. After all, you're really the only person I know that I can tell it to—you're the only one I've ever really gotten to know very well. Except Clair or course.

What a remarkable person she is! Talented, ambitious, and good looking—as you'll have to admit. She also has a talent for—well, making the *right* decision. Do you know what I mean? She makes up her mind and heaven nor hell can change it until she proves she's right. Amazing. She's talking now of expanding her business, maybe opening an office in the Big City itself. *That* would be something—if we go to NYC.

I really must close now. Be sure and let me know when you're coming back—we've *got* to get together. You'll never believe what's been happening!!

Always—your friend,
Jack

1ST LT. JOSEPH CONWAY
335TH SERV. BN, HQ.
BREMERSHLAGEN, GERMANY

N.Y. CITY
MARCH 16, 1962
8:21 P.M.

CONFIRM. MEET YOU KENNEDY INT'L 3-18-62 STOP
TOO BAD CAN'T STAY LONGER STOP MUCH—REPEAT—
MUCH TO TALK ABOUT. STOP GLUCK AUF.

J. KRASS

March 25, 1962

Dear Joe,

I write this letter with the greatest of regret. It has taken me nearly the entire week since you were here to decide whether to write it or not, much less what to say. That I do write at all is due, I believe, to the fact that I had always felt a sincere friendship for you, based on your past behavior which was always the most friendly toward me. That's what has made this so hard to understand. Of course, I must admit, I was warned. Clair made the statement but I didn't believe her. I should have known better. Her record of being right borders on infallibility.

I feel however that an explanation is due—to someone, although I'm not sure which of us deserves it the most. I can perhaps rationalize your actions, but in so doing, I destroy the memory of a friend. Perhaps by offering my own explanation to you, on the basis of our own past friendship, I can better understand the situation.

It's very hard to write this all down—hard because part of it can only be explained in person, which unfortunately wasn't possible under the circumstances. And—there's a good deal I really don't understand myself. Perhaps I'd best begin at the beginning. Even so, I still can't understand your behavior, even though you didn't know the situation.

About a year after I started work for Clair full time, she began urging me to take a greater part in her work—by that, I mean the actual decorating business rather than the clerical part. I naturally was not very adept at this, being more familiar with double-entry and capital debentures than with color planes and fabric drape. However, I learned—and surprisingly quickly. I may not be very modest, but I must say

I learned very quickly. After all, I was immersed in the field from morning until night—and most of the nights too. Clair asked me to take several courses, as I told you, and I kept this up for several years. Before too long, I was contributing a good share of the ideas. And Clair was teaching me. After all, she was a master of the art.

But that wasn't all she was teaching me. It—it's very hard to explain just how it all came about. There'd been several things leading up to it which are unimportant, but the main thing was it was something Clair decided and I—well, I suppose I was never unwilling. I had come to learn to accept her judgment—unquestioningly.

As I told you before, the majority of her clients were women, because she designed that sort of thing—never offices and such. One day—this was about a year and a half ago, she made a remark to me about something in the way I was dressing. As you know, I was never what you'd call a sharp dresser in college—money as usual. Well, apparently my taste in clothing wasn't too good, because she made several hints and finally told me I was dressing wrong for the job. I needed individuality. When I asked her to spell out what she meant—for I had learned to guess her moods and it was obvious she wanted me to do something—she told me that with the nature of our clients, I would be well advised to dress—well flamboyantly. "After all," she told me, "You're trying to sell great vivid colors and dramatic ideas—but you're dressed like a funeral director." Which was probably true.

So, after a little discussion, I began to exercise some individuality. More or less, for much of it was Clair's idea. I suppose you might call the style of clothes I began wearing "gay" but I eased gradually into it, and to my surprise, the clients seemed wild about it. Every week Clair came up with a new idea. I began wearing sweaters and very slim pants with a collarless coat—something like the Teddy Boys were wearing in England. I let my hair grow out, instead of a crew-cut. A lot of the ideas we had been developing with our Victorian revival Clair suggested I borrow—the costumes from the nineties and so on. Then too, when Clair's hairdresser came to the studio to do Clair's hair—well, I suppose it was natural that Clair suggested he help me keep mine from becoming too unruly. I remember she commented one night that I looked like Lord Douglas (the younger what with my ruffled shirt and velvet coat. Perhaps I did.

At any rate, I soon became the most avant of the avant-garde group. In fact, I soon began designing some of them. Maybe you have no-

ticed a trend toward a more—well, feminine style nowadays. I think a lot of it was due to my influence, for I sold several designs, not for a lot of money, but much satisfaction.

Then one night Clair made the suggestion that I try my hand at women's clothing. Well, I wasn't too keen on it, for that's very competitive and I didn't have that much ability. Nevertheless, Clair persisted and I soon came up with a few ideas. She liked them very much, which pleased me, but then she suggested I try wearing them myself! Well! *That* came as a shock, but she soon persuaded me that I should at least try—

I must admit, that after the first strangeness, I got very used to it all. At first, I was wearing some of Clair's things, but within a week or so, she had bought a large wardrobe for me, as well as the things I was making. Somehow, it seems stranger now, looking back at it than it did then. But Clair was so enthusiastic about it all that I wasn't really very nervous the first time I met anyone—afterward. And it was all so natural! I mean, I felt perfectly at ease, and within a month, I was wearing skirts all the time. There's a very strange feeling to it—not only the feel of the fabric, but the way the clothes fit—they fit differently than a man's clothing. Somehow they make you very conscious of your body and the way it moves. One responds to this. But you probably wouldn't understand.

There isn't a great deal more to that—oh, I could write volumes about it—about the feeling of liberation, the exhilaration, the satisfaction when you can create something with your entire being, etc. Within six months, I was sure I could go on like this forever!

I'd had my hair done several times and it was almost at shoulder length. Clair had suggested a few things I might try—some of them seemed a bit *extreme*, but in the end, I agreed. I had been wearing feminine clothing for about a year when Clair decided to have a public exhibit of her Victorian ideas and I was pleased with the challenge of designing appropriate costumes to go with her decor. It was more than satisfying to see the national publicity her ideas got—and mine for the costumes were designed with public acceptance in mind. Even more satisfying was the thrill of doing my own modeling—I was most flattered I assure you . . .

I found myself in some demand as a designer after that, and the last six months have been very hectic with getting my own business

established and Clair laughingly suggested that she might soon go to work for me.

That brings me to the present. I was both excited and apprehensive about your visit, Joe—I was understandably nervous since my appearance had changed very considerably—but I felt that you alone of all the people I ever knew would understand it for what it really was. I looked forward so much to the few hours when we could talk—and I could pay the obligations to the past.

But, Joe—how was I to know that you would intentionally slip out of the airport without meeting me—that you would immediately come to Clair's place and turn on the old Conway charm.

Oh, I imagine she would be flattered—you had your dress blue uniform on with the jardinier and all the ribbons. And you standing there in all your massive glory. And of course, when the door opens and you behold a woman in an evening gown, you naturally did your level best to sweep her off her feet.

Ah, Joe—you didn't know Clair. Sure—she would accept when you wouldn't accept “No” for an answer, but must immediately sweep her off her feet, and take her out for dancing and dining and doing the town. After all, as you said, you only had a few hours.

I would imagine she would have loved every minute of it—what an impressive sight you made! I have the picture, Joe, the one taken of you holding your partner on the dance floor—you looking blond, bronzed and so military—she radiant, and need I say?—after you did so many times—so beautifully.

I could understand all that, Joe—even to your making a play for her. But Joe, Joe—did you have to do it that way—did our friendship mean so little to you? You didn't even know the situation, so I know that wasn't it—but did you have to say all those things about me? And mean them? The fact that the first time you'd seen Clair's picture, you knew that she was the kind of woman you wanted—and you stood there so firm, so manly—so contrasted to the ex-friend whose memory you heaped mud on. Joe—how could you do that?

I must say that Clair was most understanding. After I called her, she was not surprised, but said “Didn't I tell you?” And she wasn't mad —

in fact, after you didn't show up at the airport, she knew she was right and she drove back to the apartment, her long speech of preparation to you gone unsaid.

Did you wonder, Joe? Why the girl—so friendly—suddenly developed a headache and wanted to go home—why she sat in the taxi and sobbed all the way back. Don't you know Joe?

THAT GIRL WAS ME!

Goodbye, Joe,

Jacqueline

The following seven pages present some of our sisters in foreign lands.



Mariane — FM-L-1 FPE — Mexico



Annia — ED-1-1 ESE — Denmark

Ana Bertha — FM-M-3 FPE

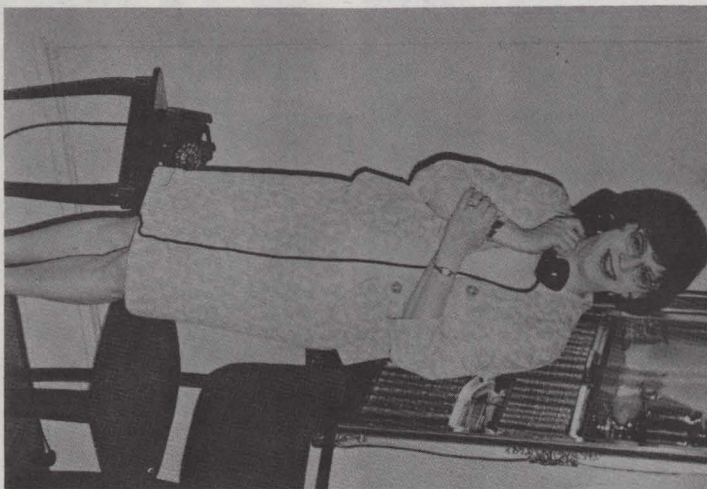
Barbara Anne — FM-2-1



in fact, after you didn't show up at the airport, she knew she was right and she drove back to the apartment, her long speech of preparation to you gone unsaid.

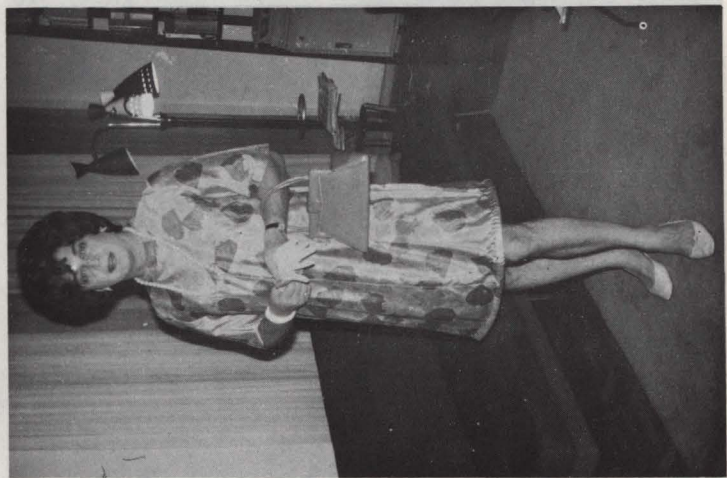


Barbara Anne — FM-S-1 — Mexico



Erna — FD-J-1 FPE — Denmark

Mariane — FM-L-1 FPE — Mexico



Rita — Brazil — FB-B-1



Barbara Anne — FME — Marie-Therese — 55-C-2 FPE — Canada — J-1 FPE — Denmark

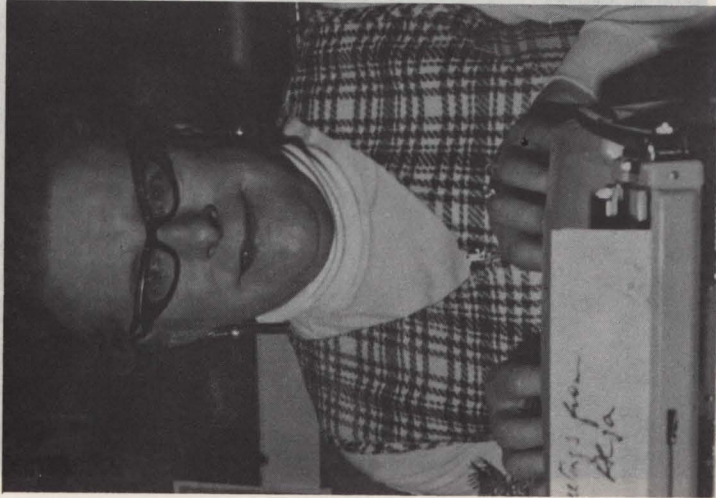


Gerda — W. Germany —
Alga — FE-A-I-FPS — Ireland

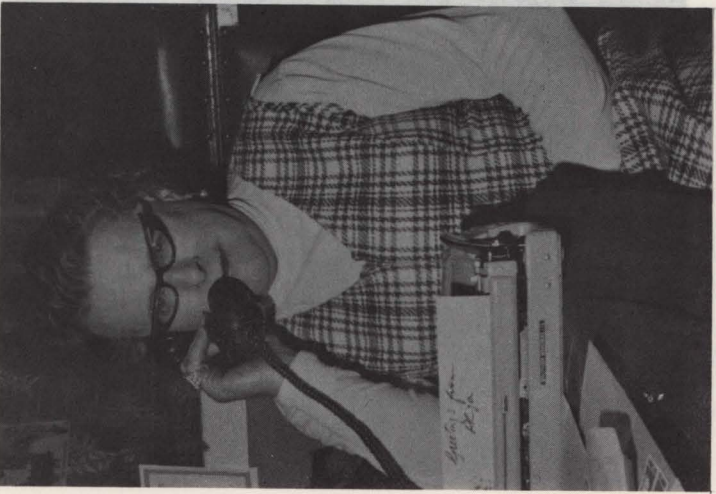


Daphne — Kenya — FK-R-1 FPE

Maria — El Salvador — 35-O-2 FPE — Canada



Alga — FE-A-1 FPE — Ireland



Alga — FE-A-1 FPE — Ireland



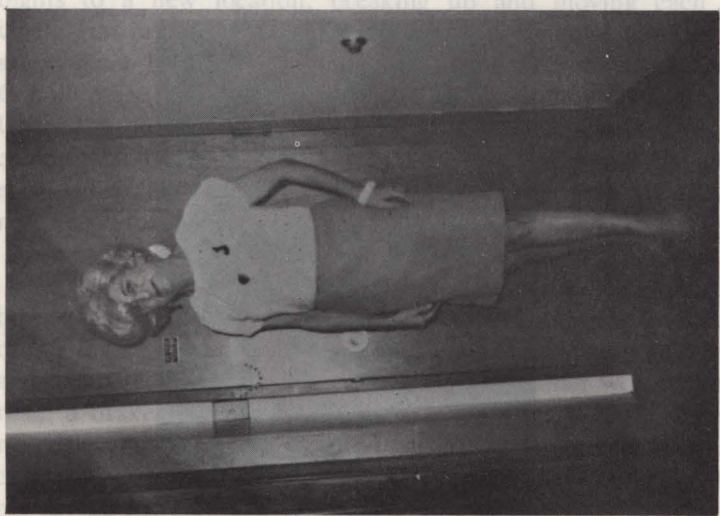
Candiece — 9-F-1 FPE
 Donna — 9-W-2 FPE



Rosemary — KHK-L-1 FPE
 Virginia 5-P-1 FPE
 in Australia



Jeanette — 20-R-2 FPE



Jeannie — 20-R-4 FPE

have the major share and so retired from him as much as possible, growing to envy my sisters and perhaps unconsciously imitating them a great deal, to his puzzlement no doubt. And then it happened! One icy night he fell under the train and was killed. Mother was left with



Conny 32-V-2 FPE



Rosemary — KHK-L-1 FPE

Sherry EPE
Sinnest
In Assesstion



SHOW GIRL

Anonymous

It was thirty years ago this spring when my life was changed completely! Out of the clear blue sky it seemed — I, a boy of sixteen became in all facets that meet the eye, a GIRL!

It was in the midst of the great depression, in the early summer of '33 that I went to spend the summer with my mother's sister and Uncle Jim and plunged into the exciting life of a Carnival, traveling through the neighboring states for one week stands, setting up, trucking by nights to a new location, breaking up and moving each weekend. Uncle Jim ran the Ferris Wheel and Whip and the "Follies," a girlie show. Aunt Effie sold tickets and kept the accounts, and my cousin Connie managed the Follies and danced with the "line" of girls while Uncle Jim did the "spieling" to draw the crowd. I helped out as best I could, cleaning the tent in the mornings, helping with the girls wardrobe (a task I loved), and making myself useful as best I could to earn my "keep" for the summer.

I was the only boy in our family of four, and the youngest of the brood. I guess I was my mother's favorite, at any rate I received more of her loving care and attention than my older sisters, and was petted and pampered more than was good for me. Father worked on the railroad, a brakeman, and was out on his run much of the time. I really never became close to him. He seemed to favor the girls more than his only son, at least I resented his attention to them, although he probably spread his love and attention evenly among us. I felt that I should have the major share and so retired from him as much as possible, growing to envy my sisters and perhaps unconsciously imitating them a great deal, to his puzzlement no doubt. And then it happened! One icy night he fell under the train and was killed. Mother was left with

we four to care for, a formidable task in those trying times, when just getting enough to eat was a problem with many that we knew. My oldest sister had finished school and worked in a cafe. The other girls were still in high school and after the funeral expenses little was left of the insurance money. My mother found employment in a laundry and struggled to keep the family together, at least to see us all through high school. So, it was a welcome opportunity when my Aunt Effie offered to take me under her care and let me live with them, working with the "show" during the summer season.

The "Follies" Girls were recruited from among the unfortunate who had gotten into some minor trouble in their home towns and welcomed a chance to get away from all who knew them, joining the Carnival for the freedom and adventure it offered. They were a fun loving lot as a rule, though hard and a bit bawdy under the standards of those days. I went through a deal of teasing and good natured fun which I rather enjoyed. They were always threatening to dress me up in one of their scanty costumes and make a girl of me, and I pretended to shudder at the thought. And then one morning they did just that! When Connie came into the dressing tent I was wearing a can-can costume, my rather long hair curled with an iron and fluffed on the top of my head, my face made up completely. The change was really startling when I faced myself in the mirror, and I must have worn an expression of rapture when Connie walked in. She did not recognize me at all!! The girls made no move to tell her either, enjoying the joke immensely, giving me time to regain my composure somewhat. I began to enjoy the fun and sat down on a bench, crossed my mesh clad legs provocatively and reached for a cigarette with what nonchalance I could muster. The cigarette was my undoing! I had never learned to smoke, and went into a fit of coughing, attracting Connie's attention. "Jess," she screamed, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING LIKE THIS?" The situation was funny, and she burst out laughing as did the others. It was contagious and I joined hysterically. Just then Aunt Effie and Uncle Jim walked in, attracted by the hilarity.

At first they were flabbergasted, they just could not believe their eyes! They kidded me unmercifully at first, and then their joking remarks turned to compliments. I had to turn and prance and pose, actions which came naturally to me from watching the girls on the inside stage. I did a part of the Can-Can dance that was the main number in the "show" to the delight of all, and I admit to a great deal of exciting pleasure of my own.

"Come now," Connie exclaimed, "get out of all this, Jessica," giving me the name that I bear til today. "Get over to the cook tent all of you, the show starts in another hour!" She stayed behind and helped me get out of the costume, remarking the while, "You really enjoyed this little play-acting didn't you hon? You know, you make a very nice looking girl, I can hardly believe my eyes. With a nice hairdo you could fool anybody." "But enough of this, get dressed now and have something to eat, you haven't much time." Reluctantly I drew on my corduroys and army shoes and walked over to the cook tent, too excited to eat more than a mere snack.

That night I lay awake in my trailer bunk for a long time. I wondered what had happened to me that morning, why I was so strangely thrilled and excited. Would I ever experience this wonderful thrill again? I drifted off into a fitful sleep and dreamed that I was in the "line," tossing my hips and smiling at the men in the audience provocatively. Aunt Effie came into the trailer after closing and tenderly put her hand on my head, "You are a real doll" I heard her murmur.

And next week my dream became a reality! A boy delivered a note to Aunt Effie from Sue, one of the six girls on the show. She had found romance with one of the local boys and was going to get married, they were on their way to the local Gretna Green! A family conference was quickly called, for a replacement could just not be found on such short notice. What to do! The routines required six girls to execute! And then they all looked at me at the same time, and broke into roars of delight! I was sitting on the studio couch eating an apple and looked up at them in puzzlement.

"Jessica" they all exclaimed at once! "Would you take Sue's place, just for today?" asked Connie. I stared at them dumbfounded! Yet a little thrill was crowding my breath so that I could not answer. "You can do the routines," said Connie, "just watch the rest of us and follow along. You have watched us enough to know what it is all about." I still could not answer! "Please, just this once," she begged, sitting on the couch beside me with her hands stroking my arm. I nodded dumbly, having no words in my mouth.

"Let's get busy, Mother" said Connie. "Go take a bath now Jess, and you start on his hair Mother, while I go for the costume." With that she tore out of the trailer door while I stumbled over to the shower tent.

An hour later I was transformed into Sue's replacement! My hair was beautifully curled and tied with a large ribbon in the back to cover its shortest area, my naturally long lashes were heavily mascaraed and a dark shadow added, my brows were plucked and shaped, my mouth made into a cute "bee stung" shape of the times, large gold button earrings screwed into place. A wasp-waisted corset of Aunt Effie's earlier days in place, the mesh theatrical stockings tightly drawn and the frilly panties and voluminous petticoats of the can-can costume slipped over my head. "I don't think we should try high heels at first" said Connie. "How about those ankle strap platform shoes of yours, mother? The heels are not so high, really. They just look that way!" With them on my feet we began the short way to the "Follies" tent, entering the interior through a flap in the canvas. The girls screamed with delight! They had been huddled around the stage, wondering what they would do without Sue. After many congratulatory remarks, we all went up on the stage and the piano and drum started for an hour-long rehearsal. Everything went wonderfully well, I fell into the routine easily enough, following the girls through three practice sessions. "You will do, Hon," Connie said. "Don't get frightened now if you make a mistake," "the others aren't too wonderful performers anyway, and no one will pay any attention," which brought a chorus of "boos" from the other girls, as they filed out for a half hours rest before the first performance. I gladly went back to the trailer and got out of those shoes, my feet were hurting me and the corset was getting uncomfortably tight. I did manage to eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk, but just could not seem to manage my usual ample lunch.

The evening performance went quite well, I was proud and pleased with the way I had carried out my part of the show, although I did get the others rather confused at the early afternoon performance out front. Of course they were over anxious and flubbed their parts too, all waiting for me to miss a cue. However, the out-front act is very short, mostly we just stood in a line and smiled prettily at the prospective customers, whom Uncle Jim bullied and coaxed inside to see the "big show." It was eleven o'clock eventually and I struggled to my bed exhausted, not even combing out my hair or removing my makeup. I danced all night in my dreams and woke up at ten in the morning, tired but strangely happy.

Aunt Effie came into the little bedroom and handed me a silk Chinese dressing gown, saying teasingly, "Breakfast is ready, Doll, here slip into these, I hope they fit" as she produced a pair of "mules" with pink bunny tails on the instep. Without hesitation I donned the frilly things

and gracefully slid into the tiny dinette, much to the amusement of Connie and my Aunt. I found myself blushing under my makeup, and stared into the mirror at my side for reassurance. Jessica stared back at me, a little mussed but rather girlishly pretty. I looked and looked until the women's laughter brought me back to reality.

So began my life as a "Show Girl." Connie had been down to the town and found three pairs of lovely slippers, with the high built-up soles and heels of the times, a skirt and sweater, three dresses and a jacket, and such accessories as purses, hankies, and a pair of really wild sunglasses together with "shimmys" and hose of real silk—and a formidable corset that laced up the back!!!

"But-But-But" I stammered! "What goes here?" As if I did not suspect! "We can never get a girl for the act that can do it as well as you do, *JESSICA*, drawled Connie, tantalizingly! And you LOVE it, I know you do! And you can't go running around in boy's clothes, now can you? Not when you are a Show Girl? And, besides, you must get used to being a girl to act like one! So—it's girl's clothes for you for the season, Darling! And look here, especially for you!" Unwrapping a package she held up two lovely silk nighties. I blushed! "How cute" exclaimed Aunt Effie! "Oh, this is going to be real fun, having another girl in the family." With that she left the trailer, saying "Take care of her Connie." Which Connie proceeded to do, with unbound enthusiasm!

"You know, Jessica," she began, I have been very lonely for a girl friend of my own age, while Mother and Dad are the most wonderful parents ever, I have been an only child since they found me as a baby and took me into their hearts as their own."

"But," I interrupted, "I always thought you were my blood cousin, I never dreamed that you were not."

"I always thought so too, until last Christmas," Connie said. I found some baby things and a gold locket in an old traveling case at that time, and I asked Mother about them. She told me the story, of how she and Dad found me abandoned near the show lot, and having no children of their own, took me in and raised me as their very own. No real mother could have loved me more, nor could I love any real parents more than I do Mother and Dad."

"Then you don't know who your real parents are, Connie?" I asked. "The only clue is the locket," she replied. "The name Connie and the date November, 1916, and the baby clothes that I was wearing. They are hand sewn with great care, my mother must have really loved me," she said. "But, enough of that, we have things to do, my sister!" "You can't use the shower tent any more, so use the shower here in the trailer, and hurry!"

My shower completed, I returned to the living room to find Connie all ready to begin my transformation. First my hair was set in curlers to dry while she attacked my nails. Soon they were nicely shaped and buffed with chalk and a buffer to a gleaming sheen. She then started on my face, cream and powder, mascara and lipstick and my lashes curled with a special curler til they gave me a wide eyed look of innocence. She then combed out the hair and added a small hairpiece in back to cover my neckline, remarking "In just a few weeks we won't need that!" I stepped into the bedroom and donned my chemise and the corset, under advice through the curtain from Connie and came back to her. She drew in the laces til I cried to stop, remarking, "You will soon get accustomed to this, my dear, now put on your hose and slip, and I will help you with this dress. We must be careful not to muss your hair." Soon I was as ready as I ever would be, she handed me a purse and my sunglasses and said, "now, we will just stroll down the street for a ways, away from the lot while I coach you on how to act like a girl does in public." So, arm in arm we started across the grassy lot to the sidewalk and walked under the overhanging trees toward the town in the distance. I had a little trouble with my new shoes, was told to hold my legs straight and walk from the hips, putting the heel down to the ground with the toe of the shoe, not to "clomp," but to swing. I found it to be quite easy after a short distance, the higher heels forcing me to take a feminine stride and to walk with a movement of the hips, attractively, as I had so often admired girls doing.

"Now," said Connie. "Let's make with the purse! Don't carry it like a bag of sand, it is a pretty thing and a part of your wardrobe, handle it this way," and she demonstrated, carrying it lightly, with the arm slightly bent, sometimes by the strap, often held on the arm. I caught the idea, but the purse was the hardest thing to get accustomed to! I missed my pockets! "Throw your shoulders back, let your body curve, be fluid. Don't just walk, strut! See?," and she walked ahead of me to demonstrate. I was so fascinated that I forgot that I was supposed to be a girl too, and she promptly "called" me for it, an amused expression in her eyes!

Two hours later we were back home and had to get changed for the four o'clock show. We just made it, dressing in the trailer and entering the main tent where the other girls were waiting. I found dancing in the act much easier than walking on the street! Three shows before six, then five by eleven tired me to exhaustion! I just "fell" into bed and morning came all too soon. As a girl I was spared the rough work of tearing down and moving. We packed everything away in the trailer and Uncle Jim hooked the big old Packard to it and away we drove to the next location, ready to repeat the routine on Monday. So passed three enjoyable summer months. We would now play the fairs before settling down for a leisurely winter.

The show wintered in Southern Indiana, six hundred miles from my home. I dreaded to go back there, though I missed Mom and talked to her on the telephone. Aunt Effie persuaded her to let me stay for the winter, so that fixed that problem! I had one year left to finish high school as did Connie, so Aunt made arrangements for us both to attend a girls academy in the town where we made winter quarters. Connie was studying dancing and it was decided that I would do so too. We were soon hard at our routine while the men overhauled and painted the equipment in a leisurely manner. For we "girls" it was work, work, study and more work, the winter passed quickly.

Connie had worked up a sister act, a song and dance team. My lower pitched voice blended with her clear soprano in a pleasing harmony. A booking agent heard of our act and soon we were booked for the season in a chain of vaudeville theaters. By this time I was thoroughly at home as a girl, never thought of myself as anything but feminine. Then a terrible problem arose, my beard started to grow! So began the long process of waxing and plucking, with time spent in a salon whenever we could spare it for permanent removal. Eventually we conquered that problem and became quite accustomed to hotel life, the quick moves to another date, but something was terribly lacking in our lives. Time had passed and we were both now twenty-one and I was terribly in love with Connie.

By now I was completely an attractive young woman to the eyes of others. My hair was long, down on my shoulders, its natural light brown color now a dark auburn. My hands were smooth, my nails long, gleaming ovals. I had a very complete feminine wardrobe, my long legs were accustomed to high heels and silk hose. I had the art of makeup down to perfection, and the feminine walk and mannerisms were completely natural to me. In most respects I was now a woman, in

all but one! I had a man's great love for a very desirable woman. But—how could I tell Connie of this, me her dearest girl friend! I longed to hold her in my arms, our act became living torture with her so close. Our separate hotel rooms were torture to me, the nights lonely. I became moody and distressed. Our act suffered from my moodiness. Connie was distressed, and we drew apart. Finally, I could stand this terrible situation no longer!

We were going down to the dining room before the theater when Connie came into my room that winter night. She wore a little fur hat and a fur collared coat, her perfume filled my nostrils. I was standing before the mirror putting the last touches on my makeup when she came close to me. "Darling, what IS the matter, what have I done to make you avoid me?" she asked. I turned to her and forgot that I was a she-man! I "grabbed" her in my arms and kissed her beautiful mouth, tenderly at first and then my longing made me forget! She drew away from me, holding me at arms length, but I was not to be denied—and then my high heel caught in the carpet and I fell headlong to the floor, dragging her with me! She struggled to a sitting position and tried to remove her coat, her hat had been lost in the fall. I caught a look at us in the large wall mirror and suddenly started to laugh! At first amusedly and then hysterically, and Connie joined in!

"Darling," she cried, "I thought you would NEVER get around to kissing me like that!" "I love you, dear Connie," I said soberly. "I have always loved you! But HOW could I make love to you, another girl! It just would not be DECENT!" "You silly darling" she exclaimed "You are a MAN to me" and she giggled! "But you really don't look like one!" "My lovely, pretty, adoreable man-girl," and she fell into my arms, kissing me in wild abandon! "I love you to," she cried. "I have been living in misery since you became so distant to me, I thought you did not love me!" We kissed, for hours it seemed, sitting together on the floor! Then we both looked into the mirror and started laughing! Reflected there we saw a gorgeous blonde girl, her furs on the floor around her, embracing a handsome red haired girl, with lipstick smeared on both their faces, their lovely hair badly mussed, their dresses sadly askew, their skirts above their knees! "You know what?" laughed Connie, "the door is unlatched! If anyone should come in here, they would never understand!" We struggled to our feet, embraced again, and walked over to the mirror and started to repair our makeup and arrange our hair, then arm and arm we headed for the elevator. Our act that night was one of wild abandon!

That was a long time ago, years have passed. I purchased a man's suit "for my brother" and tucked my hair under a man's hat. Without makeup and with a pipe I looked rather like a man, enough so that we obtained a marriage license next day and were married by a half blind, half deaf old judge in a neighboring village. I gave my occupation as "female impersonator!" We engaged the "bridal suite" at a resort hotel, phoned our agent to cancel our two remaining bookings of that series, and retired to our rooms. My lovely bride wore a chaste white gown, her long blonde hair hung down to her waist. She stood before the fireplace waiting for me. I wore a jet black gown, floating around me in a misty cloud, my auburn hair falling free in the firelight. We embraced tenderly, kissed again and again and arm in arm walked to the enormous bed. Two girls in a dream-world of love. Man (??) and wife, never to part!

Vaudeville had had it's day, bookings were infrequent and hard to find in theaters, prohibition had passed and many night clubs, large and small were operating across the country. These called for an intimate act, directed at a smaller audience. Sister acts were not popular, so—I became the "straight man" of our new comedy team! Connie became the "Dumb Blonde," we were an immediate success. I became a sophisticated "Auntie" type, the situations we developed were numerous and hilarious. We moved into the circuit of the better clubs, eventually into radio and became internationally famous. We were now permanently in New York, we could have the children we both longed for. Four lovely daughters arrived in planned succession. Connie wished to retire, so—I had to start a new career—the Love-lorn column in a leading daily newspaper, now syndicated in papers across the country. That is where I am today. If you have any problems, write Dear Jessica!

* * * * *

Topless ladies don't wear topless bathing suits . . .

Earl Wilson

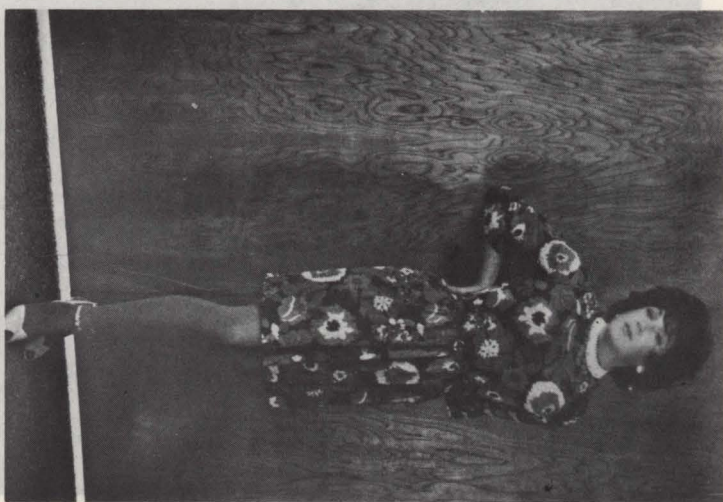
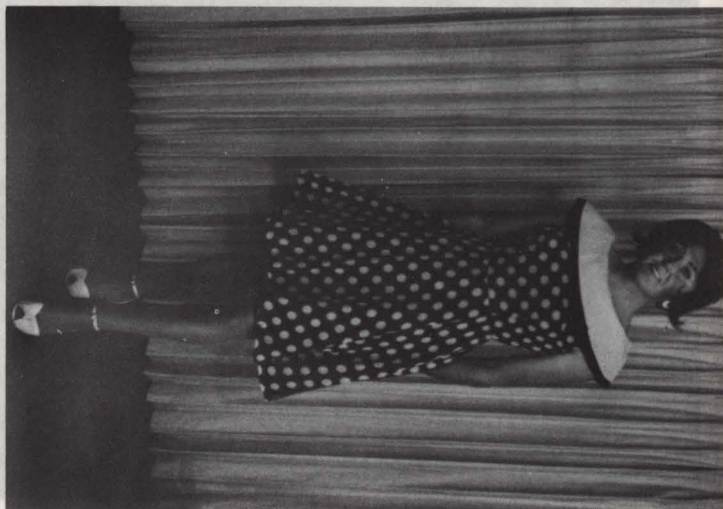


Sharon Ann — 5-H-25 FPE



Charlene 49-B-5 FPE

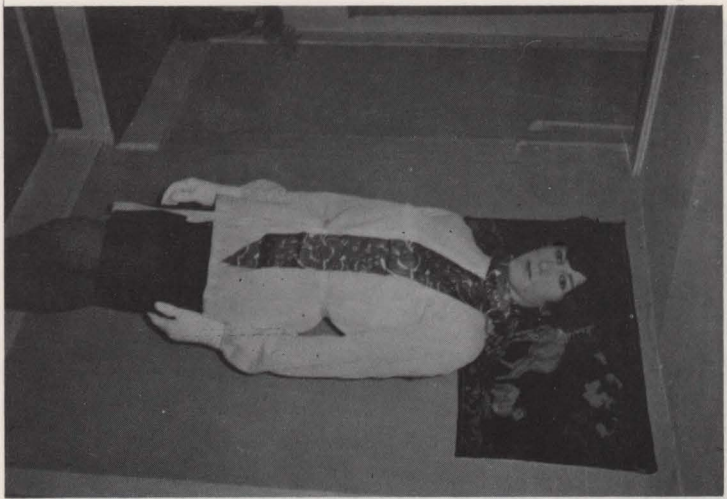




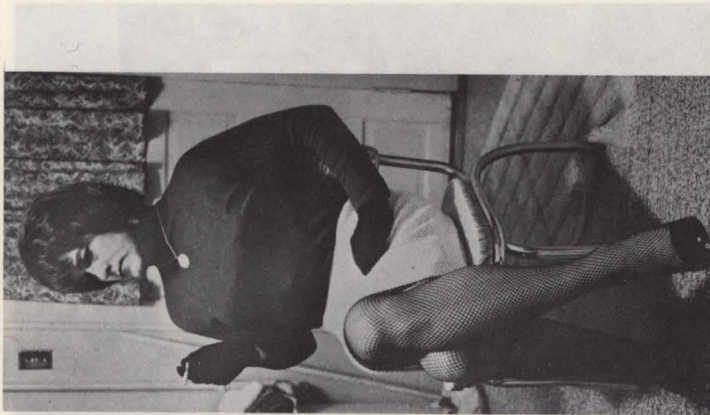
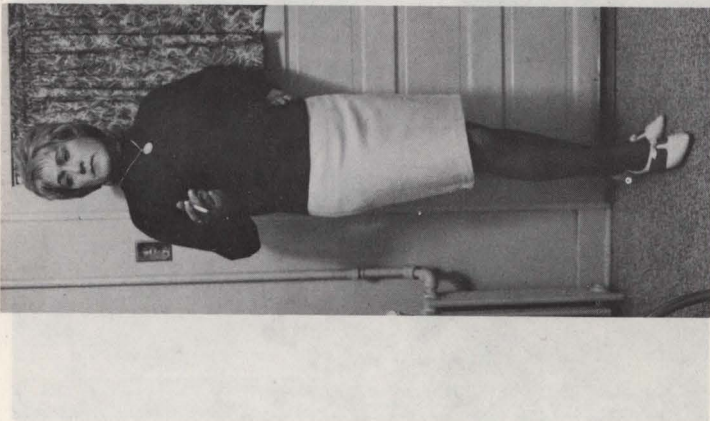
Lu — 5-W-21
Sharon Ann — 5-H-25 PPE



Dorothy — 48-M-1 FPE

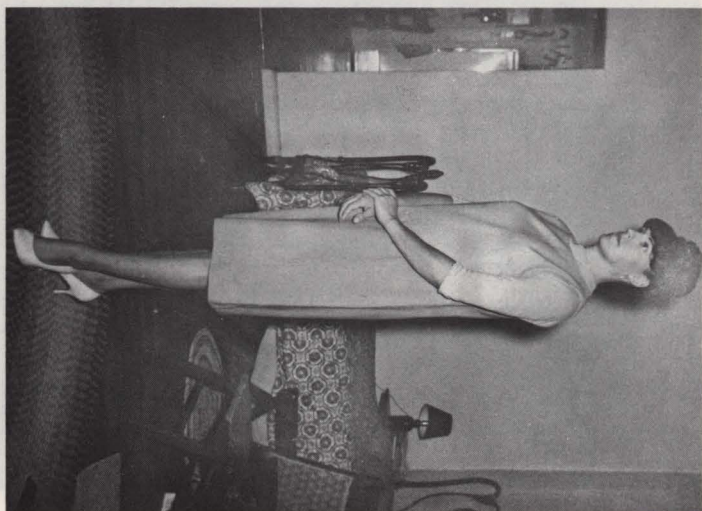


Miss 'X' — She didn't mark her pictures



Joyce 5-B-28, Donna 5-Y-1, Sylvia 5-M-16, Carol 5-F-9

Jeanette — 13-0-1 FPE



Miss Maryann — 31-N-1



Virginia 5-P-1, ?, Billie 5-R-7, Frances 46-B-1, Rayna 5-R-2



Joyce 5-B-28, Donna 5-Y-1, Sylvia 5-M-16, Carol 5-F-9

Some Alpha Ladies



Lamda's — Hallowe'en Party
Joanne, Marilyn, Jennifer, Sheryl, Norma, Brendalyn, Rayetta, Charlene
Vicki, Betty, Donna, Agnes



Lamda Lovelies in Portland — St. Patrick's Day
 Sheryl 47-B-4, Marilyn 47-I-1, Laura, Brendalyn 47-B-3
 Janice 47-A-1, Rayetta 47-S-2, Charlene 37-0-1, Lynne 37-B-5
 Donna 37-B-4, Maureen 6-J-1, Joanne 37-K-1



Delta Girls
Susan, Maryann, Sue, Veronica, Jean
Conny, Betty Lynn



Rho Chapter

Jeanette 20-R-2, Lynn 38-F-2, Irene 20-R-1, Mary 38-F-2, Joanie 20-R-4

CHAPTER SEVEN

The next morning, I was up before Jean, and dressed in a powder blue pullover and plaid skirt. I sat in front of the makeup mirror and contemplated my hair. It was well over my ears by now, and hung over the jewel neckline of my sweater. I tried to comb it in various styles, but without any training, it came out as before, shapeless. Jean came in at that point, seeing me in the open doorway.

"Don't worry about that, Brenda, I've got the solution for you."

"What, wear a wig the rest of my life."

"No silly," she said smiling, "Wait till after breakfast and we'll go talk to a pro. I'll have you all ready for the young doctor, by tomorrow night!"

We had breakfast and then very cryptically, she loaded us into the car, after first instructing me to wear something with buttons. I slipped into a white blouse and the pink sweater, and quickly followed her.

We drove for several minutes until we arrived in front of a small, suburban beauty salon. After entering, the receptionist confirmed the appointment that Jean had made for the both of us. I was led to a separate booth and instructed to remove my blouse. Then I put on the smock that the shop provided and waited. Within a few minutes a lovely Japanese lady came, and in perfect English asked me what I wanted done. I told her that I wasn't at all sure, so she got out the style book, for my length of hair.

I told her that I wasn't too particular, but that I wanted something soft, and not layered as I was hoping to let my hair grow below my shoulders. Then on inspiration, I said

"How do you think that I would look as a blonde?"

"Probably very nice, your hair is light anyway and it wouldn't take too long to bleach it out. Do you want to take a fling at it."

"Yes."

"O.K. then, here goes!"

She proceeded to wash my hair and then apply a very cooling liquid, I was put under the dryer, and a little later when the bonnet was removed I saw myself with pure white hair.

"Oh, it looks horrible!"

"We're nowhere near done, Miss. I have to apply the color now. We have to take your hair below the color level that you want so that the color is pure."

She applied another liquid, and did the dryer thing again, after this session I was a soft golden blonde.

"How do you like that color, now?" she asked.

"It's just beautiful, I can't wait to see what it'll be like styled."

"That's the next thing." She began pinning and gently snipping the ends of my now blonde tresses. After she was done she rolled my hair and set me back under the dryer. When it was finally combed out, I saw that my worries about my hairstyle were over. Bill, I was sure would be happy with my appearance, and it was soft enough to bury his head in anytime. As I slipped back into my sweater, I noticed how well the light hair color went with the pastel shade. With a smile I wondered, how Jean would react to my latest change.

I didn't have long to wait, as she was waiting in the anteroom for me. The only problem was that she didn't recognize me at first! I had to call her name twice before she lost the stunned expression on her face.

"Brenda, what did you do to yourself?"

"Don't you like it? I told you I needed a nice style for my date tomorrow night."

"I love it, it frames your face so nicely, but the color . . . I didn't expect you to do that. You didn't even say anything to me!"

"Well, a girls got to have her secrets . . . actually it was a spur of the moment thing. Does it look too garish?"

"Garish . . . ? My god Brenda, you're going to have that poor man proposing tomorrow night, I've never seen a more perfect shade on anyone!!!"

"Hope so, not the proposal . . . but that he'll like it."

"We'd better go out and look for a new dress for you to go with that style!"

"Let's go, I've had something in mind, anyway." I said coquettishly.

"I bet you do, you've probably got more tricks and female wiles up your sweater sleeve, I wouldn't be surprised."

We found a small fashionable boutique, closer to downtown. When the girl came to help us, I told her that I was looking for something conservative in velvet, navy if possible. She had a pretty number, with a short hem, A-line skirt, three-quarter sleeves ending in a lace cuff and a string bow, under a white peter pan collar. After trying it on, Jean and I both agreed that if I didn't take it, I'd be crazy. On the way out I picked up a length of navy velvet ribbon.

The next afternoon, I started early, with a bubble bath, shaved again, and slipped on my silky undies and nylons. Jean came in and brushed my hair and did my nails, a soft pink. It was almost 7:30 by the time I had finished my primping, and I quickly got my new dress on and Jean zipped it up the back. Then I pulled out the ribbon and explained that I wanted her to put it right behind the crown of my head and let it trail down the length of my hairdo. When Bill came to pick me up, he was stumbling for words and almost tripped, while looking at me while he helped me into the car. The night, with a perfect dinner, some close dancing, and gentle kisses, brought us together, almost permanently. By the time he had kissed me goodnight, he'd talked me into dates for the next month at almost every free moment.

The next three months were just as wonderful. Jean had been pulled off my "case" and I was set on my own. We still lived together, as good friends and sisters, but I didn't need much more than sisterly advice at odd moments. I went back to school, taking some extra courses in psychology for my masters, and in the afternoons I enrolled in a modeling course. Jobs followed the training and I had my picture on the cover of some of the local magazines. Following this training, I

took a course in beauty, partially for my own benefit, and partially because I found that I really enjoyed working with hair. After experimenting on my new shoulder length blonde tresses, I would take my ideas to the shop and attempt to recreate them for some of the young girls that came in for the school's low cost sessions. The only thing that saddened me was when one of my customers would come in with long lovely hair and insist on leaving with most of it strewn on the floor by the chair. I heard their problems, and how they were doing it to spite their boyfriends, and it made me think of Bill, whom I saw almost every free minute. And how he loved to have me tickle his ears with my tresses. The way he would bury his head in my neck, and cover his face with the flaxen softness. Things were getting extremely serious with us and that was my only worry. I realized that sooner or later he was going to propose, and I knew that I would have to tell him the truth. But, even with my secret tears, I wanted to see him always, and I didn't realize what the real truth was, I was falling deeply in love!

Things finally came to a head one day in the early spring. It was still rather chilly, but we decided to go for a ride in the beautiful Japanese countryside. We drove up to the slope of Fuji, and walked all morning while Bill took pictures of the scenery and me. Then tired from the exercise I slumped into the soft spring grass. He sat down beside me, and cushioned my head on his lap, arranging my streaming, blonde hair about my face.

"Brenda, you look so lovely, in the spring."

I was wearing a pale blue angora cardigan and a plaid pleated skirt with knee sox and penny loafers. I felt so soft, and protected in his lap. He reached down and kissed me softly. Without opening my eyes, I grasped his neck and held the kiss, reaching deeply with my tongue for his. Slowly he slipped down beside me.

He held me tightly, pressed to him and I could feel the bulge of his maleness pressed against my tummy. After our kiss, I pulled away slightly, and nestled into the crook of his arm. I was letting myself go into a wonderful world. I could feel his fingers touching the flesh of my tummy, above the waistband of my skirt, and then held my breath as he did something he had never done before. He moved his hand up the front of my sweater on the outside, pressing the incredible softness against my skin, gently he cupped my left breast in his hand. Slowly and gently he kissed my eyes, ears, and finally my mouth as he gently unbuttoned my sweater.

When my bra had been exposed he pulled me close to him on my side, and I felt the restraining hooks snap under his pressure and my breasts come free. His touch caressed them again, first one and then the other, sending waves of pleasure to that hidden spot between my legs. He bent and started kissing the rosy nipples. Alternately licking, and kissing with gentle nips. Then his hand caressed my thigh and started gently to travel up inside my skirt . . .

I had to stop him . . . tell him that he was making a terrible mistake, this couldn't happen to me!

"Bill, stop!!!"

"Brenda, don't worry, I wasn't going to do anything to harm you, darling."

"But Bill, there's something . . ."

"Let me say my piece first. Darling, I love you, so very much, I want you to be my bride! Say you'll marry me, please!!!"

"Bill, I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Bill, if I tell you, I'll probably never see you again, so I want to say something first. I have never loved anyone else, and I love you very much, and I don't think its right, so I have to tell you this:"

I went on and told the entire story from the day I was shot.

When I was done, I was facing him on the grass. Wordlessly he got up and stood above me, he put out his hand and helped me up. Letting my arm drop, he faced me for almost a minute, then reached out with both hands and took my face in his palms, gently. Tears were running down my cheeks as he kissed my eyes softly. "Brenda, I'll say it again, you're the most wonderful GIRL I've ever met, I love you so much, please marry me!"

"Bill, do you mean . . . after I told . . ."

"Yes, silly girl, and because you did! You could have kept this to yourself, and I might have never known. You're all the girl that I would

ever want, forever. Maybe you can't have children, but you never asked me if I even wanted them. And if I do, and you do, think of all the homeless wonderful kids who would just love to have a mother like you.

"Bill, Bill . . . YES!! YES. YES!!!"

The kiss that followed was the wonderful one of total release and giving.

"There's one thing that I want to do before we go back."

"What?"

I smiled and slipped out of my sweater, then I removed my bra and put it into my purse. Then I coyly turned my back and buttoned the soft blue sweater over my bare breasts. Turning, my breasts bobbed freely, gently pushing the angora material towards Bill. Slowly he reached out and touched them softly through the sweater. I just closed my eyes and let the unashamed river of passion course through my body.

"Soon, darling, soon . . . you can have all of me!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

We returned and announced the good news to Jean. Tears came to her eyes, and I started crying again, but this time we were both crying tears of happiness, and laughing and giggling uncontrollably.

"When is the big day going to be, Mrs. Connors!" Jean asked.

"I don't know, we haven't talked about it yet." I said blushing at the thought of my new name-to-be.

"Soon, darling! As quickly as we can elope."

"No Bill, Brenda should have a beautiful wedding, after all it'll be her only one."

Being April, we decided to set the date for the end of May, a late spring wedding.

The next day I made an appointment to see Dr. Yasoto at the clinic. I wanted to make sure that everything was clear medically, and to get some bridal advice. Also, I remembered my promise when I left the hospital, he was going to get the first invitation to the wedding.

The interview and checkup were both A.O.K! And the Doctor beamed at the invitation. He questioned me about the wedding plans, and when I told him that we hadn't firmed them yet, he came up with the suggestion that was simply inspired.

* * * * *

Saturday, the 25th of May, was clear and sunny. In a small Japanese church, decorated in blossoms Bill and I knelt before the Japanese methodist minister and repeated our sacred vows of love and faith, and hope in the future. The staff from Bill's hospital were there, some of our mutual friends, and the good doctor. Jean was my maid of honor and we were dressed alike, except that my kimono was white, and hers a light pink. Our long hair was piled high in the traditional style, except that they were both light blonde hairdo's!

After, we walked through the moon gate of flowers and split the cup of rice wine, giving each other silent toasts of love with our eyes. Through the supper he held me close and kissed me often.

We were to spend the night in the traditional little inn nearby, and after supper the men in the party led Bill away. I followed soon after, with a parade of paper lanterns to light the way. They took me to the door of the inn, and laughed and wished me well. I tossed my bouquet and turned to enter the inn. Slowly I climbed the stairs to the lighted room.

I left my shoes on the step and stepped into the room. Bill was waiting for me in a dressing gown. I lowered my head and repeated the age old words:

"My lord and master, your woman comes to you in love!"

"Come here wife."

* * * * *

The commander entered the antiseptic hospital room with two others. The main feature that they saw in the room, was the unhappy young soldier lying on the hospital bed.

“Sergeant Ryder, how are you feeling, I’m Commander Upton, this is Dr. Yasuto, and my assistant Mrs. Brenda Connors . . .

I was back there where I was, for as long as there was war there would be people who would need help, the special kind that only Jean, myself and a few others could give . . . I just felt like saying, don’t worry soldier, you’ll be fine, you’re going to be a lovely GIRL, soon!



Sandra
Trina



Wilma 32-T-6 FPE
Elayne 32-W-1 FPE

...the first invitation to the wedding, he was going to get the first invitation to the wedding.

Upon this
The i
beamed
and when
there would
the source
that, myself,
try soldier,

Satur
church.
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hope in
our mun
and we w
right pin



Margo — N.Y.

Wima 32-T-6 FPE
Elsyne 32-W-1 FPE

Sandra
Tina



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Gipsy — FE-S-2 Frontio C — 2-20-1968



Charline — Conn.



Donna — 13-F-11 FPE



Frances — 20-B-2 FPE



Lynne — 46-F-1 FPE



Frances 46-B-1 FPE

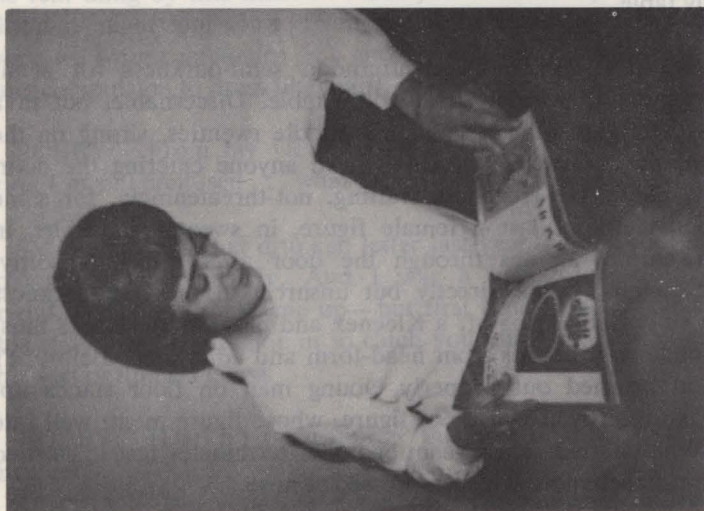


Susan 46-A-1 FPE

... You . . . You started me Mr. S
(More angrily now that fright is diminished)
me Bobby out of respect for my sex!



Brendalyn — 47-B-3 FPE



Jackie - Calif.



MAN SEES WHAT HE EXPECTS TO SEE
SHOW GIRL

Unknown

MAN SEES WHAT HE EXPECTS TO SEE

SCENE: One room apartment, modestly but comfortably furnished, hall door right, bathroom and kitchen doors beside each other left. Sofa left, easy chair right. Typewriter and study desk center rear. Against the wall right is a double-door wardrobe, both doors ajar at curtain rise, displaying inside a neatly-arranged rack of clothes ranging from shorty-nighties through street-dresses, ending up in several formals. Two head-forms, bearing respectively a brunette wig and a blonde wig of well-brushed shoulder-length variety, stand on the study table.

AT CURTAIN RISE: Late afternoon semi-darkness (or semi-light) is creeping in window over study table. Discernable, but in a shadow, is the figure of a man in his middle twenties, sitting on the floor toward the audience, concealed from anyone entering the door, by the easy chair. He sits there waiting, not-threateningly, for some thirty seconds until at last a female figure, in sweater and skirt, in ultra short hairdo, tiptoes through the door after knocking softly. The figure coughs, walks directly but unsurely in the semi-darkness toward the study table, rips off a Kleenex and blows nose. Looks musingly at blonde wig, unpins from head-form and adjusts on. Before it's adjusted and brushed out properly, young man on floor stands up, whistles in a broad wolf-whistle at figure, whose figure might well rate a whistle. What started as a scream or holler terminates fast in startled fit of coughing, then more Kleenex pressed to nose.

SMITTY: (youngish man, whose shape was seen concealed on floor) Don't get uptight Bob—just me Smitty. Your old buddy-buddy. Figured your disguise rated a whistle.

BOBBY: (with slight but pervading hoarseness from cold) Who! . . . You . . . You startled me Mr. Smith!! I just was sneaking in to . . . (More angrily now that fright is diminished). You might at least call me Bobby out of respect for my sex!

SMITTY: (Laughing in a superior, tolerant manner) O.K., O.K., but you'd look a little more like a girl if you straightened that wig. Anybody could . . .

BOBBY: (Muttering softly) Didn't have time and scared me . . . (Bobby adjusts wig, brushes it out distractedly, building a fullness in the square of hair surrounding the face. Eyes only partly visible, face becomingly clouded by that quickie hair-styling. Bobby walks left to behind sofa a little self-consciously.) *Now* am I a girl? (Switches on floor lamp which sheds a bit more light)

SMITTY: (Watching with a half-smile of bemusement, plopping down in an easy chair. (Well, more believable. But you're swinging your hips too much. A girl would . . .

BOBBY: (Sharply) How do you know what "a girl would!"

SMITTY: I'm *the* world's greatest girl-watcher. If I couldn't tell the real thing by this time. . . . But you've done a pretty good put-on. Guess it might fool some. Even maybe it would have fooled me back when we were roommates . . . and I didn't know you had this . . . insane compulsion to dress like a girl.

BOBBY: From my viewpoint it'd be nuts for me to dress otherwise. I'm still confused . . . what DOES bring you here!?

SMITTY: Oh that drunken letter last year—guess you felt you had to confess to somebody. And I was a handy long-time-no-see old friend. Did kinda shake me up—but first time I had a chance to come this way, had to soft-shoe in to catch you unaware. To believe you did this sort of thing, I guess.

BOBBY: (Darkly) Been doing "this sort of thing ever since I remember" . . .

SMITTY: Don't people catch on? I mean that super-sexy way you walk, your fruity gestures, that askew wig, that too-throaty voice?

BOBBY: (protectively) I've got a cold.

SMITTY: . . . a cold you've had every time you go out in drag?

BOBBY: Can't a girl have a cold!?!?

SMITTY: Me-thinks the ludicrous lady doth protest too damn much.

BOBBY: You're insulting! You just don't buy my costume, do you!

SMITTY: Frankly, no. Any man with genes can tell a boy from a girl. And frankly it makes me sick to see my ol' buddy in this nance put-on!

VOICE: (That of youngish man, rising business-executive type, entering from hall-door) What's this—an encounter group!? Just because I left the door unlocked . . . Hi, Jane . . .

JANE (or "BOBBY"): I just wandered in, thought I'd try your . . . that wig on. And this dope was hiding in here!

VOICE: (That of a youngish man, rising business-executive type, entering from hall-door) What's this — an encounter group!? Just because I left the door unlocked . . . Hi, Jane . . .

SMITTY: (Looking with pathetic bewilderment from Jane to the newcomer) (softly) Bob . . . ? Bob!? You're Bob!! Jane there's not . . . Bobby? (Jane has taken off wig, is fluffing out her urchin haircut. Her exquisite facial features now revealed, reason for that brief hairdo is evident.)

BOB: You thought that neat little chick was me!? . . . after I wrote that letter in my cups!? Man, Smitty, you must think I can be a smasher of a girl when I put my mind to it. You got more faith in me than I have!

SMITTY: Uh . . . yeh. (Looking sheepishly, knowingly at impishly grinning Jane) I knew my ol' buddy Bob would be perfect at anything he tried. (Pause—then in a flat, dull voice) Ladies and gentlemen, will you excuse me now? I just remembered an appointment to shoot some acid, trip out on methedrene and then get passing-out drunk.

(He starts to exit, as though escaping from hungry lions, as . . .)

CURTAIN COMES DOWN (fast!)



Marie — 14-K-2 FPE



Jan — 14-Y-1 FPE

SMITTY: . . . a cold you've had every time you go out in drag?

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SMITTY:
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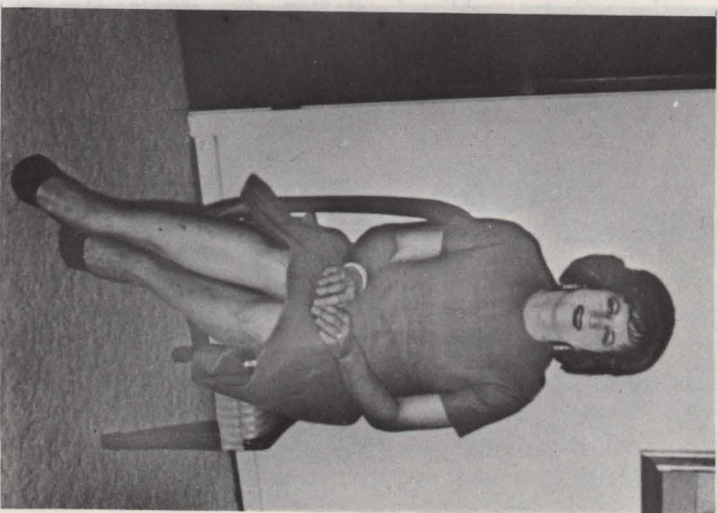
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Betsy — R.I.

Florence — 25-S-2 FPE



Susan — 35-O-1 FPE

Julie — 13-M-7 FPE



Myrtle Ann — 36-M-1 FPE



Dorina — 25-O-2 FPE

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Mystic Ann — 20-M-1 FPE
Sally — 43-S-5 FPE



Age 19 — Miss
Clare Elaine — 31-F-1 FPE

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TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

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

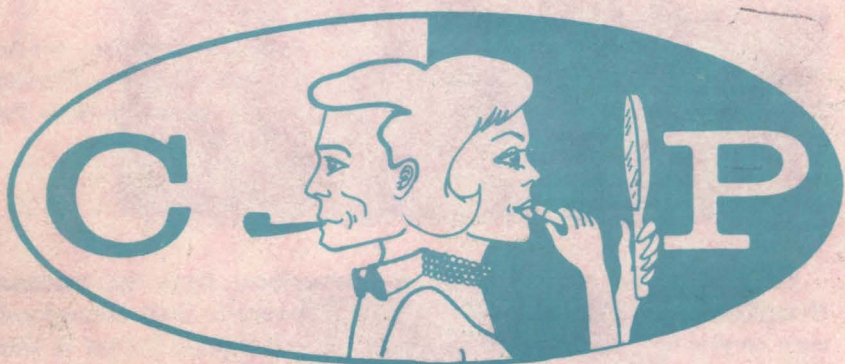
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