

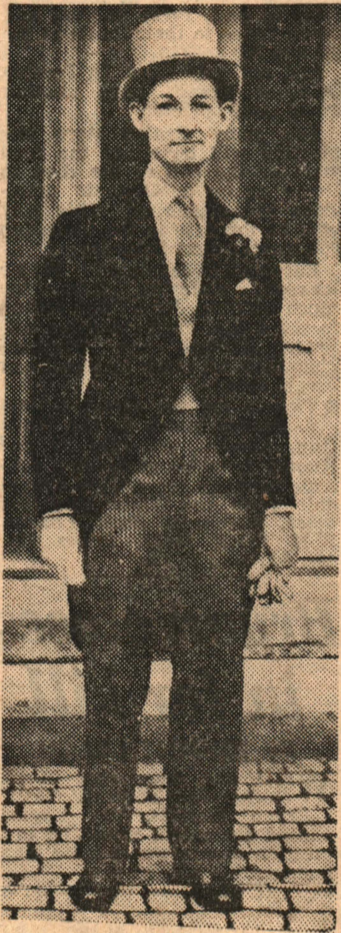
# NOW I'M GETTING PROPOSALS

By *Ex-Naval Officer*



## GEORGINA TURTLE

*Georgina who was George until she changed her sex continues the frank and intimate story of her new life.*



**ME** as a wedding guest before my change

**A**MONG the many letters I received after my article in the News of the World last week were several proposals of marriage. One eager suitor even made a personal call to propose.

Let me say at once that marriage is included in my plans for the future—if Mr. Right comes along. But there will be no romance resulting from a pen friendship.

I have lived a lonely, and in many ways secluded, life. I don't intend to run away from people any more.

Another reader wanted my vital statistics. For the record they are 36-26-36.

I have also been asked about my hobbies. Well, I like playing the piano and I'm fond of "pop." My favourite piece of the moment is "I enjoy being a girl."

The road from Mr. Turtle to Miss Turtle has been a long one. A road so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable.

### The problem of clothes

I WENT into the London Clinic dressed as a man, and came out after an operation, dressed as a woman.

The change in clothes in itself was quite a problem. But, thanks to some experience of amateur theatricals, make-up held few terrors for me.

To start with I felt awkward and uncomfortable, but wearing nylons really boosted my morale—for the first time I felt a woman at heart.

Of course, I had to buy all my own clothes. And this was most embarrassing before my operation.

Those shop assistants gave me some old-fashioned looks.

There is an art in putting on silk stockings, and I readily admit I was puzzled. Now I know you roll them

on.

### Where women are luckier

THE tricky business of fixing suspenders foxed me—but then I have since learned that women more experienced than I also have difficulty.

Of course, a woman daren't attend to these matters in public, there is always a roving eye to consider.

I now realise the full meaning of the phrase: "I'm a big girl now." That's something all girls must feel when they first put on nylons.

I soon came to prefer soft women's clothes.

The flimsy materials are much cooler in Summer. As far as clothes are concerned, I think men have a pretty raw deal.

Overnight I had to learn to do everything that is feminine.

Not for me the advantage of learning about fashions over the years or advice from my family.

Growing my hair long was

### NEXT WEEK

How a man's life and thoughts differ from a woman's. My battle for recognition as a girl.

myself and given only a quick check-up.

I didn't mix more than I had to with my fellow officers.

To try to be more masculine I took to a pipe.

I enjoyed it at the time but in 1955, after I had left the Navy and began to get worse and worse bouts of depression, I found it impossible to go on pipe-smoking.

I rarely went to Navy

dances. I felt embarrassed in the company of girls.

I did, however, get tangled up in a few heavy drinking sessions.

At such times I shook free of my inhibitions and I'd find myself giggling like a girl.

Fortunately on these occasions my fellow officers were generally too pickled themselves to notice anything odd.

As my feminine instincts

became more pronounced I found myself taking a keen interest in cooking, knitting and sewing.

Again nothing odd there. All sailors can cook, knit and sew.

When I left the Navy I went back to Croydon.

Again it was a life of work and little pleasure. It

certainly made me a dull boy—or girl. For such was my state of mind at this time I could no longer disregard my feminine instincts.

At the age of 33 I realised that to continue to suppress my emotions would ruin my health. I decided to consult psychiatrists.

TO BE CONTINUED

embarrassing, too. One evening some Teddy Boys chased me along the promenade shouting rude remarks.

But let me go back to the beginning.

From an early age I knew my sex was wrong. During my boyhood I tried desperately to suppress the feminine instincts that surged within me.

I endured torture, both mental and physical, for fear that by expressing my feelings, I should hurt my parents.

To all physical appearances I was taken for a normal male. Inwardly and emotionally I was a girl.

### Battle with my instincts

DESPITE this, I wasn't an effeminate boy. I learned to avoid anything that might stamp me as such.

But as I grew up the battle to suppress my natural instincts became increasingly difficult.

My efforts at sport and games were appalling. I tended to giggle and squeak when excited. My feeble attempts in the boxing ring were pathetic.

Many people have asked me why my condition was not spotted when I was medically examined on entering the Navy.

Don't forget there was a war on—and I wanted to do my bit like everybody else.

Also, in my profession officers were badly wanted. I was classed as a medico