

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

VOLUME
NUMBER
4



ILLUSTRATED WITH 32 PHOTOS
OF MEN IN FEMALE ATTIRE

ALL NEW ILLUSTRATED PHOTO STORY BOOKS!

"LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS"

Volume One—"Letters From Female Impersonators" contains actual letters from amateur female impersonators who reveal in their correspondence interesting personal impressions about themselves and how they practice female impersonation. They tell why they would like to be accepted as females instead of men and the reasons for their preference for feminine clothes. Illustrated with 32 photos of men in women's clothes and sells for \$3.75 each plus 20¢ for postage. Volumes 2, 3, also contains 32 photos and sells for \$3.75 each plus postage of 20¢. These amateur impersonators tell how they obtain their female attire, what their desires are, how they first started to dress in clothing of the opposite sex and how they fool people into thinking that they are girls. three \$3.75 books for only \$10.00 postpaid

"THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION"

reveals the secrets of how men become Female Impersonators and contains 32 actual photographs of men in "girls" attire. "The art of Female Impersonation" reveals the inner secrets of how men are transformed into girls with the aid of wigs, falsies, cosmetics and corsets. You will meet four pleasant young men who will let you peek behind the scenes as they make up for their amazing transformation into four lavishly gowned "women."

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<p>ALL NEW</p> <p>THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION</p> <p>VOLUME NUMBER SIX</p>  <p>HOW MEN BECOME FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES</p>	<p>LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS</p> <p>VOLUME NUMBER 3</p>  <p>ILLUSTRATED WITH 32 PHOTOS OF MEN IN FEMALE ATTIRE</p>	<p>FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE</p> <p>VOLUME NUMBER 3</p>  <p>GLAMOUR PHOTOS OF "GIRLS" WHO ARE MEN</p> <p>COCCHINELLE</p> <p>ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES</p>
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You may purchase any three of our \$3.75 books for only \$10.00 postpaid,

NUTRIX CO. Dept. 9 - FM, 35 Montgomery St., Jersey City 2, N. J.

Volume Number FOUR

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

ACTUAL CORRESPONDENCE
ON FEMME MIMICS
ILLUSTRATED WITH 32
PHOTOS OF MEN IN
FEMALE ATTIRE

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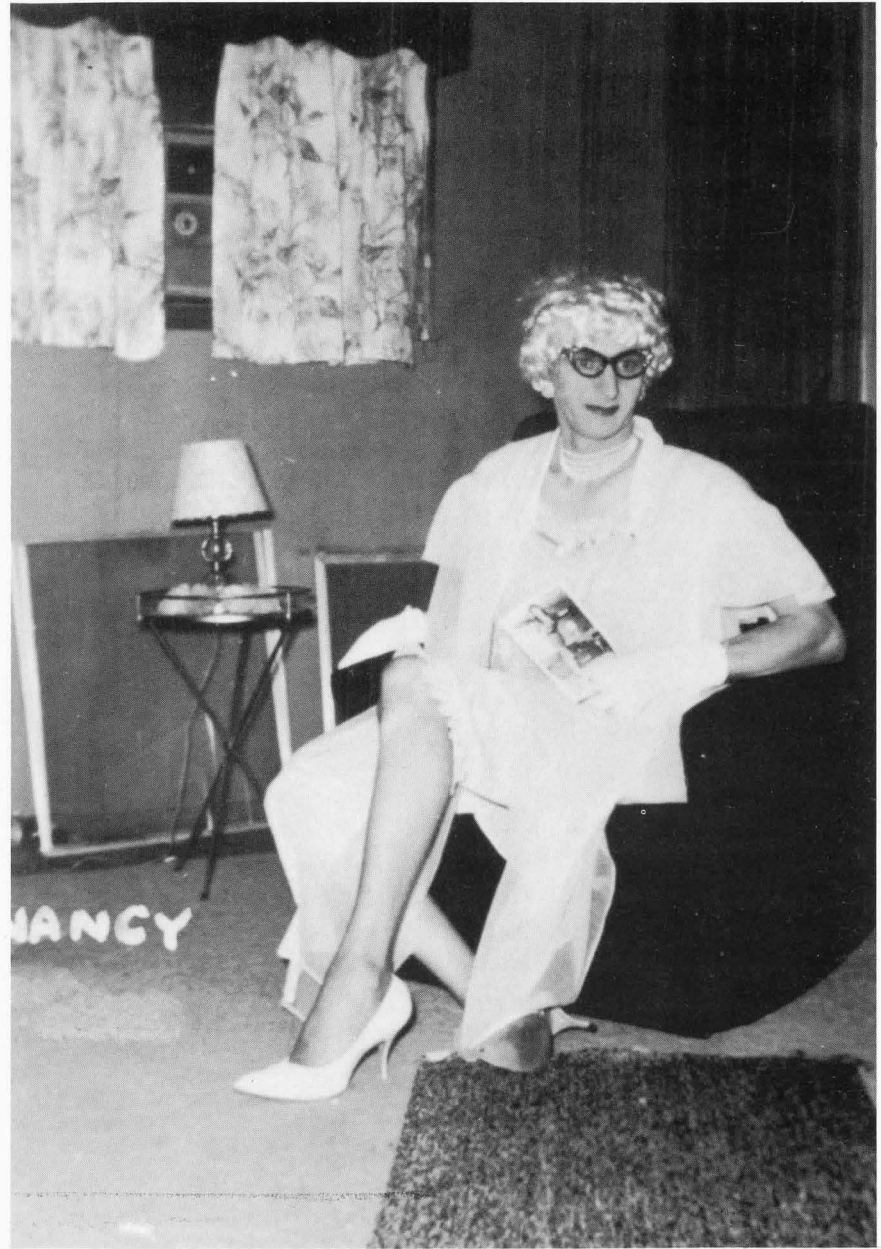
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

I began wearing women's clothes at about the age of thirteen and each time the urge to dress in feminine clothes increased to the point where I had to buy my own clothing and hide it so I would not have to use my sister's. When buying my clothes, I told the saleslady it was a birthday present for my sister and she would even help me pick out just the items I wanted.

After I finished high school, I went into the Service and for four years I was unable to dress as a woman. I am now out of the Service and able once more to dress as a woman, which I do every time I have an hour or so alone. I am 25 years old, stand 5' 9" tall, and weigh 155 pounds. I wear a size 18 dress, 9-1/2 size shoe, 9 gloves and I measure 38-26-40, which is close to what I call as feminine as a man can get and still not be recognized as a woman when dressed in male attire.

My favorite colors are black, red and turquoise. I have hoped that some day I would be able to meet another transvestite like myself, with whom I can share an apartment, and live as we would like to, without fear of skeptics and prying eyes of family or neighbors.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I have tried to think of ways and means in which I could contact other transvestites. If I could only get in touch (through you) with other such devotees of cross-dressing, I would become very happy. I would gladly join a club and pay dues, if this would give me contacts with others who have the same problems as I have. I would like to suggest that you issue numbers to all members and let us write to each other that way.

I have toyed with the idea of placing an ad in the personal column of a New York newspaper and use a post office box as my mailing address in an effort to contact other transvestites. I love my family and I am sure that my mother knows I wear women's clothes, but she never says anything to me. I believe she would understand if I am ever caught in public wearing female clothes.

I have always yearned to be a girl and think it was a misfortune for me that I was born a boy. Right now I am alone for two weeks while my parents are away on vacation. I have made the best of each hour in hopes of furthering my desires and becoming more feminine. I live as a woman would live and for two weeks I have remained attired in my feminine clothes, wearing every feminine item I have.





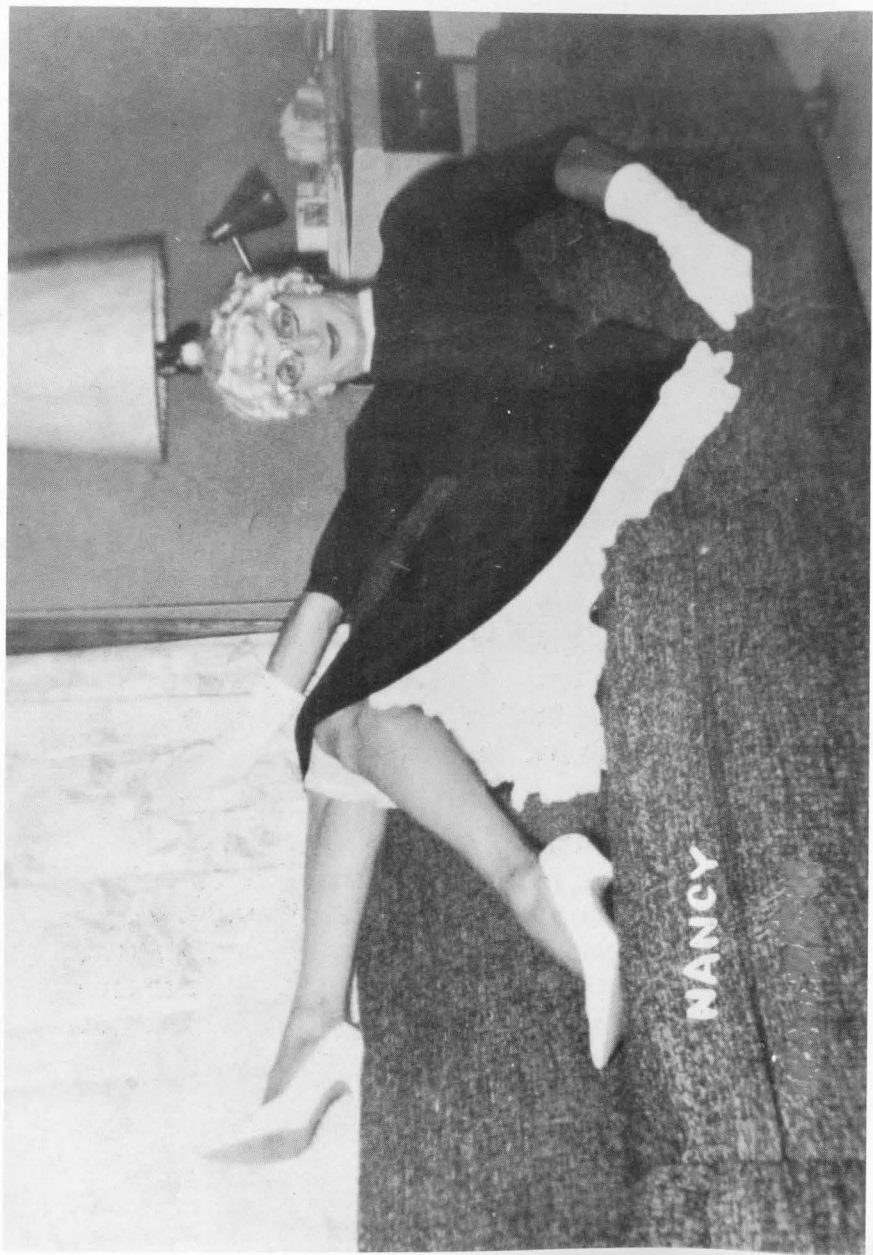
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I have only removed my feminine clothes to bathe and to change from one outfit to another. I have taken photos of myself and sending a few to you to publish with this letter.

I am writing you this letter mainly to tell you about the walk I had the other night and my experiences. As I sit here typing this letter, I am wearing my black jersey dress and blonde wig. I have on white 3" heels and a pearl necklace. I have taken short walks around the block and passed many women who seem none the wiser of my identity.

Men have even whistled at me from their cars and one man went so far as to stop and try to pick me up. I managed to elude him and keep my secret but believe me, I was scared to open my mouth for fear of my voice giving me away.

When I returned home, I practised making my voice sound more feminine. Last night I decided to go for another walk. After I had dressed and put on my make-up, I started to walk down the street toward the shopping center and before I realized what time it was, it was 11:30 PM. I started hurrying home about five blocks away.



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About half way home, a police car pulled up and the officer asked me where I was going and why I was out so late, walking in this unlit street. I explained to him that I was returning home from a show and decided to walk a few blocks, so I got off the bus earlier.

He told me that "a pretty young lady like myself should not be on such a dark street this late at night." He then asked me to get in the police car and he would take me home. I refused but he insisted, so I got in, but believe me, I was scared he would find out.

I guess all those hours of practice did more than I realized. He was very nice to me and when we got to my house he said, "Good night, miss." I replied, "Thank you and good night." My house was dark so he turned on his spotlight to aid me in seeing. As I entered the house, he backed up, then drove away.

I sure am glad I had shaved my legs that day for had I not, he surely would have noticed them and I would not have been so fortunate as I was. A lot which had to do with my success was due to the fact that my make-up that evening was one of the finest. However, I do not think I will try going out again in feminine attire.

Your avid fan - "NANCY."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

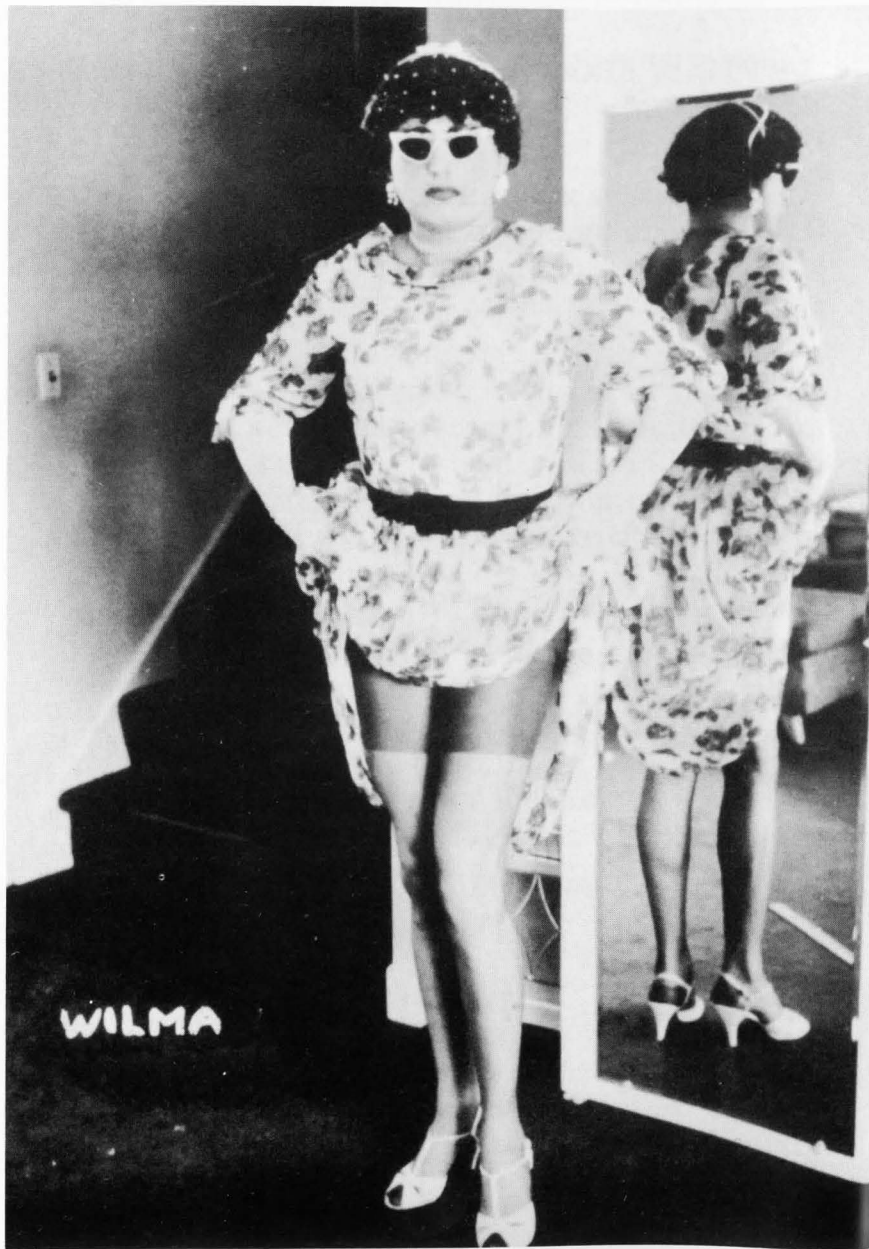
Dear Editor:

I began dressing in female clothing about the time I started going to school. At the age of six or seven, I remember very well going to school wearing panties belonging to my sister.

I really do not remember when the first urge to wear female attire came over me, but it certainly has never decreased over the years I have been cross-dressing. In fact, I believe that I derive more satisfaction from dressing in female attire today than ever before in the past.

Just before I started writing you this letter, I dressed myself up in female clothing. I began by putting on nylon panties, then an all-in-one corselet with foam rubber bust pads. Next I slipped on full fashioned very sheer dark nylon stockings and anchored them snugly with the six garters on my corselet.

I then put on a white nylon chemise, which is a sort of a slip and panty combination. I completed my outfit with open toe high-heeled sandals. I enjoy checking in the large mirror to make sure that the seams of my nylons are straight. I usually keep my legs shaved of hair to make them look more like a well-groomed girl's legs.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I recently had a period of several days off and being a transvestite, I used them to best advantage for the practice of cross-dressing. I thought, perhaps, that some of your readers who have similar interests might enjoy reading, and since I have a Polaroid camera, seeing how I spent part of my time.

I was glad to have this extended period, since it gave me the needed time to apply make-up. I began by shaving my legs and painting my toe nails. In order not to have a girdle tugging at me while I was using cosmetics, but wanting to wear stockings, I put on a pair of nylon garter panties and a white nylon chemise, inserting foam rubber pads into the bust cups.

I then put on a light shade of seamless hose without toe or heel reinforcement, for I wanted to be able to see the nail polish clearly and with this type of stocking it is completely sheer from the toe up to the garter belt at the top. I then proceeded to make up my face, using pancake makeup, setting it with powder and putting on lipstick, eye shadow, outlined my eyelids, put on rouge and mascara. Next, I put on earrings, a string of beads and my dark brown wig. I was now ready for the girdle, so I removed the chemise.

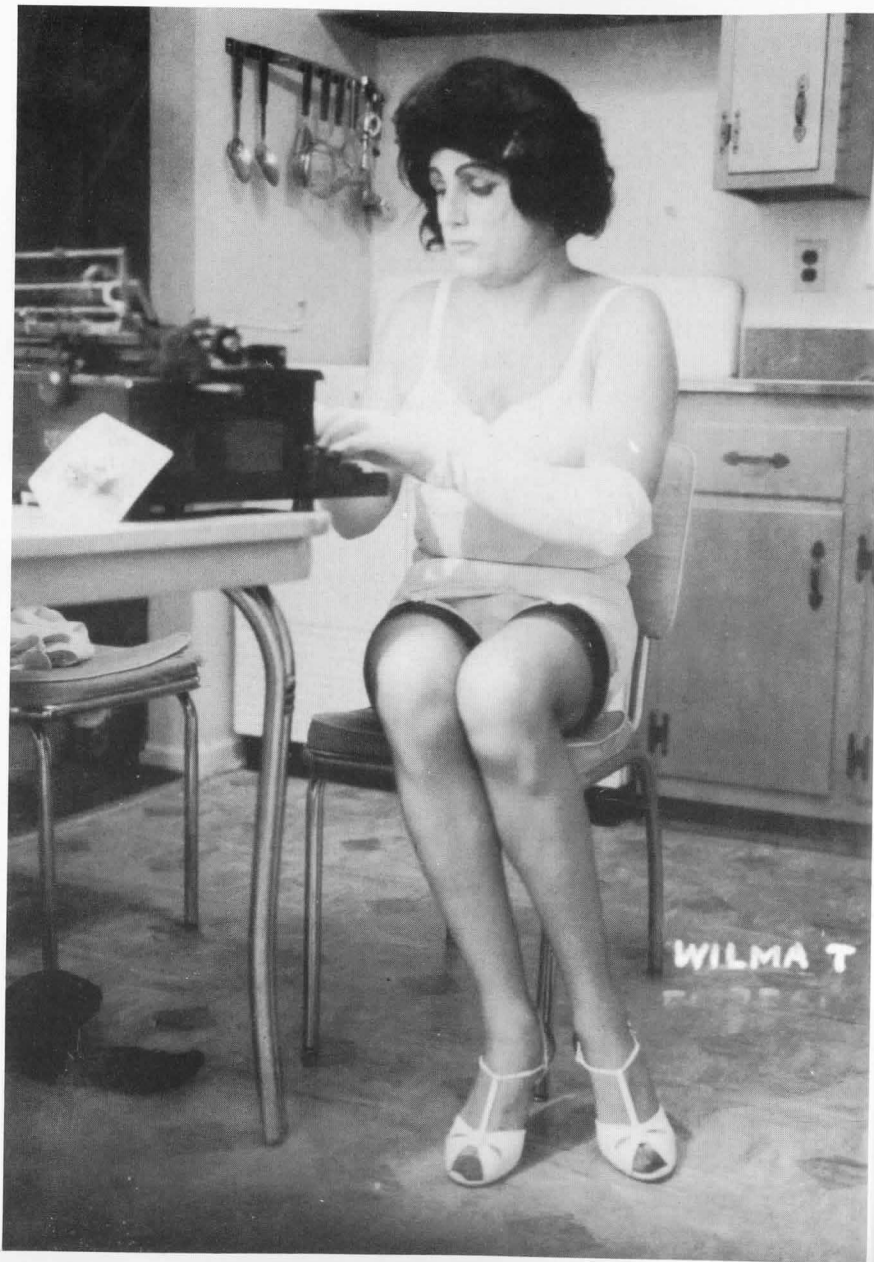


LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I took the garters off the panty and pulled on a white nylon power net corselette and snugly attached the six garters to the sheer seamless nylons which I had been wearing. Then I drew on long over-the-elbow white gloves and put on white leather T-strap high heels, with open toe and heel. Since the corselette was new, I decided to take a picture in it before putting on more clothing.

This was a simple task. I merely set the self-timer on the Polaroid camera and posed. The light nylons did not show up as well as I would have liked, so I put on a pair of dark hose with seams and these showed up much better in the next photo. As I was about to take another photo, I was startled by the telephone. It turned out to be a friend who just called to chat and I wondered as I talked just what he would think, could he see me dressed in high heels, long dark nylon stockings, a tight corselette with its foam filled bust cups, the long white gloves, etc.

I interrupted our conversation to set the camera and took a photo of myself talking on the telephone. I put on the nylon chemise again and then ended our conversation. For the next picture I wore a red nylon slip. Next, I decided to do a little cleaning.



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I took off the slip and my heels and put on a pair of stretch slippers. I spent the next hour cleaning and dusting. I then went back to the kitchen and fixed myself a cocktail before I prepared lunch. I changed to an older red nylon chemise and put on an apron and then fixed myself a light lunch.

I returned to the living room and curled up in a chain with my legs under me, as women often do, and watched television. I got a little chilly so I put on a high-collared bed jacket. Then I slipped on an orange cotton dress and a pair of strip sandals and posed for a picture while sitting on the floor. With a fluffy bouffant petticoat on, I took a picture sitting in a chair with the skirt raised high, while fluffing the hair of my wig.

I changed back to the dark nylons again for the next dress, which was a nylon chiffon print. A pair of black suede toed pumps were worn to complete this outfit. The next picture was taken in a light dress of dacron and cotton, which has a beige background with black dots, so that the dark stockings and black shoes I was now wearing went well with it also. I would like to meet others who enjoy cross-dressing so we could assist each other in taking such pictures.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Like many others, I too would like to meet others and discuss mutual problems concerning cross-dressing and you have my permission to send my name and address along to anyone who might care to write to me in your care. From the reading of your many publications, I know there are many persons in and around my area who have written to you, desiring to correspond, and I would be most willing to be a pen-pal to anyone who cares to write.

I am quite sure that if a number of us cross-dressers or transvestites could get together, we could find some means of organizing as a solid group and have society recognize our status instead of harrassing and giving us unwarranted criticism and bad name, without even knowing our problems fully.

I am quite sure that much of the bad impressions that the general public has about female impersonating, deeming it indecent and immoral, could be changed to an attitude of approval only if our case could be presented the right way to the public. Newspapers are quick to condemn us transvestites and the effort to change this attitude will require a well-paid public relations staff. I am sure that many of us in this predicament will be willing to contribute to such a worthy venture.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Until I started ordering several of your publications, I had no idea that so many other men shared the compelling urge I have to dress and act as a female. I am always thrilled when I have a complete day to myself, or a week-end, so that I may put on make-up, jewelry, a wig and change into several different female outfits.

I would very much like to correspond with others who share the same enjoyment I receive from wearing female clothing. If you know of anyone in the New Jersey area who has expressed a desire to correspond, you have my permission to give them my address.

I would not correspond about anything obscene or against society but merely want to write to others who, like myself, have similar interests and are lonely. I could give the correspondents the benefit of the knowledge I have gained in making up my appearance to pass as a female.

I could also give correspondents valuable tips on where to purchase feminine apparel and wigs at cut-rate prices. This knowledge was obtained from shopping around at many places as well as mail order purchases. If this should appear in print, please use my female name of Wilma and forward any replies to me.

"Wilma".

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Sir:

I am an amateur female impersonator and it all started about nineteen years ago, when I was ten years of age. It was a rainy wintry day and not having much to do, I looked through my mother's dresser. I put on her bra, panties, stockings, corset and dress and they did not fit me very well as my mother was heavy.

From that time on, as the years went by, I bought my own female attire. It took a little practice for me to walk in four-inch high heels and apply on makeup. I enjoyed these sessions very much and later bought some wigs for myself. At one time, I had a blonde, black and red wig. My measurements are 36 - 28 - 34.

A few years ago I used to get dressed up and go out for walks around my neighborhood. I finally got the nerve to go to the movies as a woman. I got past the ticket window (women were usually on duty) and then gave my ticket to the man as I entered the movies. They never realized that the beauty passing through was a "he" and not a "she."

I then went over to the mirror and took off my kerchief, coat and gloves. I applied some lipstick and seated myself, attracting wolf



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whistles which, of course, I ignored. A few times I wore a dress, flaring type, with a petticoat sewed into it, purple high-heel shoes, earrings and necklace.

I wore a blonde wig, had my eyebrows beautifully arched, greasepaint, a bright red lipstick and plenty of mascara for the lashes. On another occasion, I wore a black sheath dress with puffed short sleeves of white with black polka dots.

Once, as a joke, a male friend of mine took me to the movies as a woman. This time I wore a tight sheath gold colored dress with no sleeves. It was a little difficult for me to walk up and down the stairs with it on. No one caught on that evening, although my friend was more nervous than I was. I used to stay in the movies two or two and a half hours, dressed up as a woman.

Last year I went to a Halloween ball, held in the Bronx, New York City, and wore a chorus girl sheath type, floor length dress with flaring white panels. The bodice was white and the rest of the gown was pink. It had rhinestone shoulder straps and beaded sequins sewn on. I also wore a large picture hat in white, as well as pink suede high-heel shoes.





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The bra was sewn into the gown. I had on orange panties and a black waist cincher and stockings. I did not win any prizes that night but the photographers took photos of me in this feminine attire and it made me happy. I would like to be a professional female impersonator. How does an amateur get a start? Are there any night clubs where amateurs can perform?

I hope you will print this letter and also the pictures of myself in female attire. You have the right to print these and I hereby give you my permission. If possible, how could I get in touch with amateurs like myself and form some kind of a club?

If you do print my pictures, please use the name of "Gay Dawn" under my photos and also send me copies of the publications. I have many of the books you have published on femme mimics and I enjoy reading them and looking at the wonderful pictures in them. Your books have been of great help to me and I am very happy to find out from them that there are many others, like myself, who have aspirations of becoming professional female impersonators. Keep up the good work!

(signed) Sincerely,
"GAY DAWN."

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Dear Editor:

I might say it is hard to write this, but it really isn't. Far from it--it is more to the truth of the matter. It is very easy because I like wearing girls' clothing. I shout it to the roof tops--to the world! I am a young, attractive male, who really and truly prefers to wear female clothing.

At first--it seems so long ago now--there was simply the borrowing of a pair of panties or a blouse from mother's wardrobe and wearing them behind locked doors or off in the fields, even in the confines of the attic.

Then soon I was seventeen and just one garment was not enough. I would sit behind my desk in high school and wish I were one of the girls who sat around me. I would want so badly to be sitting there in class dressed as those girls were; in sweaters, or blouses and skirts. I wished I could have those things. The pressure in my mind told me even then that it was wrong; that what I was doing or thinking was not proper.

No one must ever catch me in female clothes. But for some reason, I was never really frightened of what others might do or say should I one





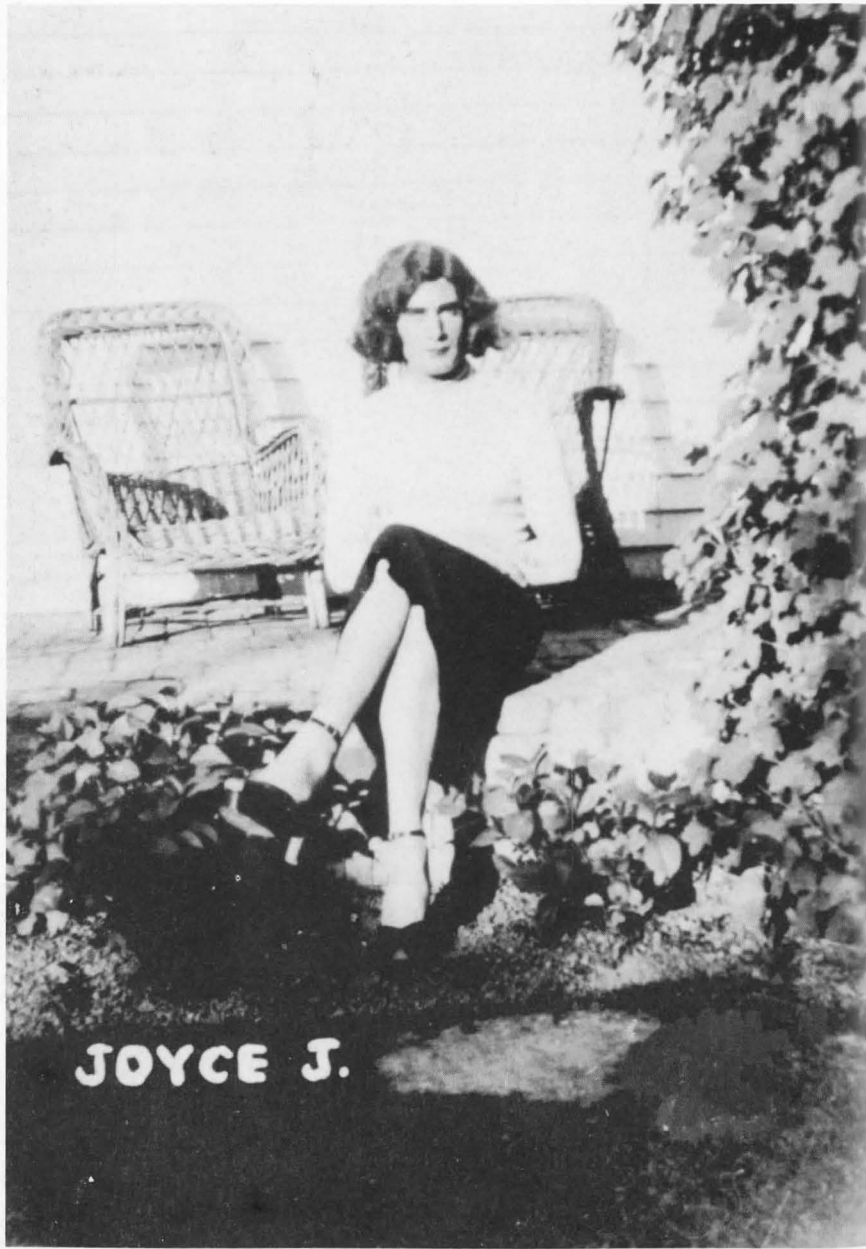
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day be caught. I longed for the feeling of that soft wool, as in a female sweater slipping over my body. I loved the feeling that the silk and satin panties gave me and the tightness of a brassiere fastened about my body.

It was all I ever longed for. The slips and the night dresses, as frilly night dresses can do, were, have been and are to me now a matter of utter desire.

I can always remember how I wanted my hair to be long, to flow down over my shoulders. When I was very small, my mother permitted me to have long hair and curls like the little girls, but then as I grew--my hair, amid tears was taken from me by the barber's shears--conventions demanded this of little boys.

Conventions are the major part of hurt to many things in the little world of people like me. My only recourse, as I grew older, I knew was to purchase a wig. I faked many wigs with cotton or the hair such as comes from the construction of stage beards and mustaches. This kind of hair can be purchased from any theatrical makeup store for very little money. It comes out horribly for a wig. I wanted a good, real hair wig. It, I knew, would be the nearest to real girl-like hair that I would ever have.



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But I soon found out that real hair wigs were so very expensive. I am now 26 years old and I own a very beautiful brunette wig. It falls beautifully over my forehead. Of course, with a few hair pins and a comb, I can change its style, as I can any part of the below the shoulder length hair.

However, as with most things, when you want something, you can never get it easily. Although I now have a beautiful wig, I lack most of all a companion to share my pretty feminine things with. I might add, my shape is kept very well by certain people who know of my desires and attend my body. I weigh 118 pounds, my hands and feet are small and I grow my fingernails long. When painted, they are the hands of a girl. My hands could be used by photographers to model rings, bracelets and nail polish.

But I am lonely and desire companionship. However, I am afraid of frequenting "gay" type bars in female attire for fear of being arrested and then losing my well-paying job. Isn't there any way we sincere transvestites can meet or correspond without getting into trouble with the law? I hope some of your readers will write, sending me the solution to my vexing problem.

(signed)

"JOYCE J."

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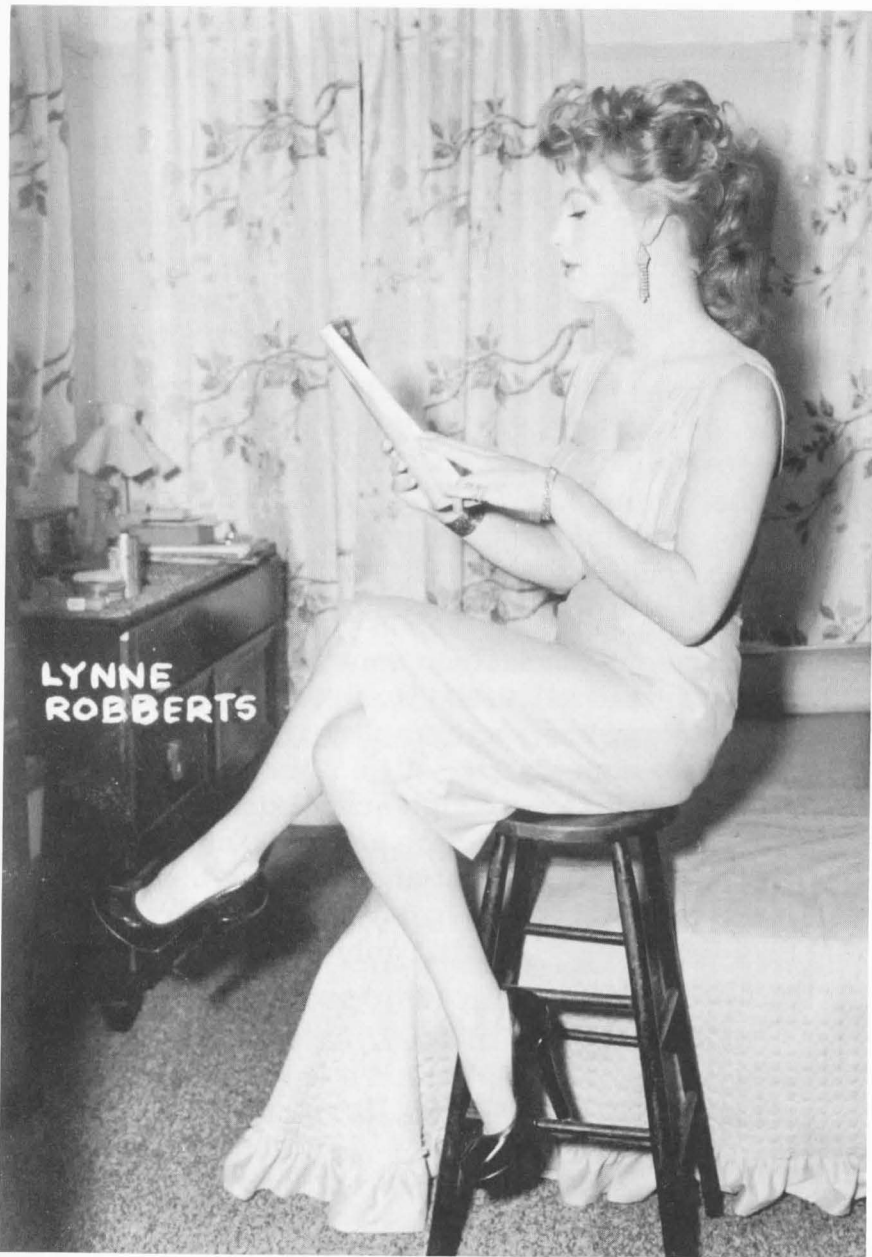
Dear Sir:

Per your request, here are some items about myself on how I started out in the practice of female impersonation. These are written in the third person and I do hope they may be of interest and help to your clientelle.

"Lynne" became a female impersonator soon after graduating from high school. Not planning on going to college, "she" took a job as a photographer's assistant. As it so happened, during the very important shooting of some fashion models, one of the models had become violently ill and had to leave the studio.

However, the fashion shooting had to be completed and delivered that very same day. In a quandry, the photographer remembered Lynne in a comedy take-off on "Romeo and Juliet" in a last year high school dramatic presentation. Lynne had the acting "bug" and had played the part of Juliet and although the play was a comedy, Lynne had played her part with grace and beauty, letting only her lines deliver the farce effect.

Had anyone not known Lynn was a boy, they certainly would have believed her to be a lovely girl of high school age while watching this pre-



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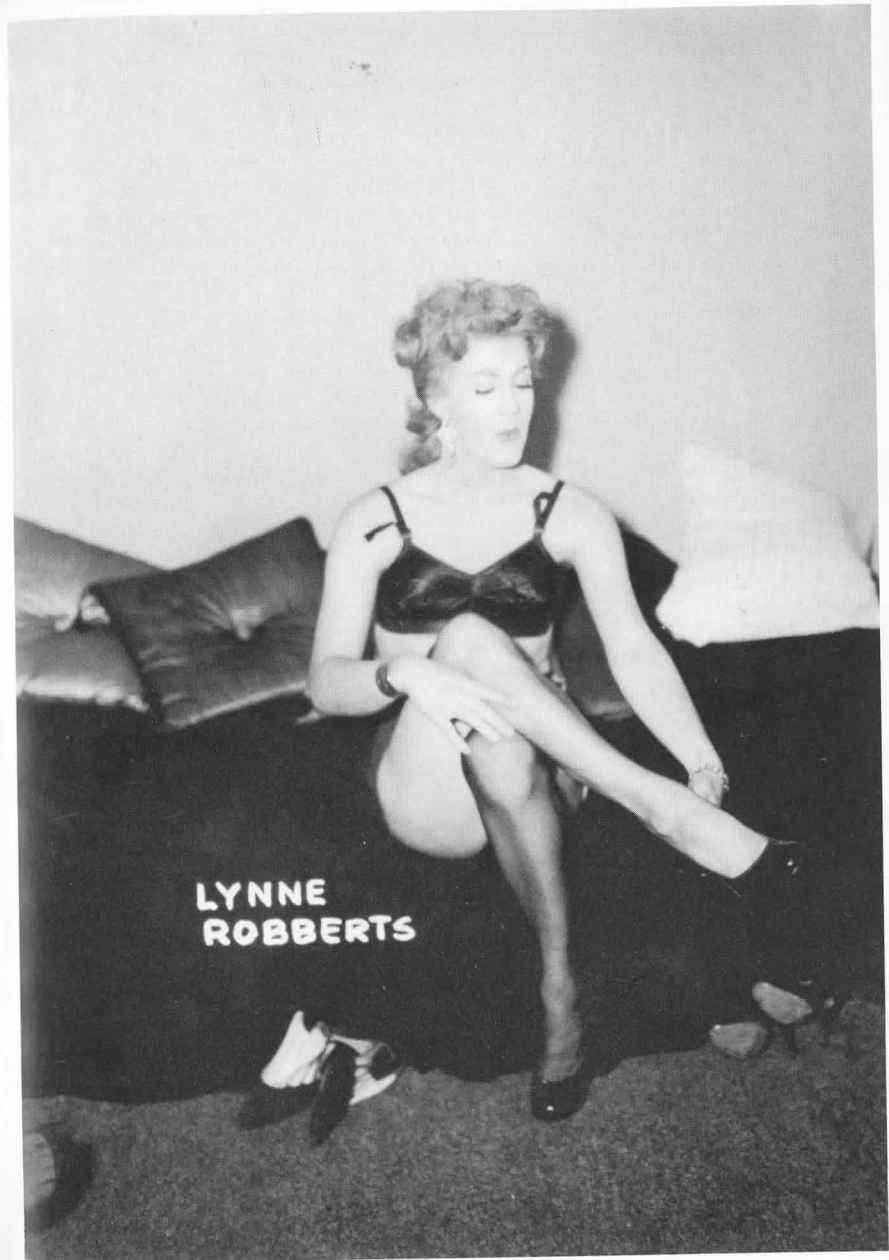
sentation. The photographer remembered all this in a quick flash and realized the solution to his problem immediately.

Lynne accepted the photographer's offer as soon as it was made. Twenty minutes later, she stood in a rose-covered archway wearing a long, white satin wedding dress. A lace veil hung far below her long blonde hair wig, scarlet finger nails tipping beautiful slender fingers and hand, held the bride's

Lynne enjoyed the thrill of wearing feminine attire and the rustle of the satin material rubbing against her body made her desire to wear female clothing all the time, instead of heavy and warm male attire. The photographs came out very well and soon Lynne received other offers to pose in feminine finery from other photographers also.

In that one quickly fleeting hour, Lynne knew that female attire was to be an all-important factor in her life--for the rest of her life. Her own masculine clothes were soon buried in a box in a closet, only to be used when female roles were scarce.

Many photographers kept in touch with her and her reputation as a fashion model soared





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to new heights. After all, the photographers could not reveal the model to be a fake and no one else had ever known the truth. Even the other girls on that day did not realize the switch. Lynne likes satin best, of which many of her panties, brassieres, slips, blouses and even a dress are made.

A local theatrical agent offered her a place in a new review at a night club and Lynne accepted, becoming the featured "strip tease" attraction there. She never revealed her true identity as a male, for Lynne never removes her wig or bra in her act or when posing for photos. Things are working out fine for Lynne -- money, all the clothes she wants and, most of all, Lynne is living the life she wants to, as a female.

Lynne appreciates the many nice comments on her appearance and acting talent, stemming from the lovely write-up about Lynne Robberts in Volume Six of "The Art of Female Impersonation" and only regrets that she does not have the time to answer each letter received personally. However, Lynne sends her best regards to all of her fans, wherever they are.

Sincerely,
"Lynne Robberts."



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor,
Nutrix Co. Publications.

I love female impersonation and I have been a devoted transvestite for many years. Like so many others who have this same eccentricity in their lives, I first dressed up in my aunt's clothes when I was a teenager and loved the soft gentle support given by a girdle, bra and silken clad limbs.

From the very first time that I completely dressed in feminine clothing, I knew that I would enjoy this at every opportunity to attire myself as such. When I am in female clothing, I do not feel as a man, but as a woman should. Whenever out in public in my feminine trappings, I can feel just as feminine as the next gal.

I was the youngest of three in the family, having two older sisters--one 8 and the other 6 years older than myself. My father died when I was eight and the only association I had with an older man was my grandfather, who made his home with us. He passed away when I was twelve.

In my early years, I was a rough and tumble character and went for all active sport participation, but after a bout with scarlet fever when



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I was ten, I felt strangely different. I found I wanted to pal around girls more than boys and had a keen desire for things more feminine.

I would see my sisters in their well-fitting underclothing and hose and felt rather envious that I had to wear loose-fitting underwear and hose. It was then that I took a desire to dress in female clothing, but as they were much taller than I, it would be impossible to have the items fit as they should.

I would get into their dresser drawers and fondle the silk and rayon underclothing. I would try to picture what it would be like to have them on and promised myself that as soon as I was tall enough, I would dress up in their clothes to see just what it would be like.

I started to grow and took a sudden spurt of growth, lacking only a scant inch or two of being my sister's height. I was thin, possibly tipping the scales at 125 lbs. with a rather feminine body. I recall the big day as vividly as though it were yesterday... it was the first day of summer vacation from school in June. My sisters would leave for work at 8:30 AM and not be home until after 5:30 PM. Mother was going out of town to a meeting.



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I got up at 8 AM and was disappointed to see it raining the first day of the vacation. I was wondering what to do to while away the hours until it stopped raining. As I came out in the hall to go down for breakfast, I saw my mother and sisters in their lingerie, dressing to leave, and I got the answer: **THIS IS THE DAY TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE TO WEAR GIRL'S CLOTHES!**

I was flushed with excitement and it seemed like hours before they left although it was only a brief time. They got out to the car stop almost in front of the house. Mother boarded the interurban and my sisters in the city car followed in the wake of the interurban.

I bounded up the stairs into my room, stripped to the nude and into their room before the city car had gone one block. I looked around to see what could be put on, not touching any freshly laundered items, but items to be washed. I certainly did not want to wrinkle anything. However, everything I needed was there to be laundered.

I first went into a sleek fitting pink girdle and a matching bra which I padded up with hankies to fill up the bra. I put on the panties and the hose, which I anchored to the garters of the girdle, making sure the seams were straight.



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Next, into a slip and into a pair of high heel sandals, which fit my feet as though made for me. Then I went to the bathroom and adeptly put on my makeup, just as well as the next gal. As I had very wavy hair when young, my locks were the envy of the girls, so I brushed my hair and fluffed it up to look like a boyish bob.

I took a curling iron and curled a few ends to make it look more feminine. Then back into the bedroom and into a dress and belt, topping off my creation with earrings, necklace and bracelet--my GIRLFRIEND had arrived.

Out of the room I went and down stairs. I did not even wobble in my first attempt at wearing high heels, but felt just as much at home in them as though I had worn them all my life. Surveying myself in a full-length mirror in the reception hall, my "girl" smiled back at me. It was as though my sister, Ethel, had a twin sister. I can even pass for her today.

It was as though this creature stepped thru the mirror and buried herself deep within me. The well-fitting undergarments moulded a shapely feminine figure. Pulling up the skirt, a very curvey shapely limb was visible. The overall feeling of female clothes filled me with heavenly devine ecstasy.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Only another transvestite can understand the feminine emotions that one can enjoy by dressing up. I knew right then and there that I had to enjoy this again and again--thus another transvestite was born!

My younger sister was married early that fall but my older sister's clothes fit me better anyway. She was in charge of the lingerie section of the store where she worked and her underwear and bras were of the finest. I would put them on with loving gentle care.

I wanted to go to a Halloween party that year in female attire so I let it be known that I did not know what to wear. My sister suggested that I dress up as a girl, not knowing that this was what I had hoped she would say. Dressing up completely in some cast off female clothes with her aid on makeup, I put on high heel shoes and purposely wobbled in them not to reveal that I already knew how to walk in them.

She and mother did not know then how I loved to dress permanently this way and the sheer enjoyment I was having. That entire Halloween season I dressed up every night, whether there was a party going on or not! It was fun for the others, but enjoyment for me.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

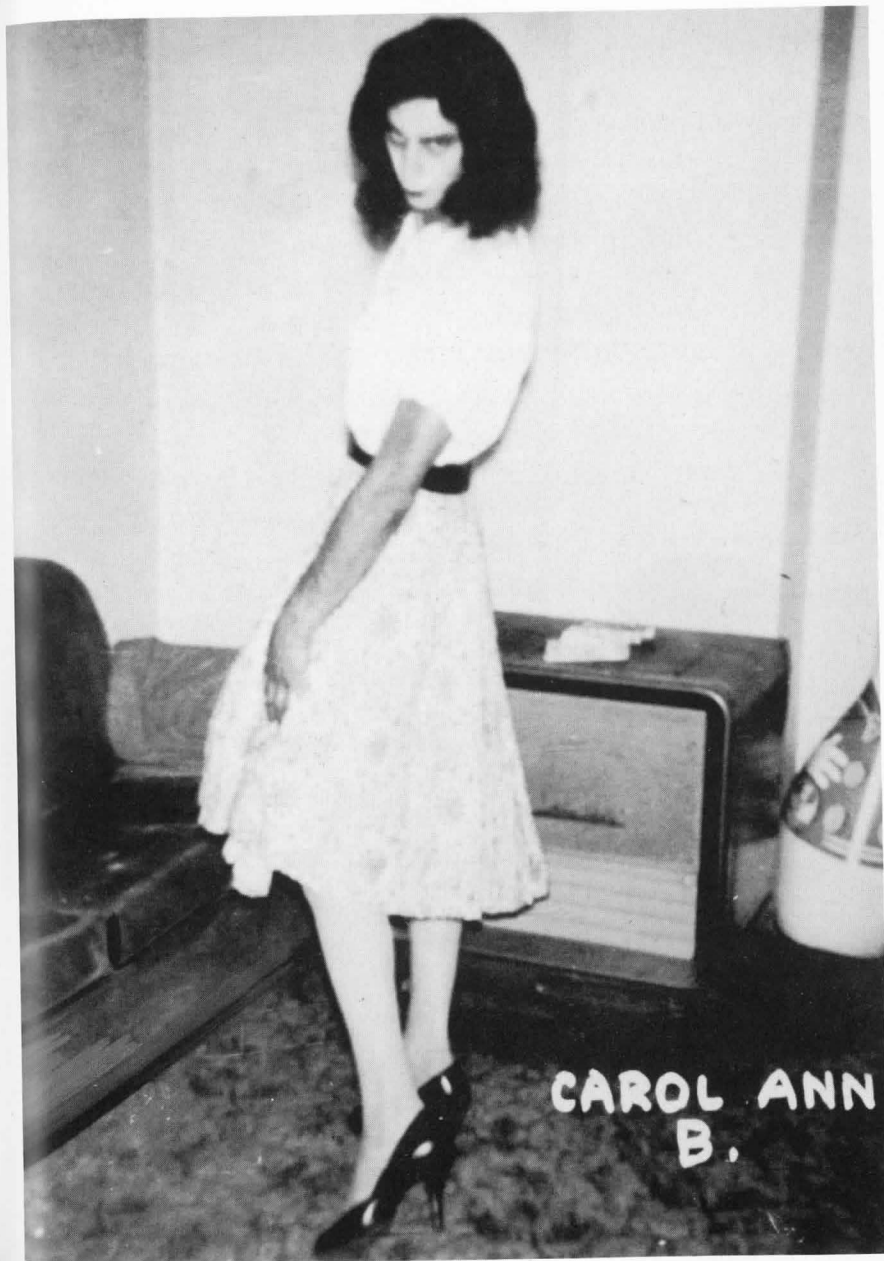
Female wigs were advertised in a mailorder catalogue so I saved some money and ordered a brunette wig. I was in pins and needles in hopes I would be home when the postman arrived. It worked out perfectly so I secreted the wig away. I was always fearful of someone arriving home unexpectedly to catch me all dolled up and the subsequent bawling out that I was fearful of getting.

It was my own fault when it happened. Mother went away for a two-week trip with an aunt and the minute my sister left for work, shortly thereafter I would be in orbit, spending most of my day in the house as my "girlfriend." I had forgotten about the stores closing on Wednesday afternoon and I was out in the kitchen, dressed about as feminine as any gal would want to be, having lunch.

Who walks in but my sister--and me with no place to duck! I figured this is it. However, after she overcame her amazement, all she said was, "You got on too much makeup. Get it washed off and I'll fix it for you."

"You're not mad!" I said.

"I suspected something like this was going on," she said, "as I noticed things a bit not as I would leave them."





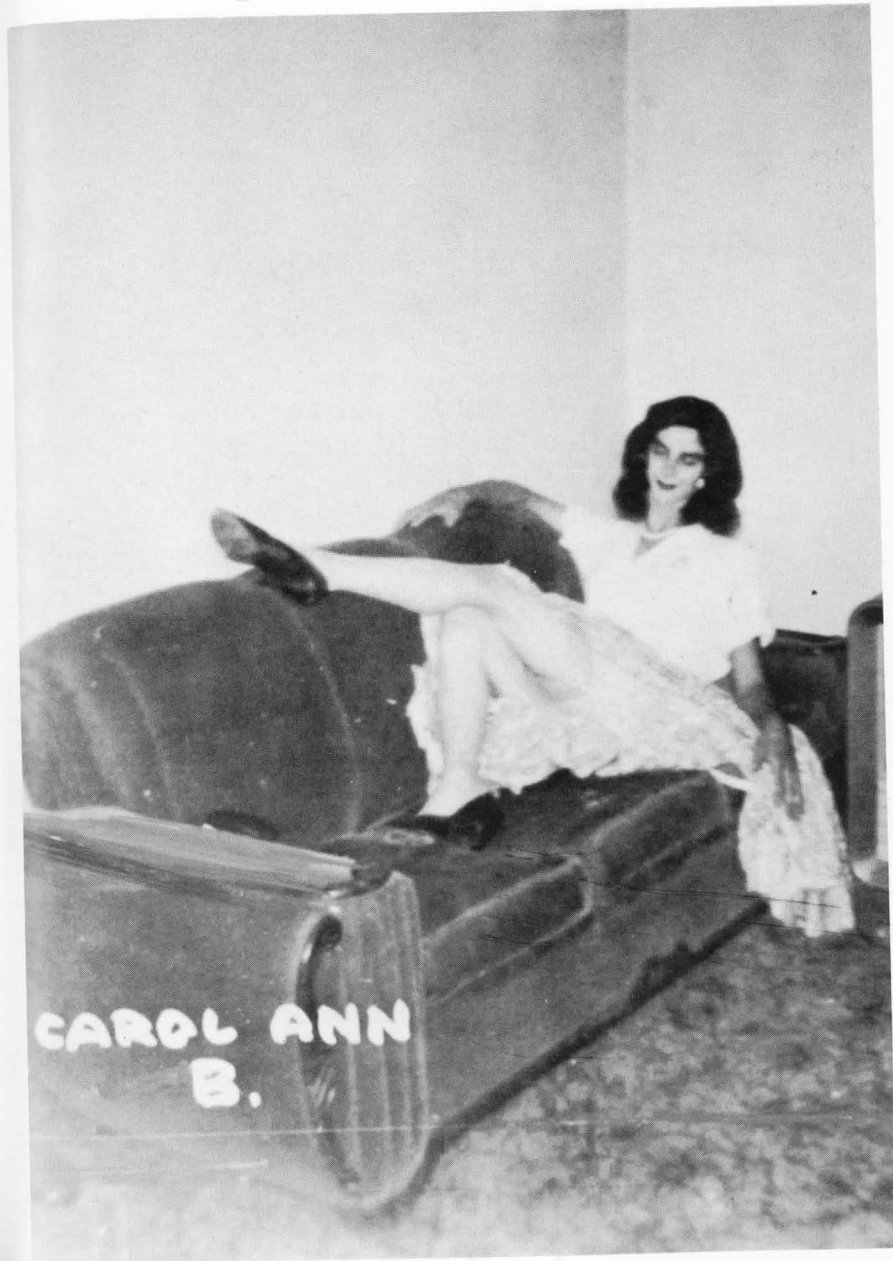
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The rest of the time that mother was away I would be dolled up, as my sister now knew it. She later told my mother and both of them looked upon it as a passing teenage urge and no doubt would be cast aside for something else in due time. This was not the case with me, as I desired to live like a girl more and more.

I had never thought of a female name for my other ego, so taking my sister's suggestion, "Carol Ann" became my "girlfriend," and I kept this name ever since. After I graduated from high school, my mother died and my older sister was married. I was working full time in a new store in town.

I was asked if a girl working in the office was a sister of mine, as we resembled each other to pass for brother and sister. I sought her out and met Ann, whom I married later. We were both about the same height. She was an accomplished pianist and singer and on weekends she played in a local nightclub downtown.

We started dating and my dressing in female clothing came about thus: I had a date with her in late June and we got caught in a sudden shower from the car stop to her place. I was drenched when I got there.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

She said since she lived alone, she did not have any male clothes to lend me while my own clothes were drying, but could loan me pajamas and bathrobe and would not tell anyone of my predicament. Going into her bedroom, I found ample female clothes and dressed up completely from the skin out.

I told her I was coming out and not to laugh. Even her open-toed shoes fit me. She got quite a charge of me being dolled up, so made me up and put one of her show biz wigs on my head. It rained most of the afternoon and later I checked to see if my clothing were drying. The cuffs of my trousers were still damp and later on I found them soaked!

I mentioned to her the oddity and she said that she poured water on them as she liked to see me this way. Then I openly told her that I was a transvestite and had a fondness to female dress every chance I got to adorn myself in such attire.

From then on, needless to say, I would no sooner visit her place than shortly thereafter I would be dressed just as feminine as she was! We were later married and after my wartime service, the transvestism continued to the point where my wife wanted me to seek out the causes.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I was bothered somewhat with allergies and underwent treatment at the Veterans Hospital. Salves and other medications did not work and a specialist who examined me was rather amazed at my feminine figure. Out of the clear blue sky, he asked me, "Are you a transvestite? I would say that your basic trouble is emotional."

I acknowledged to him that I was a transvestite and after examination, it was found that my hormones were out of balance and that the estrogenic content of my body was greater than that of the male hormone, probably occurring at the time of my bout with scarlet fever in my youth. First they tried giving me shots and the allergy got worse, then reversed the process and built up the estrogenic content for a month and the condition cleared up.

It has reached the point where I would love to burn every bit of male clothing in the house and submit to a battery of estrogenic hormones to completely live as a woman. My wife is still tolerant but I do not know for how long. That is the extent of my reasons for wearing female attire and would like to hear from some of your readers who have had similar desires as mine.

Sincerely,
(signed) "CAROL ANN B."

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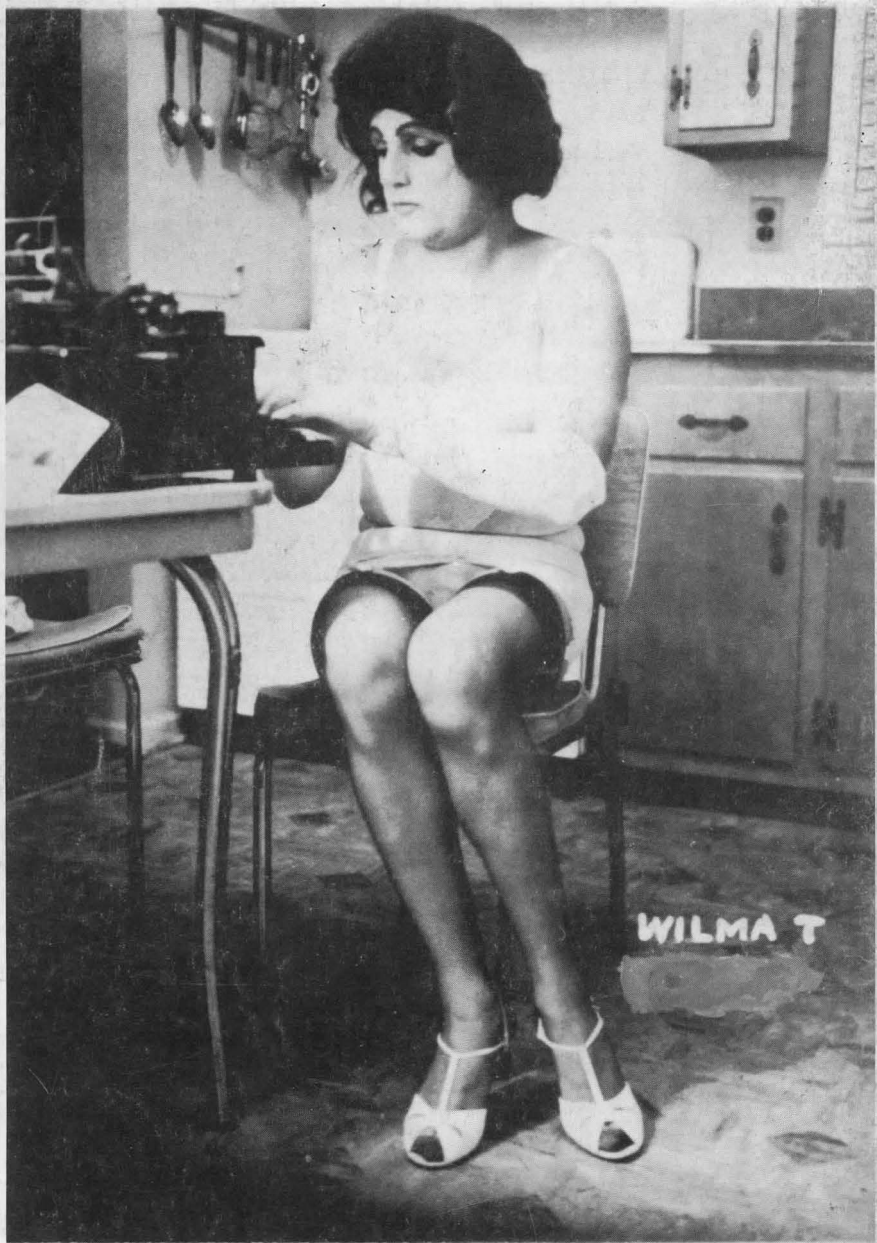
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