



BEAUMONT BON MOT



London & South East

Volume 2 Number 9.

Editor Gloria [redacted] S 2335.

October 1982.

Regular Meetings.

- London 3rd. Wednesday each month.
The Barcave Wine Bar, Blackheath Village, London SE 3.
- London 4th. Friday each month.
'Fircroft' 96, Ditton Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
PLEASE NOTE:- There will be NO meeting in December, as it would fall on Christmas Eve.
- London Not a Beaumont Society meeting, but we are welcome to the TV/TS Group meeting held at the premises of London Friend, at 274, Upper Street, Islington, where the contact is Yvonne Sinclair. Meetings are held on Saturday and Sunday evenings each week.
- Woodford Green Essex. Our member Pearl Button S 494, holds an Open House known as Pearl's Parlour approximately every third Wednesday during the daytime (usually NOT evening) Suitable for Essex members and North, North/East London. Initial contact for full details to Pearl through the Contact System please.
- Cambridge 2nd. Saturday each month.
Details from R.O. Tanya George S 1828, or Carol Waters S 952.
- Ashford Kent. 2nd. Friday each month.
The Red Cross Hall, Quantock Drive, Ashford.
Contact Rita Brice (0634/812311) or Ashford Befrienders, Ashford 36811.
- Brighton Sussex. 1st. Friday each month.
Contact Gina or Vance, Brighton 202086.
- Southampton Hants: Last Thursday each month.
Contact Susan St: Clair, Portsmouth 753314.
- Tunbridge Wells Kent. 3rd. Friday each month.
Contact Elizabeth or Colin, Tunbridge Wells 27902.
- Poole, Dorset. Contact Christine S 2564, Telephone Parkstone (STD 0202) 722770.

FUTURE EVENTS ARE LISTED ON PAGE 2. GET THOSE DIARIES HANDY !!!

FADED YOUTH:

I like frills and satin - as do many more
Not just on my undies, but dresses to the floor
Long flowing wigs, and dressed in white
Always lovely, always right
But I can't have my dreams of heaven
Because you see, I'm thirty seven
Tho' when alone and in my dreams
I return to twenty one, it seems.

RUTH [redacted] S 1190.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

- 30th. October. Beaumont Society Annual Dinner at Scarborough.
I know its only a week away, and that those who intend going should have already booked as per instructions in the Bulletin, so good luck to you all, and lets have some reports on it please. You will gather yours truly can't make this one.

- 30th. October. Halloween Drag Ball, from 8 pm until 12 midnight, at Tudor Lodge, 95, Bromley High Street, Bow, London E 3.
Tickets £ 3-50 each at the door, or £ 3-00 in advance by contacting Janet Collins A.O. on 01/998/0999, or Ron Storme on 01/788/4154.
The ticket price includes refreshments, and there's lots of fun to be had for those who don't make it to Scarborough. Guess 'witch' I'm at !!

- 13th. November. The Dennis Artistes Organisation are putting on a Fabulous Razzle Dazzle VEGAS SHOWGIRL DRAG BALL,
from 7-30 pm, at PORCHESTER HALL, QUEENSWAY, LONDON, W 2, and featuring MISS DRAG INTERNATIONAL 1982 Contest.
Dancing (come on Cynthia !) to the sensational JOHNNY MAXIM BAND & SINGERS
Lots of comperes, judges, terrific prizes, and - wait for it - ME.
Tickets £ 3-50 in advance or £ 4-00 at the door, obtainable from Dennis Gilding (sae) 117, Drakefield Road, London SW 17. Tel. 01/672/5709, or personally from Charles Hairdressers, 53, Queensway, W 2.

- 21st. November. Beaumont Society Seventh Dilkusha Dinner, on Hayling Island, Hants: 7-30pm for 8-0pm. Tickets at £ 6-30. Full details, including map ! from Southern Region R.O. Cynthia [redacted], S 1268, through the Contact System. Please include s.a.e. Raffle for the Beaumont Trust funds.

- 4th. December. The London TV/TS Group are holding their SECOND RIVER BOAT TRIP. Its a XMAS DRAG BALL, with raffle, disco, spot prizes, and a buffet which is included in the ticket price of £ 8-00. As the numbers are limited to 225 people, tickets MUST be obtained in advance by sending cheques or postal orders made out to TV.TS Group, 274, Upper Street, Islington, London N 1.
The boat leaves Charing Cross Pier at 7-45pm PROMPT, so BOARD AT 7-0PM It returns at 12 midnight. For any further particulars please telephone Ron Storme on 01/788/4154, or see Yvonne Sinclair at Upper Street.

- 10th. December. Rita [redacted]'s Christmas Party at The Red Cross Hall, Quantock Drive, ASHFORD, Kent. Please wear a long dress, take along a bottle, and join in all the fun of this lively group. For any further information, please telephone Rita on 0634/[redacted]1. Have a great time girls.

- 18th. December. K Promotions in association with Steve [redacted]s and Ron [redacted]e present :- THE PORCHESTER HALL FANCY DRESS AND DRAG CHRISTMAS BALL 82.
The Costume Theme is CHRISTMAS PAST, PRESENT, & FUTURE.
The Ball is from 7-30pm until 11-45pm. Tickets are £ 4-00 at the door, or £ 3-50 in advance from Ron [redacted], tel. 01/7[redacted]54 or Steve [redacted]s, tel. 01/[redacted]0. This will be really something !!!

- 18/19/20th. Beaumont Society 'weekend' at WESTON SUPER MARE.
March 1983. Full details nearer that time, but make a mental written note of it now.

AND FINALLY, just to complete this round up, Dennis informs me that the DENNIS ARTISTES ORGANISATION plan to hold Drag Balls in 1983 on these dates :-
9th. April, 17th. September, 17th. December,
so when you come to book up your next years holidays, you know which dates to keep clear !!

WHO SAID NOTHING EVER GOES ON AROUND THE TV SCENE ????

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EDITOR.

I must confess this month, I am at a bit of a loss (no I haven't developed a punctured boob !) From comments made by some of you ladies, it would seem that the format of my ramblings is becoming a bit boring through overusage. For that I am sorry, even I look forward to reading it - I've usually forgotten what I wrote by the time it comes out. Anyway, it is truly difficult to be able to write two articles. I now have to write a piece for the Bulletin as you may know, and Jenny has even suggested a separate mag. for the South East. Well, what do you think, should I retire gracefully ? I await any comments you might care to make. As a sign that you are plucking up courage to write, I have had a total of three articles, so how about more of you following suit !

Now then, having a small collection of slightly discoloured white underwear, I was moved during an illuminating peep in Vogue magazine, to think it would be lovely to create my own sexy underwear using a delectable shade of red. I loaded the offending off whites into a caldron that I could well have borrowed from Gloria ! (See you at Halloween dear, your Dominant ED.) I mixed in a can of red dye, and boiled, according to instructions. Anyone amongst you wishing to own any multi coloured and exceedingly disgusting underclothes ?? (Applications to Rita please, not me !! ED)

To answer Janet [redacted], who at least took the trouble to write in, I should perhaps say that the shop of which she spoke is a very good charity shop where you could have a very nice time rigging yourself out for less than £ 10. and in spite of her comments I must tell her that many of the girls have not the cash to hand to enable them to wear beautiful things without bankrupting themselves ! I would add that some of them are too shy to shop in a womens shop, whereas they receive a sympathetic welcome from my friend and her staff, as our dear editor has been quick enough to see. (Quite so Rita, but Janet has written again to stress she sympathised with you having gone to all that effort with little positive response, and suggesting the possible reasons why. I'm sure we all wish you better luck and appreciation from your local members should you repeat this opportunity. I'll certainly advertise it for you here, and would enjoy coming myself if possible. ED)

To continue the correspondence initiated by myself, I fear, and continued by Rosemary [redacted], on carrying medical certificates or letters. As an ex-serving Police Officer of some years standing, I should say that although a commendable thing, and very worthy of consideration as an aid to boost ones confidence, and help in the embarrassing situations in which you could find yourselves, please do not use them as a carte blanche for check or think that the Police will accept them as proof of your condition in medical terms. There is no substitute for honesty, and some policemen can be little devils.

So who's coming to our Christmas ' DO ' on 10th. December then ? Long dresses please, we must feel pretty ! A bottle of drink, and some home made food are the other necessities, so see you at Ashford will I ? Isn't this colder weather a bore ! Thick skirts and woolly tops and boots - ugh ! (Wothcher mean ? Ugh ? I Like boots, especially those high heels...ED) After the pretty summer wear, I'm feeling quite ' Autistic ' May see or hear from you soon,

Regards, Rita [redacted]. S 2167.

C. W.'s A.O. (work that lot out !) Jean Ferris, S 2380 reports recent events as follows :-

A quiet month. Had a lovely weekend in Dorset, but got mixed up with steam engines on the way back. Last week the car caught fire, but is back in service. Have bought a 1958 vintage Bedford motor caravan - just so long as no-one thinks Jean is the original owner.

If anyone in the Maidenhead area would like a lift to Fircroft, let me know. Three seats available. (You don't go via Harringay I suppose ? Hopeful ED) And if anyone is going to Scarborough I may be able to offer a seat. Up on Friday, back Sunday.

Biddie has been transferred to the Blgrave Hospital in Tilehurst, near Reading, and will be there for some weeks. She is bearing up well and sends her regards to her friends. Lady Cynthia is back from her country seat in the Far West.

Regards, Jean.

(C.W. and I enjoyed an excellent meal at the 'gasworks' recently. Quite a contrast !! ED)

It must be many years ago that it became my main TV ambition to spend a holiday at the seaside dressed, and my ideas came to fruition some 5/6 years ago when Margaret and I rented a small house at Margate for a week - a specially happy week so far as I was concerned. We passed the time quietly, walking along the promenade, window shopping, with one visit to the pictures (Mary Poppins) and a visit to Dreamland funfair where I achieved another of my ambitions and had my skirt blown up ! Flowery summer dresses with cardigans and sandals in white were the order of the day I recall.

Since then, Margaret and I have holidayed in places as diverse as the Shetlands and Oberammergau, where Pearl has been entirely absent - though she did once appear briefly on the Norfolk Broads. It was thus decided that it was time that Pearl had another weeks holiday. Blackpool was to be the venue as it has illuminations, trams, plenty to do, and lots and lots of people. We again selected self catering and at first I asked around to see if I could organize a whole party of Beaumont members and wives in order to rent an entire block of self catering flats but this did not prove possible. However, our blind friend in Gloucester, Jane, and wife Pat, did want to join us and the necessary bookings were made during June when we spent a day in Lancashire looking around.

Many of the self catering establishments have a communal front lounge where everybody sits and watches the comings and goings - this we wanted to avoid, and eventually found a block called 'Sandridge Holiday Flats' where the four of us had a wing practically to ourselves, with a rear entrance into the bargain. Everything which Blackpool does it seems to do well, and these flats were perfectly equipped and ideal in every way for our holiday. So the great day arrived - Sunday October 3rd. - having had to work on Saturday we aimed to leave at 0600 Sunday to proceed via Gloucester to Blackpool, and about 0530 I went to start our Budget Rent a Car Cortina to move it into position to load up Pearl's portmanteaux. No luck ! Not a bit of it ! Out came some neighbours to give a hand, but still nothing. We rang the A.A. and so far as we know they're still on the way, but as usual Margaret solved it by ringing the local Budget Manager and getting him out of bed to find us a substitute car - and what a substitute - a Rover 2600 automatic no less, and at no extra charge. This was wonderful, except that all the switches and buttons were quite different. It took a while to find the lights when we met fog on the motorway, plus the fact that I foolishly told Margaret that one of the buttons would be for the passenger ejector seat and she neglected the navigation while looking for it. I must say that Rovers do grow on you, especially once you uncover the deadly secret of the door locks !

And so we arrived, and were delighted with our flat, and its splendid view of the sea, the trams, and the illuminations. The first job on Monday was to buy suitable holiday gear for both Pearl and Margaret and it was quite obvious what this would have to be - anorak, trousers, and flat shoes - which is exactly what Peter would have worn anyway. The unisex clothing in Star Wars mentioned by Polly in last months issue is almost with us, but I feel just a bit different in my headscarf, tights, and left hand zipping trousers. Thus equipped Pearl was able to take over the shopping near the flat for the groceries etc: the butcher was especially nice, always calling me ' Madame ' though I believe he charged me over the odds !

The four of us enjoyed two major outings in the Rover. One day we went up the M 6 to the lake district for a look at Windemere and Derwentwater, among others. Most of the time it was raining so hard you could almost see the lakes filling up, but what we saw in the brief bright intervals made it worth while. Our other outing was to Bolton, where Pat spent some of her childhood, and Halifax where we had a good look at the Piece Hall. These apart, we spent much time strolling about Blackpool looking again and again at the illuminations - the Rover's sunshine roof was particularly useful.

Needless to say, we could not let the week pass without a ' Pearls Parlour ' and in traditional fashion this took place on the Wednesday (though in the evening) Sandra from Preston and Annette from Poulton-le-Fylde came along but one other member was unable to make it at the last minute. Everything went down well, particularly Pearl's famous trifle, even though the secret ingredient was marooned in a cupboard back in Woodford ! My apologies to any Lancastrian reading this whom we didn't invite. Our flat was only equipped for four with crockery and glasses etc: so we were somewhat restricted. Its all a memory now, plus a few photos of course. Pearl looks particularly fetching riding a pleasure beach

Roundabout Horse side saddle. As always, one learns a lot on such occasions. Apart from the dress sense mentioned earlier, we also observed that there was hardly any make up to be seen on any of the ladies faces. In order to blend with the surroundings, it became more necessary than ever to make up so that the end result looked as though you weren't wearing any. Not so easy !!

However, in one way the highlight of the holiday was still to come. On the way home, having dropped off Pat and Jane, we called in, on their recommendation, on Mary and Kathy who have a business nearby in Bristol Road, Gloucester. Mary and Kathy are mother and daughter in law, in partnership. Mary is a hairdresser and wig maker. Kathy a beautician, and thanks to Jane's ground work they are fully aware of and sympathetic to our requirements. We spent two hours there in deep discussion on getting wig and make up absolutely right, and I was fortunately still sufficiently solvent to purchase a few of the items Kathy considered suitable for me. Other items are on order via her mail order service. Any readers who can travel to Gloucester and need help with their appearance would do well to make a visit here. Should there be any among you who would like to sample a Blackpool self catering holiday, I'll be glad to give any assistance and advice that I can. I also recommend Rover Cars.!!!

Pearl. S 494.

(Lovely story - and aren't you bold ! I have a feeling you were photographed in your wilder moments for next years naughty postcards ! ED)

The Origin of the Species.

By Denise [REDACTED] 1. 2399.

It was Monday morning in Heaven, not usually a very good time, the period was a few billion years B.C. and things had been a bit hectic lately as quite a few old planets had burned out, and quite a few new ones formed.

Gabriel, who was second in command, was having a quick fag before God (who was a non-smoker) arrived, and wasn't feeling all that happy. Trouble was that God, who was an inveterate thinker up of bright ideas for new planets, kept them all on their toes. Hearing a jaunty whistle outside, Gabe hastily dogged his fag, and grabbed hold of a broom. " Morning Gabe " said God, as She brushed some cornflakes off the front of her crisp white blouse, " like my hair ? " " Morning Ma'am " said Gabe, " Whats on this week then ? " " Well, the agenda is for this new planet, the one covered in sea with large lumps of earth in it. I've thought of an original name for it, we'll call it Earth, and I've got this great idea for populating it." " Oh oh " thought Gabe, " another bright idea " God was very good at thinking up these ideas, which were mostly very good but were inclined to finish up quite differently to what was intended. " I suppose she's got some crackpot plan for a new insect with 21 legs and eyes in its backside or something," he thought.

" Now this is it," said God. I want lots of animals called Humans, standing up on two legs with two other legs that they can use to do things with, only these are going to be different I'm going to give them brains so they can think, and we'll make them of two different types, as usual, so they can reproduce. " Sounds OK in theory," said Gabe, but I don't like the bit about male and female much, you remember the lions how they turned out, all either masculine or all feminine, and what happens ?, the selfish rotten males lay around all day, screw anything female willy nilly, grab all the best grub, and don't do anything strenuous, and the poor old females have to catch all the food, have the kids, and then raise them as well as wait hand and foot on the males. If you make the same mistake I can't see its going to be much improvement."

" Ah, I've thought of that," said God, " and I've invented this new internal fluid called hormones. This white one is the female, and this black one the male. Now my idea is to fill each Human with 70% of one and 30% of the other. That way the males will have a bit of femininity which will improve them no end, and the females won't be thinking about make-up, knitting, and having babies all the time, so all we need to do is to fill up each container with the exact amounts, and bingo, perfect harmony. Well, what do you think ? "

" Well, the ideas OK " said Gabe, " but who's going to do it ? " " You " said God. " Leave off " said Gabe, " haven't I got enough on my plate ? how about you ? " "Not likely" said

God, " I'm the architect not the labourer." " Well, that only leaves old Fred, he hasn't got much to do in the Garden of Eden now that winters nearly here, " replied Gabe. " Right then, I'll shove him down," said God.

Fred, the gardner, eyed the hormone jars and containers with disgust. " Fine thing for a craftsman to have to do," he thought, " bloody labourers job." Besides which, Fred liked to get in a quiet corner behind the rhododendrons and pass the day pleasantly with frequent swigs at a bottle of whisky. " Oh well," he thought, " first things first," and had one for the road. By late afternoon though, things were getting a bit out of hand. Little blobs of black and white fluid on the floor testified to the shakiness of Freds hands as the day wore on, and the level of the whisky in the bottle got lower.

Moreover, had he known it, some of the containers, instead of having 70% white and 30% black, and vice versa, had got 60% white and 40% black, or even 50% of each. In some cases, even the containers, each of which was clearly marked " M " or " F " had the wrong lot altogether, the " F " ones having 70% black and only 30% white, and the " M " ones having 70% white and only 30% black. Which is why we now have what, physically, appears to be ladies walking about in jeans and leather jackets, and wanting to drive cranes and buses and suchlike, while what appears to be men, physically walking about in pretty dresses and wanting to cook and sew, and in some cases either ones continually griping about being born into the wrong bodies.

The moral of this story is that whether we are of the right type, with the right amount, or one of the ones with the right outside but the wrong proportions inside, or whatever, we are all as God made us, and in no way responsible for that. Blame old Fred and his whisky bottle, if anyone, and the sooner we all realise this simple fact, straights, TVs, TSs, alike, the happier we will all be.

..... and from another of Rita's members,

Dear editor,

I have advised the membership secretary that I have changed my femme name from Pamella, (S 1129) to Kim.

If anyone is interested in 'do it yourself' electrolysis, from my own experience the ' One Touch ' kit is effective, but very time consuming. It costs about £ 25, but make sure the latest up to date model is purchased. Early models took about 45 seconds per hair. The current model takes 20 seconds and I find it best to do several hairs in one area, otherwise it is very easy to ' lose ' the hair between electrolysis and plucking. Also it is better to let the beard grow for 1/2 days before a session to see exactly the growth and extent of the beard, and it makes the plucking easier after electrolysis. Most chemists shops (excluding Boots) sell the product in London, and do supply a free brochure giving details. One final point for the squeemish - the stylus does not pierce the skin, unless used heavy handedly. Spending about 2 hours per week, can anyone calculate how long it wouls take to remove the average beard ?

Unfortunately for Pauline, S 2610, (Vol.2 No.6) this latest technological do it yourself device is no good for tatoos. No doubt, in time, someone will manufacture a laser type instrument for self use in removing such master pieces. Then, those unfortunate girls can enjoy short sleeved clothes and even sleeveless dresses during the summer months.

Following from sleeveless dresses, why is it that so few girls do not stop wearing stockings or tights in the hot weather ? Surely not everyone has vericose veins and nobbly knees hidden under their stockings ? It is much more comfortable without them.

All the best, Kim S 1129.

Following on from Kim's welcome and useful comments, may I remind those of you who ARE too squeemish in these and ancilliary matters, that our own member Erica [redacted] is fully qualified to carry out electrolysis, remedial therapy, and offer such advice. Erica also offers a home visiting service. Her telephone number is Cobham (Surrey) 7502. ED.

Good grief, its freezing outside, so I have decided to stay in and type my pieces, even if it does mean I only warm up two fingers. Is it really only a few weeks ago that I was urging you all into mini's ? Well, not all is lost girls. Fear not those of you who were quite frantic at the thought of blue knees, help is at hand, or should that be leg ? You have probably noticed all the great colourful range of ribbed tights in your local shops, and if not in your shops, then on your local R.O.'s legs ! Not only are they warm - believe me - but they are marvellous for those of us with less than perfect legs, hiding a multitude of sins, so there is really no excuse. (Speak for yourself ducky ! ED)

My eyes I fear are not deceiving me. Before them is a vast quantity of Christmas cards, decorations, and adverts telling me the festive season is only round the corner. But I am not going to get depressed or panic, I'm going to look on the bright side. Just think, parties, long dresses, glittering nail polish and no-one really minding what you wear. At this time of year anything goes, so lets make the most of it ! Of course, it does help to be slightly eccentric. It means you can get away with murder any time of year, don't I Gloria ? If you say so dear. Odd Ed)

Talking of Gloria, (oh gawd ! what now ? ED) I shall have to watch her. Do you know she's been trying to corrupt innocent little me, and whats more, Jenny ! Whizzing us off to disco's at a time when decent people are in bed and asleep. Once the music starts there's no stopping her you know. My goodness, given half a chance she could show John Travolta a thing or two, in fact, she would ! Seriously though, we had a lovely time. I'm just jealous of her boundless energy. (Its the Sanatagen + Iron that does it. ED)

Another E.C. has gone by. (Another what you cry ?) So should I say Executive Committee meeting. This was slightly different to the others I have attended, as this time I did not get fed, but I did starve in comfort, because the meeting was held in a very posh hotel. Nevertheless, there was plenty of food for thought. I was there in my usual capacity as the W.O.B.S. representative, trying once more to push through the famous and elusive booklet. There were quite a few developments, but I have not discussed them with the other W.O.B.S. yet, so I'm afraid you will have to be kept in suspenders (kinky eh ?) a bit longer. As soon as things are definite I will inform those of you who are interested.

You know the old saying, " Out of the mouths of babes... " well, here's a couple of gems to ponder on. Our little girl was in bed for her usual cuddle the other morning, when the postman brought the reminder for the car tax. " Whats tax ? " she asked, so I did my best to put it in simple terms. Then she said that Maggie Thatcher was an old horse. I thought she said whore (!) and said " you don't even know what that means. " She corrected me about her word, then said she did know what it meant anyway. " What ? " says I, " Its what you row a boat with of course ! " Then, trying to put her wise, she said she knew what a prostitute was. That apparently is when you go to Court. Do you think she muddled it up with prosecute ?..... although on second thoughts ... (Could have a point there, as the Kings Cross naughty ladies do resemble a bunch of old nags ! ED)

Love from Polly [REDACTED]

A COMMON INTEREST.

From an inspiration by Anita.

It was not very warm, and drizzling with a light rain. Beside the swirling river, and huddled together under a large brolly, were two fisherpersons. Now, most fishermen use nets, but this pair mostly by fishnets to clad their shapely legs, and would, perhaps, prefer to be known as anglers. So the one in a Ra-Ra says to the other, " You should have been here yesterday, it was smashing." sniff " Rained all day, we could have shared the punt. Where'd yer get to ? " " Got married " says the other, who use to live alone in the four masted paddle steamer, now a houseboat, uncrossing her legs, and probing the landing net delicately with a 5 inch heel on her black satin thigh boots. " Good looker ? " asks Ra-Ra, " Nope " says Heels. " Got some money has she ? " " Nope " says Heels, shaking her sodden blonde wig. " Expect you had a good feast yesterday ? " says Ra-Ra, unwrapping her kipper sandwiches. " Prawn cocktails " says Heels, " with trout and watercress." " Suppose your wife is sympathetic to us TV's is she ? " " Haven't tried to tell her yet," says Heels, " she's a bit deaf." " Well, she must be a good sexy bit ! " says Ra-Ra, " Don't think so " says Heels, " Why ever did you marry her then ? " " She's got worms." says Heels.
