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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

OUTLET AND OUTLOOK

ON THE SUBJECT OF

FASCINATING

ATTIRE

CONSIDER THIS - - - - -

In the "Gospel According to Thomas", a new book based on translation of an old 4th Century manuscript recently discovered, there appears this "saying of Jesus".

"When you make the two one, and when you make the inner as the outer and the outer as the inner and the above as the below, and when you make the male and the female into a single one - then shall you enter the Kingdom".

Here we have a saying of Jesus that expresses in slightly different ways a feeling held by many Transvestites - there is a great deal of the feminine in the male which needs to be recognized, unified and expressed. Likewise, there is much masculinity in the female. Fortunately for her, however, her masculinity can be expressed in socially accepted ways.

When the complete personalities, characteristics and abilities of each of the two sexes can be freely utilized and expressed without social disapproval, then society as a whole will surely be a little nearer to the Kingdom since all of the potential of all of the people will then be available.

TRANSVESTIA

A Privately Printed Magazine

with

Three Objectives

To provide EXPRESSION for those interested in the subjects of exotic and unusual dress and fashion.

To provide INFORMATION to those who, through ignorance, condemn that which they do not understand.

To provide EDUCATION for those who see evil where none exists.

Vol. 1 -- No. 1
January 1960
Los Angeles, Calif.

TRANSVESTIA
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THE PURPOSE BEHIND TRANSVESTIA

Every publication must have a reason for its existence and justification for the effort which goes into it beyond that of financial success. In the case of TRANSVESTIA, there are three:

EXPRESSION - EDUCATION - INFORMATION

Because people are interested in the unconventional and unusual, it does not mean they are immoral, criminal or dangerous. Unfortunately the ignorance and prejudices of the masses about things which they know little and understand less, makes the lives of such non-conformists lonely and miserable. It is one of the purposes of TRANSVESTIA to help lift a little of that loneliness by providing an outlet of expression where people of more or less related tastes, interests and hobbies can read about the experiences and ideas of others and also have a place to express their own.

It is not only interesting and satisfying to learn that we are not alone in our non-conformity but it can be in many cases a real psychologically stabilizing experience to learn that not one of us is unique in our desires and our problems but that thousands of others fight the same battles and experience the same frustrations. To know that we have comrades is very helpful.

Someone once said, "To know is to understand." We feel that a lot more understanding could be achieved by parents, wives, friends and business associates if the nature of various behavior patterns were presented to them through the experiences of many others rather than to allow them to reach conclusions solely on the basis of some one individual with whom they happen to have a close relationship. Such patterns have to be judged with perspective and knowledge and these can only be gained by seeing the matter in the broader picture of the

experiences of many different people.

Sin, evil and immorality are usually more relative than absolute. That is, they are interpretations of an individual's behavior in terms of certain fixed ideas in the interpreter's mind. This often results in condemnation of a given form of behavior where that same behavior in other times, climes and cultures would pass unnoticed. Moreover, in our time "guilt by association" is all too commonplace. Association does not necessarily mean with people only, but with their actions at times. Everyone accepts the aphorism that "all is not gold that glitters", yet all too often the same behavior pattern may be exhibited by two groups of people whose reasons for the pattern are entirely different.

Unfortunately, if society disapproves of one group, it will also disapprove of the other. Educating society to look for the differences that set groups apart, rather than the similarities that seem to tie them together, should make individuals more discriminating in their judgements. This in turn would reduce the number of incidents where individuals are accused of things of which they are not guilty and made to bear stigma that they do not deserve.

TRANSESTIA will help in providing the information in the form of opinions and experiences which will help, we hope in this process of education.

EDITORIAL POLICY

TRANSVESTIA is published as a means of expression of opinion and experience of those interested in clothing, fashion and various exotic and unusual forms of attire. Its contents are contributed principally by its readers with some repringing of stories or articles which have been published elsewhere.

It is published and material is solicited in a clear understanding of the following conditions:

1. Some material submitted is fictional and some is true. The editor has no way of knowing which is which and makes no representations of any kind concerning any material printed.
2. Some material may have been copied from or adapted from stories or articles previously printed elsewhere. Where this is known to the editor, proper credit will be given, but where it is not known, the editor specifically disclaims any intention of plagiarism or responsibility for it. Articles or stories on the subject matter of TRANSVESTIA tend to circulate until the identity of the original author is completely lost. It is hoped that any author whose work may appear in these pages will not take offense, but rather, be complimented that his work was printed.
3. No compensation is paid for any material submitted and all contributors make their material available with this understanding. Material will not be returned unless requested at the time of submission and a stamped, return envelope is included.

POLICY (continued)

4. The editor reserves the right to refuse to print and to change or delete all or part of any material submitted. In no case will any obscene or pornographic matter be printed. There is a wealth of acceptable material in the experiences, ideas, and opinions of all present and future readers of TRANSESTIA without having to resort to material that is questionable or in bad taste. This magazine should be such that it can be shown to people not yet acquainted with the subjects discussed.
 5. We realize that interest in clothing, fashion and unusual attire can range from complete, as in true Transvestism through various degrees of interest in particular types of garments such as shoes, corsets, lingerie, etc. to special interests such as rubber or leather. The clothing interest can, moreover, be in conjunction with bondage, discipline, humiliation, etc. Because of this variety of interest, we will try to divide material up so as to provide something for all. This will have to be done with consideration for point 4 above, however.
 6. The opinions expressed in the articles are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the editor. Any similarity between names, places and situations are
 7. Only initials and city will be used to identify contributors. Anyone wishing to contact contributors can do so, using the procedure outlined in the "Person to Person" section.
- Available with this understanding. Material will not be returned unless requested at the time of submission and a stamped return envelope is included.

THE PROPOSED LAYOUT

In this first issue there has not been time to have received and organized a lot of material from our readers. Indeed we do not even have any idea of how many readers we will have. So we have assembled a magazine which we think you will enjoy all right, but one which will not be as complete as we hope it will be in the future.

In order to give you, who are not only the readers but the writers of TRANSVESTIA, some idea of what we propose to do and how you can best contribute to it, here is our plan. The following sections are proposed at this time. If enough material is forthcoming to fill them, they will be there. If they don't fulfill a need for the readers, they will be dropped.

EDITORIAL SECTION:

A place where the editor can say what is on his mind, ask questions, make suggestions, etc.

SHORT STORIES:

Stories complete in one issue, being either true or fictional tales of interest to all of us. It is hoped that many of these will be sent in.

CONTINUED STORIES:

Longer stories which would monopolize too much of the magazine if all in one issue. (Besides, we want you back next time and we have to have something for bait, don't we?)

WIVES' SECTION:

Here we would like to print the comments of wives of men who enjoy various unconventional hobbies such as Transvestism. We'd like the real ladies to express themselves freely since their comments could prove of considerable psychological and sociological help to other wives or girl friends who may not be so understanding. After all, one of our aims is to educate and to help as well as to entertain.

THEORETICAL SECTION:

For this section we would like to have the comments, theories and points of view of our readers on the whys and wherefores, causes and result, pleasures and hardships of their particular "hobbies". We shall also hope to have some articles from doctors and reprintings of medical articles which we feel may be of interest.

QUESTION BOX:

Here we will print in each issue one or more questions which we hope will stimulate interest and enlightened comment for the benefit of all.

THE SOAP BOX:

A correspondence section devoted only to answers to question Box questions.

DEAR EDITOR SECTION:

Regular correspondence section for all letters expressing opinions, likes, dislikes, gripes and praises of all who stumble across these pages by accident or (we hope) by subscription.

GENERAL:

In and out among the other sections we hope to have poems, gags, etc. Cartoons and pictures cost much more to reproduce and we won't know how much of this we can handle until we find out the size of our audience.

ADVERTISING SECTIONS:

- (1) Person to Person ads for meeting others.
- (2) Goods and services for sale, rent or trade.

Any other ideas are always welcome - speak up!

MISS DRAFT DODGER

I had read entirely too much about World War 1 to want to become involved in World War 2. My fear of being an active participant in a war knew no bounds. Yet a month after I had been examined, I was notified I was 1A and told to hold myself ready. Frantically I sought a means to evade Army responsibilities. It was too late now to achieve exemption by getting a job in an essential war industry and besides, I hated work almost as much as I did war. It was then that I saw those ads in the Personal Columns where women advertized for husbands. I thought, why not? This might be the very thing. So, I answered one of the ads.

Constance was a very beautiful woman, exceedingly smart in her black dress, her diamond clips, her blue-green eyes, her hair beautifully dressed, each lacquered strand artfully in place. Her make-up was exquisite and artistic but her throat betrayed her. It was slender but it had lines. Her whole person had the slightly drawn appearance of a determined woman reluctantly approaching the 40's. She was a beautiful woman for that age but lacking the dewy freshness of young girlhood. She was easily ten years my senior but I figured she was a bargain, especially as she was not only working but had an important executive position at a high salary. So we were married.

I asked for reclassification. After three weeks of explanations I was transferred to 3A - for two weeks! Married men without dependents were to be taken immediately so I was placed back in 1A. This tedious business had not ended yet I was sure. It would drag on for another six months I thought. Meanwhile Constance, my wife, had been supporting me. She claimed it was no burden and she wanted me to enjoy all the liberty to read and do all the delightful things I would be unable to do in the Army. Constance, at this time, was a quiet woman. We never had any visitors, I had no friends or relations in this city

and if Constance had had visitors, she generally had no time to receive them. Whatever it was she worked at kept her busy at home too. She always seemed to be sitting at a desk with a typewriter and a pile of papers in front of her. So, I was very much alone. I sat in my room anticipating the minor crises of the day - the maid's knock, the appearance of the postman, mealtimes, radio programs and the sure distress of certain thoughts.

I had thought of going to work but I was unwilling to admit that I did not know how to use my new-found freedom and have to embrace the flunky type of a job because I had no resources - in a way, no character. There was nothing to do but wait and fret and grow more dispirited. It was perfectly clear to me that I was deteriorating - storing up bitterness and self pity, but the delay of waiting and wondering and dreading was only one of the sources of my mental travail. Finally it came!!! - the official letter I had been dying a thousand deaths over. I lacked the nerve to open it as I knew only too well what it was. That first word which said "Greetings". All day I paced around from one room to another carrying the ominous letter, still unopened. When Constance came home carrying her usual brief-case and dressed in her very businesslike suit, she delayed making her toilette long enough to ask me the reason for my evident agitation. Naturally, she saw the letter I was carrying and had probably guessed its contents. I dropped the half-crumpled letter in her lap, sank down to a chair and buried my head in my arms. I heard her tearing the envelope open, ventured a look in her direction.

"Is it ----?" "It is!", I heard her say. "I'm sorry to have you leave, Orville, but I suppose I'd better ring for Bessie to pack your bag." Dully, I heard her do this. Then, "you won't need much you know", she added, "where you're going, they will furnish you with everything". With that, I slid to the floor in a dead faint. When I came to, I saw Constance leaning over me with a damp towel in her hand. Her expression was one of ill-concealed disgust.

"You really married me only to keep out of the Army, didn't you, Orville?" I rose to a sitting position, bit my lips but nodded. Recalling all of the things I had read in books and had seen in the movies about war, I started quivering with fear. I wailed, "Oh Constance, can't you do something? Isn't there some way to save me?" I grasped her around her knees and began to sob. Suddenly I received a stinging slap across my cheek and was pulled to my feet and shoved into a chair. Several more slaps brought me out of my hysterics. I avoided looking into Constance's scornful eyes. "Forgive me", I said. "It's just that I've been dreading this so long - that - " I faltered, not knowing of a convincing explanation of my cowardice.

"Poor boy! It would be a shame sending you into the Army, feeling as you do. I'll help delay this if you wish it that way. Of course you will have to take all the blame when they catch up with you. That is inevitable. Now - I'll have a friend of mine drive you across the Canadian border to Northwest, a little town where my mother and father live. There you'll be safe as long as a year, at least. Do you want to do that?" This offer seemed almost too good to be true and I certainly did not hesitate in making up my mind. Almost before I knew it I was in the car, one of Constance's trucks to be exact, and driven by one of her drivers. I was hidden under a large piece of canvas and arrived at my mother-in-law's without any border incident.

I found the house in great disorder. Mrs. Vickers was trying to make beds, cook, and attend her husband - all at the same time. It seemed that all her household help had left for more remunerative work at war plants. I rather disliked my mother-in-law at first sight. She's a tall, fair, rather maidenish woman with large eyes that had a wise, penetrating look. She powdered her face thickly and painted her lips in the shape that has become the universal device of sensuality for all women - from the newly mature to the very old. Mrs. Vickers, past 50, was foreman of her home and was forever on the watch for new face lotions and skin packs. She

read the contents of the sealed envelope I gave her, which Constance had given me and nodded her head savagely. "Well, it's about time I had some help around here", she said. "Mr. Vickers is laid up for a few days and I'm worn out trying to keep house and take care of him - and what can you do without a maid? Both Hilda and Fanny left to go to work in a war plant. Orville, Constance sent you just in time to save me from a breakdown." Her words, crisp and brittle, fell on me like little pellets. I was confused and disappointed. Apparently I was expected to do some work around here. Without giving me time to rest up from my trip, Mrs. Vickers picked up my suitcase and hustled me into a small room against the kitchen. It had room only for a bed and dresser. These were to be my quarters while I stayed with my wife's parents.

"Now, you hurry and get your things off while I hunt you up some work clothes", she said. Before I had removed anything but my coat and shirt, she was back with a large pile of clothes and shoes which she threw on the bed. "These belonged to Hilda and Fanny and I'm sure they will fit you." She selected a dress, slip, shoes and cotton stockings from the profusion and offered them to me. "I'm sorry, Orville, but I couldn't find a girdle or panties. We can get them later".

I stared blankly. Quite seriously, my mother-in-law's attention was that I don these feminine garments. "What's the idea of the masquerade?", I asked. "Are we going to play games?" Mrs. Vickers clucked impatiently. "Young man, you'll learn that I'm not to be trifled with. Hurry and get into those clothes, I say. We have too much to do around here to stand about gabbing nonsense".

"All right, all right!" I said, a little frightened at her menacing glare. "Just explain why you want me to work in women's clothes". She glowered angrily like a long, thin hawk. "You came here to escape the draft, didn't you? You don't expect an able bodied man can stay around here indefinitely without questions being asked, do you?"

I rubbed my chin. This was something I had been wondering about. Constance had figured, with me, that I might be safe for a year without investigation but it seemed her mother had ideas of her own and as I thought it over, the disguise of a woman might prolong it very much longer. My safety, that is, the idea of getting away with it was, however, almost too ridiculous to consider. I told my mother-in-law this after I had donned the costume and stood shakily before her on two-inch heels. She put her hands on her scrawny hips and surveyed me.

"It's true you're no beauty", she adjudged, "but neither was Hilda." She was coarser and stockier than you, if anything. Yet you two look quite a bit alike. Next time we'll pad your brassiere a lot more and with a bandanna wrapped around your head you'll be a dead ringer for Hilda." She gave me a tray of food and told me to take it upstairs and give it to my father-in-law who was in bed. He was lying, knees drawn up and shoulders hunched and through an opening in his pajamas his flesh showed white and fat. He was dressed like a Chinese Mandarin and greeted me with a smile that seemed sincere. He gave the appearance of one who could afford to spend a few days in bed and I found out later that he had left his business in good hands. Just then the phone downstairs rang and Mrs. Vickers' shrill voice carried up to us, plainly and audibly. Old Vickers gave no indication that he heard anything; his face was a mask of inscrutability but I knew he was hearing every word. I was curious to see how he reacted to what she was saying, trying to determine by his face what he thought of his wife. Before I was aware of it, I found myself saying -

"How do you stand it?" He looked blankly at me and I said, "Just listen to her". He looked somewhat relieved.

"Oh, you mean the telephone? I don't pay any attention to her at all. All women are excessive talkers. You yourself probably chatter without knowing about it too. All women are chatterboxes".

"I don't chatter, and I'll have you know I'm not a woman!"

"You mean you're not a LADY", he thought to correct me. I know that without you telling me. For a new maid, you're much too bold and forward. Anyone can see you did not have the proper raising when you were a little girl. Now, in my time ----".

"You don't understand", I interrupted. "I'm not a maid and I'm not a WOMAN. I'm your son-in-law, Orville". He leaned forward in amazement. "You're ORVILLE"? he gulped. I then had to explain the situation as well as I could without revealing my own cowardice. He accepted it with amazing calm, as if he were used to his wife's foibles and ideas. He asked me to get his medicine. As I went out into the hall toward the bathroom, I heard Mrs. Vickers saying,

"I finally landed myself a maid. My daughter, Constance, sent her over from the States, after promising me for a long time to get me a maid who wouldn't quit me for a war job. Well, I can work this one as hard as I like because she's in trouble with the law and she knows we can turn her over to the police any time we want. "Her high voice almost purred in contentment. Filled with indignation, I turned toward the stairway but before I could descend, she looked up directly at me, showing by that that she had known I was there all the time and had heard every word. She smiled maliciously. Thoughtfully, I turned on my heel and walked slowly toward the bathroom, wondering if she and Constance had planned this thing intentionally or if she was actually trying to help me out unselfishly.

I dosed the old man with his medicine and rubbed him down with alcohol, eliciting a grunt of pleasure from him, remarking that I was stronger than I looked. Strangely, he did not ask me one question about my avoiding the draft, as he must have known I was doing, and by the time I had finished with him we were almost on friendly terms. If my

own father had been present, I know he would have treated me less considerately in this respect. I recalled the times I had come home crying, eyes blackened and face bruised, facing the additional ordeal of explaining my plight. Yes, if he had been present, he would show disgust and ridicule by hiding under skirts to escape the draft, but Mr. Vickers said not one word about it. Rolling down my long sleeves, I turned my head at Mrs. Vickers' entry. She told me that she had fixed some sandwiches and milk for me in the kitchen. It wasn't much but I was hungry. In the kitchen, after eating, I saw a sink full of dishes which became a part of my duties.

Dora, my sister-in-law, is a dark, pretty woman, still slender but large bosomed with her beautiful hair combed upward in a way designed to make the most of her neck. She has a very graceful neck, one of the attractive features she passed on to her daughter, 17 year old Barbara. Barbara and I were not on the best of terms. From the beginning there was a certain antagonism between us. Dora brought Barbara up to indemnify poverty and to look upon it not as an evil but as insignificant. She was made to feel that she, the daughter of moderately wealthy parents, was worlds apart from those who were poor and lived in drab or plain furnishings and wore inferior clothing; anyone who lived by their own efforts, without servants, was to be looked down on. The fact that I wasn't exactly a servant seemed not to affect her hauteur toward me in the least. Being young and somewhat patriotic, she felt that the means by which I was avoiding my military obligations put me in a class with the lowest forms of life. More than anything else, her scornful glances reminded me of my disgrace in being clad in women's clothes.

Barbara is an extremely tall girl and my lack of height made it easy for her to look down on me, actually speaking. In an effort to lessen this advantage, I attempted to wear some of the 4 inch heels that had belonged to Hilda but this was counteracted by Barbara putting on heels of equal height too. In spite of her antagonism, she seemed very attractive to me.

She looked like a younger and more beautiful edition of Constance and there was less difference in our ages. If I had been free and had my trousers, I could have gone for Barbara in a big way despite her superior height. However, under the circumstances, I knew I could have little effect on her; still, I found myself hanging around near her as much as possible. She took advantage of this fact by ordering me about, having me perform trivial duties, etc. Barbara spent many hours before the mirror catering to her vain emotions. Sometimes she would have me help her dress but my eagerness betrayed itself too soon and she stopped letting me help her into her intimate garments. Perhaps my hands lingered too long on the hooks or straps or maybe she could tell by my labored breathing just how I was enjoying myself. Anyway, our enmity being what it was, she denied me this pleasurable chore.

One day at dinner the talk in which I scarcely took part at all at first, was of the hardships of rationing. Mrs. Vickers and Dora are coffee drinkers but, as patriots, they tempered their complaints with resignation. They turned next to shoes and clothing. The husband of one of Dora's friends represented a large Eastern shoe firm and had warned that the Government intended to limit the sale of leather goods.

"We can't get along on four pairs of shoes a year", said Dora.

"You have to take into consideration what people are used to", said Mrs. Vickers. "Their standard of living - why even charities don't give the same amounts to any two families. It would cause too much hardship."

"Yes, that's what I meant", said Dora. "You call it hoarding". She had seemed to address herself to me. I didn't answer.

"Later there will be a run on clothes too" asserted Mrs. Vickers. "It won't be so bad for Harry and Orville, but the poor women and girls!"

"But Orville's a girl too", said Barbara sweetly. Her mother gave her a sharp look. "Now dear, none of that" - warningly. "But mother, be practical. As far as clothes are concerned, Orville is just as much of a girl as I am. Isn't he wearing a dress and slip and other dainties under the dress? - and he will have a stocking problem just the same as we will, won't he?" My face was burning and I squirmed uncomfortably, hating Barbara for bringing the subject around to me. Dora and Mrs. Vickers both looked thoughtful.

"What she says is very true" said Mrs. Vickers. "I hadn't thought of it, but I see we have to consider it, especially since Barbara pulled that awful boner and introduced Orville as her cousin, Lilly. If it weren't for that, we could pretend that he is just a servant and be kept out of sight as much as possible. Now you've made things difficult".

Barbara flushed at the chiding. "After all, you told me to take Orville to get a ration card. Was it my fault that I bumped into Mrs. Van Root and all the girls? Before I had time to think, they bombarded me with questions and I had to say that Orville was a relation. What could I say - that he was my uncle? Dressed as a girl the way he was?" Mrs. Vickers fanned herself vigorously with her napkin and nodded her head.

"Yes, I suppose you did the only thing you could. Oh my, wouldn't it have been frightful if you had introduced him as a man?" Barbara let out a loud giggle. "Well, I just managed to blurt out that Orville was my cousin and after that all the girls gushed over him and invited him to come and visit them".

"Yes, and now we are forced to take Orville with us to all these bridge parties and other affairs, whether we like it or not".

"But I don't play bridge", I wailed. "Besides, how long do you think I could fool a bunch of women about my real sex in such close association. It's a wonder they didn't suspect

that day, even though I was wearing a veil. My voice must have startled them, to say the least."

"Oh, you can raise the pitch of your voice enough to get by", said Mrs. Vickers. "And your appearance will pass, too. It's your awkward movements and the lack of knowledge of feminine niceties that could betray you. What might be excused in a young girl would never be condoned in a young woman." She took my chin in her hand, tilted my face this way and that. "Dora, do you think we could pass Orville off as a 17 or 18 year old girl? If so, he could run around with Barbara and her friends and then his awkwardness and shyness would be quite excusable".

"Why yes", said Dora. "If we dress his wig more youthfully girlish and pretty him up with a lot of gay ribbons and dainty flounces, he might very well pass as 18." Barbara and I exchanged mutually agonized glances.

"Mother - Grandmother"- she screeched - "Don't do that, please! I do NOT want to chum with a creature like Orville - UGH!" she shuddered, "to even think about carting him around with me - as a girl - is too appalling. I simply will NOT DO IT!!"

"I know how you feel, darling", said Dora, "but Orville doesn't feel that way about it, do you, Orville, dear?" She smiled maliciously at me. "I'm sure he'd rather do that than be marching up and down in some old Army camp. Isn't that so, Or -- Lilly dear"? I gulped at her meaning. "Yes'm". "Well that is settled then", said Mrs. Vickers with finality. Barbara darted venomous glances of hate at me.

In later years, as I thought over this event in retrospect, I can definitely attribute it as the decisive step in my present life. I was frightened and bewildered; frightened at the thought that I could easily antagonize any of these women to the extent of their turning me in to the law; bewildered at the rapid pace of my change of status and -

yes, let me admit it - change of sex. I was a man, born as such and raised to fulfill the duties of one and yet, now I was wearing women's clothes. Because of my weakness and cowardice, I had allowed myself to be swayed into feminine paths. And, to make things more incongruous, not only had my sex been changed externally but now I was facing the prospect of having my age falsified. From a 30 year old man, as I had been before my letter of "Greetings", I was fated to become the semblance of an 18 year old girl!! It was incredible!!- for a moment I could not think that these women were actually serious about the entire matter. I was soon to learn that they were very much in earnest.

The following day, just after I had completed my upstairs duties (I still took care of cleaning the rooms and taking care of cleaning the rooms and taking care of Mr. Vickers) Mrs. Vickers, Dora and Barbara came up the stairs with their arms full of bundles. Later, I learned that they had gathered up all of the women's clothes they thought might be used. Barbara's wardrobe had yielded most of the dresses and although they were too long because she was taller, some of her panties, bras, slips and petticoats fit very well and the dresses could be shortened. I wore the same size shoe as both Dora and Barbara. Calling to me to enter, they subjected me to minute measurements. They measured my bust, waist, hips and length. As to the waist, they allowed for four inches less than my actual measurement was, to take in the smaller waist that a tight corset would give me. I was appalled at this when they mentioned it. Four inches! I would surely strangle! For the piece de Resistance, Dora opened up a small box and revealed a pair of foam rubber falsies. The sight of them, plus the hilarious giggles of the three women, brought the blushes to my cheeks in waves of agonizing shame. And then, as they began to embellish by body into these garments that would change me into an 18 year old girl, I wanted to cry and laugh at the same time, so silly and helpless did I feel.

Barbara was sent to the store with a list of things still lacking and as soon as she went out the door Mrs. Vickers ordered me to undress myself completely. I protested blush-

ingly, but at the steely glares of both the women, I removed my dress, slip and bra, then stood mutely in my panties and stockings. At Mrs. Vickers' cold stare at these items, I shook my head in misery. Savagely, she reached over and tore my panties off. Handing me a pantie-girdle, I was ordered to pull it on over my hips. Struggling into it, Mrs. Vickers uttered a savage command that made even Dora blush. "Tuck that ugly thing back between your legs so it won't show!" I did as she ordered, sweating in the process. Over this, I had to fasten a tight laced "waist-whittler" that made my hips look gently rounded and my waist accordingly smaller. A shiny white satin brassiere, which I had to struggle to hook in the back, encompassed the "falsies" and as I caught a glimpse of my silhouette in the mirror, I thought that the transformation of sexes had truly taken place in me. The rounded hipline, the tiny waist, the jutting mounds of twin globes that was now my bosom, gave me a sense of unreality.

Sheer, lace-foamed panties, a slip of peach colored satin and then a gabardine skirt of light grey and a sheer batiste blouse which was so thin that the lace of my sheer slip was revealed very clearly, was followed by a pair of Bobby socks and low heeled loafers on my feet. At this moment Barbara returned, bearing a bag. When opened, the bag contained a purse, and several other small packages housed a powder-puff, lipstick, mascara, eyebrow pencil, face powder - in all - all of the cosmetics which a girl's purse contains.

Seating herself near the small table she beckoned to me and nodded to another chair facing her. Putting a towel across her lap and wrapping another one around my shoulders, she began to attack my features with the cosmetics. Silently, grimly, she used powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eyebrow pencil and just as silently, but not grimly, I submitted to this radical transformation of my small features. She worked slowly, painstakingly applying the scented mixtures and, with the final step, as she handed me a piece of tissue, told me to press my lips on it to

remove the excess lipstick. She stood back and surveyed me carefully to observe the over-all effect. At length, she smiled in satisfaction. Timidly, I looked toward Mrs. Vickers and Dora and was startled to see a look of awe on their faces. All of this had occurred with my wig resting on the dresser and picking it up, Dora fitted it carefully over my head. She looked at me speculatively, then shook her head, looking at Barbara and observing her long, loose hair which hung down to her shoulders in thick waves in methodical, orderly looseness, said,

"No, I don't think the hair is right. Do you, Barbara dear?"

"No, mother. He - I mean, she, should either have hair like mine or else the short curls such as Betty and Diane wear. What about that blonde wig I used for that masquerade last year? I still have it."

"That's just the thing, Run and get it quickly. "Barbara darted out while I sat as quietly as a mouse. Swallowing painfully, I sat for what seemed an hour but was actually only ten minutes, until Barbara returned, holding in her hands a long blonde wig of beautifully waved strands of real hair. She walked to me, fitted it over my head carefully, adjusted it tightly and then Mrs. Vickers reached over to the dresser and opening a drawer, removed a little bottle.

"Here, take it off again and put some of this mucilage around his forehead and temples so that the wig will not come off or get loose."

This was done and when it was put in place on my head again, Barbara fluffed it out at the back, gently patted the curls into place at my ears and then tied a blue ribbon in the yellow strands of hair just back of the middle of my head. Dora pulled me to my feet and the three feminine Maratres, or "Cruel Stepmothers" as they say in French, studied me with amusement in their eyes. But, mixed with the laughter, I could also detect something else, a sort of awe, that made me anxious to look at myself more closely to see what it was that caused this strange attitude. I had no chance for this,

however, as Mrs. Vickers placed her hands on her hips and observed. "I swear, I just can't believe it. If I were seeing Orville for the first time right now, nobody, yes, nobody, could convince me that he isn't a girl - and he looks as young as you do, Barbara". "Why, when I suggested that we try to make him look like a 17 or 18 year old girl I never dreamed he would look like this." This brought a flush of annoyance to Barbara's cheeks. Mrs. Vickers went on - "In Hilda's clothes he did look like a clod, a clumsy, frowsy woman - but now, I am sure you will not have to worry about taking him around with you, Barbara. Nobody is going to ask any questions. He looks so amazingly different!! I can't get over it - I know what we'll do. Grandfather Vickers doesn't know anything about this. Orville, you will go up to his room and pretend that you walked into it by mistake. Say that you are a girl friend of Barbara's and get him into a conversation. Raise your voice several pitches higher. Under no circumstances will you tell him that you are Orville! I'll be standing just outside the door listening, so you'd better do as I say!"

"But why, mother?" asked Dora. "Father knows Orville and he's certain to recognize him. Why go through this silly regamarole?" "Because I don't think your father WILL recognize him - and I want to find out if Orville actually looks as much like a young girl as I think he does. Orville, what are you waiting for?"

Like Achilles when he found himself in the garb of a maiden, I was disturbed internally. I felt that I had entered a new world, a sort of new existence - in the world of women. Before this, I had regarded myself as only disguised as a woman; now, I felt as though this matter had become very serious and as I walked along towards Mr. Vickers' room, the long blonde curls swinging down my neck, my tight skirt binding my thighs and the strange awareness of the fullness and softness of my bosom - a deep impression was made on my mentality. Unconsciously, I began to walk with shorter steps and before I got to the door of my father-in-law's room, I was swinging my hips and swaying my bottom, quite without conscious volition. Opening his door without knocking, I walked up to his bed and pretended confusion when I saw

him sitting up abruptly.

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry, sir," (I made my voice soft and tried to pitch it higher than ordinarily.) I was startled at my success. Knowing that by this time Mrs. Vickers would be outside the door, I faltered -

"I really thought this was the room Barbara uses. She told me it was the second one on the right but I must have misunderstood her".

"No, you didn't misunderstand her, young lady. It all depends on which way you are going. Her room is across the hall. He was looking at me with a little smile at the corner of his lips and, noting, I felt that he recognized me and was laughing at me. As I started to go he said, "By the way, who are you? I thought I knew all of Barbara's friends but I don't think we've met, or have we? You look rather ramiliar".

"I'm Lilly Doran. I went to school with Barbara".

"Oh, well - Barbara's room is right across the hall from this one. Come in and say hello to me whenever you can, Lilly".

"I certainly shall, Mr. Vickers", I smiled, for suddenly I saw that he did NOT know me. Tossing my head so that my hair swirled around my ears, I minced out of the room and as soon as I passed the door on the outside, I saw Dora, Mrs. Vickers and Barbara standing outside, hugging themselves with silent laughter. I had thought my mother-in-law would immediately go into her husband's room and reveal the entire hoax but they followed me down the stairs and once in the library, they collapsed into chairs with shrieks of joy.

"Arne't you going to tell Dad?", I asked wonderingly.

"No, we are not going to tell him. Now don't ask me why. I just say that we are not going to tell him. Don't you breathe a word to him!"

(continued in next issue)

THE CHEVALIER D'EON RESORT

This is it, friends! At last it's happened. How would you like a place where you could take all your lacy panties, pretty slips, highest heels, nicest perfume and prettiest dresses and wear them not only undisturbed and unafraid but in the company of understanding people and others of the same kind? Impossible? Sounds like it, but one of our number has a wonderful big place in the Catskills which she has called the Chevalier d'Eon Resort. Here, for the most modest sum of \$25 per person, you can enjoy yourself all weekend, meals included.

Since there are no employees around on weekends, everyone can pitch in and help with table, kitchen and housemaid chores. Boy! (I should say "Girl"!) what a break for the "French Maids" among us. Change clothes as many times as you want, stay inside or go out- in short, do as you please and "LIVE". Even hairdressing help will be available.

What more can you ask? This sounds more like fiction than a lot of fiction, but it's real! There is actually only one drawback, and that is - it's in the Catskills only 130 miles from Times Square, but - gad - what a distance from California. Guess you won't be seeing ye Ed. there, mores the pity. Who has a place in California for the same thing? Dont all speak at once.

Anyway, for all the luscious details and information, write to:

Miss Susanna Valenti
857 West End Ave. Apt. 8-E
New York 25, N.Y.

or phone:

UNiversity 6-2382

MY LIFE WITH COUSIN CORA

By Ellsworth (Elsie)

When I was sixteen, my parents parted, and being poor in this world's goods, my cousin Cora offered them a solution with regard to myself. I was surprised to say the least, when adoption papers were presented and through the medium of the local Court I became the son of my buxom cousin, Cora. What was so surprising to me was the fact that Cora had always despised boys and all males. She had adopted a pretty, well built Miss of seventeen, who was also a cousin, some years before my adoption and this girl was also my girl-friend or fiancee

We all lived in a small town in the South and right after my adoption my parents went their respective ways. I have never seen nor heard of them since. I do not regret this, as they were only interested in their own selfish needs - mainly the town bar! This adoption took place 14 years ago. I am now 30 and married to this same girl which I have mentioned. She, Alice, is still very pretty and I am sure that those who read this will find our married life very "fitting" as Alice puts it!

Well, Cora took me home after I became her son and I was ever so glad of the new and very nice home and also now I lived in the same house where my fiancee lived. She of course became my "big sister" (She was 17 and I was 16) by adoption only.

Now I must tell you a little about myself. I was, and am, a virile and masculine male. I can never remember the time when I did not have an almost worshipful admiration for girls and women and all things feminine. I was as deeply in love at 16 as it is possible, and in love with Alice. I still am! At home in the privacy of my bedroom, I would get out my treasures which were mail order catalogs and turn to the lingerie section and devour picture by picture

and word by word, all that it showed and told about petticoats, dresses, hose, shoes, corsets and girl's and women's panties! I would fairly drool over the bloomers, the lacy open leg panties, the briefs - I even had an old catalog that showed the old fashioned lace trimmed drawers and knickers trimmed with embroidery - about everything that girls and women wore! The pictures were part in color and how I would burn with the love of these pretty pictures there in my room. My disinterested parents never knew that I had these catalogs in my secret place in one of my high-boy drawers. I loved this sort of thing, and at so young an age I cannot even remember when it first started.

Once at school, just before I was adopted by Cora, the girls' physical education teacher caught me in the girls' locker room in the school basement. I was very busy handling clothing, including a pair of pink bloomers when this teacher caught me. I was lectured sternly and sent blushing on my way. Later that day when the girls' gym class was working in blouses and black sateen bloomers, I was hanging around looking, as I loved this sight! The same teacher caught me and I was this time taken to her study. You see, when she told me to go away from the class, I made some personal remarks. This athletic Miss, along with another teacher, punished me well! I was over the gyn teacher's lap and the other teacher held me, my trousers were pulled tight over my posterior and I was given a sound strapping! My parents were notified, but unlike other parents of boys and girls that I knew in the little town, my parents did nothing. All of the boys and girls who were punished at school took a trip to the well known woodshed when they got home but my parents did nothing. Cousin Cora of course knew all about my activities at school and she just shook her pretty head and said; "I feel I have a solution to Ellsworth's problem".

Of course my girl friend shamed me for the affair in the girls' locker room and the gym class episode, but it was all very mild. So, now I was the son of beautiful, buxom Cora. It was summer vacation and during the vacation time of three months, I would reach 17 and Alice would reach 18.

The summer vacation started and I got used to the pattern of my new home. The food was fine - it was such a contrast to my old life and home!

I had managed to bring my precious mail order catalogs along with me in a suitcase and they now were in my fine high-boy in my new and well furnished room. Once when I was busy with them, and gloating over each and every word and picture, I thought I heard a sound in the hall. Cora and Alice were out, so I thought it was my imagination. I had left my door ajar in my hurry and anyway the house was empty - or so I thought.

At dinner Alice and Cora acted amused and like they had a secret that was theirs alone! I was treated with more than my due. I was helped and treated like I was made of glass by them both! In the living room where Alice and I generally went in the evening to sit and hold hands, kiss and talk and pet in our innocent ways, there was no change. In fact Alice was nicer than ever and so terribly considerate, it was almost as if our positions were reversed and that she was the boy and I the girl! That night when I went to my room to go to bed, I was embarrassed and surprised to find that my bed now had silk sheets and that my pillows were bordered with lace! I asked Cora about this and she replied: "My darling, you see we want you to have the best, the gentle things, the atmosphere of softness". This was all a bit beyond me but she told me that I would understand it all in due time! Well, in time to come I did learn a little about psychology and knew what was what!

Alice and myself were told to call Cora "Miss Cora" as she did not wish us to call her mother. This was okay with us of course and it was all sort of chummy with us three. Miss Cora was a well corsetted, buxom lady and dressed to perfection. Oh, how lacy were her things, how gorgeous were her long legs! Alice also dressed to perfection. I was full of desires, thrills and burning pleasure all the time!

Well, one day I was alone at home and Alice had put the wash out. She had said to me: "Oh come on Ellsworth and

help me hang these things on the line. One would think the way you blush and take on that you had never seen feminine garments or that you hated them". I made excuses. I did not hate the garments, as you know - in fact I loved them, especially Miss Cora's and those belonging to Alice!

Looking back, it was what is called a "guilt complex" and of course Miss Cora knew it was this and of course she had told Alice. (I of course did not know that they knew of my practice and desire and love that I carried on in what I thought was privacy. I did not know that they had looked over my catalogs and had noted the "special pages" that were worn and soiled from much handling. Miss Cora was just waiting patiently for the right time to act!

It will be recalled that I said that Miss Cora disliked males intensely. This was due to some very shabby treatment when she was 17 and engaged. Ever since the time I thought I had heard a footstep in the hall when I was at my "bookwork" Miss Cora had seemed to treat me better - in fact just like she treated Alice, or even more so!

Ever since I could remember, I had wanted to own things like were in my books but I had never been able to get hold of any. I had tried to think up a way to steal some panties at least from a clothes line, but in such a small village I had never yet had the courage. One day Miss Cora and Alice had gone to the town that was a mile down the dusty road, to get groceries. I of course went to my "books" to "study" and this day I seemed to be burning up with the desire to handle these garments that I saw in the catalog. I looked into Miss Cora's closet and gazed and trembled all over as I saw her petticoats and lacy underwear. I looked in her dresser and handled the corsets and the lovely hose supporters that were attached. I did this also in my girl friend's room. Oh how I was burning and my hands shook. Of, to have some of these things for my very own!

I knew that I dare not take any of these things. Miss Cora was most efficient with respect to her house and her things and so was Alice, for that matter. Surely there was some other way. Now in a city the solution would have been easy. I could just have gone to a ladies' shop and that would have been that. I could have said that the garments were for a present. In this town which was a village of few people and in which I was well known, this could not be done. So I thought and worried and all at once came the answer. There it was right in front of me - I had it - why had I not thought of this before?

In the back hall downstairs was a large clothes hamper where soiled garments were put. Alice had done a part of the washing and ironing with the help of a woman who came in on certain days. However, as there was a lot of work and as Alice was learning to do fancy work, a "washer-woman" was engaged to do it. This lady called each Monday and took the soiled garments from the hamper, or sometimes her daughter, a girl of my own age, called for them. They would take the things and on the next Monday return them when they again picked up the soiled things.

I picked out one complete outfit. I longed for a pair of Alice's sheer hose but I dared not take them from her room. There were none in this hamper but there was a pair of her gym hose - long black cotton stockings. Here was my gold mine indeed! I got a complete outfit all together, including a dainty corselette with the cute supporters attached! Alice must have washed most all her own panties as all the panties I could find were a pair of her "square dance" ones. There was a square dance fad from New York to San Francisco and in our rather rural community, square dancing was a part of any dance or get together. These panties were taffeta, a cream colored taffeta and made like bloomers or knickers.

I figured that these garments, being in the soiled clothes hamper, could be taken and kept and when missed, they

would be just considered lost by the wash woman. Since Miss Cora was very generous, it would just be forgotten and I would own and have and keep these things for my very own! I thrilled and ran to get to my room quickly. I lacked shoes but in a flash I had the answer to this missing item also. My brain was really working this fine, quiet, warm summer day. All of us had contributed old things to the church for a church rummage sale that was to take place in a week and so in this box I found a pair of old shoes that had belonged to Miss Cora. They were scuffed some but they were black pumps with high heels. I got these and took off in a state of high excitement to my room.

I locked the door of my room. Since Miss Cora and Alice would be shopping for some time, I was safe. If they did come back, they would just figure I was fishing down at the river. If anyone tried my door, I could act quickly and get back to my own status. I would act as if I had been asleep if by some slight chance Miss Cora or Alice tried my door. It was doubtful if they would. I undressed and as I picked up the garments, I was thrilled all over! I took an old bra that I padded with a lot of wash cloths pinned inside the cups. I had quite a time getting it adjusted, but I made it. I put the dainty, narrow corselette about my waist and was pleased to note that I was almost as slim at the waist as the girl I loved! How odd I felt and how thrilled I was as I felt this garment pull me in and I fingered the lace edged supporter clasps and thrilled some more. No, no indeed it was not time yet to gaze at myself in the full length door mirror in my bedroom closet! I pulled on the hose, the long black cotton stocking, which made a great contrast against my white skin. What a feeling they gave me as I fastened the supporters and adjusted them ever so taut! I felt all "pulled up" and was entering a state of pure ecstasy. I put on the high heeled slippers and managed to get my feet into them. However, they were too small and they hurt but they were not too

bad to wear. Anyway I could stand a little pain if necessary. It was worth it and more! I next stepped into the swishing taffeta square dance panties - oh, oh - the beautiful tactility, the "feel" of them next to my skin, the whisper, the swish they made when I moved. They seemed to whisper so gently to me and I trembled so that I had to get hold of myself.

These lovely panties had elastic at the waist, rather wide and tight and there was a frill of lace, an embroidered "stand-out" frill or ruffle and on the outside of each leg, sewed into this lovely and thrilling frill was a dainty rosette of pink that had a most dainty and feminine bow! Oh, lovely, lovely! These panties and the rest of the things, although in the hamper for the wash woman were only soiled, they were not really dirty. I smiled and I thrilled as I thought of my girl friend, Alice, and how she had worn these very same garments the night before at the square dance in the old town hall. Next, I pulled on a white cotton petticoat. It was covered with flounces and lace trimmings and a few bows of ribbon here and there. It was not a slip but what Alice called a petticoat. A lot of women and girls wore them then and do now too. It had an elastic at the waist and it was a very good fit. The dress that I had taken from the hamper was a flowered creation, not expensive but nice. It had a narrow lace collar and long sleeves that also had a lace edging at the wrists. The dress fitted rather snug in the upper part, or bodice, and was slightly full or bouffant in the skirt. Not bad at all! The dress had a hem that was a gathered frill that went around the bottom of it, sort of like the stand out ruffle that was on my panties. My panties came down in the legs over my black hose tops and my supporters and ended several inches above my knees. My petticoat came past my panties or the ends of my panty legs a bit and my dress reached just a little bit, a tiny bit above my knees.

I looked down the road from the village - no one in sight. I rushed into my girl friend's room that was next to mine but I did not look at myself in the full length mirror yet but went to her vanity and put on powder base and made up

my face real well. I painted my lips into sort of a rosebud and combed my hair that needed cutting, into as near a "bob" as I could. Then I put everything back in place and rushed back to my room and locked myself in. Oh, I had thought of everything - or so I thought!

Now I was ready! My heart beat, I became very warm and I hobbled and minced in my high heels and my feminine garments to my own clothes closet door where there was a full length doo mirror. I gasped - I thrilled! I turned about and when I did this with any verve or speed, my dress and my petticoat would swirl and thus expose my panties with the lovely stand-out ruffles on the legs. My long legs were shapely - they were pretty, so help me! My face was pretty and with a wig or with my own wavy hair grown out I could pass as a girl - PASS AS A GIRL! How can I describe the terrific thrills, the heaven I was in! One just has to feel it to know it!

I blushed as I had my next thought! I minced about my room so that I could see myself in both mirrors, that is the small one and this big one. (I had thought it strange that Miss Cora had added a mirror in my room!) I twirled and I danced about showing my petticoat and panties and I blushed with shame so it was a rather mixed session as to feelings but I loved it. Now I stood before my full length mirror and I got on a stool so that my heels would be included in the close-up view. I blushed as I raised my dress and my petticoat! Oh lovely, lovely, my cream colored taffeta knickers, lace trimmed with bows to adorn the sides of the legs thrilled me. I turned about and gazed at my view from the side - ah, a perfect form! My posterior curved in the lovely fit of my panties. The cream color, almost white, contrast of the panties to my black stockings was an added thrill! I turned so that my back was to the mirror - more thrills - oh deep, deep thrills! My rather well shaped bottom, sort of medium plump, was a lovely and exciting sight. I must "control" myself; this must last - heaven on earth here in my own room must be prolonged! With a deep, deep sigh I dropped

my dress and my petticoat and put the stool aside. I walked and minced about looking at myself - how I loved "ME"! My head was ringing with it all - I had found ecstasy, bliss and supreme happiness.

I put my back to the mirror and bent forward without bending my knees. I did this on purpose as in this position all bent over, I saw in the mirror a most delightful view of pretty legs, petticoat and panties. Just enough to tease a fellow were I a girl and did this! I was having a ball and for real. Time was forgotten and in a panic I looked at my watch on the dresser. I saw that I had plenty of time as Miss Cora had said it would perhaps be five o'clock before she and Alice got back. (Note the "perhaps"). So there I was with another hour and a half, I thought, to love and live and I had a secret place all ready prepared in the bottom of a deep drawer in the closet-storage for my garments. What fun I would have and all my own secret!

I was standing facing my mirror again and loving myself and in a state of dizzy thrills and ecstasy when I felt rather than heard a soft sound like that of smooth, oiled metal. I looked into the mirror at myself again and right there in the mirror I saw the reflection of my door wide open and there stood Miss Cora and my Alice. I almost fainted. I was rooted to the spot, trembling all over - oh, my shame, my terror, my humiliation, my burning face! My long, pretty legs trembled visibly. No - it was not a dream - it was a nightmare. It was Cousin Cora, my legal mother, there in person, in the flesh. It was true and there at her side, smiling in high amusement was the girl that I loved - my own dear, sweet Alice!

Miss Cora softly shut my door and said: "Alice, my dear, come to him with me". They came over to me in dead silence and walked around me, both smiling in SATISFACTION! With my hands clasped tightly and shaking all over and with a dry throat - now lacking my former thrills, I tried to speak. At last I managed to stammer hoarsely

to Miss Cora and Alice: "Oh, oh, well - you see - er, well I was, - I thought maybe next Halloween - well maybe at some costume thing, er, well I was trying to see if maybe I could dress as - as ---- a - g-g-g-g-girl and - oh well, I guess I wouldn't want to now. No, I found out - I was only seeing and trying - er - well - just for the fun of it.

Miss Cora smiled at Alice with a most knowing look and pretty Alice smiled back with the same look! Miss Cora took me like I was a child instead of a 16 year old boy, seated herself on the sofa and patted my head. There I was on her lap in my dress and dressed from the skin out in the clothing of Alice, my girl friend, - all except the slippers which were Miss Cora's. She was so gentle - so very gentle and kind and she seemed pleased! She told Alice to relax and sit down.

Miss Cora, so strong and athletic and now so gentle, placed my head on her ample breast. Her soft dress was so smooth and lacy and her bosom so soft under it! I was indeed in a terrific state of nerves and all of a sudden I broke down and wept. I sobbed my heart out there on her lap. I could not talk but at last, choking and sniffing, I quieted down and she spoke softly and held me tightly. "My dear Ellsworth, I have known of your desires for a long, long time. In fact I knew that you kept the catalogs at your old home. You see, I learn things and I get about. I knew that you brought them with you here my dear, and I knew that you came here at times when you thought you were not seen and I know how you just ate these pictures and the descriptions up, as you devoured this material."

I talked with your teacher, also the gym teacher at the village school. I know about all this and your being caught in the locker room with girl's things. I know about your punishment, dear. Now, I have the solution for your state and your desires. You will be 17 this

summer and Alice will be 18. She is not going back to school and neither are you. You will be taught here by myself in the things that I feel you should know! I am not the largest property owner in this county for nothing, and being on the School Board - well, as you know, a lot of boys and girls leave school in this part of the country at 17 to work on their folks' farms. Well, my dear, you will be removed from school for a different sort of training. I have money and you are engaged to Alice here and Alice wants to remain engaged to you more than ever - now! I shall provide for you my dear, through Alice who will become your wife when you reach a few more years of age. Perhaps at 18, maybe 21, it is all according to how your training goes,"

I asked through my tears what she meant by training. She said: "Well you have been a very naughty boy at school and in the village for quite some time. You should have asked me for clothing - for the things you crave. You stole them and most likely the poor wash woman and her daughter would have been blamed. You stole my dear - and you must be punished for it. You need to be given a new life and new outlook!"

I gasped, as I was still numb with shame at being caught this way and now being on her lap and looked at with utter amusement by Alice. Miss Cora went on with her lecture: "My dear, as you know, I never did like nor did I respect boys and men. In fact I despise them. You were rightly surprised when I took you in and treated you with kindness. You see, my dear lad, I have taken psychology at college and I know you like a book."

I will not here give her talk to me word for word but I will give the main facts so as to be brief. I was told in no uncertain terms that I would be kept in dresses at least until I was 21 and that I would be given proper costumes for proper occasions; that I would be taken to the county seat to shops to be fitted and that the local dressmaker would even have a part in my new life and my fate and punishment. I was told that my skin would be treated and that I

would have a girl's skin as soon and as best as could be done for me. I was told that I would learn to do a girl's tasks, sewing and helping Alice in the kitchen and at her work and also that I would help the woman who came in to clean and further that I would humbly apologize to the wash woman and her daughter for almost getting them into trouble relative to the stealing of the clothing from the hamper. I also would apologize to my former school teacher for my actions at school and this included the girl's gym class, for my snide remarks to the girls. I would do all this in my dresses as I was to stay in girl's clothing at all times at least until I was 21! Also my fate included my doing girls' gym in girls' bloomers in the huge back yard for the gym class! I was told that I would be taken to other towns, to the Capitol of our State where I was unknown and in all these places I would be a girl to all. As long as I was a real good girl and a proper Miss, with my long hair to be - as long as I obeyed, I would not be shamed by exposure!

Alice laughed and said: "Honest, Miss Cora, he makes me almost jealous, he is already so darn pretty and his build and his legs are darling!" I sobbed now!! Miss Cora said: Alice, dear, all the boys and men will flirt with him and try their darndest to date him and more!!

When my fate soaked in, I squirmed off Miss Cora's lap and went on my knees, with arms about her legs, I begged, I screamed for her not to do this to me. I almost had hysterics. She quieted me and said: "My dear, you already love feminine things and soon you will learn to love your feminine tasks and to wear feminine things before others. Come now, you can't fool me. I know how excited you were when we caught you primping, mincing, turning before your mirror. You loved - yes - loved, what you saw and my darling, you loved deeply what you saw and my darling, you loved deeply what you felt!

This was the truth. The honest truth. Here I was and

now here I am, a virile, masculine male in my desire and still - oh well, it is a long story and a very, very true one - so be patient!

I still begged and Alice consoled me and said: "Oh darling, I like and love you more out of rough boy's clothes. Can't you see that it will be better with us for all time now? Can't you see this, my pretty one? Really, for what you gain my dear, your punishment is mild indeed. You will now be free to do the things which you have craved to do for years and you can look at catalogs and ladies' magazines all the time and in the open and not in secret. In fact, part of your training will be to study ladies' magazines and recite from them and to cut out the pictures along with your embroidery work and all. Oh, you silly goose, you will love your new life"!

I stammered to them: "Well, why, er, all this t-t-training now? I will soon be 17 and it is not so long until 21 and so why so much training for this length of time?" Miss Cora replied: "My dear, I know of males who never liked and loved feminine garments as you do and who had to wear them and learned to love them and preferred to remain in them! So in your case, since you already love them, I know you will wish to stay dressed as a girl and later on as a woman! I yelled: "Oh no, no, please - no! Alice spoke to me: "Dear, I will like my married life with you better as my husband in petticoats". I was stunned!

Miss Cora looked at Alice and said softly: "Alice, all will work out as we want it to - you see, I know! Alice replied: "Yes, Miss Cora, I know too!"

I was brought to my feet and Miss Cora took me in my dresses in her large, strong arms and she hugged me tightly and so help me, her eyes were moist and she kissed me full on the lips and next on my blushing cheeks and she said in a voice full of deep emotion: "I always wanted a girl, and now I have one! She took me to Alice and said to her: "Alice dear, give him his new name!"

Alice now sort of pushed me down on my knees and she sat in a chair, my head in her lap. Her dress was soft and perfumed, she held my face in her two lovely hands and kissed me long and hard on my two cheeks and last on my trembling lips and she said as she stopped for breath: "I now christen thee "ELSIE" and I now also put an engagement ring on your finger, Elsie, so now we both have a ring!" I sobbed again, and was confused and all a'tremble!

Miss Cora had Alice bring her the hair brush and she said: "To start you off right to be a most proper Miss, I must punish you for stealing the garments of Alice." Before I knew what had happened almost, I was over her big lap, my dress and petticoat raised and on the seat of the square dance panties, pulled so taut over my bottom, I received a sound paddling with the hair brush and right before my lovely Alice - the sweetheart I was engaged to! My humiliation brought tears of shame first and after; soon after, came the tears of throbbing, stinging pain as Miss Cora applied the hairbrush long and hard, to my panty seat! I begged and I sobbed and at last it ended, and sobbing, I was put on my feet with legs shaking! Weeping, I had to raise my petticoat and dress and model in my panties for them. Alice said: "Honest, Miss Cora, I never realized how feminine he looks - how pretty his legs - his face". Oh, Miss Cora, you are a wonder!!

I was taken downstairs later and I tried to eat, but I felt so odd! I admit that, through all my shame, through my sore and red posterior pain, I did feel thrills from my clothing, the shoes, the corselette, the tautly pulled supporters, the petticoat, the panties. I was thrilled, all mixed with shame, humiliation and pain! Miss Cora told me that I must learn to curtsy tomorrow as I must do this before women and girls and that I was to learn deep respect and reverence for all women and girls! Miss Cora also informed me that she would help me undress and dress and that she would instruct me in my bath for some time to come. "After all" she said in words of love for me - "I am your legal mother, Elsie darling!" Alice said once, before I was taken to bed: "Honest, Miss Cora, he weeps like a girl. Well, it is from pants to panties for our Elsie. How much better you must now feel, Elsie

when you are dressed in the things you love and how much softer they are next to your white skin than those horrid old rough boy's things. You will like and learn to love your new life and we already love it, Miss Elsie!"

Alice fondly kissed me goodnight. Miss Cora took me up to my room and put me in a lacy nightgown that belonged to Alice. How I now thrilled and was terribly excited as she kissed me with a most passionate kiss and I returned it. Miss Cora and Alice knew how terribly excited I was too!

Up in my now feminine room, Miss Cora helped me remove each garment and told me how to place them on the chair and she told me how right away I would have brand new lovely things, things for formal wear and work and play and all, how I must learn ballet in the Capitol City and I again cried. I was now down to my bra, high heels, corselette and long, black cotton stockings only! I was trying to hide myself in my bare shame. I saw how red my bottom was from the hairbrush in the mirror and I said before I thought: "Oh, I will not do it, I'll be damned if I will!"

In a flash, Miss Cora had me over her lap on the bed and told me that a proper Elsie was not supposed to use such words and right there I got my first bare bottom spanking! Oh how it stung! Well, as Miss Cora put me in my gown she told me that it would be an easy job to "feminize" me and that she would do so, so that I would be the daughter she had dreamed of and I would be what my wife to be (Alice) wanted!

She put me into my lovely, lacey nightie and how light and odd and weird and wonderful it felt! She gave me a long, wonderful and rich kiss and left and very soon Alice came to my room with a candy bar that I liked. She had one too and she sat by the bed and we ate them. Alice gave me a long, passionate kiss and at last I went to sleep thinking of tomorrow and of escape - full also of thrills and thoughts of the trip to the shops in the county seat the next day.

So ends the first phase of my true story. There is MUCH MORE to come!

EVENSONG

All day I dress in trousers
And I work like other guys,

Heaving, shouting, cussing
While the sweat runs in my eyes.

But at last comes 5 o'clock
And the end of daily toil,

I hurry home to shower off
The sweat and grimy soil.

Then, stepping forth all dripping
I'm fresh and new and clean

And I reach out for fresh undies
(Bet you know the kind I mean).

Donning bra and slip and panties,
Giving hair a little curl,

I slip into my heels and skirts
And spend the evening as a girl.

Virginia

WHAT IS BACK OF TRANSVESTISM?

by

Dr. J.J., Los Angeles, California.

Transvestism first came to my attention as a counsellor when a fine young couple, married some four or five months, came to me for help concerning this question. The husband, manly in appearance and certainly satisfying to his wife, both in bed and out among friends, had finally told her of an occasional urge to wear dresses which, if repressed too long, led to great inner distress. She, brought up with our current cultural concepts and misunderstandings of manliness and womanliness, objected emotionally to her husband donning any feminine attire and felt that somehow their relationship was doomed.

Both were intelligent individuals, willing to learn, and it was a matter of only a few months before their marriage, so close to the rocks, was more firmly established than ever. I was able to help the wife to see that this was not homosexuality on the part of her husband, nor an abnormality on her part to allow him to take a feminine cast at times. Nor was it in any way a reflection upon her adequacy as a woman or her attractiveness to him; neither was he attempting to usurp her role in the marriage. His own history clearly showed him to be a transvestite, not a homosexual, and not a transexualist.

The force of the transvestite drive in him interested me. It showed the characteristic pattern of any basic portion of a personality, in that if it were repressed too long, it developed a deep psychic stress within the personality. Since then I have become quite convinced that the transvestite urge is typically an inseparable part of the psychological make of individuals so constituted. Unless deep hypnosis might perhaps reach that area and in some

way effect a change, this condition requires expression just as legitimately and just as forcefully as any other integral portion of the personality pattern. Psychic stress, leading to very real personality sickness and breakup, seems to be the characteristic pattern of any prolonged attempt to repress a real transvestite pattern.

That first young couple, incidentally, made a very satisfactory adjustment to this problem and even found in it something shared which drew them closer together and an extra pattern for occasional use in loveplay. Since then, in some twenty-odd years of counselling, I have encountered transvestism a number of times. I do not feel it is as prevalent as homosexuality, though one man's practice alone is insufficient basis for rendering more than a guess. Transvestism does not necessarily interfere with a "normal" and productive life, marriage, home and career, if only it be recognized as a basic part of the individual so constituted and given honest acceptance and the required expression.

But where does this force come from? In the transvestites I have known, in my talking with colleagues and in reading the literature on this subject - in short, in all I can ascertain, it seems that neither heredity nor environment are the source of the transvestite component within a personality. True, some transvestites have as children been dressed in the clothing of a sibling or the parent of the opposite sex. But that seems to me to be but the early manifestations of this state of being, and to attempt to call such early cross-dressing experiences causative to the condition, seems to me to be most inadequate. Almost every child at some time or another takes on the clothing or the role of the other sex, in one way or another. With most, it is only one of the many transient experiences of life, but with a few, it makes a contact with something that appears to be truly a part of their real being.

It seems to be that the professional literature on the

subject of transvestism, as more and more careful attention is coming to be paid to this interesting field of human beingness, is beginning to feel (as I do) that the explanation of the transvestite urge within an individual must go beyond heredity and environment to find the causative forces. But where? What else makes a human personality what it is? Heredity certainly contributes much. Environment, or conditioning, being the effects upon us of the various stimuli to which we have been subjected and the various experiences we have undergone, certainly helps to make us whatever we are. Our own decisions, our wills, the way we react and the way we choose to react, is another causative factor molding our personality. But some traits in some individuals simply do not seem to be explained by these forces, and transvestism is one of these, or at least so it now seems to some of us.

Unfortunately, too often the doctor consults the books and not the patient - but the books don't seem to hold the answer to the question. You who are in the actuality of the life of a transvestite, you who are close to it because you are in it, what do you think? I believe that your opinions should be given some weight. Therefore, I throw the invitation out to you - let me know what your answers to the question of Transvestism are.

What is the source of the urge? Is it an extra growth on the personality which came about in some particular way and could be removed by some particular procedure? Is it a basic part of your own individual being which could only be removed by doing violence, and in a sense a death to a part of your own true self? Is it a matter of heredity in the usual sense, a matter of glandular development, or an acquired taste cultivated over the years? Or is it something different from any of these? I would be very much interested in a compilation of opinion from those who read this magazine and are themselves transvestites.

I am much too busy to reply to these answers, but I will compile and summarize them and write again in a later issue giving you the results. Should any of you in the Los Angeles area wish to express your views in person to me, perhaps an appointment could be made through the editor of TRANSVESTIA.

Editor's Comment:

Here is an opportunity to present your side of the story, friends. Many of you have consulted psychiatrists personally, or read of their opinions in the medical journals. Many of you have also been greatly disappointed and disgusted by the interpretations made and the help offered. Here is a chance perhaps to enlighten the medical profession a little. Representative letters will be printed in the correspondence section if they are not too long.

* * * *

I was told in Edinburgh that a true Scotch soldier wears nothing under his kilts. They are of course made of wool and pleated and they are very warm. However, by regulations, they are not allowed to ride on the top deck of busses.

* * * *

The "Ghost of Spofford" was caught early Wednesday and turned out to be a 16 year old boy masquerading as a girl. Two policemen nabbed the "ghost" approximately at the stroke of midnight. He wore his mother's clothes, including a white shawl. "I never wanted to be a ghost" he said. "I liked to dress in women's clothes".

IN MEMORIAM

A long time friend of the Transvestite, Dr. D.O.Cauldwell, one of the editors of Sexology, recently passed away.

I say that he was a long time friend because in many an answer to a Transvestite's letter in Sexology, he emphasized that the activities of a Transvestite were not dangerous, criminal or immoral. While he was not justifying the practice, he at least did much to explain and take the sting out of the problem for the benefit of non-TV's who might read Sexology.

In addition to this, he was the author of a number of booklets published by Haldeman-Julius, such as "Why I, a Man, Must Wear Girls' Clothes", and "Transvestites Tell Their Stories". Several years ago he also published a book entitled "Transvestism" which was largely a compilation of his earlier works.

In recent years he took positions in regard to sex-conversion surgery that the writer thought were unfair and unwarranted but he was entitled to his opinions. In any case, in his years of association with Sexology, he wrote articles explaining Transvestism and answered many a letter regarding it, all with a pretty reasonable and fair attitude.

JUST TO PLEASE A LADY

The tiny, jeweled watch on my wrist made me nervous. Only ten minutes more and Helen would arrive. I knew I was silly, but for some reason I felt inadequate. I fluffed my hair, moistened my fingers with perfume and dabbed some behind my ears and in the bend of the elbows; I raised the hem of my skirt and touched some to the back of my legs. I stood up and examined myself in the mirror. The black, low cut cocktail dress I wore gave my complexion a soft, creamy look; I loved the feel of the skirt about my legs. It was a present from Helen. So was the wristwatch and the perfume and the luxurious under-things beneath my dress.

Everything about me, the furniture, the television set, were mine - and the price I had paid for it stared back at me from the mirror. For Helen had made a girl of me! My hair was long and oily; only that very afternoon, Miriam, who is Helen's daughter, had done it up for me. My nails, too, were well cared for, perfectly manicured and glinting with a sleek carmine coating. Nothing remained of my former masculinity. I examined and straightened the seams of my hose, touched a little powder to nose and blotted the excess lipstick from my lips. I was ready now for Helen.

Something always happened to me when Helen appeared. The look of delight and desire in her eyes had the power to change my whole outlook. I no longer felt ungainly or inadequate; instead the frock I wore, the high-heeled slippers, made me feel wanted and lovable. Helen kissed me before removing her fur-trimmed coat. I felt weak in her arms as her lips pressed sweetly against mine. I listened to the rapid beating of her heart, felt her breath against my cheek grow soft and rapid with excitement.

"My darling little sissy", she murmured. Her delicate

fingers barely touched my cheeks as she drew my lips to hers again. For a moment I no longer felt like the girl-man she had made me and I started to draw her close to me. Then Helen suddenly laughed and pushed my away. She walked across the room to the couch and dropped her coat on the armrest.

"Honey, you are becoming sweeter every time I see you", she said. "Isn't it much nicer being a girl?" Formerly I used to blush when she asked me that; but just now I didn't, for I was happier as a girl. I loved belonging to Helen and being pretty for her. But I didn't answer, changing the subject instead. "Would you like a Martini?"

We sat for awhile, relaxing, sipping our drinks and watching the flickering images on television; then we put on our coats and went out. I knew I made up as a beautiful woman, but Helen was even more lovely, and I often felt a twinge of jealousy when she attracted more admiring glances than I. Still I felt very proud of my Goddess and very happy as the recipient of her charms. Helen was three inches taller than I and as feminine in appearance as I. She never wore slacks, her hair was long and lovely and despite her height, she never wore anything but extremely high-heeled pumps.

Outside, the air was crisp and chilly. The stars glinted, seeking, it seemed, desperately to out do the moon. It was late, with no noise but the occasional barking of a dog. Sleek, graceful, feline forms ran by and uttered their heart-stirring calls, for all the world like crying children.

So Helen and I went wandering up there among the stars, to other worlds and places beyond. We traveled, it seemed for ages, and the words from her lips were sweet, clean and beautiful.

The words we spoke, wore themselves into time. Words that left the mind and entered the heart. And so, because we were small people in a small world set apart in the multitudinous

galaxy of stars and planets, we laughed together at the pettiness that all humanity expressed. Who were we? What were we? We were nothing - and yet - everything. At least to ourselves. We were merely the least of the atoms in time and in Cosmos. How stupid to assume an importance that did not exist! How futile the drive for mundane exploitation, the accumulation of wealth, honor, position, human "grandeur", convention - what did it all matter?

Two people felt the nearness of each. They delighted and laughed. The sound of my high heels matching hers, the sight of my frock swirling beside hers, made us feel as one. Man? Woman? It didn't matter; yet somehow it did. The dress I wore made me insoluble with the one I adored. I was no longer on the other side of the fence among strangers.

Back at home, we undressed, cleaned our faces of makeup, pinned up our hair, brushed our teeth and set the alarm.

"Do wear that slinky nightie, my adorable little sissy", said Helen. I slipped its soft rippling silk down about my body, turned out the light and crawled in beside the sweet loveliness of my beautiful wife.

The light of the moon outside illuminated the room and I could see the slip that I had just discarded draped over a chair; on another was the one belonging to Helen.

"I'm a woman", I whispered to myself.

But sensing the fragrance of the real woman so close to me, the distinction between "man" and "woman" vanished like smoke in a high wind.

Two souls sought each other and knew each other. Who we were, what we were, or would be - that question was forgotten in the bliss of spiritual unity.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I have recently learned that TRANSVESTIA is going to begin publication. To say that I am delighted would be a very mild statement. There are so very many "girls" like myself to whom the magazine would mean so much. Often we are lonely and depressed and to be able to read stories and articles about Transvestism or to see letters in print from other girls who are as lonely or who have had some recent experience of interest to all of us would add spice to our existence.

I hope the magazine can become a sounding board for all of us who have suggestions or questions regarding make-up, dress, feminine deportment, etc. I think it would be wonderful if a system could be devised whereby we could contact one another through the auspices of your publication. Please give this idea some thought. I would also hope that you could arrange advertising in issues to come from wig-makers, corsetieres, dress shops, shoe shops, etc. to whom we could turn for the items of attire that we often want so badly and yet find difficult to purchase in conventional outlets.

As for me, I have been a Transvestite for thirty years and only hope I can have thirty more years of occasionally turning to the wonderful solace of immersing myself in a feminine role when the stress of masculine existence becomes unbearable.

May I wish you all the luck in the world. I will look forward to each and every issue of TRANSVESTIA.

Yours,

SUZANNE

Los Angeles

Dear Editor:

By grapevine and intuition only known to us girls, I've just discovered that you are going to publish the magazine, TRANSVESTIA.

Needless to say, there is a crying need for some sort of expression and contact for us folks that are a wee bit different than most people, a medium of expression for many of us who are afraid to get out of our shell - and - sort of a protest that after all we do have some rights.

So therefore, I must heartily congratulate you and applaud your efforts in giving us something like this magazine in which we all can take part and live together.

Good luck to you.

WANDA - Los Angeles

Dear Editor:

A magazine such as TRANSVESTIA is badly needed. It is high time that there was an outlet of expression along these lines.

I am a regular, masculine male but I have loved things of beauty and the gentle things ever since I can remember! I never liked the low and coarse things of life.

Once my sister was hanging out her washing and I just could not keep from hanging about and watching her. Among the garments in the wash were her Sunday panties. They were all lacey and pretty. My sister, who is one year older than I, spoke to me with regard to my being there at the clothes line all the time. I said words that were entirely out of character for me! I was 15

at the time.

Well, mother was told and I was punished in the privacy of my bedroom and put to bed like a little child, which humiliated me a great deal! My sister told mother how I always was present when she hung out the wash and so I was put into my sister's bloomers for 6 weeks. I wore them under my trousers.

At the end of the 6 weeks punishment period I told mother and sister quite frankly that I KNEW THAT I WOULD BE A BETTER BOY IF I REMAINED IN GIRL'S PANTIES. They both smiled and after this, on weekends I was dressed from the skin out as a girl and to my pleasure, I got to wear frilled things, ruffled panties and all of it!

I met a swell girl 8 years ago and one that understood me and one who also likes to dress me as a girl, (well, now as a woman) and so on week ends I do house work, wash my wife's clothing - iron and all of it. I do this in the clothing of a girl - feminine from the skin out! On weekends I sleep in a lacey nightie.

People who feel as I do need a magazine that stresses our side of life, that stresses beauty, softness and how superior feminine things are and I might add, how superior women in general are. I must go now as I must iron panties and do some mending for my wife.

Good luck to a magazine that will be for us and of us!

Sincerely,

MORTY - Long Beach

THE QUESTION BOX

(Answers to the questions in the Question Box will be printed in a separate section of the following issue, at least as far as space permits).

If you have a question that you would like to see discussed, send it in.

The word "Transvestite" has been used so long as an adjective, simply to describe what a person DOES that its use as a noun to describe what a person IS, is no longer possible. Therefore, it becomes common practice to speak of Heterosexual and Homosexual Transvestites. For a male who is sexually attracted to women but who is also fond of wearing feminine attire, it is annoying and unfair to have to be referred to as a Heterosexual TV.

Why should the sexual orientation have to be specified at all? One doesn't have to refer to his physician as a heterosexual doctor or his attorney as a heterosexual lawyer. The words doctor and lawyer are sufficient in themselves to describe what the man IS. We need another word to describe people of heterosexual orientation who like to wear clothes of the opposite sex.

The question is, therefore, what name can we coin (other than Eonist which is already in very limited use) to describe such people, which does not always require qualification to specify his sexual inclinations? Are there some Greek scholars among us who could come up with the equivalent Greek derivation to Transvestite?

VIRGIN VIEWS

by
VIRGINIA

This will be a regular column in TRANSVESTIA in which ideas will be put forth in the hope of stimulating thought and comment from readers. To reply, address your envelope to Chevalier Publications, but the letter to the column.

* * *

It has long irritated me that it is deemed necessary by psychologists, psychiatrists and others to use a qualifying word or phrase when discussing Transvestism to indicate the sexual orientation of the individual. Thus we read, "Heterosexual Transvestite", or we find the phrase, "most Transvestites are heterosexual". It seems to me if a person's sole or principle deviation from the norm is that of liking the clothing of the opposite sex, that he, and only he (or she), should be designated a Transvestite - period.

The fact that others may practice the same thing, on various occasions, for different purposes, to a different degree and in connection with other forms of behavior, should not justify using one word to cover all. The word "Transvestite" should describe what a person IS, not what he DOES. It is like using the word "musician" for anyone who can pick out a melody on the piano or "poet" for anyone who composes a 4 line jingle. After all, melodies are part of being a musician and poets do make up rhymes.

However, most people would recognize that the words "musician" and "poet" refer to persons whose main activity is along these lines, not to people who partake of these arts infrequently, incompletely and for trivial reasons. Again it is a matter of what one IS, not what one DOES. Furthermore, just because the clothing which is worn belongs to those of

opposite anatomical type has in itself nothing to do with the kind of sexual activity preferred by the persons in question. Is it necessary to indicate that a musician or an artist is heterosexual in order to indicate that he IS a musician or artist?

I feel that the word Transvestite should be applied to and reserved for those persons whose sole, or at least principle, non-conformist tendency is that of loving clothes of the opposite sex. It should not be applied to homosexuals or others to whom the wearing of the clothing is incidental to their homosexual or other activities. If this were done, it would no longer be necessary to distinguish the sexual orientation of the person referred to. I go to a heterosexual doctor and have a heterosexual insurance agent. How about you?

* * * *

Two men were watching a chorus line of "cuties". One turned to the other and said: "You should have seen my son, Ben, at the benefit Burlesque the other night - some chick!" "That's nothing", said the other. "You see that third gal from the end there? That's my boy, Bill. He went to the University of Wisconsin, joined the Haresfoot Club and decided to make a career out of it". You might say he graduated 'Magna Cum Lady,' I guess".

* * * *

Man to girl on street corner: "Pardon me, Miss, but aren't you Christine Jorgenson?"

Girl with a smile: "No, but you're close, I'm George Christianson."

ADVERTISING SECTION

Goods & Services

This section will provide an opportunity for those who can supply items or information of interest to the readers of Transvestia to "state their case". Because our circulation is indefinite at present, we will only ask nominal rates for the first issues, reserving the right to readjust them after establishing the advertising value of our space. Until further notice, rates are as follows:

Full page (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue - 40 lines	\$20.00
1/2 page (3 $\frac{1}{4}$ verticle inches)	1 issue - 20 lines	\$10.00
1/4 page (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue - 10 lines	\$ 5.00

At present, cuts cannot be run and ads will be set up by typewriter.

Note: In this first issue which is being run off before we have had an opportunity to receive many replies to our introductory letter, we obviously have had little opportunity to solicit ads. However, we hope that those who have genuinely valuable things to sell, or exchange, will make use of this space. Please note that we do not offer this space to those who have pornographic material to peddle. If the editor is in doubt about the material advertised, he may request to see it before accepting such ads and the right to refuse or cancel ads (with return of any advance money) is reserved by the editor at all times.

* * * * *

 HI-HEELS & CORSETS

Attention - Skyscraper High Heel
and wasp-waisted corset lovers.

For Custom Made Items Buy our:

Hi-Heel Photo Catalogue	\$1.00
Corset Photo Catalogue	\$1.00

FINECRAFT - Dept. T
Box 442-1 Hollywood 28, Calif.

SAVE MONEY *** SAVE EMBARRASSMENT.

Lingerie, hose, girdles, nightgowns, etc. National brands such as Vanity Fair, Barbizon, Van Raalte and others available at 10% below store prices.

Send particulars as to type garment wanted, size, color and style. If possible, give brand name and model number. Give second choice in case first one out of stock.

Don't be embarrassed if you want these garments for yourself. Order them by mail. Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog in a plain envelope. Shipments may be prepaid or COD.

P R E T T Y F A S H I O N S, Dept. T.
Box 683, Hollywood 28, California

* * * *

FOR THE COLLECTOR:

English canes, paddles, rubber clothing, leather goods, Mexican whips, riding crops. Also leather and metal restraints of various kinds.

Many of these items are in stock but they can also be made to order. Please inform us of your wants. An illustrated and descriptive bulletin will be sent on request. Please enclose 25¢ in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Dept. T

A L L I E D E N T E R P R I S E S
Box 682, Hollywood 28, California

LET ME SHOP FOR YOU!

Perhaps there are no good stores in your town. Perhaps you are too well known, perhaps you need an unusual size and would be embarrassed to ask for it.

Whatever the reason, I can help.

Send me complete information as to item, size, color, style, etc. If there is a range of colors or styles, say so. For shoes, stand on a piece of paper and outline your feet (both) and send it together with details as to heel height, style such as open toe and/or heel, strap, pump, spring-o-lator, wedgie, etc.

My charge is 15% for items under \$10.00, 12½% \$10.00 to \$20.00, and 10% over \$20.00. Please state the amount you wish to spend, add the correct percentage to it, plus the estimated postage. Check with post office for rates between Hollywood and your city and estimate the weight. Remit by postal money order. Extra money will be returned. Sales check will be enclosed to show actual cost. Exchanges if returned at once.

Everything will be handled through the magazine so send information to:

Service Dept. c/o Chevalier Publications
Box 36091, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

* * * *

"The way to train a shy husband to buy lingerie for his wife is to start him off purchasing bed jackets. That's the way I started my husband" says a Baltimore matron. Now he very frequently brings me surprise gifts of lingerie. He has progressed to the point where he boldly buys black nightgowns for me".

Editor's Note: A much simpler solution without all the delay is to marry a TV in the first place!

A recent survey of the habits of Christmas shoppers disclosed that men buying lingerie and negligees for wives and girl friends overwhelmingly choose the fancy and feminine type of thing; whereas women buying for themselves all year round go consistently conservative with plain, semi-tailored styles.

Doesn't this prove again that modern men have been deprived of an instinctive urge for decoration, etc? The Indians and natives have it and express it, but the modern male is frustrated and has to take it out in the things he buys for women. Bet there are darn few TV's who buy conservative, semi-tailored things!

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

We are sure that there are a lot of people in this country interested in the subject matter of TRANSVESTIA. Our only problem is to find them.

Since we must necessarily start with a small mailing list of less than 200, the cost of printing a magazine this size in small runs is very high. Consequently, we are having to ask \$4.00 per copy to be sure of staying solvent and being able to continue. When the subscription list grows, it may well be possible to reduce this figure, but not until, so - help yourself by helping us. Send in your own subscription and inform others of our existence. The more the merrier - not only financially - but from the variety of ideas, experiences and opinions we will be able to draw upon.

For the same reason of small runs, we cannot as yet afford to have pictures as the cost of a cut is as much as a single subscription, but this too can change.

We are not at this time soliciting subscriptions on other than an issue by issue basis, though if some of you want to send in for 3 issues at a time, we will extend a special price of \$10.00 for the three.

TRANSVESTIA is planned to appear about every 8 to 10 weeks, depending on the rate of submission of material, so do not become impatient, but also do not delay about getting your subscription in. When the full printing is gone, it's GONE, and you wouldn't want to miss one, now would you?

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Published by
Chevalier Publications
Box 36091
Los Angeles 36, Calif.