

Her Own Story: Once G.I., Now a Bride

By JOY REESE SHAW
Herald Staff Writer
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Charlotte Heidal wants to die. Now she wants to live fully and privately. "All we ask is just a chance to be happy," explained the desque bride who began as a man and was turned into a woman by Danish surgeons in Denmark.

Interviewed Charlotte in her apartment at 428 NE Per. It was decorated simply but in impeccable taste. It was immaculately clean.

Charlotte Heidal is a strikingly attractive person. Her hair is tinted red and she wears it in a chignon at the nape of her neck. Her eyes are white and even, and her smile is warm . . . when she smiles.

She had to learn to laugh — in Copenhagen," she explained. She twisted her fingers together, remembering. Her hands are slender, and her ringed fingers were manicured in a pale, rose polish.

On the third finger, left hand, gleamed a simple silver ring. On her other hand she wore a sapphire.

She wore a blue shirtwaist dress with matching blue slippers on slender feet.

Quietly, without a flush but without rancor, she told her story . . . the story of a life she hopes someday, somehow, to leave behind.

How she was reared as a child named Charlie in Tennessee by a neurotic great-uncle. "I was treated neither male or female — more as a nonentity." How she came to Miami six months ago and went to work, first as a stenographer, next demonstrating cosmetics. How her fiancé, Ralph, left his job in New York and came to Miami to marry her. And of her simple, informal wedding ceremony performed Oct. 11 by a Baptist minister.

"I'm a Baptist — and it was natural I would choose a Baptist minister."

She paused: "All I have done is to merely correct a mistake. It is a tragic social problem.

"I would have made a very bluish looking gentleman, don't you agree?" she smiled.

"My psyche has always been male. I always thought, felt and reacted like a woman."

Actually, she recalled, she was "more of an oddity than a sissy." And those were heart-breaking days when she didn't seem to fit anywhere . . . and when she knew she was the object of whispered discussions behind the palms of all-town hands.

"I was miserable — and I wanted to die." Age 15 to 19 were the most dreadful years." She found no understanding in her estranged parents — nor in her aunt.

"It was when I decided my family shared my desire — that I die, that I began to rebel and fight back. But in the process, I forgot how to smile."

Doctor after doctor told her she could never be a normal man, she said. Some even suggested she turn to homosexuality which she said repelled her. However, in 1948, Charlie was accepted by the Army for military service.

It was about five years ago,



—Herald Staff Photo by Bob East

Ex-Soldier Seeks Normal Life as Woman

... wanted: 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 wryly. "Her publicity showed me where to go." (Christine Jorgensen, now a female entertainer, was the first man Danish surgeons transformed.)

Mrs. Heidal said she is what is scientifically known as a transsexual, not a transvestite.

When the Jorgensen case first attracted wide attention, doctors explained that "transsexual" 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 croaked as a teenager," she explained. "It was embarrassing and almost funny, later, to hear people struggling with 'Yes mam' when they meant to say 'sir.' She stands five feet eight in her stockings, five feet 10 in her heels.

Mrs. Heidal 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.

After her return to the states, she resorted to show business "because, somehow, after all that, I was not delighted with the idea of starving to death." She said she had no real talent, however, and was aware that people were coming to "stare" out of curi-

roasts" . . . and is happily married.

"He's thoughtful . . . and wonderful . . . and all the things I ever wanted in a husband."

Maybe, she said, she is one of a few pioneers in a sad and torturous problem . . . "but the hard thing is the unending battle . . . the necessity to keep on fighting."

All she wants, said a lady who once was named Charlie and wanted to die because of

it, is to be an ordinary wife, with an ordinary life.

And a chance to forget.



JUST WANTS TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE
Mrs. Ralph Heidal of Miami—formerly Charles E. McLeod of U. S. Army—looks properly demure, as any bride of a month.



If you're looking right, you're looking up the dress of Charlotte McLeod, former GI who underwent Danish surgery for sex.

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

By TOM LOWNES
Herald Staff Writer

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 employe.

"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 someone 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 it to keep from starving 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



Charlotte
... job hunting

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.



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Ex-GI Changes Sex--She's Now A Miami Bride

By PHIL MEYER
Herald Staff Writer

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An ex-Army private — whose sex was changed by Danish surgeons—became a bride in a satin gown in a quiet wedding ceremony performed by a Miami Baptist minister a month ago.

A happy newlywed, she now lives as Mrs. Ralph H. Heidal in a ground-floor apartment at 428 NE 30th Ter., near Biscayne Bay.

Her former identity as ex-GI Charles Earnest McLeod came to light Thursday. The news caused turmoil among the small circle of acquaintances she has made since coming to Miami six months ago.

"Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle," said her neighbor, Helen Blackford of 425 NE 30th Ter. "She's beautiful, statuesque—you know, like a Ziegfeld girl."

No less shocked was the minister who performed the ceremony attended by a dozen friends last Oct. 11, without ever realizing the bride's background as a "man."

"I'm going to call my doctor and get some tranquilizers," said the Rev. Dr. A. H. Stainback. "I wonder what the deacons will say."

Dr. Stainback said the couple had been "faithful churchgoers" since last summer.

"I have just prepared a sermon on rigged TV shows and all the other irregularities that have been going on around here," he said sadly. "I can't preach it now. I'm just like Charles Van Doren."

However he had no reason to believe there was anything unusual about the couple, he explained.

Nor was there any apparent law violation in the marriage.

Nothing under Florida law that would make it a crime, State Attorney Richard told The Herald.

In county clerk's office, Scarborough, who took application for their license, didn't remember the Florida law does not require previously unmarried persons 22 to furnish birth certificates in order to get married. Therefore, there was no violation of Mrs. Heidal's or

Charles Becomes Charlotte --She's Now a Miami Bride

Continued from Page 1

employs that she had been to Denmark, but no one ever suspected the nature of that visit, Kroll said.

Mrs. Heidal left his employment for treatment in a local hospital and later got a job demonstrating cosmetics for a Miami Beach shop. She is unemployed now.

A Miami Beach bartender who had had a luncheon date with her refused to believe that she had ever been a man.

"That's not true," he said. "She's a real girl. Her voice is a girl's." He shook his head in wonder.

Similar amazement was expressed by her grocer, Julian Beddingfield who operates a neighborhood store on Biscayne Blvd.

"She seems to be a nice person," he said. "She has an account here and pays her bills on time."

Her father, Charles McLeod Sr. of Dyersburg, Tenn., told The Herald he hadn't known of the marriage. The elder McLeod had disapproved of the

operation and had been out of touch with Charlotte for "several years."

Charlotte's 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.

The Happy Bride Tells Own Story

... turn to Page 20A

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. After months in hospitals for hormone injections and plastic surgery, Charles returned to the U.S. as Charlotte.

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

For six weeks last summer Charlotte worked as a secretary for Airoom by Alson, 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

Turn to Page 2A Col. 6



Ex-Soldier Charlie Now Bride Charlotte ... Mr. and Mrs. Heidal leave church after wedding



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



Ex-GI Charlotte McLeod remains as one of the most feminine-looking of men who underwent sex changes.



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

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



JOB-HUNTING is no go, says Roberta, seen leaving after another refusal.

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

Express Staff Reporter

GEORGINA TURTLE, ex-Navy surgeon-lieutenant who started a new life two years ago when the sex on her birth certificate was officially changed from boy to girl, is to marry a 35-year-old electronics engineer. She announced her engagement yesterday to Christopher Somerset, son of the late Colonel Alan Somerset, of Bournemouth. Blonde Georgina, who for 37 years lived and was known as George Turtle, said: "Even in my wildest dreams I had dismissed love and marriage as being not for me."

HANDCLASP

Mr. Somerset smiled as he firmly clasped the hand of the woman he will wed. "We have known each other for nearly two years," he said. For the past six months she has been in a sanatorium in the south of England. Almost daily Mr. Somerset travels many miles from his home, Sussex, home to comfort her.

Now aged 39, Miss Turtle was a schoolboy at Croydon High School and later completed her studies at King's College Hospital.

In 1945, she was called up and entered the Navy with a commission.

PIPE-SMOKER

She smoked a pipe like many fellow officers, but kept secret the fact that she was growing more like a woman than a man.

Eventually she sought medical help. Soon she will make arrangements for a white wedding.

Mr. Somerset, a widower, is descended from King John and Cardinal Beaufort, and bears his own coat of arms.



Christopher Somerset with his fiancée

She—An Ex-He—to Wed



(UPI foto)

Georgina Turtle as a bride-to-be (left) and as a naval officer, Lt. George Turtle, before sex-change operation in 1957.

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 Som-

erset, 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.

6/8/62



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 surgeon lieutenant dentist.

"I left the Navy in 1944, and then practised with my father, also a dental surgeon, in Pretoria Terrace, Brighton Road, Croydon, 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 "Georgina 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.

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 Bikinis.

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 me 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.



WIFE-TO-BE Georgina Turtle.



Photo taken by the author following surgery.

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 shadow 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.

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

In order to prevent identification of the author, a pen-name has been

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 come to the conclusion that 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."



Photo taken by the author following surgery.

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

e 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 after-math 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

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

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 band-

age 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 fiancé, 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."

Journal-American Photo by George Miller

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 life-long spinsterhood.

City Clerk Herman Katz in Manhattan had refused the ex-GI and her fiancé a license 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, sweetie, 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 33. And all this time I've been denying it like mad."

WILL TRY AGAIN

She said her attorney was trying to have 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 fiance, 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 certificate 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 ALSO would 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.

Chicly clad in a black silk dress, mink jacket and angora cap and sporting an engagement ring which she laughingly described as "45 carats less than Zsa Zsa's—one carat," Christine,

who did the big switch from "M" to "F" via surgery in Denmark, declared:

"Naturally, I'm upset about it. However, the gentlemen here have been extremely kind. They also have a problem. If this becomes too complex I might try to get a license elsewhere."

Christine and Knox originally had applied for a license last Monday but were put off because Knox failed to bring papers showing he had been divorced from his first wife. He had them with him yesterday and they were in order.

Christine said it all might have been avoided if she hadn't been given a bum steer eight years ago when she returned from Copenhagen. She said she wanted to have the birth certificate changed but was advised by an attorney it wasn't necessary because the passport identified her as "female."

DURING THE STAY at the bureau, Knox, dressed in a gray flannel suit, remained almost completely silent and with a dour expression on his face. He had reason to be rather glum—he's lost his statistician's job in Washington because of the publicity given his betrothal to Christine.

Knox told reporters he's got to get busy looking for a new post: adding:

"Of course, I can always go back to the sea. I'm a sailor, you know."

And Christine, who calls him "Jim," indicated he'd better get on the job. She said:

"Naturally, after we're married, I'll cut down on my show business career but I won't give it up completely. There are some things to be worked out because Jim lost his job. I wouldn't think of supporting my husband. That is not a good way to start a marriage."

Following their rejection, the ex-seaman and the ex-he-man left the building arm-in-arm.



"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 fending off a million-dollar claim for a sidewalk fall because it lacks those good, sharp precedents.

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

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

There they posed their question. Where it says s-e-x 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 looked more like a final-quarter huddle of a badly beaten high school football team.

Must Give Proof

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



(NEWS foto by Ray Waters)

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

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

That did it.

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)





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



→ Jean, a former marine and carpenter, now peeks into shop windows to admire the bras and panties they sell.

Dad Leaves Family to Change Sex

Wootton, England, Aug. 21 (Reuters)—A 45-year-old father of three children has left his home here for a nine-month series of sex-changing operations in a London hospital.

Alec 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

changed my sex and my name. After that I shall make a fresh start."

Pushing a hand through his wavy hair, he added: "I have always had feminine characteristics. Even as a youth my friends called me Alice."

Dawson, a garage owner, said for years he had put off treatment for the sake of his family. But finally a London specialist had

strongly advised an operation. "I cannot very well go back to Wootton," he said. "It would be an embarrassment to my family and my customers."

of his fondness for wearing women's clothes. Often, when he came home from work, he would put on a frock or a housecoat. It all felt so decidedly natural. In the evenings he would sleep in a woman's pajamas.

This was only the beginning. His old yearnings returned full-tide. He took to wearing his wife's blouses and other items of female apparel. His behaviour was repulsive to his wife, as it would naturally be. She remonstrated with him quietly but the change had already begun and there was nothing that Jon Jay and his wife could do about it.

The children were too young to notice or comment about their father's peculiar behaviour. But the marriage was already doomed. The amazing transference of all Jon Jay's male characteristics to female ones had begun. He began to go to parties and dances in women's clothes. He was invariably taken for a woman with no effort at all. Jon Jay, the man, realized now how fully he wanted to be a woman. He suffered cruel mental agonies that were so severe that he finally sought out psychiatric care.

The psychiatrist's first concern, after hearing his history, was to remove his sexual conflict. So he resorted to a standard treatment in such cases; heavy doses of female hormone. The hormone is really a test in such cases. The normal male will readily throw them off if there is no natural tendency toward femininity. But wonder of wonders, the female hormones took. Jon Jay responded. His depression slipped away; he was happier than he had been in months. It was a long process with a steady submission to hormones but the change took hold.

Jon Jay grew female breasts. His beard thinned to a point where he only had to shave every fifth day. As angular as his face was, it shifted into a feminine softness of mould. Nature had gone awry in Jon's case, and the doctor's treatment plus his mental outlook had performed a miracle "rebirth." His measurements are now 36-25-35, figures any woman might well envy.

Daily now, Jon Jay returns to his female side. He still lives at home with his wife but they get along as "sisters." She has come to accept the change even if she never really will understand it. The children are old enough now to accept the ways of life. Anticipating his final renunciation of male life, Jon Jay is selecting his female wardrobe. He has plans to support himself by being a female impersonator. He has to find something to establish himself and his place in life.

But should his plans fall through, the major decision, with the help of Nature, has been reached. From this day forward, Jon Jay is a woman.

She has finally rounded out into the person he wanted and was meant to be.

girls in their pretty dresses I wished I could wear one too, instead of my coarse shirt, trousers and coat."

So he was forced to surreptitiously try on his mother's clothes. When he was 14, he went to a fancy dress ball attired as a girl. It was all in fun, of course, but none of his friends realized the secret pleasure he derived from appearing at the ball as a young lady. The complete success of his disguise only convinced him afresh of his secret longings. So he always went to this sort of social function because they provided the all-too-few opportunities where he could indulge his hidden passion.

The ways of childhood are curious. Boy though he was, his favorite male garment was a hand-me-down suit which he remade on his mother's sewing machine. When his mother complimented him on his tailoring ability, the pleasure to him was quite like what a young lady might feel who has her cooking complimented by another female.

Thus, all through his formative years, the inner cravings and hunger to be feminine lingered in the body of a man who grew up to see his hands broaden and muscles harden at the carpenter's trade. But throughout his manhood, his skin remained soft and his body was tender all over the surfaces. Still, with no knowledge of the basic conflict stirring within him, Jon Jay met a woman and married her. He married out of a sense of loneliness and wanting to belong, not realizing the tremendous war with himself that would come in the years following the fatherhood of four children.

For the first few years of his marriage, Jay had normal sexual impulses though he freely admits that he performed his husbandly functions "out of a sense of duty rather than explicit desire."

Then, as the children followed in rapid succession, Jon felt a return

THERE IS A MAN in Sydney, Australia named Jon Jay. Mr. Jay has been married for 20 years and is the father of four children. He works as a carpenter and joiner. Until very recently, he was, to the world at large, a man. But gradually and unmistakably, the person known to the community of Sydney as a man has been transforming into a woman! His sexual transformation has now been completed. He is now a woman in every sense of the word. But it wasn't as easy as a change of clothing and manner or an operation in Denmark, as in the case of Christine Jorgensen.

You have to go all the way back to the beginning to really see the change in its proper perspective.

For Jon Jay, who is in his 40's, the story starts all the way from his seventh year of life. He was visiting with another boy in the garden and to protect his clothes while they made mudpies, the boys' mother put a girl's frock on him. "When my own mother took it off before I left," recalls Jon Jay, "I felt a pang of regret." The pattern was the same all through his boyhood. He liked the gentler things of life, avoided the rough games and loved to help his mother with the housework. He enjoyed her company far more than he ever did the company of boys his own age. Nothing too remarkable in that—and many boys are weaned away from tender things gradually as they ease into young manhood—but for young Jon, these feelings were already settling into a pattern that was suddenly to emerge nearly 30 years later.

It was only in his teens that he himself began to suspect he wasn't quite like other boys. Finding out that touching women's clothing gave him considerable pleasure was a

settling experience but very un-

women's fashions in the shop
he recalled. "When I saw

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-he has taken have had their effect, as can be seen.





Coccinelle as she appears at home in her wardrobe.

BAMBI



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.



Looking very sultry in low cut black lace gown.



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.

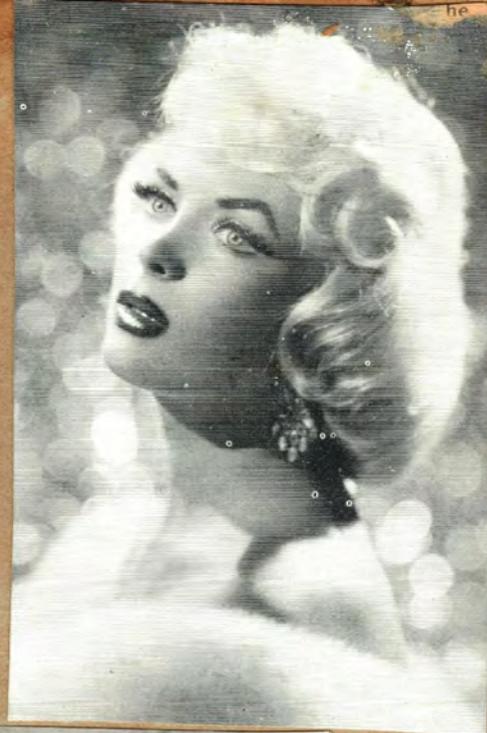


(ABOVE) The final proof of femininity, plastic surgery completed the transition of Jacques to Jacqueline (Christian names). Looking every inch a woman here in the boudoir of her elegant Paris apartment.





Pictured on the terrace of her Paris apartment, wearing one of the furs in her fabulous collection.



(ABOVE) Displaying real ability to emote she looks sultry one moment and demure the next. Like most women she cannot make up her mind.



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 blase 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 recently, 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 pernod 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.

THE END



Known to avid night club fans as "La Belle Bambi" Jean Pierre holds his own in a bikini, with long shapely gams and vital statistics at 37-26-35½. (But note masculine naval set in line with waist indentation.)



I'm a Man ▶

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—or is it "she"?—is one of the stars 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 sunsuit, 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.

END



Bambi starred touring version of *Carousel*. Born in Issers, in 1936, Bambi broke into show business in Paris soon after graduation.



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.



Sun-bathing on Riviera beach, Bambi was outstanding attraction for tourists.



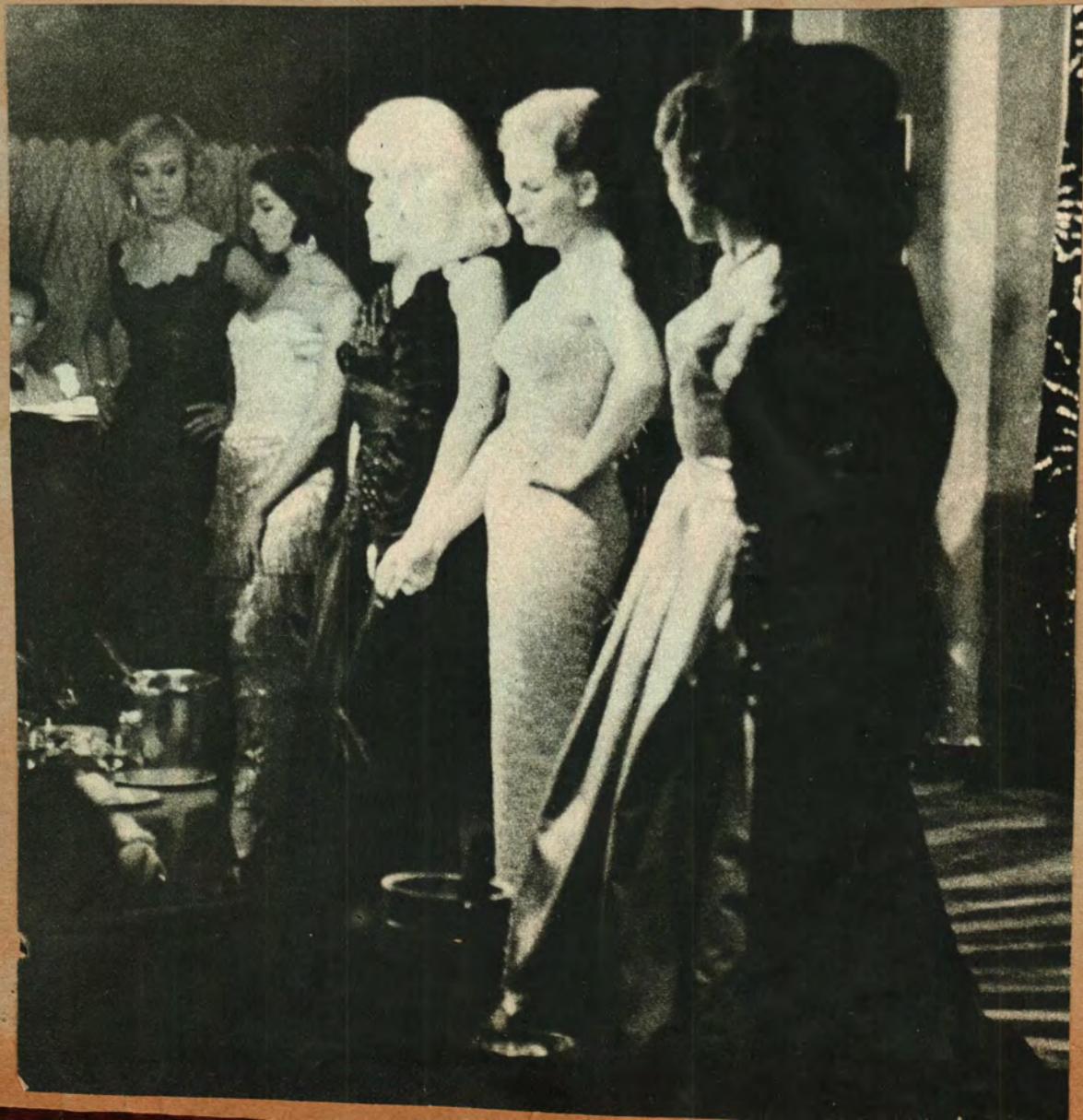


Bambi is steadily changing into a female. But it is impossible to believe "she" was ever a "He". See for yourself. Can you think of one softer, lovelier-looking blonde anywhere else?









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 Carrousel club, well, then, you've really seen Gay Paree's most unusual night spot.

The Carrousel 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 wow 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 Carrousel

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 someday 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 Carrousel.

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.

Even two famous night spots like the Nouvelle Eve and the Casino de Paris has nothing to compare with them. How can they?

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 Johnnies 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 look-

ing 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 Carrousel 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?





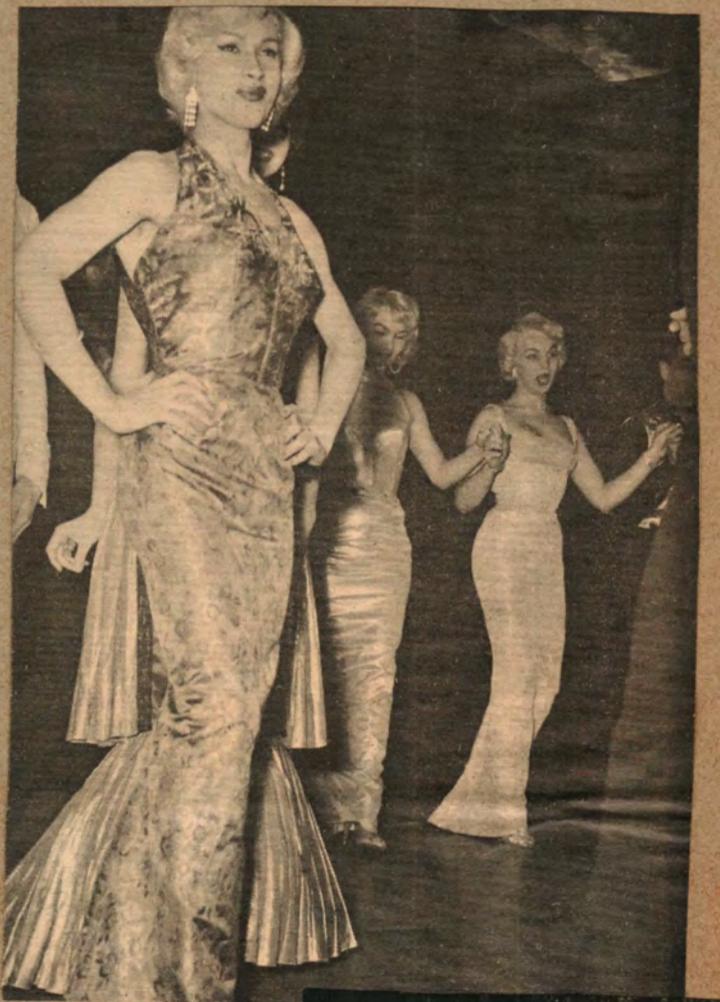
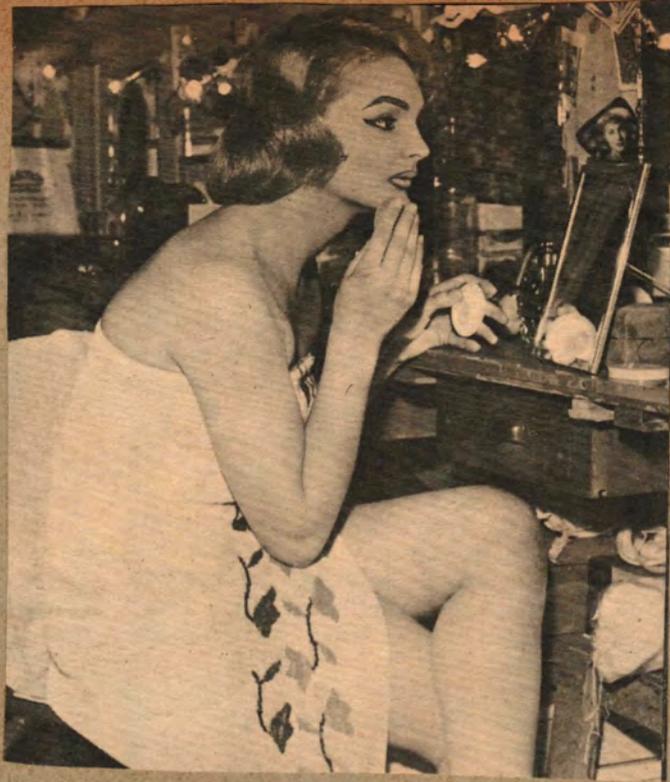
At the Carrousel night club in Paris there's a show which is really a stopper. There are 40—count 'em—40 of the most lovely girls imaginable. Beautiful from head to toe. Gorgeously, delectably feminine . . . provocative . . . talented . . . the best dressed—or undressed—you have ever seen. Each and every 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 makeup is a 28-year-old ex-soldier and student from Palermo now rocking the Romans.



Just before going on, Giorgio ponders one of the many marriage proposals he's received.

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 28-year-old ex-soldier with the unlikely name of Giorgio Montana O'Brien, Giorgio's Italy's leading female 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.



See next page



longer any more.



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!

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 rehead 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?"



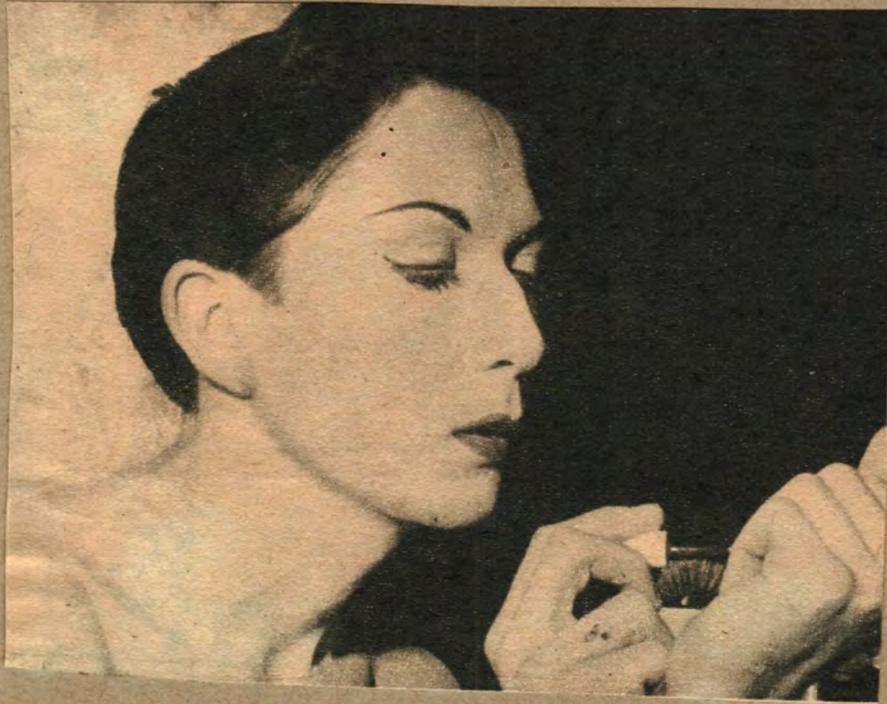
Laurie and Harry go through paces of their nightclub dance act. Which has everything from apache to cha-cha.



RAMONITA
VARGAS
(CEDSEL)



POPPY SMITH



LIBBY
REYNOLDS



by Walter Hale

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 common place. 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."



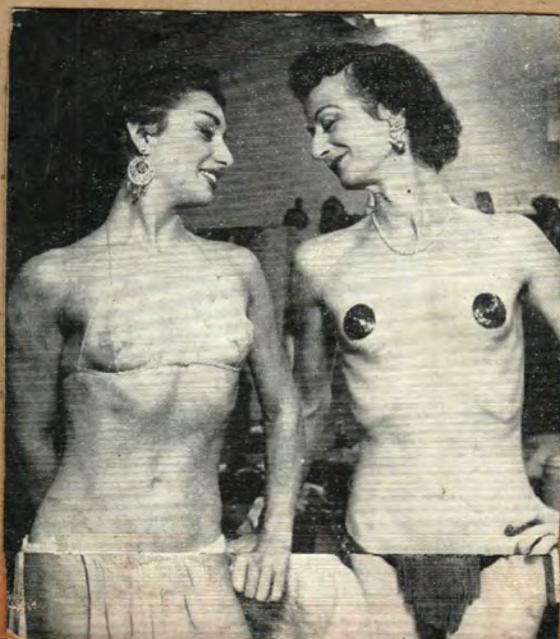
READ IT... **REBORN** By TAMARA REESE BEGINNING

A FACTUAL LIFE STORY OF A TRANSITION FROM MALE TO FEMALE

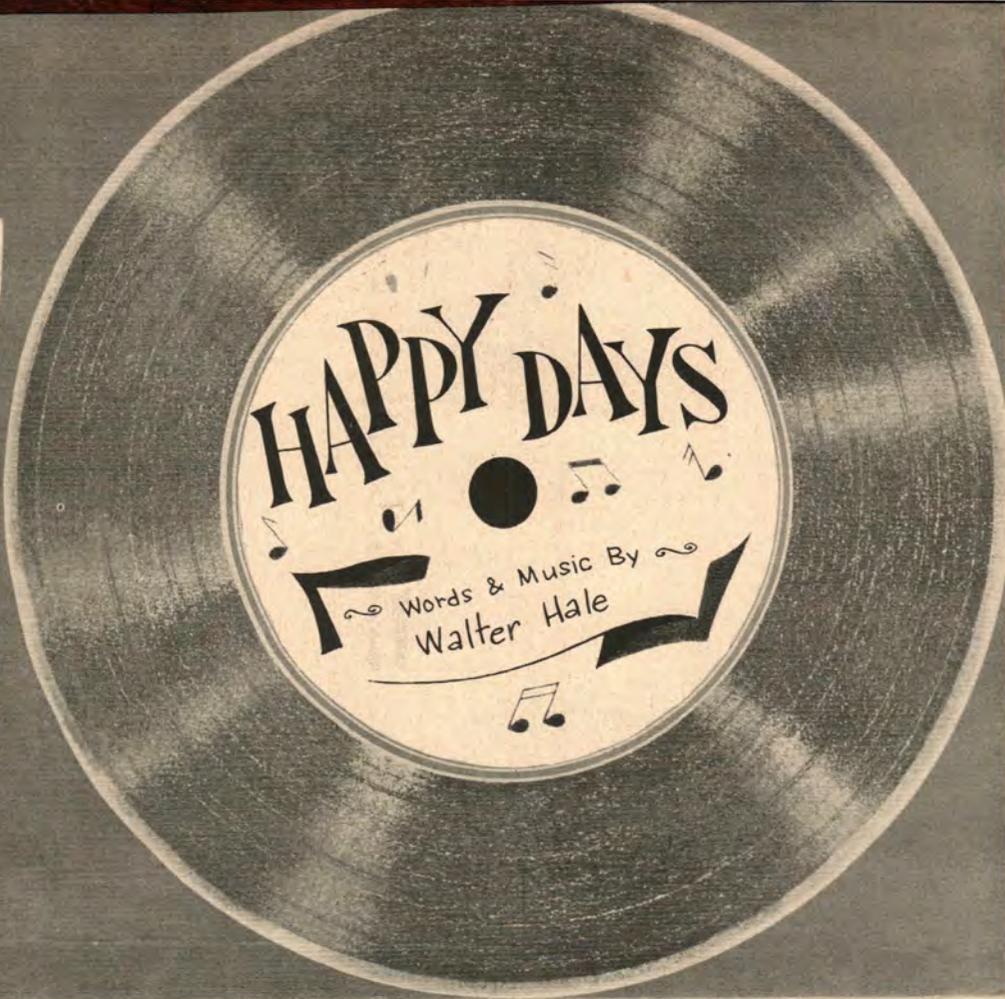
SEE NEXT PAGE

...to a certain rather renowned professor of medicine at a well established university located in the southwestern portion of Holland. I found this gentleman and his

that particular day. Usually there is coffee or tea served about 9:00 o'clock. Sometimes one plays cards or there may be a small group dancing in the home and in the milder weather a stroll



... gets into dress, coat and gloves home after four or five shows at Strip City in 'Los Angeles.



Tamara Reese has been, by turn, a limp-wristed youth with an unnatural desire to don sister's clothing, a mincing adolescent with odd inclinations, a daring and even heroic paratrooper and lastly the freakish result of another Denmark slice ala Christine Jorgenson. 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 wo-

man 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, Wienert, 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. eh?

The insouciant bachelor owned a parrot which began to annoy him by taunting fair visitor's to the rogues den—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-blade bought on the "any port in a storm theory." That night with the parrot and the owl caged together, our mate about town arived 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 b - - - !"

"REBORN"

By
TAMARA REESE

After many hours of travel thru the cold, dark alleys of night, a winding thru one small village after another, we arrived in a snow covered area which we were later to learn was just south-east of Liege, Belgium.

For the following week at any rate things were in a continuing state of confusion. It was our job to strike at the Germans in one area and then quickly move to another giving the impression that a large body of troops was employed in this spot. I recall that we spent many hours and days in the bitter cold with temperatures sometimes going to sub-zero. The cover-
able obtainable for a few hours was a hole in the snow. Oddly enough, the snow isolated one from the bitter cold and wind. It is commonly known that thousands of our troops suffered severe frost bite on hands and feet and many of them unfortunately lost their toes, feet and hands.

After some days of bitter fighting, we were supplied one day with a much publicized turkey dinner which the American public was told we enjoyed. True, we got the turkey with all the trimmings, but . . . what does one do with frozen turkey when you are running thru the snow. I can still remember the German propaganda loud speakers playing "Silent Night and the weird sensation it created as it floated over the snow.

A few days following Christmas we commandeered a complete village evacuating the people to a safe area. Here we were to have a so-called rest. It was also during this epic experience that we were rationed on ammunition and our artillery support was informed that they were allotted a certain number of shells each 24 hours. Unfortunately the Germans proved not so cooperative. Our status in this position remained more or less stationary over the next few days.

Every day our troops were ordered to a small open-air village to await orders for a push into Germany. Everywhere could be seen the ravaging and starvation route by the German troops. Even so the villagers stripped all of their bedding in an effort to equip us with white coverage to enable us to move unobserved in the snow. One had to realize the suffering endured to appreciate this sacrifice.

On January 22nd, we received orders to move forward. It was on this day that a shell hit the building in which I was crouched and I was struck on the head. The results of this injury I still experience today. Following this injury I was removed to an evacuation hospital, later flown to Belgium then to Paris and from Paris to a Base Hospital somewhere in England. After my recovery I was ordered back to the United States for further recuperation, also with a diagnosis of psychoneurosis. In other words, combat fatigue.

After a few weeks stay in England and on April 5th, I boarded a new hospital ship making her maiden voyage and sailed for the United States and the port of Charleston, South Carolina. It was during this voyage that we received the very disturbing news of the passing of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The only outstanding feature of this return voyage was the fact that on one occasion we were sighted by a submarine believed to be the enemy, and also on another occasion we were diverted a bad storm in which our ship, not being properly ballasted, caused us to pitch and roll to a dangerous degree. It took ten days to make this crossing and we arrived in the port of Charleston one bright sunny day and were met by the usual open arms, playing of the bands and of course being kissed by the girls. We were immediately taken from the ship and brought to hospitals up near Charleston, where we were given every consideration and speeded on our way throughout the country, with the exception of special cases, everybody was sent to hospitals within their home states and as close to their families as was possible.

Due to the nature of our organization, my records of course had not followed me and therefore I was unable to draw my pay. But within three days of my arrival, at the convalescent hospital located south and east of San Diego, I was on my way home to be reunited with my family in Oakland, Calif. Here I spent five delightful weeks, first with my mother and then a newspaper article I was being telephoned by fathers, mothers and sweethearts requesting information of sons, either still in Europe or dead. Some of these appeals were very pathetic.

In early June, 1945, I returned to the hospital for further treatment. The first week in July, as was true of every other service man, I was asked if I wished to be discharged. Inasmuch as I quickly replied in the affirmative, I went before the rating board on the 11th of July and on Friday, July 13th, 1945, I received my discharge together with a disability compensation of 70%.

Immediately thereafter I went to Bakersfield, California to assist my aunt and uncle in their grocery store. This was to allow my aunt a visit home to see her mother. It was while in Bakersfield that, true to my promise, I immediately filed for a divorce from my wife. The grounds, willful desertion. This of course had been previously agreed upon.

After a few short weeks in Bakersfield I felt that I must get away to some place where there was peace and quiet and where I would have the opportunity to express my desires which had now become most paramount. Furthermore I now knew what must be done to solve this ever present problem, but while looking for this answer, I wanted a rest.

With this in mind, I applied for and was accepted as a game control aid in the Mendocino Forest located in Northern California. Upon my arrival with no one for company but my cocker spaniel dog, I perched myself on a mountain top here to check the hunters' logs and chart the deer runs, also of course to help in the event of forest fires.

Shortly after my arrival, my poor little cocker spaniel in ignorance, attacked a timber rattle snake and was bitten in the neck. Soon after this he had convulsions and after a few days passed away. I was heartbroken over this loss. I remained with the forestry service only a few months when it became quite apparent to me that this was not the release nor answer to my problem. I must have help.

I resigned my position and returned to Oakland here to consult my first psychiatrist. This man, after examining my problem only laughed and said there was no solution. Next, in a fit of restlessness, I signed in the Merchant Marines to take a cruise thru the Panama Canal, stopping at New Orleans and from there on to completing the first portion of the cruise from San Francisco to New Orleans. I realized that here again I had made a vast mistake. Therefore, upon my arrival in New Orleans, it was with relief that I learned my mother was ill only because it would thus allow me to break my contract in the Merchant Marines and return to the West Coast.

When I had been home but a few months I decided that I would try to interest myself in a main professional ambition and with this in mind, reentered college majoring in Biological Science. Unfortunately a Marine was completing the first portion very seriously ill, necessitating my entry into the Veterans Hospital in San Francisco, where I immediately underwent surgery for a radical mastoid condition.

It was determined that this was an out-growth of the original injury I had sustained to my head while in Belgium. During the surgery the doctor, I presume, inadvertently severed the seventh facial nerve thus resulting in a total paralysis of the right side of my face, also of course the loss of hearing to my right ear. No attempt was made to correct this surgical error at the time and after my discharge, with an extreme feeling of bitterness and self consciousness because of my affliction, I consulted a very kind and understanding Neuro-Surgeon in San Francisco. It took him only a few minutes to determine

that the mastoid infection had been re-entered the same Veterans Hospital and with another doctor assisting, I underwent another mastoid operation and at the same time they removed a nerve section from the right leg grafting it into the facial nerve. It took some months before any improvement was noticed.

Unfortunately the few months delay was enough to prevent total recovery but the correction was sufficient to remove the more obvious symptoms of the paralysis. I still feel a great indebtedness and a debt of gratitude to this fine surgeon who took the time from his private practice to come to a veterans hospital and attempt such a delicate and unusual operation.

After leaving the hospital I resumed my studies and again consulted a psychiatrist. The compromise suggested to me by this psychiatrist I found totally unacceptable. One never indicates one's problem by replacing it with another.

I continued my studies through this semester and the following semester, feeling more isolated and miserable as the days progressed. Since the death of my friend in Holland, I had not felt it possible to further confide in anyone. Naturally my experiences in the war did not further encourage this.

Finally, in an unexplainable urge, I went to Sacramento, California in the early spring and here I decided to purchase a home. It was spring and the roses were in bloom. Naturally my experiences in the war did not further encourage this.

The city at this time of year was beautiful. A few days after my arrival I saw and fell in love with a typical California ranch style home situated in the suburbs of town. The property consisted of a half acre which I also felt would allow me to indulge myself to the full extent in my propagation of rose trees which had always been my pet hobby.

I was very happy here in building and furnishing my home and even found that such jobs or employment as I pursued while not wholly compatible, were at least endurable.

In September of this year I was asked to go to work for the United States Government as a Parachute Instructor. The pay was sufficient and the work was of course of a very interesting nature. Shortly following my employment I met a young man who was also a parachute jumper. Together we decided to open a parachute school at the local airport. This venture proved a great success and we immediately started experiments to perfect various types of landings and different styles of exhibition stunt jumping. It was also at this time that I obtained my pilot's license. This I did with a great feeling of satisfaction because I so thoroughly enjoyed flying and the tremendous feeling of freedom it gave me.

Naturally this ability was also useful in our business. Within a very short time our school was so successful that we were forced to resign my position with the government and devote all of my time to the school and air shows throughout the country.

I remember many happy events of the air shows and the people we met and of course some unusual and thrilling jumps which we performed throughout various parts of the State of California. However, in early March of 1949 I had the first indication that adverse conditions were in store. If I had only known then at what extent this would become, I certainly would not have pursued the contracts then existing.

To begin with, I opened the air show for the all Western States Air Meet, held in Red Bluff, Calif. My parachute jump was the first of the show and I was using a new parachute. This was my 527th jump and I had never before. I had had not serviced my own parachute. We passed over the field, the sky was clear blue and the day was very hot. I looked down at the thousands of people gathered below and jumped. When I reached about the 800th foot level, I pulled the rip cord. Generally with the method we employed packing the parachute there should have been a visible rip in the fabric. This was not the case on this occasion. I looked at the rip cord and then realized that something was terribly wrong. In this fraction of a second without actually realizing what I did and at this point experiencing no fear, I reached back and gave the protruding end of the parachute a violent jerk, thus at what was estimated at about 100 feet from the ground my parachute came open. With one violent upswipe, I came into the hard claylike surface. I immediately realized that I could not get to my feet, but I had no particular pain at this time. A jeep arrived to pick me up so that I could be interviewed over the public address system.

Following this I sat down to have a beer and it was then that the reaction set in. I first began to shake violently, realizing how close to death I had been. This, of course, after my war experiences was not a new sensation, but it was most certainly closer to home.

About an hour after my jump my leg began to pain frightfully. I then asked the medical attendant at the field to look at my leg and he recommended that I be taken to the hospital for x-rays. Here it was determined that I had sustained a simple fracture but would not require splinting if I remained off my feet. This meant someone else had to fly my plane home while I returned by car.

The following week we were scheduled for another air show. This time at Perkins, a small town just outside of Sacramento. Due to my previous injury I was unable to participate actively, so I had taken a job of emceeing the program. My partner had already presented one act, our famous flying trapeze act which is performed under a flying aircraft and then showed the crowd he was going to attempt a 10,000 foot delay, setting a new record. I was close to the ground one could come before opening the parachute.

I told him that this was an unscheduled act, unnecessary and highly foolhardy. He ignored my comments and laughingly took off. This was the last time I was to speak to him. I cautioned the crowd to remain off the field and watch the plane thru binoculars, saw my partner jump. I cannot explain why, but at this moment I experienced a premonition of disaster. My job to describe the descent, but for some reason I was uttering speechless. I watched with horror as he came closer and closer to the ground. At about 2000 feet I seemed to sense what was about to occur. With a terrific crash not twenty feet from where I was standing, he came feet first into the earth. His parachute had never opened and it was quite obvious that he had misjudged his distance.

From this day on I lost all interest and desire in parachute jumping. In fact I no longer had the courage. It became my unfortunate and very unpleasant duty to notify my present and former employers of the expression on his father's face, for this was his only son.

I had two further commitments to make and how I ever fulfilled these contracts I am never know. As soon as I had completed them, I discontinued jumping and as to the home and while I still fly today, I cannot help but look down to the ground and feel a shudder pass up my spine.

Shortly afterwards, with my parents installed in my home and with drive for a medical aid expressing itself so strongly that I had now lost all control, I began to wander from job to job and city to city. I next moved to Los Angeles, California, here I tried two or three psychiatrists without success and finally in 1951, I consulted a practicing psychiatrist in Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. This man proved both kind

understanding both whole-heartedly and the aims which I expressed.

During the following two years I tried first the job of private investigator and later changing to interior decoration. The work of interior decoration did allow me some outlet for the emotional conflict I was going thru, but no matter what I attempted, I was never quite at peace with myself.

My psychiatrists' first attempt, which was in common with all psychiatrists, was to suggest various types of compromise. As is known in all phases of life, compromise is a necessary compromise on most situations, but where is the compromise in a situation of this sort. I felt that most of the suggestions would merely create another and perhaps greater problem than that which I now suffered.

We first wrote to the American Medical Association requesting any type of aid on this problem. Their reply was to file that no legal medical aid of this problem could be obtained in the United States (although there are no legal restrictions against transitions). Prior to this date there had been no attempts at physical analysis. At a still later date it was suggested that we correspond with certain specialists in various countries of Europe whom we learned were specializing in this phase of social and physical problems. As is typical, three names were supplied and it was my task to select the one which we felt would best suit our needs.

While my psychiatrist was willing to cooperate in my request, I felt that he objected to the idea which I contemplated. We first corresponded with Dr. Christian Homburger of Copenhagen, Denmark who happens to be an eminent hormone specialist and not the surgeon that most people, due to a recently publicized case, had thought him to be. Dr. Homburger advised that upon consideration of my case a certain regimentation of hormonal treatments should be attempted for a period of at least six months. At the same time he stated that surgical transitional type transformations would not be possible in this country due to the recent enacted laws of the country, whether there appeared a biological justification or not. He further suggested that we contact a Dutch Psychiatrist and following the hormone therapy it might be possible after psychiatric and other necessary steps to secure the surgical aid that appeared to be indicated.

My psychiatrist here in Los Angeles next suggested that we enter an experiment of another kind for the duration of the hormone therapy. It was agreed that this time I would be allowed freedom of expression by living and dressing as a woman I felt myself to be. He stressed the point that I was in error in the thought that the public would not accept me thus, and he also wanted or thought he could prove that with freedom of expression and acceptance that the desire for surgical transition would become less intense, indicating this change of social pattern. This is true in regard to certain repressions, but not so in cases of my type and I expressed this doubt of his success at the time.

We had agreed that I was to meet any and all persons who might call at the house without giving prior warning. The psychiatrist wished to illustrate in this manner that society in general would accept a person on the basis of their individual character rather than that which they visually might represent. I must admit that I found this very reassuring. I still find it so today, but like everything else, there are exceptions to this rule as well. I lost many of my best friends during this experiment. In all justification to the doctor I will state that it came as close to giving me the emotional release I was seeking than any other type of therapy attempted up to that time. Together with the hormone therapy plus the present experiment, I felt happier and more at ease but I had told him at the commencement of this experiment that I knew this would not be in the total solution I required. This proved to be quite true.

After a period of about six months we began correspondence with the psychiatrist recommended in Dr. Homburger's letter. He in turn requested a complete resume of the psychiatric history and tests, together with all physical and biological tests, that had been performed. We complied with this request and in 1950 we received confirmation that this psychiatrist was willing to take my case under advisement. I was so happy that words cannot ever express my elation. For the first time in 9 years I felt that I was finally drawing close to a solution which at times appeared beyond my grasp, or the comprehension of any of those whom I had previously consulted.

In November, 1953, I secured passage on one of the Holland American steamships which I clearly remember sailed from New York on the 17th of November. I had, upon returning from the war, been most happy to see these American shores which I was now leaving in such a great state of mixed emotions. I had no idea when and under what conditions I might be returning nor had I any knowledge of which of my family and friends would remain so upon my return and the revelation of my changed status.

There is little to write about the crossing except that we constantly pitched and rolled as is the reputation of the Atlantic during the winter months and most of the passengers were sick for the total of the eight days. I for one found the crossing very pleasant and was not bothered by the motion. I remained in high spirits and much to the disgust of those around me, consumed everything in sight.

On my arrival in Rotterdam which incidentally was Thanksgiving Day here in the United States, I awoke to a day which was cold and very dreary. Little did I know then that throughout this coming year this would be the background for the ensuing period. With little difficulty from customs and much puzzlement as to language, customs and transportation in this country, I boarded a train which incidentally is Holland's best transportation and immediately proceeded to a small very picturesque village located in northwestern Holland. Inasmuch as the country is quite small, only a very short time was required in travel and I arrived late in the day.

Upon establishing myself in a local hotel, I immediately attempted to contact the doctor I had travelled so far to see. I obtained an appointment for the following Monday and the anxieties of the ensuing three days were almost unbearable. The only pause was to wander through the streets of this strange, and at that time to me, an unfriendly country.

Bright and early on Monday morning I presented myself in the doctor's office. After only a short delay and with many qualms I was ushered upstairs and into one of the most surprisingly furnished and informal type rooms that I think I have ever seen for a professional business man. This doctor was very kind and very sympathetic and he immediately set to work to evaluate me and the history that he had previously read.

He stressed again and again the importance that my choice would be irrevocable, slow and painful and the outcome could never be entirely assured. Upon receiving my assurance that I realized all of this and releasing him from any personal claim, I still felt and requested that such procedure for surgical transition should be carried forth without further delay.

As I write this I am still very happy that I had made this decision and regardless of the publicity and some of the remarks, I have experienced no regrets whatsoever.

The next requirement was a very close schedule of a re-evaluation from his own psychiatric analysis in which we spent many hours of deep study and review. Following this, the psychiatrist in compliance with the Dutch law, sent me a recommendation to a certain rather renowned professor of medicine at a well established university located in the southern western portion of Holland. I found this gentleman and his

associates at this clinic very pleasant, kind, and understanding of my problem. This professor had spent years in study of problems similar to mine. Here again I was subjected to an independent analysis plus further physical and biological examinations by the professor and also one other doctor.

Following this and with the agreement of the professor and also the other doctor, and with the concurrence of all three doctors, separate and independently, the decision was unanimous that surgical correction was definitely indicated.

The next step, required by the laws of this country, was to submit the opinion of the three doctors independently to a court of magistrates. Here again the case was reviewed and it was felt that the decisions reached by these men were correct in all detail. With this in view, approval was granted and my case was further submitted to one of the medical bureaus representing the Queen of Holland where, after consideration of my case, a surgical permit was issued.

The next step was to find a surgeon who would accept the responsibilities involved in an operation of this type. I was directed to a surgeon in Amsterdam and following consultations, I was subjected to an examination of physical measurement and tests. This doctor stressed the dangers involved in such an operation in which one could thru no fault of the surgeon, become paralyzed and in a few cases one has been known to forfeit her life on such a gamble.

I can honestly say that while I realized this, my decision to proceed without further delay was in no way fortified by courage. I was desperate. I knew that upon this operation hinged my happiness and even life itself. This meant the very last chance at a solution of a problem which in the words of the doctor himself, "was a tragic error of nature".

On the morning of January 5th I entered a small very quiet hospital located in Amsterdam and here underwent the first phase of a series of operations which were to follow. Without any question in my mind, or apprehension, the anesthesia was administered and I went to sleep (a deep sleep) from which I knew I was to awaken into a new life with the past behind me. In effect the surgeon's knife would sever all of this in one swift stroke. I could not help but wonder with some sense of nervousness, what this future might hold for me, but certainly there was no hesitation at this point because I knew that while this operation would be a decisive factor, that it also meant the beginning or the end for me.

My next recollection of life was upon awakening in a lovely heavily paneled private room overlooking the park. It would appear that my first reaction upon awakening was to scream. I can really give no explanation for this act because actually there was no experience of pain at this point. The only thing I recall is a dim remembrance of a nurse coming to my bed, who spoke no English whatever, but the tenderness and understanding which her actions conveyed to me were such, that words could not express and I began to relax feeling reassured.

For the next few hours I lay there in a half dream world trying to visualize that my new life had begun. The next few days were spent in many long hours looking out at the snow covered landscape and pondering as to just what this new life would hold for me. Neither then, nor now, have I ever had any feeling of regret or cause for apprehension that my decision might have been an incorrect one. Because of my previous medical background, and my rapid recovery, the doctors removed the stitches only five days after the first surgery and while walking was still quite painful, I wanted to leave the hospital as quickly as possible so that I would be able to take up my new life and mode of living and lose my past identity.

Throughout my stay in the hospital I received nothing but kindness and understanding from the nurses and doctors and the many friends, whom to my surprise, called to express their concern without a trace of curiosity.

Considering my short time spent in Holland, I could not help but feel an overwhelming gratitude to these people who had taken me so wholeheartedly into their lives without questioning the motives. On the morning of the fifth day, my old friends came to assist me in leaving. Because I had begun letting my hair grow even before I left the United States, my hair was in quite a mess, being neither long enough to really curl, nor short enough to disguise, but with the aid of my friends, we were able to arrange it in a passable manner. I then changed my mode of dress and really began to take up my new identity of life.

Inasmuch as I had acquired only a few small items in the way of wardrobe, together with my friends we went on a shopping tour to acquire the other temporary, but very necessary items of apparel. Due to the extreme cold and snowy conditions, I soon began to become tired, so we proceeded to a new apartment which had been established for me and no questions would be asked. I had of course intended to take up this new identity without explanation, however, within the few short days following, I discovered that explanations would be necessary to my landlady since she became somewhat inquisitive. Actually it was too early as yet to completely disguise my past appearance and this was what had aroused her suspicion. With some apprehension I decided to tell her the truth, so over tea one morning I started to give her a few facts. To my surprise I found her very understanding and while she said that she could not put her finger on the exact reasons for her suspicions, she knew that something was not right. I then showed her the letters and other documents from my doctors and attempted to explain the circumstances. This woman accepted me with a great smile and help me in the many little ways which would be necessary to completely re-establish myself. I say now with all sincerity that I owe this woman a debt of gratitude which I can never repay.

My doctor had told me that it would be necessary to wait approximately six months before the second stage of my operation. I therefore began to absorb myself in this new society and tried to live and understand their way of life. At first I found the language most difficult and many times I would bring business to a halt when in a store trying to make myself understood. I still laugh at some of the incidents. However, I found the people very helpful and courteous especially when they became aware that I was trying to mold my life and ways to those of my neighbors. I found that the main reason for the animosity towards Americans and other tourists is the fact that they do not take time to try and understand the customs of the people in the countries in which they enter.

It is true that there are many inconveniences and differences between the accommodations and luxuries which Americans feel are a necessity in our way of life and those of the European. However, when one begins to understand this life they begin to see and experience a new peace and beauty about them. It is my thought that these people in their simple way find much enjoyment in life itself because it is built around the family and the home such as we used to know some years ago.

While it is not particularly detrimental, the American standard of living tends to place too much emphasis on progress and material gains and the luxuries we have, we take too much for granted. I love my country as well as the next American, but I have yet to experience the peace, friendliness and tranquility found in most of Europe.

Generally the pastime entered into by these people are gatherings in the homes for 11 o'clock coffee or tea at 4:00 and then of course in the evenings many quiet hours are spent in general discussion of the world events or just events of that particular day. Usually there is coffee or tea served about 9:00 o'clock. Sometimes one plays cards or there may be small group dancing in the home and in the milder weather a stroll

thru the streets of the city. Weekends are spent much in the same manner except that on Sunday afternoons the entire family may journey forth into the country on long bicycle rides and perhaps for group lunches.

This perhaps would seem dull to the average American of today, but after a short time one begins to experience a peace which is unknown to us. There are of course American movies which you can go to see, but after a short stay in the country you begin to lose the urge for this type of entertainment. I wish to state here that much of the concept of American life gained by the European people is through the medium of our movies which unfortunately, in most cases, are class B or westerns.

During the early part of my transition, it took much courage and with a great deal of apprehension I would venture forth into the streets of the city. At first only at night for short walks or to go window shopping. Later I ventured forth by day, usually in the company of a girl friend or in mixed groups. Finally about Easter time I received my first invitation for a public dance date. It would be impossible to tell of the mixed emotions I felt. I spent part of the evening before and all of Easter morning preparing for this date which was to be a dance in one of the leading hotels. I felt sure that every eye would be upon me and that surely everyone would be able to discern my true identity.

This worry was both needless and foolish on my part because by this time the hormone therapy had begun to soften the lines of my face and body and I was beginning to develop and round-out in the proper places. I had previously had a hairdresser come to the house and give me a permanent and then an Italian style hair-do. The setting of my hair proved to be a difficult experience for me at the outset, but as time advanced I grew accustomed to setting my hair and reduced the time involved from over an hour to under forty minutes. I also had a private seamstress and had acquired an extensive and chic wardrobe but one which was very conservative and quiet, as is the custom of dress for the women in this country.

About one o'clock my date called for me and in the company of one other couple we entered the hotel dining room. Several women did comment as we passed by, but the comments were not those I had been expecting. I was wearing a very trim gray suit of Swiss wool together with a black velvet hat upon which had been mounted the lovely wings of the Italian bird of paradise. The comments which were overheard were to the effect that I was a very slim petite woman and "look at those gorgeous feathers in her hat". The comments on my

(to be continued)



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. Paratrooper 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 rôle—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,

Miss Rees is the author of "Reborn."

Robert Rees as a U.S. paratrooper at the age of 19.

SEXOLOGY

FEMALE

Tamara Rees as entertainer at the age of 32.



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 sup-

pose 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



SEX DEVIATIONS

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.

Army of the United States



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that
Robert E. Rees
19188424 - Private First Class
Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion
504th Parachute Infantry

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from
service of the United States of America
this certificate is awarded as a testimonial
of Service to this country

ing 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, beggarman 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,

In 1954, psychiatrists recommended to the American Embassy at Rotterdam that Rees be considered a female.

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

PSYCHIATRISCHE CLINIEK
DER UNIVERSITEIT LEIDEN
JELGERSMA-CLINIEK
TE OEGSTGEEST
POLICLINIEK: alle werkdagen
behalve Zaterdag
voor volwassenen
en kinderen van 1-3 uur

de 24 Juni

1954

The subsigned psychiatrists have made the statement after personal examination that Robert Rees (known as Temora Rees) is not of the masculine sex and therefore recommend that she may be considered as a female

[Signature]
Prof. Dr. B. A. D. E. Carp,

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



OUR
COVER
ILLUSTRATION:
"An Idyll,"
sculpture by
Olga Popoff.

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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Happy Bride Is Father of Two and Former GI

BY H. DURANT OSBORNE
Mirror-News Staff Writer

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 turnabout, 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 for quite a while."

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

Tamara's "pure psychiatry" lecture tour begins tomorrow in a Sacramento burlesque theater. The matinees will be for women only and evening performances will be reserved for men.

Courtland has been a business manager for burlesque strippers, but he denied emphatically that this had anything 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 husband in January at a house party here while she was attending classes at UCLA.

"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."



—UP TELEPHOTO

COURTLAND AND TAMARA POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS
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 "but I realized she was a real lady and so I treated her as such. It was our third date before I kissed her."

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 wore a white satin and lace bridal gown and carried a bouquet of red roses. The "something borrowed" was a fingernail set which she tucked into her bra.

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

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

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

Courtland said it will be several months before he introduces his children 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 intend to—always."



Former paratrooper, Tamara Edel Rees (left) embraces her new husband, Hollywood agent J. E. Courtland, Jr. Tam who claims to have been transformed into a woman by sex surgery now divides time between keeping house for Courtland and lecturing at burlesque house on straight psychology.



Domestic Touch



Miss Tamara Edel Rees, 30, the former Robert Egan Rees, a U.S. paratrooper, is shown at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Rees of North Sacramento, Calif., doing her household duties. She returned home from Holland where she stated that a series of operations changed her into a woman. (AP Wirephoto)



In flimsy lingerie and bustle, ex-paratrooper Robert Rees assumes new female role of stripteaser Tamara.

Bad Check Charge Jails Tamara

Los Angeles, Aug. 27 (U.P.)— 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. 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.



Tamara Rees Courtland, the former GI whose sex was changed, waits to be booked on bad check charge.





Tribune photo
W LIFE — Tamara Rees, the former Robert Rees of Oakland, autographs a copy of her book, "Reborn," following lecture.

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 gabardine 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.

Tamara says 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."



To prove further her sex change, Tamara strips down to pasties before retreating to dressing room amid applause from audience.

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 lithe young figure pulled a rip-cord after dropping from a big Army plane and danced 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 rip-cord, 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



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 ago that I had 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 bump 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-hermaphroditic" 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 3 1/2 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 ecdysiast of today could have such a record of bravery, 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 ferociousness. Jumping 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 Purple 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)

still Robert Rees and she married a young lady "as a matter of convenience" (although Tamara never explains for whose convenience).

"I left for overseas immediately after being married and obtained a divorce right after I returned. The idea that I was the father of three children stems from this marriage. It's silly. My wife had three children, but I didn't, because I couldn't," she says.

Tamara is almost vehement in denying she could have been a biological parent and has gone to the trouble of obtaining a Lloyds of London policy to back her up in her claim. "I'll pay anyone \$50,000 to prove I ever fathered a child," she tells her night club and theater audiences, "or who can prove I was ever physically able to."

Of course, her bitter denials have failed to keep the clubs where she has appeared from advertising her as "Father Of Three—Now Strip Teaser." They merely neglect to mention that she was once the step-father of three.

Once free of the Army and a wife and three children, Tamara headed for California and into danger again. With a friend she opened "Bob's Parachute Service," a school in which she trained daredevil jumpers. In addition she picked up a private pilot's and eventually a flight instructor's license. The tragic death of her partner forced her to sell her share of this dangerous enterprise in 1949.

"It was about then that I began consulting psychiatrists for help. My dual life was beginning to prey upon my mind. I knew I was a woman, yet I was living in the guise of a man. It was unnatural."

According to Tamara, she got little encouragement from the Freudian couch-jockeys. "One of the head shrinkers suggested that I live as a homosexual, adjust to it, dress in 'drag.' But I felt this was dishonest. I knew, deep down inside, I was a woman. Why pretend to be one?"

It was an endocrinologist, a gland specialist, who first had suspicions of her true condition. Tamara responded almost magically to hormone treatments, indicating that there was more female to her than met the eye.

Encouraged, Tamara headed for Europe in 1954 where attitudes on sex transition are, according to her, "less medieval." While she stayed and studied at the University of Leyden in Holland, exploratory operations were begun. She met and swapped sympathy with more-publicized Christine Jorgensen at this time. Final surgery was completed and she returned to the States in late 1954, amid a shower of publicity.

Tamara was now fully a woman complete with all of the physical attributes. She sported a real bosom which, although it will never challenge Jane Russell's, was the product of natural rather than surgical development.

She set to work on a book which was to be a plea for tolerance of persons in her condition. The autobiography, to be published later this year by Vantage Press, is called "His Life and Mine." Then came the burlesque chapter in her life.

Her ultimate ambition is to return to

school, complete her education in psychology and the biological sciences, and eventually work as a clinical or consulting psychologist. "There are other cases such as mine, more than most people suspect. These people undergo tremendous emotional strains—believe me, I know. I would like to be able to help."

Another ambition is to have a normal family life as a wife and mother.

Earlier this year, in a splash of not unwelcome publicity, Tamara married James E. Courtland, III, in a Reno ceremony. "This time I married for love, not for convenience. This is the real thing," she says. Christine Jorgensen sent a portrait of a bullfighter as a wedding present.

Courtland has children by a previous marriage, and the couple maintain a home in Sacramento. At home Tamara loves to cook and is especially adept at baking French pastries. She also crochets expertly. Her wardrobe is conservative as far as dresses and suits are concerned.

But home life must wait as Tamara-who-was-Robert does three, four and five shows a day in the bump and grind big leagues.

Those who come seeking sensationalism usually leave her performances sobered by the one shocking thought she leaves indelibly in her audiences' minds.

"After all," she says, while making her plea for tolerance and understanding, "the next case might be your own child."



AFTER LAST NIGHT By Will Jones



Christine Visits Aunt Gerda

Christine Jorgensen spent an old-fashioned Danish Christmas in Minneapolis, at her maiden aunt Gerda's house, and after it was over the senior Miss Jorgensen had this to say about her nephew-turned-niece:

"She's a nice girl to have around the house."

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 W. Jorgensen, Jr.

The Minneapolis Miss Jorgensen was the first member of the family to see her after the operation. She had gone to Denmark to visit relatives.

"I TOOK HER greetings from her father," Gerda Jorgensen recalled. "Her father was so upset when he got the news of the operation, he just wept. The whole family was upset."

The family was upset a second time, Gerda Jorgensen said, when Christine went into show business.

"They thought she should have kept on with her photography," she said. "When she went to Denmark she told the family she was going there to teach photography to the Danes. That sounded strange, because they know all about photography in Denmark. But she didn't say a word about the operation."

All the unhappiness has been forgotten now, Gerda Jorgensen said, and she was happy to see Christine looking so fit.

The last time Christine had been in the house at 2700 E. 22nd St., it was as George Jorgensen, about 10 years ago.

"He looked sickly," the aunt recalled, "and I thought to myself, 'That poor boy, he's sure going to get TB, the way he looks.' Now she looks healthy and vigorous, and it's all turned out for the best."

"I remember when little George was just a child, people would say, 'My, that boy, he appears like a girl.' He always wanted to play with dolls. He was always a little feminine, and didn't grow up strong like the other boys in the family."

"AFTER HE WAS transformed, a lot of people said it was just done for publicity, and for the money. And that's just not so. It was done because that little boy was so unhappy."

For Christmas eve, Aunt Gerda roasted a goose and cooked a Danish rice pudding with an almond hidden in it, with a special gift for the person who finds the almond.

She gave Christine a Christmas book and a pair of slippers she had knitted. Christine gave her cologne, perfume and a scarf.

The next day, as Christine was leaving the house to move to a hotel, she slipped on the steps. Aunt Gerda went and got a pair of rubbers for her and said, "Here—that's a Christmas present."

Christmas night, Christine went to work performing at the Key club, for a reported \$2,000 a week.

Aunt Gerda hasn't seen her onstage and doesn't know if she will.

"I'm not interested in show business," Aunt Gerda said, "but if she asks me I'll come as a favor to her."

If she does, Aunt Gerda will see her niece come onstage in a full-skirted white gown and sing "Getting to Know You."

Then she will see her step behind a screen to change into a black gown, a bright red gown, and a green gown. All of this is done to the accompaniment of patter, written by Cindy Adams, wife of comic Joey Adams, built around the general theme that "Everything in life is a chance."

NEAR THE END of the act, Christine sings "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

She doesn't refer directly to the Danish operation, but at one point in the act, as she is throwing gowns and filmy things from behind the screen, she suddenly flips over a huge GI boot.

"That gag was my own idea," Christine confided later. "It took me months to find boots that were big enough, and then I got a pair. I gave the other one to my dog, and he's having a ball with it."

Though she gave up photography for show business, she still knows her way around a camera. She refused to be photographed in her Key club dressing room, because she didn't like the background, and instead selected a wall with holiday decorations on it.

While photographer John Croft was setting up his lights, Christine eyed a light that was set up to backlight her blond hair, and then carefully raised it two inches.

During a between-shows talk in her dressing room, she sipped blackberry liqueur and munched chocolates.

"I don't have to worry about my weight," she said. "In fact, I'd like to put on some."

Earlier this year, she was frustrated by New York legalities in an attempt to get married. The bridegroom-to-be ended up marrying someone else. Now, says Christine, she has no marriage plans.

"I'm not ready for marriage," she said, "although at that time I thought I was."

HER IMMEDIATE plans, she said, are to return to Hollywood, where she has a house, as soon as she finishes at the Key club Jan. 3.

"I'm anxious to get back there," she said, "because I have some really exciting movie plans. I have a story, but the deal isn't set yet so I can't talk about it. But when you hear about it, you'll flip, you'll absolutely flip, it's such a tremendous idea."

There also has been some talk of a film of her life, she said.

She permitted herself to be filmed for a brief TV news interview, but has been turning down other TV interviews even though the publicity might help business at the club.

"I want \$100,000 to go on TV," she said.

"Otherwise, I want people to pay to see me, either in a club or in a movie. What I have to offer is so visual, why should I give it away? I went on the Mike Wallace show, and it was a mistake."

She brought ice skates and skiing togs to Minneapolis, and fretted that the weather hasn't permitted her to enjoy either sport.

ALTHOUGH she keeps a house in Hollywood, Christine still considers herself a New Yorker. She grew up in the Bronx. Now her parents live on Long Island, in a house she had built for them there, and she considers that her home.

Her father, a retired carpenter, is a half-brother of the Minneapolis aunt, Gerda Jorgensen came to Minneapolis in 1913 as a nurse at the old Thomas hospital. She was trained in a Lutheran Deaconess order, where she was called Sister Augusta, a name she still sometimes uses.



Christine Jorgensen Looking fit



LOOKING QUITE A LADY Christine Jorgensen is back in town, playing at the Club Gay Haven. She had an appointment with the Free Press photographer at 12:30 p. m. but he had to come back later because she wasn't dressed.



Mr. Masters in his "feminine" attire gets ready to start the evening meal. Pretty gorgeous looking "hausfrau," what?



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!



Mr. Masters all dressed up for a party ... he makes a pretty fine looking "girl" — a credit to his art of make-up gained as a female impersonator.



He has studied Spanish and Oriental dances for 5 for 5 known only work and has a fine natura soprano rano

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Confession of a Female Impersonator

by "Miss Carol Anne Masters"

IN a city newspaper, under "Female Help Wanted," I recently noticed several ads for a photographer's model, a television model, and a dress model, size 14. I answered each of these ads by mail. Models who apply for such jobs are expected to appear in person. I was not surprised by the fact that I received no reply from any of the agencies.

If I had been asked to appear in person, I would have done so, and if accepted, I would have done a very smart job of modeling. However, my letters of application may have been read with some degree of surprise, because they contained a brief history of myself together with the fact that I am not a girl—but a MAN!

Lame wonder that they did not answer. Perhaps they thought I was a candidate for a mental hospital or just a dull practical joker. But the fact is that I can model! I have been successfully employed as a model.

Why should a young man want to live and work as a young woman? I shall attempt to explain, by my life story, my reasons and hope to find some who will consider a person's life for what it is—and not as convention dictates it should become.

Childhood Experiences

I was born Aug. 24, 1921 and am now in my 28th year and still a virgin! When I was very young, I was the constant object of affection of my two older sisters. They looked upon me as a doll to feed and to dote, to rock to sleep, and to take care of in the gentlest ways. My mother, because of her employment outside of the home, assigned to my two sisters the responsibility of caring for me. I grew up in these surroundings and formed opinions that remain with me: that I should

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Above, he danced many times in G.I. shows



At left, above, in Man as he appeared when applying for work

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



"Carol Anne Masters" in his regular masculine attire, and dressed in feminine clothes and wig. He has learned the art of make-up as a female impersonator.



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 showered 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

on me! 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, Barquette—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 hang. 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!





Miss Harvey

Fabulous Miss Harvey renowned child of love and affection was crowned Miss Fanny of 1961 at the big ball staged at the Masonic Hall. Miss Harvey is called the No. 1 Glamour Gal of St. Louis. Her choice of companionship is among good looking male brutes. She was born a man 28 years ago in St. Louis.

She has many gorgeous gowns, rare perfume and 30 pairs of expensive high heel shoes. An aged lady came to the ball with a stout stick after being told that her grandson was at the ball attired in an evening gown. Grandma came, chased him and beat him to the ground and the 18-year-old youth was taken to the hospital.

Judge Aghast to Learn Errant Widow Is A Boy

EAST PROVIDENCE, R.I. — erred the matter "purely routine," Judge George A. Saxon said Thursday he was "aghast when he learned that a 23-year-old Providence widow and the mother of two children" whom he placed on probation last week in District Court is in truth a 15-year-old boy.

The judge had sentenced "Mrs. Robin M. Carter" to six months probation and turned "her" over to William B. Kenney, probation officer with instructions to "investigate the home life of this woman to see if she is a fit mother."

It turned out that the 15-year-old boy, who stood before the judge in a bright cotton print dress, high heels and a wig, had given the authorities the correct address but the wrong particulars.

Mrs. Mary Flannigan of the Providence Parole and Probation Department, however, uncovered the deception during her investigation of the "woman's background."

A check at the address disclosed no woman of the name given by the boy who simply had given the fictitious name "Mrs. Robin H. Carter." Police also learned his true identity at the address. Because of his youth, his identity was not disclosed by police.

Police, aghast themselves—along with reporters, the matron, the probation officer and court room spectators to the Feb. 7 arraignment—said the matron who searched the "woman" consid-

Dressed as woman, he did high kicks in charge office

SUNDAY TIMES REPORTER

DURBAN, Saturday.

"I WANT to be a woman," musician Leslie Parker, 24, told a police sergeant who found him doing ballet steps in the charge office of Durban's Point Police Station this week. Next day Parker appeared in the Durban Magistrate's Court charged with masquerading as a woman.

Imagination

In fact, Mariop was really Michael, who admitted to the police that when stopped in the bubble car he was wearing a wig and woman's clothing and was made up. Marion, he went on, existed only in his imagination.

Listed on the charge sheet as Edward Michael Laity, aged 27, of North-parade, Camborne, he was fined £2 for failing to give his correct name and address to the police.

In a letter he pleaded guilty and said: "I know I have been a fool. I had been home from work three weeks and felt depressed and frustrated. I am still under a doctor's care."

He was wearing a woman's shirt and shorts and gold and white sandals. His silver-painted fingernails were long and tapered. He wore a diamond ring on his left ring finger and fastidiously brushed back his long auburn hair as he stood in the dock.

Sgt. Jack Weber said he arrested Parker when he found him doing ballet steps and high kicks in the charge office.

Parker told him he was on his way to Cape Town to have an operation to change his sex.

Parker told the court that he wanted people to think he was a woman. "I wear women's clothes because I like to. When I was in Johannesburg I wore dresses and petticoats in my own home," he said.

Since childhood

"I was brought up as a little girl, but I went to a boys' school. I don't wear women's clothing all the time."

The magistrate, Mr. C. I. Boswell: Do you see nothing wrong in this?

Parker: No. I have been like this since I was a child.

Mr. Boswell: Do people think you are a woman?

Parker: People are confused and ask what I am. I say I am a transvestite—a queer.

Mr. Boswell fined Parker R20 or 30 days, suspended for three years on condition he ceased pretending to be a woman.

"I appreciate that you have difficulties and peculiarities but you are the only one who can solve the problem," he said.

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 Dolling, of Trafalgar-street, Walworth, S.E., was told in the Divorce Court that she was not entitled to a decree on the ground of cruelty.

Mr. Justice Davies, dismissing her petition against Mr. Victor George Dolling, of Station-road, Gillingham, Kent, —the suit was undefended—said it was "a very sad case, a tragedy for an unfortunate young wife."

Alternative

The couple married at South-wark Register Office in April, 1950. A son was born 13 months later.

"Not long after the marriage," said the judge, "the husband started to develop, mentally at any rate, female characteristics. Twice he consulted psychiatrists, and in 1954 he was sent to Guy's Hospital, to Dr. Peter Maxwell F. Bishop, for treatment."

'Victoria'

"Dr. Bishop says it is plain this man is suffering from a mental illness which makes him, to some extent, feel like a woman and want to be a woman; he has no physical abnormalities."

"Under the advice of psychiatrists and Dr. Bishop and with his own consent, the man was given doses of hormones with the



MRS. DOLLING

A tragedy for her.

express intention on the part of the doctors to accelerate and facilitate development of female characteristics.

The judge said that Mr. Dolling now dressed as a woman and was employed as a woman clerk for British Railways. On one of the court documents he signed as "Victoria" instead of "Victor."

Mrs. Dolling was naturally revolted by her husband's behaviour, but it was impossible to say that his consent to be treated for what was a mental illness was crucial on his part. He could not help it any more than any other illness.

In the course of argument on a submission by Mr. Mark Smith, counsel for Mrs. Dolling, the judge said Mr. Dolling had done his best to overcome his illness.

Posed as Woman for A £5 Bet

WATCHING an all-male show, two young men had an argument. One said the impersonation of women could be successful only on the stage; in ordinary life it would be easy to see they were men.

The other, a bank clerk, disagreed, and the result was that he took a wager. His friend bet him £5 that he could not stay 48 hours in a hotel, masquerading as a woman, without discovery.

The story of the wager was told in his defence when the bank clerk

Kenneth Croft, aged 27, of Nab-lane, Mirfield, Yorks, appeared at Huddersfield, where he was fined £1 with 2s. 6d. costs, for conduct likely to provoke a breach of the peace.

It was stated that, dressed as a woman, Croft booked a hotel room for two nights and after one night there went to a cinema.

He was wearing a blonde wig, blouse, skirt, silk stockings and white shoes, and his fingernails were painted red. But the staff were suspicious and called the police.

A detective and a policewoman sat behind Croft and saw him powder his face. When asked for his identity card he produced one in the name of "Sheila Croft."

"I don't think you are a woman," said the detective, and Croft replied: "No, I am not. I did this for a bet."

Hearing this, the stipendiary magistrate, Mr. W. R. Briggs, said to him: "What people do on the stage is one thing; going about in public places dressed as a woman is another."



THE following story is a true account of a career which must be almost unique. It concerns a young man who is now 26 years of age and who is known as—"Miss B." The facts were obtained by personal interview.

B. was born of poor parents and brought up in a working class district of London. Until the age of puberty he appears to have been a fairly normal boy, although perhaps slightly effeminate in his tastes.

Gradually, however, he became more and more dissatisfied with the male rôle and more and more

that not only was he a woman by both male and female standards but that he was as an attractive one by

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 feminine in his tastes and habits. When he was with other boys he felt that he belonged to the opposite sex, and when he was with girls he felt himself to be one of them.

As time went on he experienced an increasing desire to dress and to live as a girl. As he was, during that time, living at home and depending upon his parents these tastes could be indulged in only occasionally and furtively.

As soon as possible he left home and secured unskilled work as a shop assistant. As he was, by this time, of distinctly feminine appearance he sought employment dressed as a girl, and for the first time was able to enjoy living permanently in the feminine rôle. His true sex was not suspected and his

THE INDIAN SIGN

Cutie Confuses Legal Beagles

A swivel-hipped chick with a come-hither look has the legal beagles of Riversied County nervously thumping their Blackstones today.

It all began Sunday evening when a couple of Indio cops watched the willowly brunette bat her eyes, twirl her purse and lure an adventurous young sport into a deserted building.

After a discreet wait the officers barged in and arrested the gal, who identified herself as Doris Joyce Matthews, 33

in Municipal Court where she pleaded guilty to

a morals charge, Judge Wallace Rouse gave her a little fatherly advice about the wages of sin and the fate worse than death and sentenced her to 60 days.

The legal problem arose when the prisoner got to the County Jail.

Miss Matthews turned out to be a Zuni Indian named Hans Lule, who said he has been dressing like a woman since he was 17.

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 rôle 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"!*

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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 "masseuse." 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-



Male prostitutes have been found in many large cities of the world. Here a typical Parisian male prostitute is shown.—Photo by Papon, from the French medical journal "Problèmes."

ity 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 hypothyroid (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 inter-

ested 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."



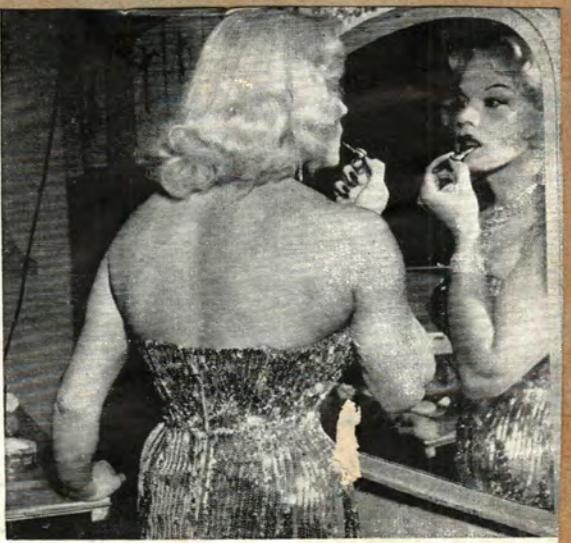
Mario and Del Mar retire to ladies room to repair makeup.



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.



KEITH O'NIEL



Mario Costello makes changeover to female daily as working entertainer, has performed in famed Finocchio's club.



First step is thorough applications of theatrical makeup.



Blonde wig is carefully donned by costumer in changeover.



Nylon hosiery is put on by Tony with aid of garters.

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 comedienne, they are often so successful in their swish 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 up 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 CABARET take a 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-GI 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 them on the stage."

Tony, a husky, 29-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 falsies 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 us 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 Finocchio'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)

impersonators' attitude toward their art.

"Female impersonation is at least as old as acting," says Midnite. "It was common in the early Greek plays. Of course, nearly everyone knows that during Shakespeare's time, and for a long time before, only boys took female parts on the stage." Reason for this custom, common throughout the Christian era, was a Papal decree which forbade women appearing on the stage, which in itself was considered sinful for centuries.

Scholars of female impersonation also cite the resemblance between clerical vestments of many religions and female attire. In primitive cultures today, they add, men who are like women are often set apart and become shamans or witch doctors. Against this historic background, impersonators feel they are not the practitioners of a bizarre aberration, but the students of a long-established, legitimate theatrical art.

"Lots of people can sing or dance," says Midnite. "But very few men can do it as women, and do it convincingly. And audiences like to see female impersonators. Then too, there is a lot of competition in show business. If a fellow has an extra talent for impersonation, it's to his advantage to use it."

Such use has been common in legitimate theatre, burlesque and vaudeville for years,

you are told. You are reminded of such plays as "Charley's Aunt," in which both Ray Bolger and Jack Benny have starred. The play centers around a hilarious impersonation of his aunt by the character, Charley.

Female impersonation is practiced regularly, without blushes, in college theatricals and by many comics, the boys tell you. With the death of real burlesque and vaudeville, most female impersonators have found themselves forced into night club work.

While places which use them are nearly always money-makers, "for some reason"

most clubs will not accept impersonators. "You can only go so far, then you're stymied," Tony tells 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 costumers—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 perform-

ances in GI shows by men taking the parts of strippers, chorus girls or comics.

By 8:30, 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 in place 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 filip 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.

False 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 they'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 make 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," adds 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 physician'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 out on a wigmaker's block, then puts it on 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 crease." Preparation for this maneuver involves *adhesive tape* with deeper 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 wall of the dressing room has been 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.

With gown and fox fur, change-over is finished and Tony Midnite becomes woman.



Insertion of bust pads is important in switch.



Creation of bust cleavage is matter of strong muscle work.



Getting into tight corset calls for help from Del Mar.



ZUIDEMA





Shalimar, famed Mexican female impersonator, backstage.





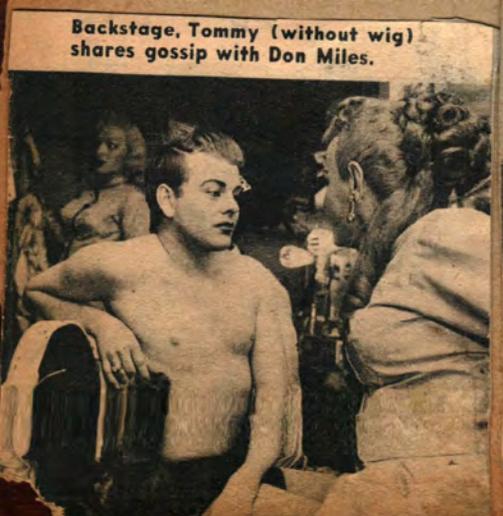
JACKIE GORDON



CHICKIE ROUCHEZ



ACERS O'REILLY



Backstage, Tommy (without wig) shares gossip with Don Miles.



Tommy Mandriv kibitzes while Don Miles pounds the piano keyboard.



Jackie Gordon hits a hot note in piano routine.



Tommy Hendrix applies make



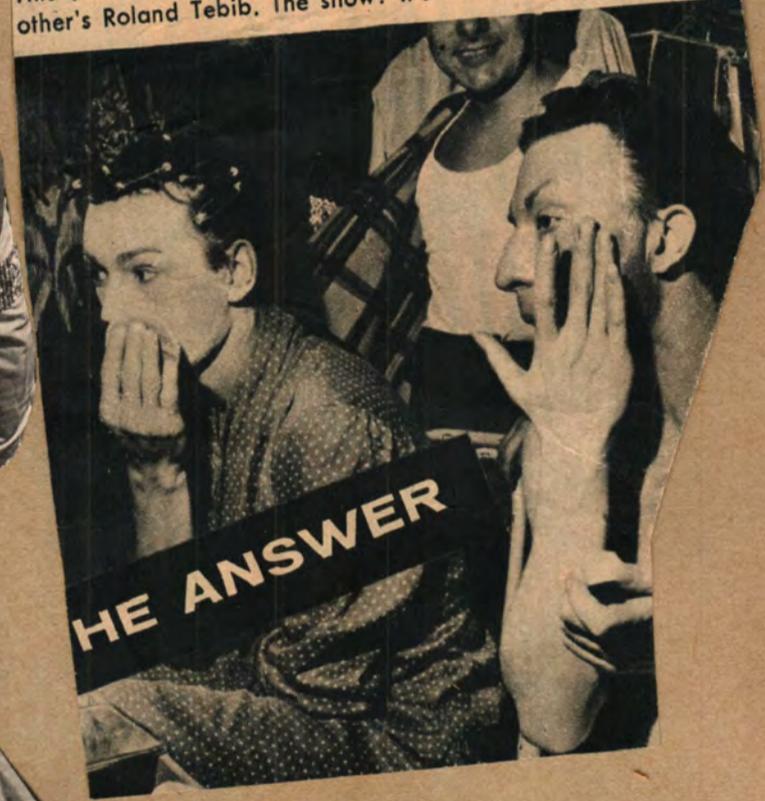
WANDA PIERYS



Manon is singing star of show, the 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 Tebib. 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' tap 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



LYNNE
CARTER



BILLIE
DEVOE





DEL LE ROY



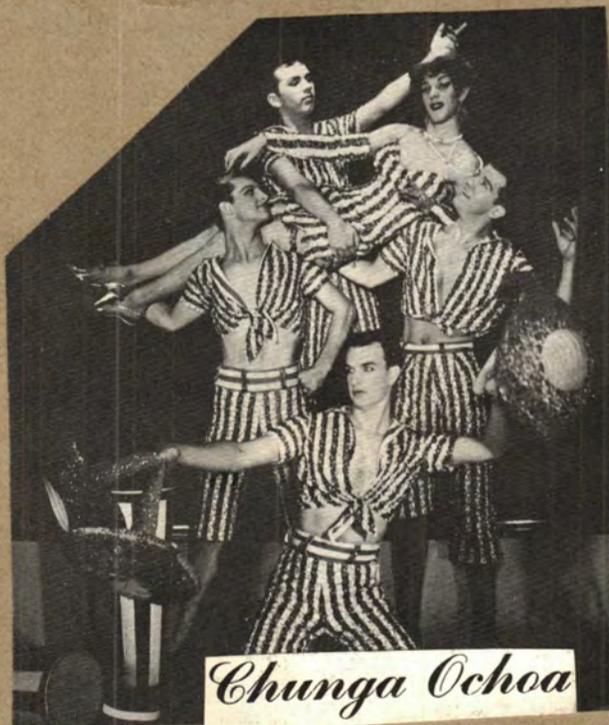
Barney Connors



DALE ROBERTS



Ricki Raymond



Chunga Ochoa



LEON LE VERDE



LESTRA LA MONTE



BILLIE HERRARO



FRAN NOVAK



Gaby Delane



Robbi Ross



Guilda



Billy Devoe





HARVEY LEE



JAN BRITTON



BOBBIE JOHNSON



Kara Montez



Laverne Cummings



TOD ALLEN



TANYA DEL RAY

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, Laverne 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 Bruno of Hollywood.



ZAMBELLA



Gene Chandler



GENE CHANDLER



BOBBE DRAKE



NICKI GALLUCCI





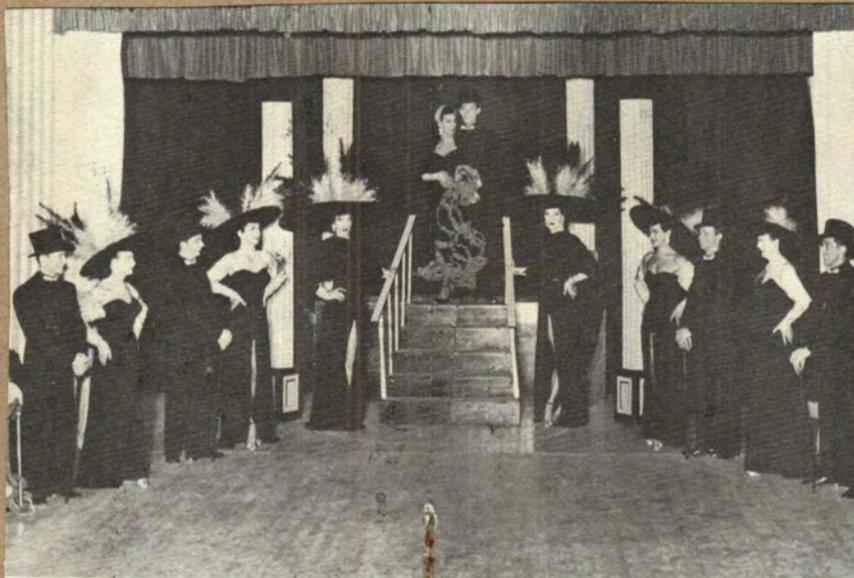
BOBBY RAVE



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.



Gene Korday



It's after eight!—and the Jewel Box cast takes the audience to New York's fabulous 52nd Street, where Mr. Rickey Renee and Mr. Nat Dano interpret the moods and merriment of Cafe Society on the town!



DORI D'OR



DORI D'OR



Dave Warner



KENI RENARD



JOHNNY MANGUM

Mr. Keni Renard



KENNETH LYNN

Poppy Lane



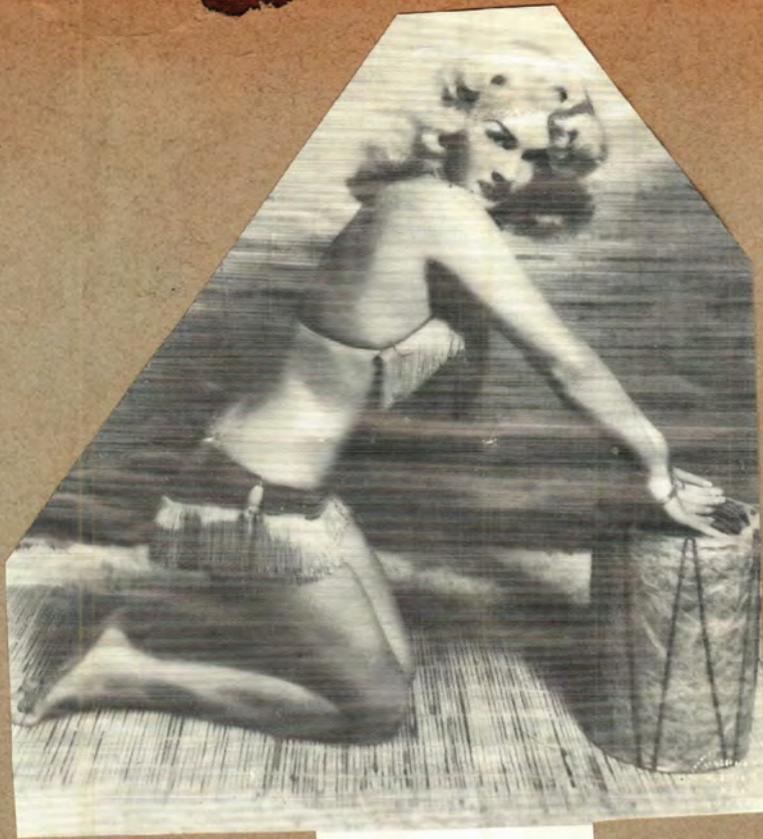
KENI BLAIR



Joe Pheasant



JOE PHEASANT



DALE LESLIE



SANDY ROGERS



CARMEN NAVARRO



POPPY LANE



MR. RICKY RENEE



82 Club Revue



JOHN MARSH





MARCELLA



VERNON
HOFF

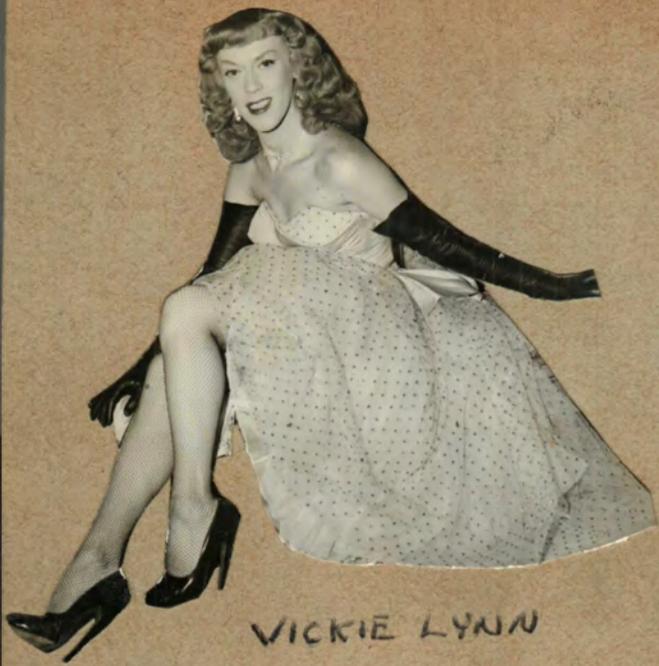


MARCELLA



VICKIE LYNN





VICKIE LYNN







JACKIE
MAYE



JULIA



GEORGINA



E.J



FI-615



E.J



FI-1161



FI 617

COLITH



ROSITA



FI 1163



FI 1162



JACKIE HAYES



Fred (The Beaut) Cotton, 35, of 116 W. 115th St., who the cops said has dressed as a woman for 15 years, was seized near his home when he approached Santa and coyly asked for a lollypop. The detectives said Cotton had 30 decks of heroin in his possession.

Meanwhile, Vice Squad plainclothes man Henry Jacobs rounded up female impersonator Lavonn Newton, 22, as Newton's wig fell off after he allegedly solicited the officer.



Miami Police Probe Male 'Prostitute's' Death
Miami police are questioning a host of female impersonators and others in the mysterious stabbing death of a 55-year-old man given court permission to dress as a woman and who police say lived successfully as a "prostitute." Police said because the victim, Robert Sport Warren, assumed so many names and dressed in male and female clothing, the court finally ordered him to choose the sex he wanted to be "and stick with it." Warren adopted the name "Marian Lavaunt Sheffield," and the age 39. "He was apparently so successful as a prostitute," Bonner said, "that he received letters from servicemen proposing marriage and telling him how they would love to have children by him."

HUNGRY HORSE NEWS, FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1961-9



Dolled Up Pair Beat Him: Cop

Two 22-year-old men, dolled out in the women's duds in which they were arrested, appeared before Magistrate Maurice E. Downing in Felony Court yesterday on a charge of assaulting a detective. They were held in \$500 bail for hearing Tuesday.

Carl Heastand of 40 W. 74th St., a dress designer, who was wearing his own creation, and Peter English of 520 W. 118th St., a student in a school of design, were accused of punching, kicking and scratching Detective Falvain DeBoissiere of the W. 68th St. station early yesterday when he stopped them to question them near Heastand's home.



In one instance, Egan spotted a well-known pusher with four convictions, Fred (The Beaut) Cotton, 35, of 116 W. 115th St., impersonating a woman, wearing a dress, imitation leopard coat, and low-heeled shoes. Cotton was seized with 30 packages of heroin on him.

Sequel
SEQUEL TO STORY
IN LAST ISSUE

Psycho Hearing For Essex Barmaid

Herbert C. Upton, Jr., Essex, also known as Gayle Starr, was arraigned before District Judge E. B. Foot Thursday at 10 a.m.

County Attorney Leon Jellison Jan. 31 filed an affidavit which reads: "Has threatened to shoot various people, and is confused as to sex, and conducts himself in a manner likely to lead to violence to himself and others."

The entire hearing was conducted quietly, and Upton asked to take a psychiatric examination at Warm Springs. He is to appear before Judge Foot next Wednesday at 10 a.m. following the examination.

Upton was dressed in regulation jail coveralls, but wore red high heel shoes and nylon stockings.

Essex Barmaid Cleared in Exam

Herbert C. Upton, Essex, who prefers to be known as Gayle Starr, returned from the state hospital at Warm Springs.

Miss Starr had asked for an examination at the hospital after being charged by County Attorney Dean Jellison with "Has threatened to shoot various people, and is confused as to sex, and conducts himself in a manner likely to lead to violence to himself and others."

Judge E. B. Foot said the Warm Springs findings did not find Upton insane, nor was their evidence that treatment was required or would be beneficial.

County Attorney Dean Jellison said that charges were dropped on the basis of the psychiatrist's report.

Upton prefers to dress as a woman, and worked as a barmaid at an Essex tavern. Apparently Montana law permits a man to dress as a woman, and obviously, women often dress as men.

Case of Barmaid at Essex

'Taint Illegal to Dress as Woman

Apparently under Montana law it's a person's privilege to dress as a man or woman. Women especially have been wearing jeans and other men's apparel.

This week the Flathead presented a case involving Herbert C. Upton, 42, who wants to be known as Gayle Starr, and was employed at an Essex tavern.

Miss Starr was arrested in Columbia Falls by the Flathead County sheriff's office on a vagrancy charge, and taken to the county jail.

Herbert Upton prefers to be known as Gayle Starr. Wednesday she appeared before Kalispell Justice of Peace Palmer Christopherson. Bail was reduced from \$500 to \$100, and no date set for the trial. Her attorney is James A. Cumming.

As Upton, Miss Starr had served terms in both the New Mexico and Michigan State Prisons following convictions for larceny, forgery and fraudulent check writing and a jail experience in Louisville, Ky. However in the Flathead there isn't evidence that Miss Starr has broken the law. Traditionally Montana is tolerant of persons who have had trouble with the law in the past.

The arrest has had wide publicity. An Associated Press story from Kalispell related: "Upton-Starr appeared in court while wearing high heels, prison coveralls and long brown hair with a permanent wave."

"As Gayle Starr with a false rubber bust and an impressive wardrobe of women's apparel and jewelry, he had worked as a barmaid near Essex. Recently he applied for unemployment compensation, and was arrested Saturday on a tip."

The Hungry Horse News feels that it is an invasion of a person's privacy to say that anyone wore a false rubber bust.

So far no one has presented information that Gayle Starr broke the Montana law, and as a result this arrest presents an interesting

phase of the freedom of an individual. Our jails would be full, if women were arrested for wearing men's clothes.

A question not determined is the individual's right to refer to itself as a male or a female in signing applications for driver's licenses or the like. Would this be perjury?

We understand the situation of Sheriff Dick Walsh being apprehensive. Herbert C. Upton had been in two different prisons. Good police officers are apprehensive.



Gayle Starr



Herbert C. Upton

COLUMBIA FALLS MONTANA NEWS
JAN. 20, 1961

A TRANVESTITE GETS LEGAL HELP

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

MISUSE OF LAW CHARGED

Group Notes 1845 Statute Was Applied to Persons Disguised as Indians

By LAWRENCE O'KANE

A brief filed by the New York Civil Liberties Union argues that a man who wears women's clothes is not "a 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 as a vagrant a transvestite who has done nothing more than wear the clothing of the opposite sex.

The civil liberties group entered the case as amicus curiae, or friend of the court, on the ground that the defendant was a victim of an unsupportable interpretation of the law "because of distaste for his behavior."

"No law is to be stretched to secure a conviction of a representative of an unpopular 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, the brief pointed out, to help law officers suppress the upstate Anti-Rent movement in the mid-19th century. Farmers protesting the feudal Dutch patroon system under which they could not own their own land disguised themselves as Indians for armed attacks on law officers supporting the landholders.

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 Joan Miller. He is a tall, burly man of 58 and is a father. He has a record of military service. He formerly lived at 621 West End Avenue.

On the afternoon of March 24 he was walking near 91st Street and West End Avenue when he was arrested on a vagrancy charge by Detective Daniel Keogh of the West 126th Street 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.

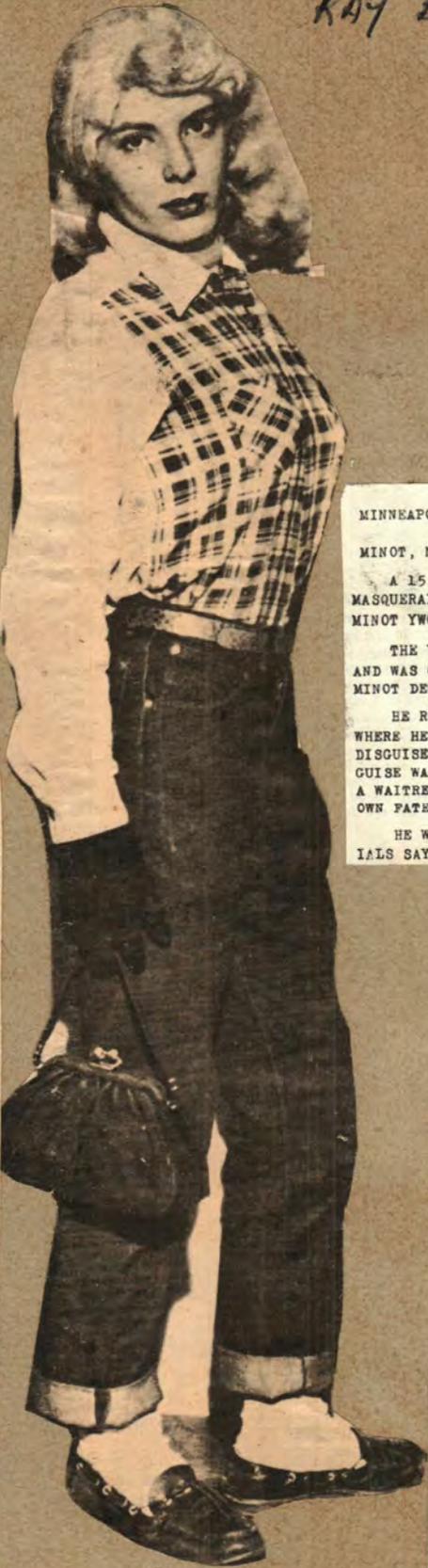
Criminal Court Judge Edward D. Caiazzo found Mr. Miller guilty on the basis of the 1845 vagrancy statute. The law bars a person from appearing outside with "a face painted, discolored or covered or concealed or being otherwise disguised in a manner calculated to prevent his being identified."

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

But Mr. Miller appealed the case.



RAY BOURBON



Playing Jack and Jill



(Associated Press Wirefotos)

Comic Jack Benny, decked out in his slinkiest black-beaded outfit and blond 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.

NEWS ITEM

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE--JANUARY 5, 1961

MINOT, NO. DAKOTA

A 15 YEAR OLD MINOT YOUTH WAS PICKED UP ON A CHARGE OF MASQUERADING AS A GIRL AND LIVING FOR NEARLY A WEEK AT THE MINOT YWCA.

THE YOUTH HAD BEEN AT THE MANDAN STATE TRAINING SCHOOL AND WAS GIVEN A WEEK OFF TO GO HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. HE LEFT MINOT DEC. 29, SUPPOSEDLY TO RETURN TO THE MANDAN SCHOOL.

HE RODE THE BUS ONLY TO MAX--ABOUT 30 MILES FROM MINOT WHERE HE GOT OFF AND RETURNED TO THE CITY. HE PUT ON THE DISGUISE AND LIVED AT THE YWCA. OFFICIALS SAID HIS DISGUISE WAS SO PERFECT THAT HE ATTENDED A DANCE, GOT A JOB AS A WAITRESS IN A MINOT CAFE, AND WHEN HE WAS PICKED UP HIS OWN FATHER DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

HE WAS SENT BACK TO THE SCHOOL WEDNESDAY. LOCAL OFFICIALS SAY NO FURTHER CHARGES ARE TO BE FILED AGAINST HIM

IN CHICAGO, a psychologist is working earnestly with a middle-aged type who wishes to become a male again. The middle-aged type was married (to a proper sort of female) for many years. But, through some quirk or other, chose to earn his (?) living as a lady bookkeeper in a large office with some 23 other lady workers.

FOR SOME 14 years, the gentleman was a perfect lady in dress, in voice and manner. He might have gone on being a perfect lady to the end, but his wife (the proper female) got tired of the bit and left.

Now the gentleman has taken off his feminine attire, resumed wearing trousers and with the help of the psychologist, is learning to walk and talk like a male creature again.

He has several reasons for the odd change. But his prime reason, he says, is that he can make a little more money as a male bookkeeper. There seems to be some small differential, still, in male and female paychecks.

True-Life Fairy Tale

I have just finished the April issue of UNCENSORED. Of particular interest was the article written by Aldo Ceruzzi about the beautiful and charming Coccinelle. The manner in which he treated her was a most pleasant surprise.

Yes, I am one of the "boys". I know what it is to be chastized and ridiculed. I was always quite effeminate. When in high school I loved to make up and wear high heels and dresses around the house. I cared for my nails, kept my eyebrows plucked and my hair cared for at the beauty parlor.

The kids called me a "fairy" long before I knew what it was to be one. They gave me the name "Pixie". Of course I had no close friends. The boys would have nothing to do with me and the girls were quite distant though not so brutal. I guess it was inevitable that one day I would be a fairy.

I was in my senior year when I met Stanley. I became his girl friend and it was always a thrill when on Friday and Saturday nights I dressed and made up to go out with him. We always went out of town and no one knew other than the lady who raised me.

Thru Stan I met two other girls and their boy-friends. We had many a good time together. I knew if it became known I was dating a boy I'd be expelled from school. What I didn't know was Stan had another girl, until they were caught and he had to leave.

When I finished school I worked in a beauty shop. It was here that I met my mistress. I quit to go with her to serve as her "pet" and housemaid. That was seven years ago. Her love, understanding and encouragement and the female hormones I'm taking have made my dream of being a girl a near reality. I envy Christine and Coccinelle.

Orville L. K. Ceruzzi and love and KISSES to Coccinelle.

PIXIE A. Ormond Beach, Fla.



"Patsy" Gadd's customers were flabbergasted when they learned that their waitress was really a waiter! Gadd's three-year masquerade ended when Detective Arthur Mann (r.) of Philadelphia questioned "her" on a forgery charge.



Curt Clemons

Funmaker's Winner: Clutching the winner's trophy after winning the "best-dressed" title at the annual Funmakers' Ball at Harlem's Rockland Palace, impersonator Teddy Tut grins happily and gets a big hug from "escort" Martin Jackson. Actually "she's" a he.

SCENES FROM THE "FUNMAKERS" BALL: ROCKLAND PLACE — (1) Displaying the legs, etc., of "Connie" and "Margo;" (2) "Katy Jurado" and "Paula" pausing to pose on the stairs; (3) Songstress Laverne Baker photographs Ball's

impresario, Phil Black. (4) Circular inset shows Teddy Tut who won trophy for best dressed. His "escort" is Martin Jackson. (Clemous Photos)

GAY TIME HAD AT HALLOWEEN BALL



Lush blonde (l.) gave name 'Marilyn Monroe' at ball where furs (c.) were common. Best attired (r.) used name 'Lena Horne'

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 Finnies 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, togged 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.



Chosen queen of ball, 'Jerrie Kay' receives cup from emcee Eddie Plique.

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 orless 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 the prize went to Sir or Madame, as the case might be, Teddy Tut 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 jobble 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!

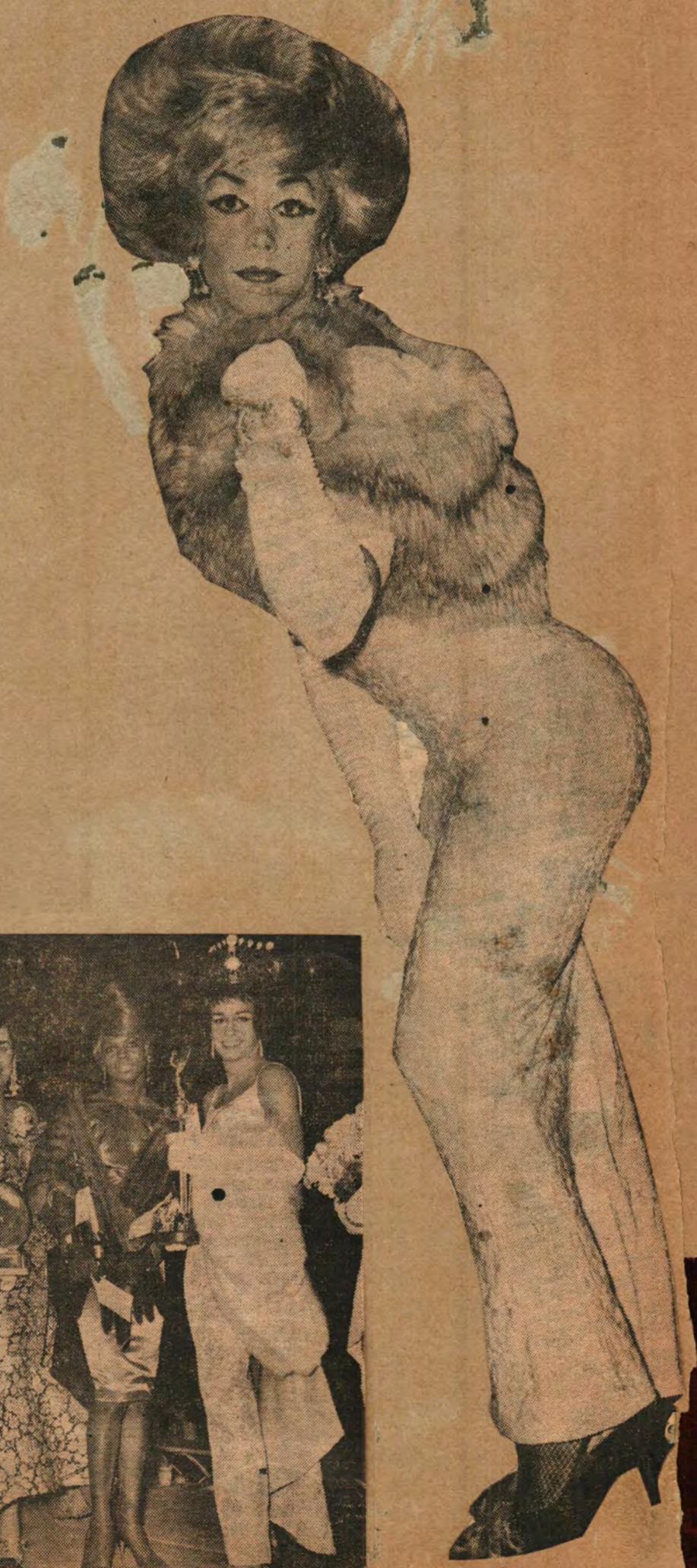


At Impersonators' Ball: A dazzling array of hair styles, gowns, personalities are displayed at Finnie's 21st annual masquerade ball, held at Chicago's Pershing Hotel Ballroom. "Hi Fi" (l.) models lace gown and cocktail pants; "Vivian LaMoine" in shimmies in black metallic evening dress and mink stole (c.), and Bambi Young gets trophy as "Queen" of the ball from emcee Eddie Plique.



Boy meets girl: Nope, dapper Teddy Tut (l.) is also the beautifully gowned "gal" on the right, sporting a fox wrap and \$50 wig, who won second prize at the 28th annual Female Impersonators' Ball in New York City. Thirty-five hundred attended affair sponsored by Phil Black.





Escort "Charles Becker" strikes a pose with "Betty Davis" and "Grace Kelly."

Trophies are presented to the she-men who most look like lovable women.

CHICAGO
HALLOWEEN
1962







MR. & MRS.

"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 hair down 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 Finnie's Club Ball at the Coliseum while about 1,000 spectators and "queens" rubbed elbows at Hi Fi'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 Stetsons, the impersonators came in such a befuddling array that a well-known ladies' 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."



THE WEEK'S BEST PHOTOS



"Michelle" is crowned "Queen" by emcee Eddie Pique. Both Negro and white impersonators made the scene at the balls.

Mixed Match: Holding trophies awarded them during the 27th annual Finnie's Club Halloween Ball at the Chicago Coliseum, opposite sex impersonators "Killer Joe" (l.) and "Michelle" glide off with top honors after being chosen "King" and "Queen" of the "way-out" affair.





July - 2 pgs to Trains
9/22 - 10 pgs to "
12/13 - 15 pgs
? - 9 pgs
12/19 - 7

