Ex-Soldier Seeks Normal Life as Woman

...and a chance to forget

of understanding, had left her a small inheritance.

How did Charlie decide Denmark and the surgery which altered his sex?

"I have Christine to thank for that, at least," she said wanly. "Her publicity showed me where to go." (Christine Jorgensen, now a female entertainer, was the first man to become a Danish surgery transformed female.)

Mrs. Heidai said she is what is scientifically known as a trans-sexual, not a transvestite.

When the Jorgensen case first attracted wide attention, doctors explained that "cross-sexual" cases of persons born with internal female organs but rudimentary external organs were not uncommon. Though brought up as boys, they are basically females.

A transvestite, on the other hand, is merely a person addicted to wearing the clothes of the opposite sex.

Her voice is femininely husky and pleasantly modulated.

"I never grew up as a teenager," she explained, "I was embarrassed and almost funny, later, to hear people struggling with 'Yes man' when they meant to say 'Sir.' She stands five feet eight in her stockings, five feet 10 in her heels.

Mrs. Heidai said she spent a year in Denmark for intensive treatment to change her hormone balance, electrolysis to give her a smooth skin and an internal operation which she described as highly dangerous.

"I had nothing to lose -- and everything to gain, though," she explained, recalling days of agony.

She said she leads a normal married life except that she cannot have children.

JUST WANTS TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE

Mrs. Ralph Heidai of Miami—formerly Charles E. McLeod of U.S. Army—looks properly demure as any bride of a month, running her home — believes she's a good cook, especially Southern fried chicken — and

If you're looking right, you're looking up the dress of Charlotte Heidai, former GI who underwent Danish surgery for sex.
They're Tired of 'Running and Hiding'

Miami's Now Our Home, Says Ex-GI Turned Bride

By TOM LOWNES

Pretty Charlotte Heidal, ex-Army private turned into a woman by Danish surgeons, said Saturday she and her newlywed husband "are tired of running and hiding" and plan to make Miami their permanent home.

"We're going to settle here, get jobs, and try to live our lives in peace," said the red-haired bride, the former Charles McLeod.

Mrs. Heidal, 34, made her special plea for community understanding during a personal visit to The Herald Saturday.

She spoke freely and sincerely as she declared her own "bill of rights."

"We have never done anything wrong and yet we have been insulted everywhere," she said in a well-modulated feminine voice tinged with a soft Southern accent.

Her October church wedding here to a strapping six-foot seaman, 36-year-old Ralph Heidal, was revealed Friday.

"For once in my life, I'm not going to run now," she said. "I only hope that someone will give me a job where I can just be myself."

In the past, she said, she has had to forsake several good jobs in which she had been accepted as an attractive and valuable employee.

"No one ever asked me to leave when they found out, but it hurt to always know that people were yak-yak-yaking behind my back—that hurts any woman."

What she wants, said Mrs. Heidal, is "just a plain-regular job."

"I'm a good receptionist. I don't take dictation but I type well and keep books if anyone sets them up."

But most important, she said, "I want a job where I can prove myself on my own ability and not on who I am. After all, I'm not stupid and I don't think I'm ugly."

Younger looking than her 34 years, Mrs. Heidal worked briefly as a show-girl. "I did months that we've been here it to keep from starve to death but I wasn't very good and I didn't like it," she said.

She also has been a receptionist-bookkeeper for a New York wholesale drug firm, model and a beauty salon manager.

But each time she was recognized, overly self-conscious, perhaps, she was unable to accept the reassurances of her employers and fellow-workers.

"It took my friends five years to convince me that when people stared at me it was only because I was a tall, redheaded woman," she said.

What of her new life? Besides a job, Mrs. Heidal hopes that someday she and her husband will own their home "somewhere out of the city."

"Ralph wants to build it himself—maybe out of rough coral rock. During the five months that we've been here we've looked for lots but they're all so expensive."

How about children? "I love children and they love me—but of course I can't have my own and I don't think that we ever will be allowed to adopt any," she said.

"But we would like to have a boxer puppy. We had one before and we treated it like a baby, but he died of heat exhaustion on an airplane coming down here."

Right now, the hopes of the Heidals are a long way off.
Ex-SG Changes Sex—She’s Now A Miami Bride

Continued from Page 1

Heidal refused a marriage license for three months in 1948 and had been "faithful" to Van Dykes. She later decided to pursue a medical operation to change her sex. Her husband, at her request, refused to comment on the marriage. "I don't want him to be hurt by this thing," she said.

Medical authorities have explained that cases of sex change are not rare in cases where a child's true sex was not correctly determined at birth. This can occur when females are born with organs which appear masculine.

Several operations are necessary in conversion. These include exploratory surgery to determine the true sex, removal of the external organs, and plastic surgery to permit the patient to lead a normal life.

The late Dr. H. H. Young estimated that one person in a million is born with this problem.

Charles Becomes Charlotte—She’s Now a Miami Bride

From the page:

The Happy Bride Tells Own Story
...turn to Page 204

Mrs. Heidal is 34. Her husband is 36.

Christine Jorgenson, who gained worldwide fame after a similar operation was recently refused a marriage license in New York state because her birth certificate lists her as a male.

Mrs. Heidal, a native of Tennessee, served in the U.S. Army for three months in 1948 before getting a medical discharge.

The initial operation to produce the sex transformation took place on a kitchen table in Copenhagen in violation of a 1953 Danish law restricting such surgery to Scandinavians.

Under the law, the remaining treatment was allowable. However, "the operation almost killed me," the former soldier said.

But in Miami, Charles-Charlotte McLeod has used the middle name—Frances—which had been adopted after the operation.

For six weeks last summer Charlotte worked as a secretary for Alcoso by Alcon, a Florida room builder at Biscayne Blvd. and 36th St.

"We knew her as a lovely, sweet girl," said Alvin Kroll, her employer. "We used to think she was a former showgirl—she looked that good."

She had mentioned to other

Before and After: Charlie & Charlotte
...he went to Denmark; she came home

Turn to Page 2A Col. 6
CHARLOTTE McLeod, was Charlie McLeod in the Army had operation to change his (or her) sex. She starts new job as receptionist in N. Y. beauty salon. Charlotte is also makeup artist.

Ex-GI Charlotte McLeod remains as one of the most feminine-looking of men who underwent sex changes.
Women say it's a man's world.

Men feel that women enjoy far more comforts and generally have an easier time of it.

Roberta Elizabeth Cowell, 43, knows what it's like to be in both worlds — and belong to neither.

For 32 years she was a man. Then she noticed that she was "different" from other men. She had become feminine.

After she talked to specialists, surgeons operated in 1951 and changed her into a woman.

Now she says she's miserable. She's broke and can't find a worthwhile job.

She has borrowed over $21,000 from members of her family — money she feels she can never pay back.

In 1958, in an English courtroom, she declared herself bankrupt.

Last February, still deeply in debt, she said: "Nothing I try seems to go right. 'I'm still forced to live off my parents."

"No company will hire me. "I just don't know which way to turn.""

As a man Roberta's life was quite different. She was an R.A.F. Spitfire pilot, with a fine war record.

As a husband, she fathered two girls. They've never been told about their dad's sex-change.

Roberta's former wife, from whom she was divorced in 1952, has since remarried.

Roberta as a man was also a well-known sportsman, a top-flight rugby player and race car driver.

But after the sex transformation, everything seemed to go sour.

She started a racing car business. It failed.

A theatrical designing company also lost money. "I could make lots of money as a freak," said Roberta.

"I could earn $3,000 a week playing the piano — but only by exploiting my sex-change. That would be horrible."

EX-NAVY MAN WHO BECAME WOMAN WILL WED

George Turtle, ex-Navy surgeon-lieutenant who started a new life two years ago when the sex-change operation in national birth records from George to Georgina. Somerset said they planned a Paris honeymoon.

London, Sept. 18 (AP) — A former pipe-smoking naval officer who officially became a woman two years ago announced her engagement today.

"The wedding will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster," said Georgina Turtle. It has been the scene of countless society weddings. Georgina, 39, will wed Christopher Somerset, 35, an electronics engineer. Before the sex-change operation in 1957, Georgina was a surgeon lieutenant in the navy. After doctors agreed the operation had been a success, the name was officially changed in national birth records from George to Georgina. Somerset said they planned a Paris honeymoon.
**Evening Standard Reporter**

**HOVE, Friday.**—A former surgeon lieutenant in the Royal Navy is now practising in Hogarth Road, Hove—as a woman dental surgeon.

At her home this afternoon, slim blonde Miss Georgina Carol Turtle, 37, said: “I have at last become a woman—officially. I have an amended copy of my birth certificate from Somerset House which registers me as a girl with changed Christian names. And I am, most happy about it.”

For three years since she had an operation at the London Clinic Miss Turtle has kept her secret from everyone except a few close friends and relatives.

**With father**

Wearing a pale blue summer dress with a white necklace, she said: “For three and a half years I was in the Royal Navy as a dentist and civil servant.”

“I left the Navy in 1944, and then practised with my father, also a dentist, in Victoria Terrace, Brighton Road, Hove, for nine years, as a man.”

“I had the operation then, and have now decided to set up practice again as a dental surgeon. A plate on the gatepost states ‘Georgia Carol Turtle, dental surgeon.’”

Said Miss Turtle: “I always knew that I would never marry. But now I think I’d be quite happy to do so.”

**MISS TURTLE today. Three-year secret.**

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**A Girl Likes To Be Noticed**

**United Press International.**

LONDON, July 16—Three years ago, George Turtle was a dentist and a former officer of the Royal Navy.

Today he is Georgina Turtle, a blonde who packs her 36-26-36 figure into Blinis.

Mr. Turtle underwent an operation three years ago in a London hospital to change his sex, but only recently convinced officials to recognize his new status.

“I have nothing to be ashamed about,” Miss Turtle said. “My change has been natural and now I just want to start life afresh.”

Miss Turtle said that even when she was a youngster she felt different from other little boys. She said she decided on an operation because it became unbearable for her to try to continue to live as a man.

Georgina, who said she served in the Royal Navy as a dental surgeon lieutenant during World War II, confessed now that news of her sex change was public, she was more relieved.

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**Photo taken by the author prior to completion of the surgery and treatment.**

**Photo taken by the author following surgery.**

**by “Lana”**

On October 13, 1959, I sat on the doctor’s table and exclaimed, “What did you say?”

“I said, there’s no reason now why you can’t have normal sex relations,” he replied.

Step number two had arrived for me. One more to go—that in which I would become, legally, a woman. Step number one had come nine months earlier when I had undergone a six-hour operation in which my male genitalia were removed. Later an artificial vagina had been made to replace them.

How casual that sounds! I think of the years of unhappiness, the countless tests, examinations and so much more behind it.

One hears these days of many individuals who dream of “sex change surgery.” If any of them thinks that the operations involved are a simple process or an “open sesame” to happiness, he is under a great delusion.

Before any individual should undergo a sex change operation, he or she should be very, very sure that this is his or her true wish, the one with which he or she cannot possibly be satisfied. All this and more, with all the important details of the child’s background, the need for extended and sympathetic follow-up care, should be worked out carefully with a competent psychiatrist or psychologist.

In order to prevent identification of the author, a new name has been chosen that will have no legal significance.

Your life, some with not so pleasant proposals.

You may fall in love and never be able to pursue a fine, stable relationship. There is a possibility that the attention you seek, if it is attention you want, fades away and you become a sight to be stared at and pointed at or joked about.

There have been quite a few “converts” before me. Some have sought publicity and others, in a more womanly manner, have quietly made the transition into the female world in which they belonged. More than one publicity seeker has publicly expressed regret. I suppose that they were advised by persons who were oblivious to the fact that it is really more important to find love and a woman’s place in the world than to have notoriety and monetary returns.

From one recent case it appears that even a very intelligent male could not withstand the effects that publicity brought on after he had applied for a marriage license with a convert. He is now somewhere in the mid-west trying to patch up a shattered career, and she is once again in her coveted limelight.

Many of us, who feel that we are “females in a male body,” are willing to pay whatever price is necessary. For many like myself, the surgery offers an opportunity to emerge from a world of shadows in which there is no possibility of happiness.

Although we cannot bear children, we are as much female as any man could wish, physically and emotionally. Doctors declare us to be women, and the law allows us to become so legally.

Let us hope that, in time, an understanding public will also sympathetically accept us as such.
"Sex Change"  
Operation

The difficult and costly ordeal of surgery is not an "open sesame" to happiness for the "female in a male body."

by "Lana"

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One hears these days of many individuals who dream of "sex change surgery." If any of them thinks that the operations involved are a simple process or an "open sesame" to happiness, he is
I should seek out help from a qualified source—and I do not mean a friend or acquaintance who can solve deep-rooted problems over a scotch and soda.

In my own case, I have absolutely no regrets and I am strangely content—a feeling I have never known before.

As a youngster, I am told, I was markedly effeminate, showing preference for anything girlish rather than the things that boys usually prefer. In my early adolescence, I often acted as a female impersonator, and I really felt most at ease and happy while performing at functions.

In my late adolescence, I began to experience a feeling of profound loneliness. I stopped performing and became self-conscious about my effeminate traits. It was also at this time I began to have a regular discharge of blood similar to menstruation. I was worried, naturally, so I went to my doctor, who was to be the first in a long line of physicians.

I was examined and treated by a score of doctors for everything from lack of vitamins to gall bladder trouble, but I continued to have the monthly flow for a period of from four to eight days.

In high school I had a case of hero-worship for a very handsome star athlete. I did two sets of homework and I took care of his books. I suppose it was comparable to a schoolgirl crush!

I became conscious of a pronounced building up of an attraction for things feminine which led me to becoming interested in fashion designing. I wasn’t interested in transvestism and I considered it foolish for any male to dress as a female.

I found that I was attracted to men but it was not a sexual attraction. I was considered shy with girls and I got along well with them, though I felt absolutely no attraction at all. I felt that someday, however, I would meet the “right” girl.

I had the continually growing feeling that something was wrong with me and I was plagued by an inner feeling that somewhere I had gone wrong emotionally. I was lost and quite unhappy.

I spoke to my doctor about seeing a psychiatrist. He agreed that it would be a good move. I went to a psychiatrist for two years and he was indeed a big help for me. I learned to face the truth about many things and I finally realized that I had been suppressing an intense desire to be a woman. I certainly didn’t want to imitate or impersonate one, I wanted to be one.

I also realized that I must accept the decisions that the doctors gave me. If the decisions were not what I wanted, then I must adjust to whatever they suggested.

I put myself into the hands of a local doctor, whom I consider one of the most able doctors I have known. After examinations and much time had passed, he declared that there appeared to be sufficient cause for an operation. I was elated at the promise of what was to come.

A friend of mine, who was from another country, told me of a wonderful doctor in his country who was a urologist, plastic surgeon and a very brilliant man in every way.

This was quite intriguing. If this doctor agreed to perform the operations, I could recuperate in
iting soccer team staying there. They were a sociable group and we had lots of fun together.

One of their stars was apparently taken with me and I found him waiting at my door more than once. This situation I handled by giving him a lesson in English grammar and American music. He was the first man to flatter, proposition and propose to me! Needless to say, I took none of these things seriously.

When I finally returned home, it was with a great deal of misgiving. I was happy, however, to find that my family and friends accepted my change with intelligence, love and the fullest understanding. My sisters immediately began to help me get a wardrobe started.

In a short time my general appearance began to change towards the feminine. My skin and hair texture changed to a finer type. My muscle tissue softened and my breasts become fuller.

The vaginal area, which had been artificially created, developed considerable sensitivity. [As Sexology pointed out, page 742, June 1960, women who have had artificial vaginas constructed are able to experience completely satisfactory sex relations, with normal climax and gratification. They cannot of course bear children.]

Emotionally I am becoming more female in my way of thinking and behaving. I am discovering that there is a vast difference in the thinking and behavior of the male and the female, a thing which is quite impossible for the persons of the opposite gender to comprehend.

certain things. Believe me, I am qualified to know that a man cannot possibly know how a woman really feels within. What a sad lack of understanding exists between the sexes!

There are a thousand different situations that a person in my place encounters. I have been fortunate, so far.

Lest some of my readers think that the operations and the aftermath are easy things to go through, let me warn you that it is far from that.

There are tremendous financial expenses, there is the fact that you must have a substantial basis for the operations, there is the risk of dying, and also the fact that—after all the heartache and difficulty—the individual may still be beset with the same emotional problems as before.

I know of one case in particular in which a boy who was an active transvestite managed to get the operations done, somewhere. He was unfortunate enough to get an infection and later a blood clot and spent a great deal of time in the hospital.

Now this person is doing exactly the same things as before the operation. Frequenting bars and enjoying the attention of curiosity seekers, he is making no transition from male to female, and is accumulating a notoriety which may well prevent him from ever finding happiness. In his case, there seems to have been no real basis for change.

When you make such a profound change as I have done, your family and friends will also have problems. People will think of you in a new light.
a pleasant climate. I wrote to him at once and he found my case of sufficient interest to be willing to discuss it with me. So off I went to see him.

Dr. X interviewed me, and I found him to be understanding, sympathetic, and genuinely kind. He said that I must undergo a battery of tests and examinations, because no operation could be performed unless the surgeon could show sufficient cause for it.

Then began weeks of laboratory tests and more doctors. Finally the day arrived when he said that there was sufficient cause to perform the operation. I burst into tears.

Of course, I was made to realize that any operation is fraught with countless risks. As far as I was concerned, however, I would have died rather than go through my entire life in a constant torment.

I referred to the operation as a “conversion,” but the doctor corrected me: “Not conversion, but the removal of male characteristics.”

A team of four doctors performed the operation in six hours. Any operation is an unpleasant thing to undergo, and a major one like this is a real ordeal. When I awakened, the doctors were there to welcome me into a new and, for me, happier world.

Fortunately, post-operative risks did not result in complications for me. A catheter was my constant companion and there were countless injections, packing and bandage changes. Then came the day the stitches were to be removed. This meant a very uncomfortable session on the operating table. It seemed like a year instead of an hour.

Two weeks of recuperating followed. One day my doctor came into the room followed by a half dozen medical men. “Will you please undress?” he said.

“In front of all these men?” I gasped. “They’re all doctors who want to photograph you,” he replied.

As days went on, I felt a wonderful tranquillity and peace of mind such as I had never known. I was beginning to feel that I was a woman. This is what I was meant to be. When I referred to myself as a “pseudo-woman” my doctor bristled and said that I was “a woman—not a pseudo-woman.” That made me feel good, but either way I was satisfied with the results.

When I left the hospital, I stayed at a hotel which had a vis-
SECOND SETBACK... Christine Jorgensen and her fiance, Howard Knox, at the Marriage License Bureau in the Municipal Building where they were denied a license to wed for the second time. Christine's birth certificate still reads "male."

Christine Wails: Girl's Lot an Unhappy One

Back on a night club floor once more, Christine Jorgensen sang her songs of love last night and bravely fought off fears of lifelong spinsterhood.

City Clerk Herman Katz in Manhattan had refused the ex-girlfriend's application to marry in New York City. He wants further proof that she is, as she claims, a female before he lets her marry Howard Knox.

"I know the City Clerk had a problem," Christine said in her dressing room at the Club Como in North Bergen, N. J., between acts. "But it's all so petty. Really, sweety, I have stacks of proof."

THOUGHT OF ELOPING
Christine sighed. "If Howard and I knew what we were getting into, we would have simply flown away to some small town.

"Several times we thought of dumping all that red tape and eloping. Now, I'm determined to get our license here and straighten my status out once and for all.

"We won't run away and leave people with the wrong impression. I am a woman and Howard and I will prove it when we say 'I do.'"

Christine sounded every inch a woman as she groaned:

"Since the decision on the marriage license focused on my birth certificate, everyone knows now I'm 32. And all this time I've been denying it like mad."

WILL TRY AGAIN
She said her attorney was considering having her sex changed from "male" to "female" on the birth certificate. Then, she said, she would return to the Marriage License Bureau for her last try.

"If that fails," she said, "I suppose Howard and I will have to find some little hamlet where we can be married quietly.

"I feel that too much attention hurt our chances of marriage here. This past week has been such a mad whirl that I hardly had a moment to do my needlepoint."
Christine Jorgensen, who never got to be a husband, isn’t having any better luck becoming a wife.

City Clerk Herman Katz yesterday denied Christine a license to marry, because her birth certificate lists her as a “Male.”

Katz’ Solomon-like opinion was delivered at the Marriage License Bureau after a summit conference which lasted for nearly two hours and was participated in by Christine, her fiancé, Howard J. Knox, Katz, the couple’s lawyer, and two members of the city corporation counsel’s staff. Declared Katz:

“After considering all the elements of this application, it is my opinion that public policy, in the light of existing law, requires my rejection of the application at this time, without prejudice to the submission to this office of legally competent evidence that the applicant, Christine Jorgensen, may qualify for a marriage license in accordance with the purpose and provision of the domestic relations law.”

In other words, Christine must come up with a birth certificate that reads “Female,” instead of “Male.”

The nightclub entertainer said she was put out by the rejection but was hopeful of obtaining the necessary document from the State Department in Washington, where, she said, all her medical and other papers are on file.

The couple’s attorney, Roger B. Cowan, said he would obtain the necessary documents and then petition the New York Board of Health to have the document changed to read “Female” as the State Department did on Christine’s passport.

He said he would also obtain other legal and medical papers in Washington which might help the couple’s case and that he hoped to be able to insure that Christine may re-apply for a license in a month or six weeks.

Christine clad in a black sleeveless dress, mink jacket and engangagement ring which, she laughingly described as “45 carats less than my Zorba’s,” said:

“I can do what any other wife can do except bear children,” says Christine Jorgensen, the ex-GI who made Denmark famous.

Can she?

Can she be a wife in every sense of the word? And if so, why can’t she bear children?
Six assistant corporation counsels toiled all yesterday afternoon in their 16th-floor offices at the Municipal Building, vainly seeking an answer to the most searching question ever put to the Marriage License Bureau.

What is a woman? Legally, it was a knottier problem—far knottier—than finding off a million-dollar claim for a sidewalk fall. Judges have always taken the comfortable attitude that a woman is well, any layman knows what a woman is. She's the type that Chief Murtagh processes in Woman's Court. Or the nice type that the judges themselves come home to after working over a hot docket all day and then get themselves overruled all evening.

But yesterday, Christine Jorgensen, the 33-year-old ex-GI who would have to march with the WACs if she is ever called back into service, showed up with a handsome statistician from Waukegan, Ill.—looking for a marriage license.

Would Be First

By passing the second-floor Marriage License Bureau altogether, they went 14 floors higher to the office of Assistant Corporation Counsel Albert Cooper, who usually tears off marital rulings as easily as a Reno judge works it the other way.

They posed their question. Where it says sex on the marriage license, does it mean a born female or maybe an ersatz female—like Chris—who entered womanhood courtesy of the sex-switch surgeons in Denmark? Cooper grasped for a precedent—but Christine, blonde, radiant and very girlish, said she just couldn't help him there. This would be her first marriage.

Then he called five other assistants away from their comparatively simple tasks of interpreting Supreme Court decisions. They went into what might be politely called a legal conference, but talked more like a final-quarter huddle of a badly beaten high school football team.

Must Give Proof

Finally, they turned serenely on the bashful bridegroom-to-be and found what any lawyer wants to find when he's on the spot—a stallion. The finance, Howard J. Knox, of 108 South Elmwood Ave., Waukegan, said, yes, he had been previously married and,

Looking as excited as any girl with marriage on her mind, Christine Jorgensen waits with fiance Howard J. Knox for a legal ruling in Municipal Building.

...no, he didn't have his divorce papers with him.

Visibly relieved, Cooper later explained to the press:

"The law requires that any applicant who is divorced must submit proof of a valid divorce before a marriage license may be legally issued.

Sees a Solution

"We told the groom he would have to return with his divorce papers so we could give him a ruling."

But what about Chris, he was asked.

"Ah, yes; that is one of the things we have to consider," Cooper admitted, looking less relieved. "You know, sometimes, you have to be a King Solomon in this job."

Fourteen floors down, City Clerk Herman Katz, who examines applications at the Marriage License Bureau, indicated there might be a simple solution.

So far as he is concerned, he said, a blood-test certificate signed by a physician should be acceptable. A note on the form says that the attesting physician should make a complete physical examination. If the doctor certifies Chris as female, why should Katz quibble, he argued reasonably.

While Knox gave an address in Waukegan, a check there disclosed he had left two years ago, presumably coming to New York where he met Chris. Chris, who gave her address as 115 Penn Ave., Massapequa, L. I., has been appearing in various night spots in the metropolitan area.

Once or twice in the past, she has been reported involved in other romances, but nothing so serious as this.

(Other picture Page 1)
Jean, a former marine and carpenter, now peeks into shop windows to admire the bras and panties they sell.

Their marriage went up in smoke, naturally, but now Jean and his ex-wife can speak the same language — girl talk.
I changed my sex and my name.

(Wootten, England, Aug. 31) — A 45-year-old father has left his home here for a nine-month series of sex-changing operations in a London hospital.

Alex Dawson, who was wearing a white sleeveless blouse, a tight-fitting black skirt and earrings, told reporters yesterday: When I come out of the hospital in nine months' time, I shall have finally a London specialist had strongly advised an operation. "I cannot very well go back to Wootten," he said. "It would be an embarrassment to my family and my customers."
The transformation is startling. The hard, angular face of a man softened into tender lines of grace and femininity. A natural outcome.

Jon has entered into a woman's world with the released energy of one held captive too long in an unhappy environment. His family has accepted the change.
The hormonal treatments she has taken have had their effect, as can be seen.
Man, what a wife this guy's gonna get! In fact, you could almost say she was made to order for him... because the luscious lovely was a HE until an operation on the French Riviera made him a SHE. The he-she is Coccinelle, long famous as a female impersonator and now "converted" via surgery. The he-he is Paris photographer Francis Bonnet. They're shown together as they left Paris' Orly Airport.
I want to be a woman... said "Coccinelle," France's top female impersonator. He began consulting surgeons all over France, but as the French legislation interdicts any "voluntary mutilation" and no surgeon has the right to practice an "amputation" on demand of his patient unless it is strictly for medical reasons.

She... at that time he... went to Casablanca, where the operation was performed in October 1958.

(ABOVE) The final proof of femininity, plastic surgery completed the transition of Jacques to Jacqueline (Christian names). Looking every inch a woman here in the boudoir of her elegant Paris apartment.
Pictured on the terrace of her Paris apartment, wearing one of the furs in her fabulous collection.
I had been turning into a woman—I, who was once a boy with scarred knees, growing up among boyish things and playing hard, rough games in the streets of Paris.

This fantastic trick that nature is playing on me is still not complete, but I hope that it will be soon, with the help of surgery and the marvels of medical science.

So many women have asked me what it is like to change sex, and so many men have looked wonderingly at me, reluctant to ask the same question, that I feel I should tell. Many times, as I have done my striptease act, I have watched men watching me, and have had a queer sense of understanding two worlds.

I was born 29 years ago—just another baby boy. They christened me Jacques and registered me Jacques Dufresnoy, a male. If there was anything that was not boyish about me, my mother did not make it up to me, though my chest development was not as yet distinctly noticeable. Of course, I was still wearing male clothes.

Then I reached the point of having to carry a customer to the hairdresser's, and she must have guessed the strange thing that was happening to me. She questioned me frankly about physical changes and when I showed her my growth, she simply laughed.

I was born 29 years ago—just another baby boy. They christened me Jacques and registered me Jacques Dufresnoy, a male. If there was anything that was not boyish about me, my mother did not make it up to me, though my chest development was not as yet distinctly noticeable. Of course, I was still wearing male clothes. They led me to a full-length mirror and at last I saw myself in woman's clothing for the first time. They say that tiny things can have a profound effect on our lives, and I am convinced that that moment triggered off the sex-change that was marred by one brief interlude in June, 1953, when I was called up for compulsory service in the French Army.

What an unforeseen shock that was! But there was no getting out of it. So far as the French Government was concerned I was now a female. I cut my hair, changed into female clothing, and prepared for the examinations.

Covered with shame and confusion, I underwent the medical examination. I could not protest that I was a woman, for at this stage (the change had only been in progress for about five years) the evidence was inconsiderable.

Indeed, the Army doctor, after a fairly perfunctory examination, passed me as a fit man and did not seem to be even in doubt about my sex. He looked at my face and chest a trifle queerly, laughed, scratched his head. He seemed to take the view that such oddities were not the business of an army doctor and passed on to other business.

But in the examination room there was a medical officer who was a woman. He was a boy, I was told. He sniffed as he watched me living as a woman. He glared at my dressing gown. All my hairdressing was marred by one brief interlude in June, 1953, when I was called up for compulsory service in the French Army.

It was a boy, I was told. He sniffed as he watched me living as a woman. He glared at my dressing gown. All my hairdressing was marred by one brief interlude in June, 1953, when I was called up for compulsory service in the French Army.

"Because I am a man who is turning into a woman," I replied. "He started at me, and I thought he was going to explode.

But as he continued to stare away one gave way to perplexity and perverted to doubts. At first, he dismissed the corporal and when we were alone, he said, "Is this true, what you tell me?"

"It is true," I said.

The captain took me to a senior medical officer and told him the story. The major examined me, and when he had finished, he was amazed. "Of course, we cannot keep you in the Army," he said. "I have no wish to stay in it," I replied. "I feel I should tell.

With much laughing and joking they helped me put on the clothes on. Then I was persuaded to sit in a chair while one of them made up my face.

They led me to a full-length mirror and at last I saw myself in woman's clothing for the first time. They say that tiny things can have a profound effect on our lives, and I am convinced that that moment triggered off the sex-change that was already latent in my body.

As I gazed at myself, something mysterious happened to me. It was as though I gazed at a secret second self. It was a moment from which there was no going back.

So profound was the change that from that moment on girls cooed to attract me, and though I continued to have some attraction for girls, it steadily lessened.

I was fascinated by the sight of myself in girls' clothes. I did not like wearing the dress when at last the time came to take it off. The girls who had admired the masquerade laughed at my reluctance.

I bought girls' clothes secretly at first, but always with pleasure. I began to follow feminine fashions in the papers and magazines, and to know offhand what few men normally know—the price of women's clothing.

I did not reply, and the corporal said, "Get your clothes on and come with me.

"Where and why to?" I said.

I had the courage to demand.

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On the French Riviera, where night club floor shows are usually one long strip tease and every other babe bares her bosom in the chorus line, a curvy cutie known as "La Belle Bambi" is wowing blasé Frenchmen and tourists looking for something to write home about.

Bambi sings intimate songs in a husky, seductive voice while patrons ogle her loose blonde hair, well-stacked upper storey (37"), swinging hips (35½") and long shapely legs.

In a land of undraped dolls, why all the interest in this particular one? The answer is simple: Bambi is a boy—Jean Pierre Rene by name.

For the more skeptical, Bambi can produce his police identity card (all Frenchmen must carry one) to prove it.

Latest in the crop of glamour guy-girls Jean Pierre and Christine Jorgensen (our own most famous entry in the sex change sweepstakes) are brothers under the skin. Doctors haven't yet decided whether 22-year-old Jean Pierre is a true hermaphrodite—a person born with the rudiments of both male and female sex organs. But injections of female sex hormones have given him a bust that rivals Marilyn's, Jayne's and Gina's (Christine wasn't so fortunate) and face, arms and legs with a rounded feminine beauty not found in other guy-gals.

The only small giveaways are Jean Pierre's rather prominent Adam's apple, heavy bone structure of the hands, and masculine naval, set directly in line with his waist indentation. (If you haven't noticed, most feminine navals are situated lower on the body.)

But like any well-endowed French beauty Jean Pierre likes nothing better than a romp on the beach in a bikini or a shopping spree for the latest French and Italian fashions. And like any gal who rates, he's been the object of at least one brawl. This took place at a Juan Le Pins night club where "La Belle Bambi" was the star act. Two young Americans dropped in to watch the show and got together to have a pernord and look the situation over. The friendship came to an abrupt end in flying fists when the boys spotted Jean Pierre at the same time.

There weren't two more embarrassed guys in Europe when they got the score.

Jean Pierre has built up a faithful following in Paris and on the Riviera. The men are crazy about him for the obvious reasons; the women rave over the fact that "he" is such a beautiful "she."

But if you ask Jean Pierre whether he is really a woman, he'll tell you: "I was born a man!"

Which all goes to prove that in show business you may go far as a guy and probably further as a gal—but if you're a combination of the two you've really hit the jackpot.

Known to avid night club fans as "La Belle Bambi" Jean Pierre holds his own in a bikini, with long shapely legs and vital statistics at 37-26-35½. (But note masculine naval set in line with waist indentation.)
Boys who ask blonde Bambi Pruvot for a date get a shock. For the shapely Bambi is a MAN. Born 22 years ago in Algeria, Bambi was then named Jean Pierre Pruvot. Now he—she is the star in a Paris revue. His blonde hair is natural and he never shaves. He dresses and acts like a woman, but, like a man, prefers the company of women.

Along the sunny beach at Juan-les-Pins, on the French Riviera, you will see more tempting cheesecake than at New York's famed Lindy's restaurant. But even among the bikini beauties, Bambi attracted unusual attention. As the star of Carousel, she had to fight off stage-door Johnnies asking her for dates. Driving in her Simca, or strolling in a brief swimsuit, Bambi invariably stopped traffic.

But Bambi had a secret — revealed here for the first time. It explains why the stage-door Johnnies found all their efforts to be futile. Bambi, believe it or not, is a man. 'Her' name is Jean Pierre Pruvot.

Too bad, fellas. We know just how you feel.
Could you tell this is a boy? Two young Americans couldn't—and had brawl over him. Jean Pierre's police identity card (r.) proves his masculinity.

Female hormone injections have given 22-year-old Jean Pierre his long silky blond hair and sexy figure. He sings intimate songs in a husky, seductive way, has built up big following in Paris and on the Riviera.

Sunbathing on Riviera beach, Bambi was outstanding attraction for tourists.
Bambi is steadily changing into a female. But it is impossible to believe "she" was ever a "He". See for yourself. Can you think of one softer, lovelier-looking blonde anywhere else?
VISITORS TO PARIS, be they businessmen, movie stars or just plain tourists, are bound to visit the night spots. Indeed, all of Gay Paree's fame is solidly entrenched in the Lido, the Folies Bergere and the Moulin Rouge. You can't really say you've been to Paris unless you've seen the City of Light's night side. But if you've also been to the Carousel club, well, then, you've really seen Gay Paree's most unusual night spot.

The Carousel has 40 of the most beautiful women in captivity on their stage. The show is a fantastic, dazzling array of sheer feminine beauty. The girls are the most provocative anywhere as they whirl and cavort through their paces. Even the most jaded visitor finds his appetites whetted anew at sight of these marvels. They are the best dressed (or undressed) girls in town. And best of all, the eye-catching show is good, very funny and never vulgar. The impact is one of sheer entertainment. But nothing surpasses the finale of the show when the girls reveal what can only be called the "piece de resistance" of the finishes.

As the tourists and patrons stare in amazement, the girls begin to really disrobe. One of the most stunning takes off her wig and then the top of her dress. Voila! The truth is out. The "she" is a young man! It is impossible but it is true. One by one, the "showgirls" divest themselves of garments that prove irrevocably that they are all indeed men.

The amazed audience bursts into cheers and pound their feet and clap their hands enthusiastically in appreciation of the "trick." For every one of the 40 astonishingly beautiful girls are boys. And the Carousel Club has a show like no other in the whole of Paris.

Each of the boy female-impersonators are normal men, most of them, all having served in the Army. They shave every morning like most men. There are two of them however—two of the most beautiful incidentally—who could not be kept in the army and who both wish to be real girls someday. These are Cocconelle and Bambi. Two stunning lookers who do not need to wear wigs and have acquired natural bosoms. Both wish to go to Copenhagen for a Christine Jorgenson type of operation that will fulfill their natural desires. They want to become real women. But in the meantime, they continue to astound and delight the patrons of The Carousel.

Cocconelle and Bambi are the stars of the show. In this night club of "illusion," they stand out like two jewels in an ornate setting. They are indescribably beautiful and getting more and more female every day. It is difficult to believe that they began life as men, even under the most glaring lights. Their skin is soft, their contours are sexily female.

The funny part of all this are the patrons who manage to miss the last part of the show and rush out to the stage door entrance to hang around with candy and flowers. These Stage Door Johnny's get the surprise of their lives when the "girls" leave for home! Nobody can blame them though. A single night in the cafe of "illusion" and it's easy to understand why. There isn't a better looking bunch of chorus girls anywhere else in Europe. Or in America, either, for that matter.

So if you're planning that trip to Paris that you've been promising yourself all these years, don't fail to drop in at the Carousel Club. You'll see something you never saw on this side of the water.

A club that sells illusions within full sight of the customers. And oddly enough, it's value received for value given.

Why not go see for yourself?
At the Carrousel night club in Paris there's a show which is really a stopper. There are 40-count 'em—40 of the most lovely girls imaginable. Beautiful from head to toe. Gorgeously, delectably feminine ... provocative ... talented ... the best dressed—or undressed—you have ever seen. Each and every one of them is a real French queen, no doubt at all about it.

Only one thing—you're really in for the surprise of your life—about these ravishing entertainers: these exquisite girls are not girls. They are men, every blessed one of them. At the end of the show one of the most beautiful of the dancers takes off her wig and the top of her dress and proves then and there that "she" is a young man. The tourists just don't believe their eyes.

In all of the Parisian night clubs and cabarets, there are no "girls" more beautiful than those who entertain at the Carrousel. In fact, the beauty of these "girls" has backfired more than once. On several occasions irate showgirls have raided the Carrousel, demanding that the management not use "inferior substitutes" but hire the real, genuine goods. So far the management has not acceded to the showgirls demands and the customers have given them their staunch support.

Most of the "girls" (generally English or American) who work at the Carrousel are "normal" men; others, like Coccinelle and Bambi (the stars of the show) are "almost women"; both of them could not be kept in the army when called for their military service, both require no wigs, do not shave (and never did), have acquired a natural bosom through hormonal treatments. The other "almost women" are saving their money for an operation that will transform them into "real" women—and with the kind of money they earn, for most of them, it won't be long now.
She's the epitome, the mostest in gorgeous show girls. She's a dazzling collection of curves and loveliness. If you find yourself fooled, you will not be all alone.
Guys who head backstage after the show at Rome’s famed Lido Theater to ask the shapely leading lady for a date get quite a shock when “she” turns out to be a he! But Giorgio Montana O’Brien doesn’t have time to traipse after making like Mansfield all night, a king among beauty queens!

Two of the many femme faces of Giorgio are Marilyn Monroe and Yma Sumac. Behind the makeup is a 25-year-old ex-soldier and student from Palermo now rocking the Romanes.

Tourists in Rome make a point of paying a visit to the Lido Theater where such lovelies as Marilyn Monroe, Yma Sumac, and Jayne Mansfield are appearing every day. The management saves on salaries for these top-priced beauties by employing just one person, a 25-year-old ex-soldier with the unlikely name of Giorgio Montana O’Brien, Giorgio’s Italy’s leading feminine impersonator, and he’s so good that guys in the audience have trouble believing the curvy she on stage is really a he. So much so, in fact, that O’Brien constantly has to turn down offers of marriage and invitations to dine and dance after the show. This is all part of the fun for Giorgio, who gets plenty of kicks from seeing a Fella’s face fall to the floor when he takes off his blonde wig backstage to reveal a crewcut.

Just before going on, Giorgio ponderes one of the many marriage proposals he’s received.
Harry Weber’s a good-looking guy and a fine dancer, but whenever the team of Weber and Knight goes into their routine on the floor of some nightclub most eyes are on his companion, a shapely redhead named Laurie Knight. Every guy in the audience wishes he had a partner as pretty as she. Some even come backstage after the show and try to date her. Then they get the shock of their lives, 'cause the lovely Laurie turns out to be an ex-Marine turned femme impersonator! In one of the smoothest switches in show business, Laurence Knight became Laurie Knight, the delight of thousands of males across the country. How does Harry Weber feel about it? An ex-middleweight boxer, he’s got no complaints, and why should he?

“We're getting more bookings now than we ever could playing it straight,” he says, “so why not?”

Even the Charleston gets special treatment from duo. Have you guessed Laurie’s well-hidden secret yet, men? Well, here it is. Would you believe it? She's a boy!
About to administer the coup de grace, the Dutch surgeon paused, his razor sharp instrument poised: "Are you positive, Robert Reese," he asked, "that you want this operation performed?"

Robert Reese, the decorated paratrooper replied without the slightest hesitation, "Deliver me from my maleness, Doctor, for I am at heart a girl! I want a husband and babies!"

And thus came the severance that transformed a hero of World War II and the former Oakland, California taxi driver "Hip" Reese into the glamorous Tamara Reese, now touring the high weed theatres in a combination strip-tease act and sex lecture.

But in this age of medical miracles, the metamorphosis borders on the commonplace. Travel agencies are now doing a boom business in round trip tickets to Holland and Denmark the extra purchasers being eager boys who want to be girls. Thus far, American surgeons are apparently loathe to make the cut. What distinguishes Tamara, in this changeling world, is that she is the first boy to become both a girl and a bride!

It's all legal, indeed. The ceremony, locking Tamara to James E. Courtland III, a Hollywood hair stylist, was performed in the First Methodist Church at Reno, Nevada, just a few weeks ago and the bride and groom are so proud of the nuptial knotting that they have had the marriage certificate enlarged for theatre lobbies, along with Tamara's birth certificate, which lists her sex as female.

Theatrical producers, anxious to capitalize upon the publicity the strange wedding garnered, were all for having the bride and groom appear upon the stage together. This however, was nixed by Tamara with the statement "James is my husband. Our married life is our private life. I will do the acting--he will do my hair, design my costumes and handle my correspondence."

A FACTUAL LIFE STORY OF A TRANSITION FROM MALE TO FEMALE

SEE NEXT PAGE
Tamara Reese has been, by turn, a limp-wristed youth with an unnatural desire to don sister’s clothing, a mining adolescent with odd inclinations, a daring and even heroic paratrooper and lastly the freakish result of another Denmark slice a la Christine Jorgensen. In his, her, it or “thing’s” new role as a wife, a prospective “mother,” a strip teaser, a sex lecturer and dubious scratch-house burlesque performer, the “thing” created by the scalpel has also figured in divorce, bad-check charges and has absconded with monies advanced by too trusting friends and other idiots. In the first chapter of “it’s” book, which began in the last TOMCAT, “it” describes “it’s” early youth, “it’s” unawakened yen for womanhood and finally the beginnings of “it’s” war experiences. You carry on now in the knowledge that you not only know what has gone on before but that you really haven’t missed a damn thing. When you get to the description of the operation, however, which will be in concluding chapters to be printed in our next—then you are in for a sort of horrified surprise. Incidentally, the pictures at the bottom of page 39 show you how Tamara appeared with her “husband” and how she now looks as she saunters down the street—to all intents a woman but as for the purpose—well, boys will be girls and not since Nero’s day has the razor’s edge been so popular!

Just by way of getting better acquainted, did you know that TOMCAT is the fastest growing magazine in the history of the periodical business and that it has been a “sell-out” everywhere? This statement is calculated to advise that it is, indeed, not only sensible but imperative that you order your copy, from your dealer, in advance.

And, while bragging about ourselves, we might also point out three other publications in our field which are the absolute epitome in zip, fun, frolic, frivolity and femininity. PLAY-GIRL, DAZZLE and HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL, a trio of non-tripe tribunes designed to give you cats something to yowl about.

NEXT MONTH: Photos by George Boardman, William C. Thomas, Charley Mertins, Keith Bernard, Maxwell, Cooper and others. Stories by the top tale tellers and cartoons by Hagglund, Wiener, Troop and others in the pen and ink division who possess that certain knack not so noticeable in competitive pages. All in all and to sum up: the girl will be gay and gregarious with unconcealed attributes, dimensions or whatever you want to call them. The stories will be spiced with all taint of filth absent and the drawings will give you not a giggle but a good hearty guffaw—and that’s a promise cats, so do dig us. ch?

The insouciant bachelor owned parrot which began to annoy him by taunting fair visitor’s to the rogues’ garden—come to observe his etching (which they were just “etching” to do). The inconsiderate bird would squawk, at first sight of a quail: “Oh ho—yer gonna get it—yer gonna get it!” Disgusted with this interference the bachelor decided that maybe if the parrot had a mate it might leave him alone.

So, he went to a pet store, determined to buy a Polly. However, all that the proprietor had in stock was one female owl which the gay-black bought on the “any port in a storm” theory.” That night with the parrot and the owl caged together, our man about town arrived with a particularly lovely lass and needless to say his hopes and other things were high. However the parrot immediately screamed a usual, “Ho ho—yer gonna get it—yer gonna get it!” The owl said “Hoo?” The parrot indignantly cried, “No—you— you flat headed son of a...
From our first objective we moved to the town of Nijmegen, which is located on the border between Holland and Germany. It was a small town with a population of about 10,000. The town was known for its important industrial activity, particularly in the production of textiles. We spent several days in Nijmegen, living in a small, humble hotel and conducting our daily routine of training and preparation for our upcoming mission.

After leaving Nijmegen, we moved further east to the town of Liége, Belgium. Liége was a crucial industrial center and a key junction for transportation routes. It was an important strategic position, as it controlled access to the Ruhr Valley, a major industrial hub in Germany. Our mission was to secure the town and prevent the Germans from using it as a base for further military operations.

We spent several days in Liége, working on our training and preparing for the upcoming battle. The weather was cold and snowy, but we were determined to complete our mission. We continued our preparations and waited for the signal to move out. The snow was heavy and the roads were slippery, but we were ready for any challenge.

On Christmas Day, we were finally ordered to move out. We loaded our equipment onto trucks and set off into the night. The weather was even colder, and the roads were even more treacherous. We made our way through the snow and ice, determined to complete our mission.

As we approached our objective, we could see the silhouette of men moving along the riverbank. We were approaching the town of Nijmegen. We knew that the Germans were entrenched on the other side of the river, but we were determined to overcome any obstacle in our path. We continued our advance, determined to secure our position.

After several hours of heavy fighting, we were able to breach the German defenses and capture the town. The battle was fierce, but we were successful in our objective. We continued our advance, determined to push forward and secure our position.

As we continued our advance, we encountered many obstacles. The weather was harsh and unforgiving, and the terrain was difficult. We were constantly fighting against the elements, but we were determined to complete our mission.

In the end, we were successful in our objective. We secured the town of Nijmegen and prevented the Germans from using it as a base for further military operations. We were able to move our troops forward, and we were able to continue our advance towards our ultimate goal.

Throughout our mission, we faced many challenges and obstacles. We were constantly fighting against the elements, and we were determined to complete our mission. We were able to overcome any obstacle in our path, and we were successful in our objective.

The weather was cold and snowy, but we were determined to complete our mission. We continued our advance, determined to push forward and secure our position. We were successful in our objective, and we were able to continue our advance towards our ultimate goal.
The work of interior psychology and legal medical practice in the United States (though there are no legal restrictions) would not be possible if the character of all persons in all phases of life, one must be prepared to consider one's entire life and perhaps greater problems than that which I now suffered.

I first wrote to the American Medical Association requesting any type of aid on this problem. Their reply was to the effect that there were no legal medical facilities in the United States. I did not consult with the psychiatrist first, as was in common with the others. The psychiatrist, in his report, states that he had seen in all phases of life, one must be prepared to consider one's entire life and perhaps greater problems than that which I now suffered.

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MALE BECOMES

The life story of one of the most widely publicized cases of sex change in recent history.

by Tamara A. Rees

JUST about five years ago—in November, 1954—newspapers in this country carried the sensational headline, "G.I. Paratroop War Hero Returns a Woman."

This was part of the world-wide publicity given my case on my return from Holland, where I had managed to obtain surgery which enabled me to assume the female role—a goal which I had sought for many long years. Few of the true facts, however, were reported and there was much coloring added to my story to increase public interest and circulation figures.

There remains a great deal about patients with transsexual desires like my own that puzzles the medical profession. In the case of the transvestite (who desires merely to wear the clothing of the opposite sex), recorded case histories have been cited where the patient was dressed and treated as a girl during infant years. As a result, it is believed, an attachment for this attire is established.

In certain cases of transsexualism (where the person wishes to change his sex), this might also have some bearing but in my case such a background did not exist. I was neither an only son nor one of a family of boys only, where the parents might have wished for a girl, nor was I surrounded by all females. Our home and social life was always quite normal and yet my problem manifested itself at the early age of five years.

For a playmate I chose a little girl about my own age. Her dresses were always freshly starched and very lovely. I would sneak through the fence, much to the anger of our governess, to play with this little girl and her fine collection of dolls and lovely white doll house. I deeply envied this girl her bright ribbons and pretty dresses and I could never quite understand why adults never wished me to play with her dolls and that lovely little house. I wanted all of these things for myself and said so. Until later years this incident was forgotten by my parents and I suppose that they thought that I had outgrown the stage.

Other events during this period of my life are hazy and of no great importance. My next recollection of any marked difference between me and other boys my age was about the period when I was nine years old. I was then attending public school in East Los Angeles and was considered above average in scholastic ability. I took little interest in group activities and much less in games played by boys. I preferred to sit...
and read or single out one or more of my girl classmates to play with. We would play "jacks," jump rope or climb on the various kinds of schoolground equipment. At home I was quite content to pass the time in reading books or occasionally helping my mother with various household tasks.

While I was seldom given the opportunity, I took an early interest in learning to cook and bake. Today I excel in both departments and enjoy turning out a good meal or a fine pastry.

It was obvious from my ninth year that I was destined to be a small underdeveloped person (I am still only 5' 3½", weighing 116 pounds) and that I would be small of waist and wide of hip. It is therefore quite understandable that together with my mannerisms and obvious lack of interest in masculine activities that the boys should make me the butt of cruel jokes and their hazing.

It was also at about this stage of my life that I took up the practice of secretly dressing in my sister's and mother's clothes. This fact was never discovered by anyone, so far as I know.

I shall never forget my first school Halloween costume parade. My costume was that of a Spanish female dancer and it was complete with earrings, lipstick and high heeled shoes. What a sensation I made among the boys at school! Each year after that I lived for the day that I could again publicly appear costumed in my beloved female rôle.

Life was a succession of many unpleasant events for five years.

Days and nights often found me in lonely tears of angry frustration and self pity. By my fourteenth birthday I had become withdrawn and resentful of society. Undeniably I was a problem child.

When I was in my last year of junior high school my parents, suddenly aware that there was a problem which they could not fathom or cope with, took me to the first of many psychiatrists. He was a perfect specimen of the type often caricatured in the movies. I never could have told him what my desires were or confessed that I had now taken to stealing articles of feminine apparel from clotheslines.

After only a very brief conversation and without benefit of either a physical or psychological examination, the psychiatrist told my parents, "This child is merely underdeveloped and wants to be like the big boys."

Nothing could have been further from the truth. I now knew that there was a definite difference between a boy and a girl and in my mind I now felt that I should have been a girl.

The psychiatrist recommended a series of injections "that will help him to develop" and this treatment was promptly embarked upon. The result was far from the expected. I became more frustrated and restive.

In a period of enraged discouragement because I had failed to conform to the expected demands of my parents, my father took me out on a back country road one evening and beat me severely with an apricot branch. The cuts and marks of that beat-
Rees was discharged from the U.S. Army in 1945 as a disabled veteran, after having received the Bronze Star Medal for heroism.

I was to wear for many days and the scars of resentment I carried for many years. The following day I ran away from home, to an environment completely alien to any that I had known.

My next year-and-a-half brought me into contact with the homosexual, the deviate, the alcoholic, the rich man, poor man, beggar-man and thief. I make no pretext that I remained innocent. Perhaps it was my very ignorance which protected me from the homosexual or the temptation of finding someone who had a professed interest and understanding of loneliness. Fortunately, sexual expression in the physical sense has never been a part of my problem.

In early 1940 I returned to the home of my parents, since I wished to enter the Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) and this required the consent of my parents. Since they felt that they could neither understand nor control me and that I would be a disquieting influence on my brother and sister they gave in to my request.

I thought that, by entering the C.C.C., I would gain both freedom and the money with which to buy the female clothes that I loved so much. Needless to say, I was never more mistaken in my life. I hated the rough life, the work and the exclusive company of men. I had gained none of the freedom I thought to have and most certainly there was no opportunity to "dress." Here, too, I quickly became the butt of crude and embarrassing jokes.

In October 1940, while on leave from camp, I passed a Navy Recruiting Poster. At once came the idea—a foolish one, it was to prove
that here was a real opportunity for escape.

My period of Navy service was of short duration. After about ten months I was honorably discharged "as physically undesirable." No further explanation was ever given.

I returned to Reno, Nevada and promptly enrolled in college, but while walking in town one day I happened to see another recruiting poster. This time it was calling for enlistment into the newly formed U.S. Army Paratroops.

My reasons for volunteering for this service were neither heroic nor patriotic. Here, I thought, was an opportunity to prove that I was not homosexual, as some thought, and also that I had the ability to fulfill my social obligations. Also present in my mind was the feeling that, if I could get into the most daredevil branch of service, the enemy would do the job that I had not the courage to do for myself.

As was reported by the newspapers, in the summer of 1943 I married a girl in Charlotte, North Carolina. This was the only true fact ever reported about that marriage. It was never anything more than a marriage of convenience for both of us. I had known her as a member of a horseback riding club that I had joined. One day she told me that she was in love with a soldier of whom her family did not approve and that she wished to get away from home. We agreed to marry—she in the hope of realizing her desire for freedom and I in the hope that by marriage I could divert the thoughts of others away from me.

The newspapers have reported that I fathered two children in this
marriage. Medical records will show that I was never capable of fathering anything, even if we had lived together, which we did not, for shortly after the marriage I volunteered and was accepted for active paratroop duty in the European theatre.

Although newspaper stories later described me as a “war hero,” I have never claimed to be one. True, I did receive a number of decorations, one of which was the Bronze Star Medal, but this does not make one a hero. I have always maintained that the main requirement for an act of heroism is to be in the right place at the right time. In April, 1945 I was placed aboard a hospital ship and returned to the United States, where I was hospitalized until my honorable discharge on July 13th, 1945, as a disabled veteran.

Beginning in February, 1946, I returned to my college studies. In the late spring of that year I started consulting psychiatrists about my problem which by this time had such a compelling force that I no longer had any control over it. At night, in my apartment I would dress and become the woman that I thought I should have been. It was only in this atmosphere that I could find peace of my mind for my studies.

The first psychiatrist that I was to consult, when told of my problem, only laughed and told me to forget it. I left in anger and the next week mustered up sufficient courage to seek out another psychiatrist. This second man also appeared to have no understanding of my problem. He assumed that I was a homosexual and suggested that I seek women of a commercial vein as a solution. Naturally this suggestion repulsed me and I promptly rejected it.

It was not until the summer of 1947 that I again made any attempt to seek further help. I had become depressed and very restive. Finally, in desperation and forearmed with more knowledge of the problem and past histories of several previous cases, I again contacted a psychiatrist. This man had been a medical officer in the U.S. Navy during the war.

After the first few interviews I felt that I could risk telling this psychiatrist my problem. He neither laughed nor tried to suggest a compromise but was content merely to have me talk of my frustrations and desires. Later, of course, we attempted a number of experiments in the nature of appeasement, always with the hope on his part that I could be directed away from my goal.

I had by this time established contact with a psychiatrist in Germany, who having been one of a team in the effecting of sex transformation with a patient of his country, gave me much valuable information. He also referred me to an endocrinologist in yet another country and suggested that through him I might gain the release that I sought.

This man was most kind. At first he suggested certain experiments with female hormones, requesting that various psychological and biological tests be conducted and that reports be sent to him.

My psychiatrist was willing to
aid me with certain limitations but he did not wholeheartedly agree with the full extent that I expressed the determination to achieve. In due time the tests were assembled and the reports sent off to Europe. This took place in the summer of 1953.

Through the past year, with the knowledge and consent of my psychiatrist, I had assumed the full-time identity of a female. I was a guest in his home and was accepted for what I wished to appear. My psychiatrist had hoped that in this way I would be content and seek no further, though I had told him before starting the experiment that I knew that this would never fully satisfy me.

In November, 1953 I sailed for Holland. I had no promise that my wishes would be granted. I knew that I had yet to submit to further tests and examinations in Holland before I would know if the psychiatrists felt that transformation would be justified or even feasible.

As the reader can clearly see, the road is a long, hard one, full of heartache, disappointments and great expense. Surgical transition is a prolonged and complicated one. It requires two stages, the first of which is castration and penectomy (excision of the penis). After some time has lapsed, plastic surgery is performed to effect the physical appearance of the female genitalia.

This surgery does not create a woman where the patient was once a biological male, nor can the patient ever hope to have children. It merely brings the physical appearance of the patient into harmony with the mental pattern.

Upon my return to this country, I had hoped to escape publicity and start a new life, my past unknown to anyone. Unfortunately, this was not the way matters turned out. With the temptation of large sums of money and contracts offered to me, I must admit that I strayed from the course and was almost lost by my decision to enter show business. After some two years of nightclub appearances I became ill as a result of the fast pace and irregular hours. During this illness I had the opportunity to reexamine the situation and came to realize that I could never find peace and happiness as long as I remained in the public spotlight.

Today I am told I am a well-adjusted person serving society in a useful and worthwhile manner. I am quite happy and have a deep feeling of gratitude and indebtedness to the doctors who have made all of this possible.

Considering the living proof of my present adjustment, as contrasted to the maladjusted and vengeful person I once was, I feel the medical world has every justification in extending aid of this or similar nature to other cases warranting therapy similar to mine.
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Tamara Rees, the ex-paratrooper who fathered two children before he switched sexes, honeymooned in Sacramento today and described herself as "the happiest girl in the world."

The 31-year-old Tamara became the bride of James E. Courtland III, 30, in a twilight ceremony Saturday in the First Methodist Church in Reno. The double-ring rites were performed by the Rev. Stephen Thomas. When informed today by the Mirror-News of the bride's surgical turnaround, the astonished minister replied:

"I noticed nothing unusual about the bride and they said nothing about the sex change. I don't think I would have married them if I had known the details."

In her honeymoon hideaway, Tamara said she is "looking forward to a long married life with a really great guy."

She said she hopes to have a family of her own but not immediately.

"I don't know when it will happen but one can always hope, can't she?" said the attractive ex-paratrooper who underwent the surgical sex change in Holland in 1953.

Courtland told The Mirror-News that his first wife was killed in an accident in Florida two years ago. He has two children, Robert, 6, and Colleen, 4, who are living with relatives.

Asked what his plans were for siring a second family, Courtland replied evasively, "That will have to wait for a while as we expect to be on tour with Tam's lecture tour."

"Then we will settle down somewhere — not Los Angeles—and try to live like anybody else."

Tamara's "pure psychia-
try" lecture tour begins to-
morrow in a Sacramento bur-
lesque theater. The matinees will be for women only and evening performances will be reserved for men.

Courtland has been a busi-
ness manager for burlesque strippers, but he denied emphatically that this had any-
thing to do with his interest in his bride. He recently gave up his apartment on Westlake Ave., to accompany Tamara on her personal appearance tour.

Tamara giggled like a schoolgirl as she described her courtship, wedding and honeymoon.

She said she met her hus-
band in January at a house party here while she was at tend ing classes at U.C.L.A.

"It certainly wasn't love at first sight," she said. "He called me a couple of days later and asked me out to dinner. We sort of fell in love from that night on."

COURTLAND AND TAMARA POSE FOR PHOTOS

Newlyweds dress up for burlesque stage pictures.

Courtland told The Mirror-News that he didn't know quite how to act on his first date with Tamara because he was a real lady and so I treated her as such.

"Then we will settle down somewhere — not Los Angeles—and try to live like anybody else."

The former Navy lieutenant said he popped the question to Tamara three months ago but she kept him dangling until last week before accepting him.

Tamara said she spent most of their wedding night dancing in Reno.

"Then we will settle down somewhere — not Los Angeles—and try to live like anybody else."

She added, "Many people complimented me on the beautiful wedding dress which I was wearing."

"I guess it was pretty obvious that I was a bride," she tittered.

"Then we will settle down somewhere — not Los Angeles—and try to live like anybody else."

Courtland said it will be several months before he introduces his chil-
dren to their stepmother. Tamara says she doesn't know where her ex-wife and their two children are.

"Right now," the newlyweds said, "We are the happiest people in the world. We just hope the world will agree with us. We know that some people will wonder about us but we can't help that. We love each other and we in-
tend to—always."
In flimsy lingerie and bustle, ex-paratrooper Robert Rees assumes new female role of stripteaser Tamara.

Tamara Adele Rees Courtland, born Robert Rees, was arrested last night at Strip City, a burlesque theatre where she lectured but did not strip. She said the bad check charge was a misunderstanding. She was taken to Lincoln Heights jail attired in a ballerina skirt, shoulderless jacket, and black stole.

Police said she augmented her usual lecture about her operation with a "silhouette act" at the burlesque house. They made the arrest on her opening night. Tamara, 31, said her new husband, James Courtland 3d, a hair stylist, would post $2,000 bail for her.

Los Angeles, Aug. 27 (UP) - An ex-paratrooper who claimed to have changed sex was confined in woman's jail today on charges of forging a $105 check to pay a San Francisco hotel bill.

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Tamara Del Rees, ex-Oakland paratrooper who now claims to be an ex-male, left for the vaudeville circuit today after telling a group of matrons here what it was like being a man.

The 31-year-old bride of one week, known to Oakland high school buddies as Robert Rees, lectured in Hotel Leamington yesterday under the auspices of the Rev. Katherine Kimbrough of Long Beach, self-styled spiritual healer.

But Tamara, who opens an extended engagement in a second run Sacramento burlesque house today as combination dancer and psychology lecturer, didn’t probe very deeply into her 30-year career as Robert.

SOUL SEARCHING BOOK

The real soul searching, she indicated, was in her book, “Reborn,” which she agreed to autograph for anyone with the $1 purchase price after the lecture.

Tamara arrived for her lecture yesterday with her bridegroom, James E. Courtland III, who left his job as a Hollywood beautician to become her business manager.

Clad in a long fur stole draped around a blue, green and white striped jacket, Tamara wore her brown gaiter skirt only a few inches above the ankles and affected white harlequin-type glasses to hide a badly inflamed right eye.

She also wore a pancake type make-up. Tamara has long red hair.

TAMARA’S ANECDOTE

Tamara began her lecture in a professional manner by relaxing her audience with an anecdote. Then she launched into a discussion of all types of deviationism, which, by the nature of the questions asked her by the audience later, revealed that most of it passed over their heads.

She talked knowingly of psychology in a husky monotone, illustrating a point now and then on a blackboard behind her.

The former Oakland boy told her all-woman audience that homosexuals need understanding, not suppression, and she condemned the current police crackdowns against homosexual bars.

She also indicated that women who wear slacks or bull fighter’s trousers may be gratifying a deviation urge.

The bulk of her address sounded as though she had memorized two random chapters of a book on abnormal psychology.

And, in an attempt to give weight to her words, she would digress to confide:

“I have evaluated this problem with other doctors.”

Tamara balked at any attempt to get her to compare herself with Christine Jorgensen, who also claims a surgical sex change.

She said she prefers to refer to her operation as a “clarification” rather than a “transition.” She added, however, that she wouldn’t recommend this operation for many problems. “It’s very expensive,” she cautioned, and doesn’t help everyone.

MEDICAL CAREER

The ex-GI said she’s very happy now as a married woman and intends to pursue her “medical career.”

SHE WAS A HE—Newlywed Tamara Edell Rees, former paratrooper who changed sex by surgery, stands on stage with her husband, James Courtland III, in a Sacramento burlesque theater where she is appearing.
Back in 1943, a little young figure pulled a ripcord after dropping from a big Army plane and landed in the air, dangling from a parachute. There was a war in Europe and Robert Rees, a many-times decorated paratrooper, was jumping onto enemy soil. Now 12 years later, the same figure does a considerable amount of dancing in a different setting. Instead of a ripcord, a G-string is now involved. And now the figure belongs to a young lady named Tamara Rees whose transition from paratrooper to stripper is one of the strangest chapters in the numerous sex-change operations in recent years. Unlike some others who have have changed sex in a flurry of international publicity, Tamara describes herself as "a person who always was a woman and who has finally found the means of fitting properly into my own sex."

Raised as a boy, then a man, Tamara never was either. She was one of that tragic group called hermaphrodites, belonging physically to both sexes, but mentally to only one. "It wasn't until three years and full medical proof of my condition," Tamara explains. "I was what is technically called a pseudo-hermaphrodite. That is a person who appears to belong to one sex on the surface, but who actually has the interior physical characteristics of another."

After a sex operation in Europe, Tamara returned to the States and went into burlesque on a dare from friends. "It was after I had done some lectures on psychology and sex that the idea occurred," Tamara relates. "I had appeared at the University of California and later before some private and American Legion groups to lecture. "Then a friend talked me into appearing at the Alameda Theater, a dolly house in Sacramento. Believe me when I say that it was a real bum and grind education."

Tamara posed for a series of photographs that exaggerated her femininity. She also refined her act for further appearances at the Hollywood Theater in San Diego, and Strip City, the Los Angeles G-string bistro. Now her act itself is half lecture, half strip. She begins her routine by dressing in silhouette. When she finally steps before the audience it is in a be-sequined, frilly, very feminine gown.

Then she delivers a short lecture. In precise, scientific (and by no means simple) terms she tells her story. She describes the meaning of "pseudo-hermaphrodite" and similar terms. Audiences, who might have come to jeer, are respectfully quiet. Then, abruptly, she changes mood and announces, "But that's not what you're here for. Let's get down to bare facts."

To the tune of "Love Me Or Leave Me," she does what must be described as a routine strip. While her 5 foot 3½ inch figure is a respectable 34"-24"-35", her torso must be described as "boyish." Her bosom, while quite real, is nevertheless miniscule. The applause that greets the finale of her strip act must be described as more respectful than excited.

Tamara is in burlesque for one very good reason—money. "I expected ridicule, yet I have received the kindest treatment. The people who work in burlesque are perhaps the nicest and most honest bunch I've met," she says. "The pay is very good. That's why I'm here."

Speaking in what must be described as a husky contralto, Tamara is disarmingly frank about the details of her life. "I was born in St. Louis in 1924 and raised there. When I was a teen-ager, my family moved to California and I continued my education there."

"I was always unhappy for I always felt that I was truly a girl. You might say that I was a solitary type, because I never felt at home with the activities of the high school crowd."

Tamara capped her early education with a year at the University of Nevada, studying biological science "out of a curiosity about myself."

Then came a brief period in the Navy and the first recognition by the outside world of her condition. "I volunteered for the Navy in 1941. In just four months I was out again. I was discharged for what they called 'physically unfit.'"

"Then in 1942 I volunteered for the paratroops."

While it is hard to believe that the diminutive ecolysisist of today could have such a record of bravado, the decorations she amassed (or rather "he" amassed as Robert Rees) speak for themselves. A member of the tough 82nd Airborne Division, Robert-Tamara plunged into combat with almost suicidal ferociously. Serving in Italy (at Anzio), in Southern France and finally near Bastogne (Belgium), she won two bronze stars, three unit citations, the Dutch Order of Orange and a Belgian War Cross.

In addition, Tamara sustained two wounds. The first Pugile Heart was for a relatively minor wrist wound. The second was a head wound which has paralyzed the right side of her face and is causing progressive deafness and blindness on that side.

It was during this period that Tamara married for the first time. At this point she was (continued on page 47)
fashioned — went on the screen. Aunt Gerda, 78, a retired nurse, hadn't seen Christine since 1952 in Denmark. Christine had just undergone the operation which transformed her from a man, and had dropped the name of George.

The Minneapolis Miss Jorgensen was the first member of the family to see her after the operation. She was taken to Delahey to visit relatives.

"I TOOK HER goings-on from her father," Gerda Jorgensen said. "She looked very nervous when she got the news of the operation, but she just wept. The news of Christine was upset."

Christine Jorgensen was upset a second time, Gerda Jorgensen said, when Christine went into surgery.

"I thought she should have kept on with her photography," she said. "When she went to Denmark, we felt that was the right path for her. But she came back. She said she didn't want to go back to Denmark, but she didn't say a word about the operation. She was influenced by her relatives to go back to Denmark, but she didn't say a word about the operation."

The operation had been a failure, Gerda Jorgensen said, and she was happy to see Christine looking so fit.

The last time Christine had been in the house at 2203 St. 19th St., was at George Jorgensen's 50th birthday party. "The best night," the most wonderful," Gerda Jorgensen said, "and I thought to myself, 'That's my baby.'"

"I was there, and we were having fun. She looked happy and vigorous, but it's all turned out to be the best.

"I remember when little George was just a child, people would say, 'Hey, that boy will appear like a girl.' She always seemed to play with the girls."

"AFTER HE WAS transferred, a lot of people said it was just done for publicity, and for the money. She was a big star because she was George, and beautiful. But she was a big star because she was George, and beautiful."

Gerda Jorgensen was a Christmas book and a pair of slippers she had bought. Gerda gave her sister's perfume and a nail.

For Christmas, Gerda gave a pair of gloves and a small music box with an elephant in it, with a special gift for the person who finds the elephant.

"She gave Gerda a Christmas book and a pair of slippers she had bought. Gerda gave her sister's perfume and a nail."

The next day, as Christine was leaving the house to return to work, she slipped on the stairs. Aunt Gerda said she had a pair of rubbers for her and he said, "Gerda, sit down and have a Christmas present."

But Gerda's present, Christine went to work with a huge red bow on it. Aunt Gerda said, "I'm not interested in these boxes, Aunt Gerda said, "but if she sends me TV news to a favor. If she doesn't, Aunt Gerda said, "but if she sends news to anyone, she is a dedicated wife and never stops." Then she will put her phone behind a screen to change it.

Aunt Gerda hosts her own show and doesn't have a schedule.

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Christine Jorgensen spent an old-fashioned Danish Christmas in Minneapolis, as her maiden name Jorgensen is not well known in Minnesota. Christine had just undergone the operation which transformed her from a man, and had dropped the name of George.

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Looking for a job, Christine Jorgensen is back in town, playing at the Club Gay Heaven. She had an appointment with the New York photographer to see if she could be his girl. She said she would agree if he promised to give her a fair deal. She said she would agree if he promised to give her a fair deal. She said she would agree if he promised to give her a fair deal. She said she would agree if he promised to give her a fair deal.
MEI LAN FANG, the immortal "male actress" of China has said: "To be a really great female impersonator, one must think, feel, look and act like a woman every day, in whatever circumstances you find yourself."

Since it is my dream to be numbered among the great male actresses — Julian Eltinge, Francis Renault and Mei Lan Fang — I follow this rule as much as possible.

When I am home, I am always dressed in the finest of feminine garments. My lacy nightgowns, which I imported from Paris, are more delicate and feminine than the average woman ever possesses. I have pierced my ears, and even try to be feminine in my thoughts. "Think woman — be woman," is another of Mei Lan Fang's expressions.

One day in Nevada, I was in such a hurry to go somewhere that I went out while still in girl's clothes. On the road I had a flat tire, which a handsome State Trooper changed for me. Naturally I did not give him my telephone number, despite his requests for it.

I guess I became interested in being a male actress way back in the second grade, when, because of my long blonde curls, I was chosen to be the "girl" in a play.

After I grew up and entered the army, I took parts in several camp shows as a girl. It was then I realized I wanted to make the art of female impersonation my life's work.

When I mentioned this to my family, they weren't sure it was "quite the thing to do."

However, I explained that I didn't want to be just another nightclub performer — although I have starred in many such shows, and gained exceptionally good writeups for such work in Kentucky — but that I wanted to be a great male actress like Julian Eltinge, and they agreed it was an important artistic goal to work for.

To help reach this goal I am, in between nightclub schedules, taking a four year course in Spanish and Oriental dancing. I hope someday to dance at Carnegie Hall.

When She's A He!

IN THE past few years, I have tested the thoroughness of my impersonations in many ways. I have applied in girl's clothes for jobs as a dress model — and have been hired. I've done over a year's work in this field.

In Pasadena, California, I entered a beauty contest with 79 other girls. We were all in cocktail gowns. Calling myself Miss Cheri Collins, I won 3rd prize.

And in Hollywood, a year or so ago, I doubled for a very famous young movie actress in a highly advertised film's most dramatic scene. I'd like to give the name of the picture, but fear that neither the actress or the film company would approve, and I would only hurt my chances for similar jobs in the future.

I am looking forward to the day when I will star in a picture from beginning to end, without a single person in the audience ever realizing that the "leading lady" is a man!
Confession of a Female Impersonator

by "Miss Carol Anne Masters"

I've just returned from a city newspaper, under "Female Hostess," I recently asked for a BroadcastReceiver, a television model. "What color do you want to be?" I answered each at last, and I was not surprised. It was in full color for the old, but I only turned on the eliptical genie, because they contained a built-in muffler. I was not quite sure that they did not contain mufflers, but it was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler. It was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler. It was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler. It was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler. It was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler. It was a mystery to explain, by my life story, any reason for a muffler. I would have done just as well. I can remember, when I was 8 years old, I had a muffler for a muffler.
have anything I wanted, or needed, or that I should be able to eat what I liked, smile or cry if I liked, be agreeable or disagreeable if I liked—and to wear dresses or trousers as I desired! These ideas were childish, but I considered them important.

(Nearly all transvestists with whom we have talked—both male and female—have admitted that they were spoiled when they were children and that they have not outgrown this spoiled-child attitude. Though they believe that they no longer are childish, their determination to flout the generally accepted conventions in the matter of attire and their practice of deception as to their sex, are only a perpetuation of the spoiled-child attitude. Blame rests with those in charge of the early training of children rather than with the children, who find it difficult, as they grow up, to learn the practice of consideration of the feelings of others. That they feel bitter toward, and defiant of, the conventions pertaining to attire is evidence of the continuance of the childish nature.—Editor.)

I was about five years old when I was taken out of baby dresses and
put into masculine rompers. At first I was proud to wear them. With a feeling of masculine superiority, I walked down the street and challenged a neighbor child of my age to a fight. I thought a fight was necessarily associated with the acquisition of a pair of pants. It was then that my masculine pride got a terrific jolt, for the neighbor boy, although still in baby dress and petticoat, not only defeated me—he took my pants!

I went home blubbering, in my underwear, and had my bruises washed. The next day, instead of the rompers, I wore a new dress. This gave me another jolt, but I was told that I would get trousers as soon as I started going to school, and that in the meantime I would wear the dress until I got another pair of rompers.

My hair was long, blond and curly. My big smile and large blue eyes would always ingratiate the hearts of grown-ups.

School started for me when I was six. I well remember that first day. After breakfast my mother brought out a box and from it she took out my first long-trousered suit. It was just like Dad’s except that it was smaller. I was indeed proud to wear it. At school the other boys of my age had knee pants or knickers; I was the only one with long trousers. Everything went well until I took off my hat. Then, my long golden curls showed down and the close-cropped boys howled with glee. They pranced around me at recess, pulling my locks and calling me “sissy.” Finally, I could take it no longer and vigorously attacked a nearby tormentor. This time I was the victor. I was sitting atop my adversary, pounding him with both fists, tears streaming down my face—tears of wounded pride, mixed with his tears of agony—when the teacher dragged me off and sent me home with a note. My new suit was all dirty and scuffed.

This made Mother furious. She told me that every time I had on a pair of pants I got into a fight. Next day I received another lecture and was kept at home, locked in my room, while she went to town to have my suit cleaned and do some shopping. She returned, carrying some boxes and parcels which she put on a chair. She told me that I would go to a different school, starting the next day. In the boxes, she said, were my new school clothes; in the morning I was to put them on myself and come to breakfast, ready for her to take me to the other school.

I felt sorry about getting my suit dirty, and I resolved that I would take better care of my new suit. As the sun streamed in the window, I awoke with a healthy desire to see what my new clothes looked like. I opened the flat box and looked. I felt a little confused, then it dawned
There was a pretty little 

dress just about my size, petticoat, bloomers, stockings, a coat and hat, and in the other box sandals and a pair of rubbers. I was greatly disturbed. I sat down and decided I wouldn't be going to school. Soon my sister told me to hurry and dress; it was getting late. I tried to complain, but she just smiled as if it were natural for me to wear skirts, and when I still hesitated, she came in and helped me herself. I was too numb to resist. Soon I was standing fully clothed, and she just finished buttoning the dress up the back. I was pushed and pulled to breakfast. I felt conspicuous, but everybody acted as if it were natural for me to appear in a dress. I pulled at my skirts and they tickled my knees and thighs. It wasn't at all unpleasant. I was more embarrassed than hurt. I had been called Junior before; now they all called me June. Even a girl's name!

I was taken to the new school and introduced to the principal. I was put in the girls' classes and took their "gym" period, etc. After a week at school I felt better. No one laughed at me and all the teachers were kind—even the boys treated me gently and with certain awe.

(There is something strangely amiss here. Children of doubtful sex have attended the public schools as members of the sex to which they apparently belonged. Later in life their true sex has been determined and it frequently has happened that they were not of the sex which they and others had believed.

In studying the stories of hundreds of tranvestites, I have observed this common fault, either of failure to explain just how they managed to keep their true secret or whether they did. Cases actually have happened, as with Guy de Maupassant's Mademoiselle, in which the sex urge brought the true sex of a masquerader to light—with the exception, of course, that "Mademoiselle's" true sex was known. It was "Mademoiselle, himself, who felt the upsurge of sex desire, attempted rape and shouted, in tears, "I am a man, I tell you, I am a man."—Editor.)

On the Sunday following, I was given a white chiffon dress to wear. Under it I wore a white vest and petticoat, frilly with lace; my shoes and short socks were white.

(Here is another faux pas almost exclusive with tranvestists of the male sex. Ask one—whose confidence you have—if he honestly remembers each item of clothing, its color and descriptions, as he depicts it in a written or a verbal description, and he will invariably give you the honest answer that he does not. He is thinking wistfully of what he now would like to wear were he at the physical age he describes.—Editor.)
The day was bright and sunny with a warm breeze blowing. My sisters and I had to walk to Sunday School. This was a new experience for me, because the wind played with our skirts, and as mine was light, I was continually holding it down. My hair was in long ring curls, and a dainty blue ribbon adorned my hair at the back.

I recall an incident about this time that almost changed the course of my life. The Hal Roach Studios were looking for a child to take the little girl's part in the "Our Gang" comedies. Friends said I looked like Jean Darling, so I was taken to be judged in the contest. I was selected to come back to compete with two other youngsters, but on the second trip I found I might be separated from my mother if I won, so I was a disagreeable little girl. Naturally, I was turned down because of my disposition.

The day came, however, when I was to enter the sixth grade. That day my hair was cut and I again acquired a pair of trousers—knickers. I continued to go to school and only once did I wear a dress. Once I took the part of a gypsy girl in an operetta because, having a natural soprano voice, I could sing well. At the end of my tenth year, my folks were in such financial straits that I left school and went to work for a year. By that time I craved skirts so much that I bought a dress and would spend hours wearing it.

I eventually finished school. In my final year I was considered a brilliant student for I took ten subjects, besides being in the Glee Club, the "lead" in the Senior Class play and editor of the school paper. I found through my efforts that I had developed a flair for dramatics. This, today, is very pronounced.

**Adult Experience**

Upon graduation I applied for and was employed by the Civil Service. Here for eight months I worked hard. I bought some dresses which I wore in my rented room.

At the outbreak of the War, I enlisted as an Aviation Cadet. I took training at Kelly Field at Chickasha, Oklahoma. While I was in training, I acquired more feminine apparel—dresses, undies, shoes, coats and hats. How I kept these concealed is a secret, but I did. Throughout my Army life, I had my dainties. By the end of 1945 I had become adept at makeup, had a wig and felt ready to start a new life.

I used to dream of living as a girl, but circumstances dictated otherwise.
Like most transvestites, I liked my feminine attire and skirts most of all, but I wanted to be admired, to be seen, to be talked about. I wanted both men and women to say: “How pretty you are.” “Such gorgeous jewels.” And “Oh that dress, where did you find it?”

(Here is the key to the personality of this transvestite. He is a narcissist—one given to excessive self-adoration.—Editor)

All this I desired. I felt an urge to be included as a girl among girls! I wanted to discuss new styles, new hair-do, make-up, shoes, lingerie, etc.

Soon after quitting the military service, I started a correspondence with a pretty girl who lived in a neighboring state. I went to meet her, and I knew I could love women because I loved her. However, after a while she turned away from me and I was left with nothing but memories and regrets. I took a leisurely trip through the West—part of the time dressed as a girl, part of the time as a man!

As time went on, I grew bolder. I would carefully make up, dress and go to the movies after dark, then I would go out in the daytime in my car. Finally, I would simply dress and go anywhere, anytime, as a girl! No one ever doubted me, and often I drew whistles from the boys.

Female Impersonator

While I was in California, I decided to visit Hollywood just to see it. The day I arrived I was dressed as a man, but stray echoes of perfume lingered about me. By fate I met a Mr. B. who worked for a studio. We became friendly. I told him of my transvestite desire and got dressed up for him. He thought it remarkable that I looked much like one of the star actresses. This led to my being in five films. I was exceedingly well pleased. For six months, nothing but skirts and lace!

At that time I became acquainted with many people who knew me as Miss C. A proprietor of a dress shop hired me as a model. In my spare time I would go to this man’s store in a nearby city and model his Junior Fashions. I had success in both the films and in the modeling. At the annual beauty parade held there I was entered, and among 80 gorgeous girls I was awarded third prize—a beautiful gold compact.

With opinion thus established, I became more the coquette than before. I went to gay parties, where I was toasted, got my name in the papers, and in general, for a week or so, was celebrated. Many handsome bachelors invited me to ride in their expensive automobiles. I rejected these invitations.

Finally, I rode home in my old Ford car. I changed clothes and
character before I arrived. As a young man, I entered the home of my parents. They received me coldly at first, but as the tension wore off and I explained that my trip had been “heart balm” they decided to understand.

(Strange is the aberration of parents to rear a child as a member of the sex to which he does not belong, and when he has grown to maturity to decline to tolerate the aberration they have taught him. Unfortunately such aberrations, in one form or another, are more common than is believed.—Editor.)

While at home I received a letter from an army buddy. I went to see him. He asked my ideas about producing some plays—we had done a few in the service for the hospitalized boys (yes, I was the “leading lady”)—and staging them to make some money. I agreed, if I were the “leading lady.” To this plan he was agreeable. So we planned and produced. I never told my folks about all this. I just didn’t have the courage to tell them.

Sometime later, my mother asked me about my doings. The lipstick and mascara were still on my face. I refused to answer. She then told me I must trust her and tell her—or leave—and, hothead that I am, I did leave. I took up residence in a city thirty miles away.

Since my brother, sister and I all were then working at the same place, I saw them often and was on friendly terms with them, but withheld information until I could finally choose a course of action.

Of course, I made good money and bought all the frills and fancies I desired. One day a club opened, featuring female impersonators. Interested in seeing female impersonations, I attended the club as a spectator. The “performance” was tawdry and the impersonators were shabby; they seemed to be what they were—men in dresses, and unattractive. I wished that I could be a female impersonator too—with more finesse and appealing excellence. I began research on all the impersonators and ran the whole gamut from the incomparable and exquisite Dr. Mei-Lan-Fang, down through the Abbé De Choisy (the aristocratic French impersonator), Jenny De Savalette, Aranke Gyvengy, Chretienni, Stir-Hall, Stuart, Julian Eltinge, Fregoli, Bertin, Gypi, Ristori, Nielda, Sergi, Barbette—and others, even to the various night-club performers who are now to be seen.

I went to a model’s school! In Cincinnati I visited a capable expert in skin analysis and makeup. I studied music. Today, I have some of the
finest dress designers in the country working for me. I have been offered contracts as “leading lady” in stage plays, television contracts, night-club work, etc., at very attractive salaries. Because of some special work I could not accept any of these offers.

I have the desire of a transvestite and the urge of the born exhibitionist—besides natural talent. I think that the world will look upon my efforts as art, because I approach it from a superior angle. I am proud—proud of my art. I believe that one day I shall be acclaimed as the leading female impersonator. Today many famous persons acclaim me as the leading female impersonator. They look upon my habits as an art and I am respected for it.

So, that brings us to the present. What do I do? How do I live? I am in a large city. I have simple taste in an apartment. When I go out, I dress as a man; I do not desire public attention at this time.

If I stay in, it is different. One day of my life as a “girl” may go like this (my diary notes):—

“I arose this morning, took a shower. Put on my blue silk negligée and started breakfast, listened to a news program and combed my hair. While the coffee was percolating I stripped and shaved.

“Put on my masculine attire, had breakfast and left.

“After hard day’s work, returned at 10 p.m. Started supper, heard music on the radio and took a shower. Back into negligée for supper, tied on apron and washed dishes and cleaned up; beauty routine, and to bed (wearing pink lace-trimmed nightgown) to read for an hour. Will not put in earrings—too tired.”

Next day (Saturday):—

“Arose 8:00 a.m., took shower, started breakfast, carefully shaved, ate. Made up carefully, put in my gold-hoop earrings (my ears are pierced), attired myself in blue silk panties, slip, bra, garter-belt, nylons, and my open-toe, open-heel sandals with 3” heels, black dress of rayon crepe. Combed my hair, put on leopard coat and hat, gloves, etc. Went to dressmaker for fitting. Discussed skirt fullness and hung. Had lunch—went to bookstore—no luck. To the theatre. Out. Had a sandwich—went to Library—left late—home, changed to evening gown, satin sandals, fur coat, no hat but a muff. Went to a dance. Had a nice time—some people know me—that’s good. They don’t seem to mind...”

What started out as an expensive desire has become a dainty sweet living. I do not advise anyone to try to be an impersonator—hard work and natural skill are necessary. Just being a transvestite isn’t enough!
**LAW TIES WIFE TO HUSBAND WHO HAS 'BECOME A WOMAN'**

A MAN left his wife a year ago because he wanted to be a woman, and it was said yesterday, he now dresses as a woman and works as a woman clerk.

But the wife, Mrs. Constance Delling, of Trafalgar-street, Walworth, S.E., told in the divorce court yesterday that she was not entitled to a decree on the ground of cruelty.

When the couple married at Bethnal Green registry office, Mr. Delling was 'sensible'—said it was a very good marriage.

The couple married at Bethnal Green registry office in 1913.

Mr. Delling is a 35-year-old clerk, and his wife is 33 years old.

The couple married at Bethnal Green registry office.

**Alternative**

Mr. Smith, who said that Mr. Delling was 'sensible' and that his wife was 'sensible','is not a lot of good,' said the Judge. "This marriage was not a marriage in any way, but a marriage of convenience."

The Judge continued: "I do not think there was any marriage of convenience."

In totality, it was sent to Dr. Peter Whitley, "Victor.""The Judge was murder in the case of a husband and wife.

**'Victoria'**

Dr. Peter Whitley, also, was murder in the case of a husband and wife.

At the alternative hearing in court, the Judge continued: "This marriage was not a marriage in any way, but a marriage of convenience."

The Judge continued: "I do not think there was any marriage of convenience.

**MRS. DOLLING**

**A tragedy for her**

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new friends and associates accepted him as a woman.

Anatomically, B. is undoubtedly a male. The male organ (which is now habitually kept strapped up) is rather small, but is in other respects quite normal. On the other hand, the pelvis is somewhat wide for a male, and there is no growth of hair on the face.

B. does not seem to be disturbed by his external signs of masculinity and has never desired an operation for the removal of the genital organs. He is, however, a confirmed transvestite of an extreme type. In other words, although physically a male, he experiences an overwhelming urge to dress and live as a woman. The abnormality is a psychological one, but he finds it an essential condition of happiness to abandon the male role completely.

His chief cause of physical dissatisfaction appears to have been the absence of female breasts. To remedy this he embarked some years ago on a course of hormonal treatment. Apparently as a result of this the breasts became larger, and B. now manages to give a realistic impression of possessing a female bosom.

On the whole, it may be said that B. gives a most convincing performance as a woman. In features and build, in the size of the feet and hands, and in bodily movements there is nothing about him to suggest the male.

Partly on account of his unusual position, and partly through loneliness, B. began to frequent clubs and bars where people of the London underworld gathered together. It became clear to him that not only was he accepted as a woman by both males and females but that he was regarded as an attractive one by men who never suspected his true sex. B., who did not take kindly to working long hours in a poorly-paid job, began to ask himself if he could not make a living out of this attractiveness. He decided to become a “call girl”!

It is necessary at this stage to make a very important point in this case-history. B. is not, and never has been, homosexual in his feelings. In fact neither men nor women attract him sexually in any way. He is, in his feelings, neither homosexual nor heterosexual, but narcissistic (self-loving).

The only love-object that he has is his own body, and the only person that he finds in the least attractive is himself. He is quite indifferent to heterosexuality and feels a distinct aversion for homosexuality. His attitude to homosexuals is uncomprehending and slightly censorious. They are to him “queer,” “odd” and “different.”

B. identifies himself entirely with the other call girls in the district. They accept him as one of themselves and do not suspect that he is a male. He remarked rather complacently, “We are a normal lot round here.”

It was about five years ago that B. began his fantastic life. He took a ground floor apartment in a large old house in a rather shabby quarter of a large city, for which he pays about $60 weekly. He built up his connection through personal contacts in clubs and bars and also by discreet advertising.

These advertisements, carefully worded, were put in display windows in small shops and also in small weekly papers of doubtful reputation. Those on the lookout for such items quickly grasp the meaning of the thinly-veiled offers of “personal services.”
From the financial point of view, B. has been very successful. He has a number of regular clients, keeps a personal maid, and runs his own automobile, and estimates his income as being between $450 and $500 weekly.

On the whole B. seems well content with his life. He saves only a little, but seems to have no fears for the future. He smokes rather heavily, but drinks only very moderately and never gambles.

How is it possible, it may well be asked, to maintain this fantastic rôle with "her" clients? They, it must be remembered, imagine that he is in fact what he appears to be. The answer is that B. caters for the most part to sexual deviants, that is for those men who do not desire ordinary sexual relations with a woman.

Some of these require the services of a "massense." Many of them are fetishists interested only in certain parts of the body, or in certain types of clothing. B. possesses a very extensive wardrobe. He can, if required, dress as a ballet dancer, a Victorian governess, a nun, a circus girl, or a lion-tamer.

He possesses a large collection of rubber shoes, boots, sheets, rubber gloves and hats. In B.'s opinion most fetishists are rubber fetishists of one sort or another, and this act is the most popular one in his répertoire.

In addition to these clients there are the sadists and masochists, that is to say those who wish to inflict pain on their partners, and those who wish to suffer it in some form. B. does not enjoy pain, and therefore takes very few sadistic clients; these he makes pay heavily for their pastime.

For his masochistic clients, however, he possesses an extensive collection of lashes, dog-whips, horse-whips, canes, birches, pincers, spikes, heavily-nailed boots, and shoes with sharp and fantastically high heels. He also keeps a large stock of corsets, handcuffs, chains, ropes, furs and silks.

During his career he has become adept at playing the rôle of the imperious, dominating woman with her slave, or that of the cruel and severe school-mistress; this last rôle is extremely popular.

One of his most unusual clients was an elderly business man. He came regularly about twice a year. He brought with him a large quan-
tity of bandaging material, and insisted on being swathed from head to foot in the fashion of a mummy. Even his lips had to be tightly sealed with adhesive tape.

In this condition he was left on a bed for two hours. After this B. undid him, and he departed apparently well-satisfied. *For this unusual service he paid the sum of $450!*

B. would seem to be a person of average intelligence but limited education. Psychologically he appears to be decidedly hypothymic (emotionally undeveloped). At times he gives the impression of a condition which has, in the study of delinquency, been called "the affectionless type."

B. has never married and no love affairs have occurred in his life since early adolescence, and these were not of a serious nature. In his world there is no loved person—neither man nor woman. While he has many acquaintances and a few friends these latter do not seem to be really important. It is convenient and agreeable to know them, that is all.

He thus gives the appearance of being self-sufficient, and needing neither to give nor to receive love. He has strong and frequent sexual urges, but these are never satisfied with another person, but only alone and with himself as love-object.

B. is mildly amused and interested in the charades that his clients pay him so well to perform. He neither likes, dislikes nor despises them. Occasionally he experiences sadistic emotion, and if a client incurs his hostility or dislike, that client, if a masochist, receives good value for his money. Hurting in such a case becomes a pleasure.

In concluding the interview B. made one very interesting remark. The clients to him are anonymous and faceless men. He does not remember their names or anything individual about them. "Some of them come to see me time after time," he said, "but I never remember their faces, and until they remind me I imagine that I am meeting them for the first time."
Mario and Dei Mar retire to ladies room to repair makeup.

Arriving at ball, Mario makes a dramatic entrance from chauffeured car and draws audience of amused spectators at annual “drag ball” on Chicago’s South Side.

Mario Costello makes changeover to female daily as working entertainer, has performed in famed Finocchio’s club.
THE OLD SAYING: "Boys will be boys," is not always true.

Sometimes, if the pay is high enough and the working conditions right, boys will, on the contrary, be girls. These are the "men" who make up one of the smallest and most amazing subdivisions of the theatrical arts—the female impersonators.

Only about 100 of them practice their wiles in a handful of night spots across the nation. As singers, exotic dancers, and comedians, they are often so successful in their swash deception that they completely fool the audience until, and if, they choose to unmask.

The field, if limited, is lucrative. And its very limitation provides a clear road for talent that might otherwise be lost in the rough-and-tumble of the more popular theatrical trades. For this reason, and because they feel the public is prone to misunderstand their profession, female impersonators have always guarded the esoteric secrets of their trade closely.

Reluctant to be confused with the thousands of "amateurs" who practice female impersonation secretly, or turn in court and on the psychiatrist's couch, the professionals have formed a close-knit, exclusive fraternity.

How does a man become a female impersonator? Why does he choose this outlet for his talents? How does he accomplish the often magical-seeming transformation from he-man to she-man?

To answer these questions, a cabaret reporter-photographer team covered the complete transformation of four top female impersonators and learned the inner secrets of this closely-mouthed fraternity. The secrets of carmine and corsets, wigs and falsies were uncovered as these men finally let the public peek behind the scenes.

If you talk of Christine Jorgensen to most professional female impersonators, you'll get a snort of contempt in response. Christine may have carried the art of female impersonation to its ultimate logical end. But in the eyes of most of the working "he-gals," ex-GL George Jorgensen's medical "transformation" into a woman was going a step too far.

"We don't want to become women," explains Tony Midnite, Chicago costumer and former female mimic. "We just impersonate on the stage."

Tony, a husky, 28-year old who used to wow audiences in night spots from coast to coast with his feminine wiles, now supplies dazzling gowns and other appurtenances to Chicago's large female stripper trade. He has achieved some small fame as one of the few men who practice the sophisticated craft of making G-strings.

He also caters to the costume needs of former colleagues in the female impersonation line, and upon occasion still dons his wig and false legs for old time's sake. Such an occasion is the annual "drag ball" held on Chicago's South Side each year at Halloween. One of the few nights of the year when men can dress as women legally, the holiday brings out the city's amateur female impersonators in droves. And the ball, held at one or another large ballroom, gives them a place to step out to, with an excuse that shields them from the long arm of the law.

It also offers an opportunity for professionals to display their virtuosity where it will be most appreciated. Impersonators from coast to coast annually trek to Chicago to attend the ball as Midnite's guests. Often the occasion provides a first trial for a new gown which has been turned out in his tiny studio in the Lorraine Hotel.

Midnite, a good-looking, brown-haired fellow in a charcoal grey suit, meets his guests with martini in hand.

Among them this year were Mario Costello, freshly in from an engagement at the Angel Room in Santa Barbara; Keith O'Neill a former male actor with Mae West, who has just closed at the My-O-My lounge in New Orleans; Del Mar, a retired impersonator who is now Midnite's first assistant.

How does a man become a female impersonator?

"I started in a chorus line when I was not quite 16," confides Tony. "It was in New Orleans. There were supposed to be eight girls in the line, but really three of them were boys. "The director said she liked it better that way. She said the boys were a lot less trouble than the girls."

A native of Houston, Midnite has the build of a fullback, and admits to having played that position in high school football.

Mario Costello, a native of Puerto Rico, tells you that he will be 24 in March. He's lived in the U.S. since he was 9.

"I used to sing and play the gourds in front of Xavier Cugat's band," he says. "But I found I could go further as a woman, so I did."

Del Mar, 29, and Keith O'Neill, 27, have similar backgrounds—a start as chorus boys, discovery of their female "talent," and a career in impersonation.

All have played at such tourist attractions as Finochio's in San Francisco, the My-O-My, Angel Room, or in the Jewel Box Review, a touring show that centers its activities in Florida.

"Most of the boys in the business start in similar ways," says Midnite. "They just sort of fall into it. It's a real art—mastering the actions, the costume, and the makeup to create a real illusion. It's quite a challenge. Actually, many get so much money involved in costumes, that they can hardly get out."

As a costumer, Midnite knows whereof he speaks. Some of the gowns cost in the neighborhood of $1,000.

But such lavishness pays off. Mario recently played Las Vegas and emerged with a $5,000 white mink stole. "It's deductible, you know," he says. "And they are a good investment. I have five minks."

I watched the boys preparing for the "drag ball," which begins at 11 P.M. It is a long, exacting process.

At 8 P.M. the boys start. First on are their sheer hose and high-heeled shoes. It's a superstition among female impersonators that the shoes go on first," says Midnite.

By 8:05 they have started making up. Regular theatrical makeup, not street makeup, is used. "Makeup covers a multitude of sins," explains Keith as he sits before his mirror, clad only in a stripper's G-string. His first move is to block out his distinctly masculine eyebrows.

"That's one of the secrets of the trade," says Midnite.

The process consists of slicking down the hair so that it clings to the skin—accomplished by rubbing the hair with a moist piece of soap. Makeup, a regular theatrical grease paint, goes on over the whole face and all exposed areas of the neck and shoulders. It takes a while, and as it goes on, you learn a little about the (continued on page 46)
most gents will not accept impersonators. "You can only go so far, then you're stymied," Tony told you. "It's not accepted for TV or concert work."

"For that reason most of the boys are in it for only a few years. Then they drop out and get into one of the more technical phases of show business. They make terrific costumes — I used to make all my own costumes — and many are choreographers on television."

The craft received an impetus following World War II after a long period of disfavor during the depression. During the war, the public was introduced to the idea of female impersonation through feminine performances in GI shows by men taking the parts of strippers, chorus girls or comics.

By 9:30, most of the boys have got their brows blocked out, their base makeup on. Tony has gotten himself into a panty girdle. "I've put on 40 pounds since I was in the business. I may look like a cow, but I'll be a beautiful cow."

Lipstick is applied by the men just as women would. They also arch their eyebrows — new ones penciled onto the base makeup — on either side of the ones that were covered up — in short, delicate strokes. Eye shadow and mascara straight from the cosmetic counter complete the "bedroom" look. Tony adds a fillip by sticking flitter — little particles of sparkling dust — to his eyelids.

As the makeup goes on, the boys' gestures become more and more feminine. The pronoun shifts, first only once in a while, then all the time, from "he" to "she" in their talk about each other.

Fake lashes complete the eye makeup. Long, black and curled, these embody an other impersonator superstition. "It's considered bad luck to take your eyelashes off once you've gone on," says Tony. This may be because the stickum used to put on the lashes will harden, and when they're put on again, it's with a second layer that makes their falseness obvious.

An occupational hazard to the female impersonator is male body hair. What to do about it?

"Use a razor," says O'Neill. "Shave it off."

"There is one boy in the business," says Tony, "who is so hairy that he has to shave every day, all over his body."

Powder and base makeup help to cover the shaven spots where they meet the light of day.

With a finish coat of powder to set the makeup and take the shine off, the boys are ready for their wigs.

"If girls worked as hard at their makeup as we do at ours, they'd really look like something," says Tony. "They've got the real thing to work with."

It is 9:30. Del Mar has taken side locks of his long, dark hair and brought them forward into little curls held in place by bobby pins. "That's so when I put on the wig, I can comb them back into it and cover the hair line," he tells you. Another "secret" of the trade.

Application of the wig is the most delicate operation in the impersonator's transformation. Here, more than anywhere else except a physican's examining table, the impersonator is liable to discovery.

Tony, who wears a platinum wig of long, silky tresses — insured for $300 — prepares his brown hair by covering the hairline with "clown white." This white compound prevents the dark hair from showing through the wigline. Then he retires to another room to put on the wig. "This is something I have to do alone," he explains. "It's too demanding to allow any distraction."

Mario has retired to his room too, to put on his long blonde wig. O'Neill combs his hair out on a wigmaker's block, then puts it in and follows it with an application of smaller side pieces. The wigs are stuck to the skin around the edges with spirit gum and the line, if necessary, covered with makeup.

It's nearly 10 by the time the boys have their wigs on. Only the closest examination could betray their falseness.

Now comes another — vital — secret of female impersonation. In a Mother Hubbard, any man can look like a woman of sorts. But how, in a low-cut gown does the flat-chested male create that all-important cleavage?

"Simple," says Midnite, as he unrolls a length of three-inch wide medical adhesive tape. "You tape your chest to make the cleavage." Preparation for this maneuver involves thinning the tape — "in order to make the cleavage a little broader than it is. Then, with the aid of another boy, the tape is applied from armpit to armpit, drawing the pectorals together."

"If you don't have much muscle, you have to do with a smaller bust that's all," says Del Mar.

While all of this has been going on, the telephone on the call waiting in the dressing room is jangling. First one, then another of the guests are called to it. "Their escorts for the evening are calling," explains Tony.

Also, there have been visitors to the dressing room. They are two professional strippers — Midnite's clients who have heard of the doings. They are admitted with the aplomb typical of theatrical dressing rooms where nudity is not considered a factor among the social niceties.

"Isn't that sexy," exclaims red-haired Flame Fury at Tony's makeup. "Say, you fellows really know how."

It's getting close to 10:30, and the boys are ready for their gowns. The product of weeks of work by Midnite and his staff, these are a blaze of color and glittering sequins. Each is designed for its wearer.

Estimated value of the gowns exceeds $2,500. "Mine alone is worth $1,000 at retail," says Tony. "It took a solid week to make."

Falsies are inserted in the gowns — sponge rubber mounds which differ from regular feminine ones only in that they are not cupped to receive what isn't there. Then the gowns are topped off with fur pieces.

Where three hours before you met four pleasant young men, you now stand face-to-face with four lavishly-gowned "women." The illusion is so strong that even though you've seen it all happen, you find it hard to believe.

A flurry of last-minute adjustments, and downstairs they go to the waiting limousine, hired for the night. Outside, a few passers-by whistle in admiration. The impersonators wink at you knowingly. The deception is complete.

Inception of bust pads is important in the switch and creation of bust cleavage is matter of strong muscle work.
Backstage, Tommy (without wig) shares gossip with Don Miles.

Jackie Gordon hits a hot note in piano routine.

Tommy Hendrix kibitzes while Donessa plays the piano keyboard.
Manon is singing star of show, three others in cast comes from Paris. Now look at photo at right, and gasp

This [with puff] is Manon, real name Rene Saintrapt. The other's Roland Tebibi. The show? It's an all-boy girl show!

Manager of the Trichter helps Claude Andrea into costume. A lively number from Paris, Claude's a toe 'n' top star.
One of show’s most sparkling numbers features, left to rt., Lucrece, Tanya del Ray, and Darina. Latter’s from Java, has won wide acclaim for unusual native dances. Tanya (wearing feather cut) offers rock and roll versions of Russian songs.
Mr. Cummings has been with the Jewel Box Revue for several years. He is considered by critics and the producers of the revue to be one of the most perfect Femme Mimics of this age. He is the only young man known to have a clause in his contract that he cannot cut his hair. He is the only member of the cast who does not wear a wig. Mr. Cummings entered a beauty contest in competition with 350 girls, was selected as one of the five most beautiful. Not till the final selection was it discovered that he was a man. He was unable to appear with the show for ten days but received sensational publicity.

Three men who are famous female impersonators: At top, Ramonita Vargas, Paris entertainer; center, Ricki Renee, entertainer in U.S., England, Germany and France; at bottom, Leverne Cummings, member of the Jewel Box Revue. U.S. Cummings is one of the few impersonators who does not wear a wig—the long blond hair is his own. It is the opinion of some experts in the field that, for many transvestites, becoming female impersonators is a partial way of satisfying their urge for cross-dressing. — Photos Paul Koruna and Grant of Hollywood.

Leverne Cummings

Gene Chandler

Bobbe Drake

Nicki Galluccio

Tod Allen

Tanta Del Ray

Zambella
Mr. Gene Korday, featured performer in the Jewel Box Revue, also creates the outstanding coiffures, but at the moment he's a bit dismayed at the tremendous job facing him before an opening night.

It's after eight—and the Jewel Box cast takes the audience to New York's fabulous 52nd Street, where Mr. Rickey Ren and Mr. Nat Dana interpret the moods and merriment of Café Society on the town!
The detectives said Cotton had dressed as a woman for 15 years, was seen near his home when he approached Santa and coyly asked for a lollypops. The detectives said Cotton had 30 packages of heroin in his possession.

Fred (The Beauj) Cotton, 35, of 116 W. 116th St., who the cops said has dressed as a woman for 15 years, was noted near his home when he approached Santa and coyly asked for a lollypops. The detectives said Cotton had 30 packages of heroin in his possession.

Meanwhile, Vice squad plainclothesman Henry Jacobs rounded up female impersonator Lavondy Newton, 22, as Newton's wig fell off after he allegedly solicited the officer.

In one instance, Egan spotted a well-known number with four convictions, Fred (The Beauj) Cotton, 35, of 116 W. 119th St., impersonating a woman wearing a dress, imitation leopard coat, and low-heeled shoes. Cotton was armed with 30 packages of heroin on him.

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A TRANSVESTITE GETS LEGAL HELP

Civil Liberties Union Argues
Wearing Garb of Opposite
Sex Is Not Criminal

By LAWRENCE CRANE

A brief filed by the New York Civil Liberties Union argues that a man who wears women's clothes is not "in danger to the safety, health and welfare of society."

The defense submitted by the New York affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union also contends that it is unconstitutional to arrest a vagrant as a transvestite who has done nothing more than wear the clothing of the opposite sex.

The civil liberties group entered the case as an adjunct of the court, of the ground that the defendant was a victim of an unappetizing interpretation of the law "because of distances for his behavior."

"No law is to be stretched to secure a conviction of a representative of any unappetizing position or way of living," the brief declared.

In developing its thesis that the vagrancy statute had been misused, the civil liberties group offered the court a vignette from New York State history.

**Arrested in March**

A section of the vagrancy statute bars disguises under certain conditions. The law was passed in the brief pointed out, to help law officers suppress the upstate Anti-Rent movement in the mid-19th century. Farmers protesting the social Dutch patron system under which they could not own their own land disguised themselves as Indians for armed attacks on law officers supporting the landlords.

The case will be argued next month before the Appellate Term of Supreme Court. No date has been set yet.

The defendant is John Miller, who sometimes uses the name Jean Miller. He is a tall, burly man of 38 and is a father. He has a record of military service. He formerly lived at 627 East 9th Avenue.

On the afternoon of March 24 he was walking near 52nd Street and West End Avenue when he was arrested on a vagrancy charge by Detective Daniel Keogh of the 110th Precinct.

**Sentence Suspended**

Seven days later Mr. Miller and Detective Keogh appeared in Criminal Court. The detective reported that his prisoner had been wearing a brown, two-piece woman's suit, high heels and a fur cape. He was carrying a purse. On his head was a gray wig, and on his face, lipstick and powder.

The detective added that Mr. Miller carried a letter from a psychiatrist identifying him as a transvestite.

Criminal Court Judge Edward D. Calazza found Mr. Miller guilty on the basis of the 1845 vagrancy statute. The law bars a person from appearing outside with "a face painted, discolored or covered or concealed or being otherwise disguised in a manner calculated to prevent his being identified."

Judge Calazza sentenced the defendant to two days in the workhouse, then suspended the sentence.

But Mr. Miller appealed the case.

**Playing Jack and Jill**

Comic Jack Benny, decked out in his slickest black-headed outfit and bland wig, takes a ribbing from George Burns during charity fete for Share Inc. in Hollywood. Milton Berle suggested Benny donned the outfit not for the party, but to take advantage of ladies' night and get into Angels-Yankees game free.
SCENES FROM THE "FUNMAKERS'" BALL: ROCKLAND PLACE — (1) Displaying the legs, etc., of "Connie" and "Margo"; (2) "Katy Jurado" and "Paula" purring to pose on the stairs; (3) Songstress Laverne Baker photographs Ball's impresario, Phil Black. (4) Circular inset shows Teddy Tutt who won trophy for best dressed. His "escort" is Martin Jackson. (Clemens Photos)

GAY TIME HAD AT HALLOWEEN BALL

Swathed in furs and frills and full of hip-shaking inclinations, a small army of female impersonators invaded Chicago's Parkway Ballroom where 3,000 curious spectators, gawkers and participants rubbed elbows at the Finesses Club Halloween Ball. Girlish cavorting overshadowed such tamer masqueraders as gorillas, lion tamers, Indian Priests and a sultan swathed in hospital gauze. One effeminate arrival, logged in fashionable ladies' wear even to glass slippers, had "her" beauty marred only by a neat tattoo just above the right ankle. But a barrel-voiced blues singer, dubbed "Eva Marie Saint," stole the show: he came as an expectant mother in maternity clothes.

PARTY OF THE WEEK... Or perhaps a more apt "lead in" for this squib would also add "or any week," was the one which read "Grand Ball, presented by Phil Black, Funmaker, Thanksgiving Nite, 7:30 P.M. until 12:00 midnight at the Rockland Palace!"

If you have been misled by that canard "boys will be boys" you just have NOT been to this Annual Ball! At this affair boys will be girls and were! I have lived for many a year, been lots of places, seen many things and am more or less blase and unimpressed by most things—but this Grand Ball stunned ME, temporarily, that is!

I've seen burlesque shows and the like — all of which left me cold and unimpressed — but not THIS Ball! I was utterly unprepared for basso profundo voices in the ladies room, costumes that consisted of athletic supporters and flowers; Madison Ave. dressed men dancing with them; persons pointed out to me as MEN who were as feminine looking as the Mona Lisa; gowns all the way from the basement to strictly high fashion by the name designers;—and my "unpreparedness" list could go on for hours!

Nonetheless, the "funmakers" had a great time! They danced, there was a fashion show, runway and all and all the prize went to Sir or Madame, as the case might be, Teddy Tutt who was accompanied by her/his finance Martin Jackson.

Frankly, I don't know why the prize did not go to "Bernadette," (usually they use only one name) who wore an exquisitely beaded gown on empire lines and a bobble skirt weighing 9 pounds, with a beautiful green wig and the whole business was topped with the $15,000.00 Chinchilla coat of Mrs. Willie Mays! He got more applause than anybody while I was there. "Floogie," the maid for Laverne Baker got quite a hand, too, as did Phil Black himself/herself.

There was an audience of a couple of thousand persons watching the entrance of the "funmakers" and as each got out of his/her conveyance, there was an impromptu show in front of the building.

According to Dr. Charles N. Ford, one of the owners of the Rockland Palace, I missed the ones who came with liveried chauffeur and footmen!

There was integration to say the least! Major Robinson had charge of the Press box. Needless to say the photographers had a field day.

All in all, if you've never seen THIS Ball get set for next Thanksgiving Night! I guarantee it to be an experience you will never forget, though you just might like to!
Trophies are presented to the she-men who most look like lovable women.
"Queens" Reign At Halloween Balls In Chicago

While looking like "something else" a bewitching, bejeweled batch of baffling beauties held court in Chicago Halloween night and "a ball was had by all," shrilled one effeminate voice. In fact it took two balls to accommodate the throng of opposite sex impersonators "out to let our jowls hang without being picked up" by the cops. Some 5,000 onlookers gawked at the elegantly garbed, sometimes curvaceous "drag queens" and "fine-vine" (sharp suited) "kings" at the 27th annual Finley's Club Ball at the Coliseum while about 1,000 "queens" rubbed elbows at Finley's Ball at the Elks Hall. Attired in getups ranging from hip-hugging leotards and $3,500 autumn haze mink coats to $250 suits and $50 flats, the impersonators came in such a befuddling array that a well-known ladle's man grabbed his coat and made his exit while mumbling, "This is too much, I don't know if I'm being tricked or treated."

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THAT AGENT! OOH! I COULD SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT!!

DIDN'T YOU GET THE PART DEAR?

YES, I GOT IT... BUT I THREW IT RIGHT BACK AT HIM!

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED THAT PART SO BADLY, DEAR!!

I WANTED THE GIRL'S PART!!