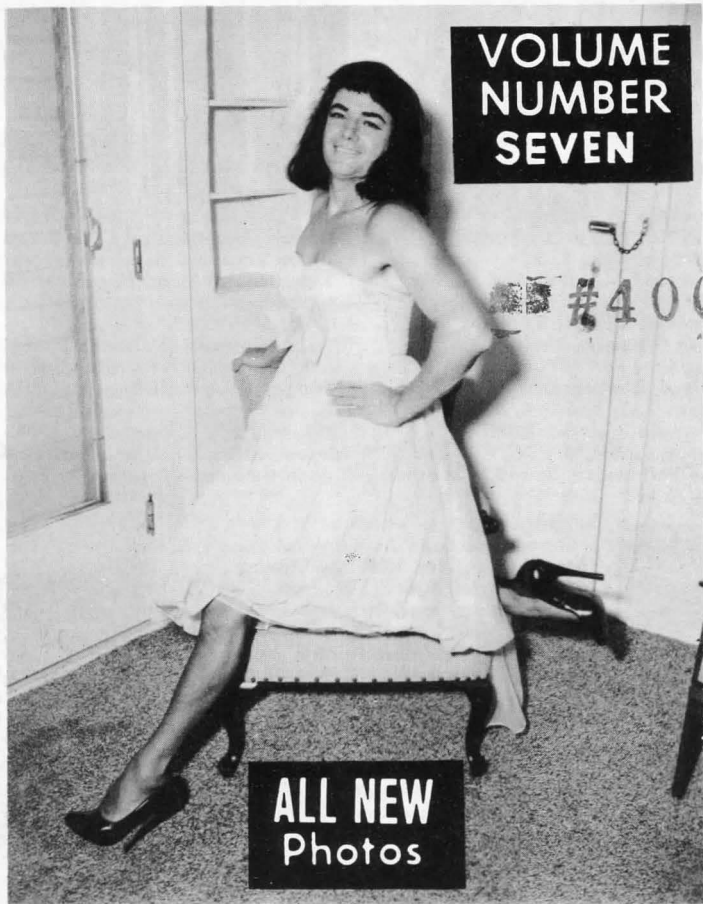


LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Published by Nutrix Co.



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VOLUME NUMBER SEVEN

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

ACTUAL CORRESPONDENCE
ON FEMME MIMICS
ILLUSTRATED WITH 35
PHOTOS OF MALES
IN FEMININE CLOTHES

Published By Nutrix Co.
35 Montgomery Street
Jersey City 2, New Jersey

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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Sirs:

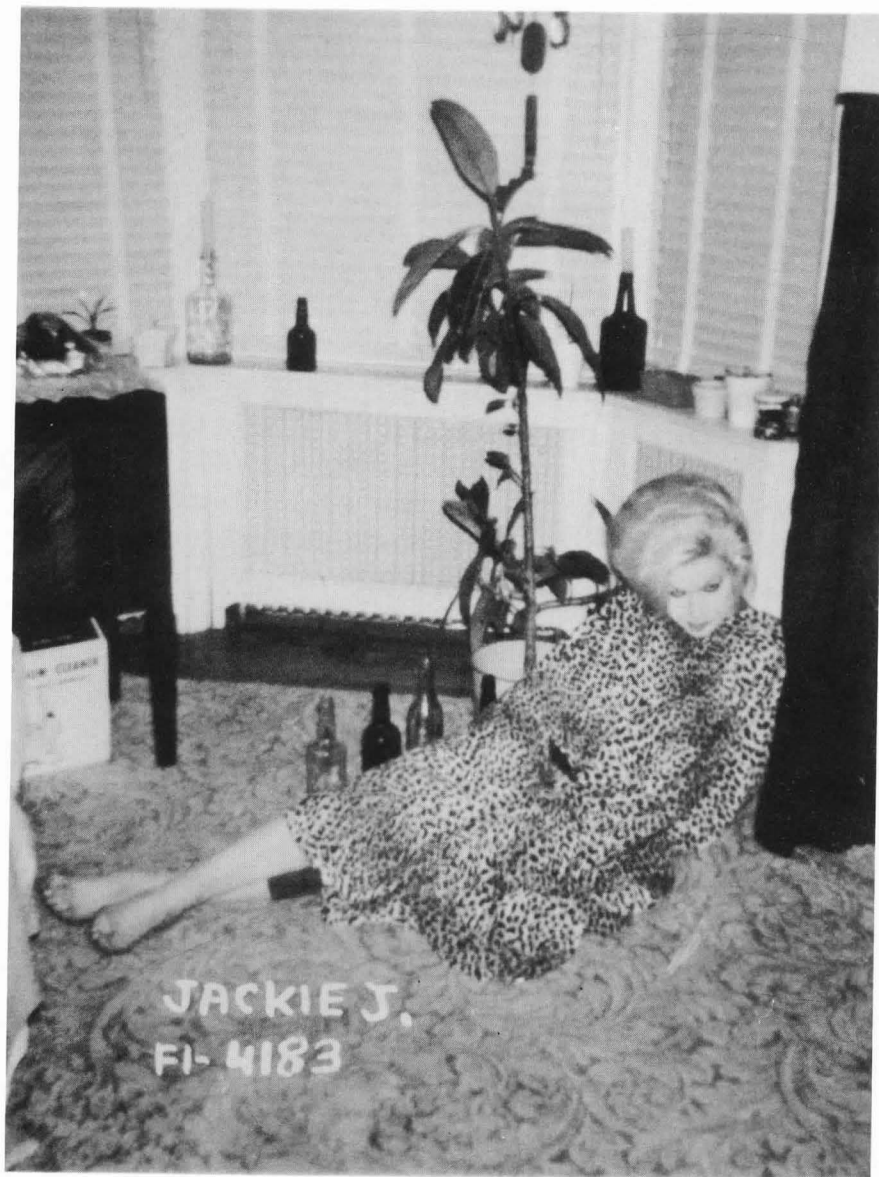
I have read all your books on female impersonation and I would like very much to find out some information. I am an impersonator myself, but have never worked in this line, although I would very much like to. It seems I was never able to get the chance to do so.

The photograph I am enclosing is of myself. The hair is not a wig--it is all my own. I am 21 years old, 5 feet and 9 inches tall. I weigh about 140 lbs and I have hazel eyes.

My name is "Jackie" and I would like very much like to know if one of you could possibly recommend me to someone who gives hormone shots. I would very much like to have them to improve my appearance. Please send me this information, if possible, as I am anxious to change my sex from male to female as Cocinelle has done, which was widely publicized in the newspapers recently.

I have a little money saved and would like to know the exact price of this operation, so I could save more money if necessary. I do not believe that I will be happy until I achieve my heart's desire, and I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,
"JACKIE"



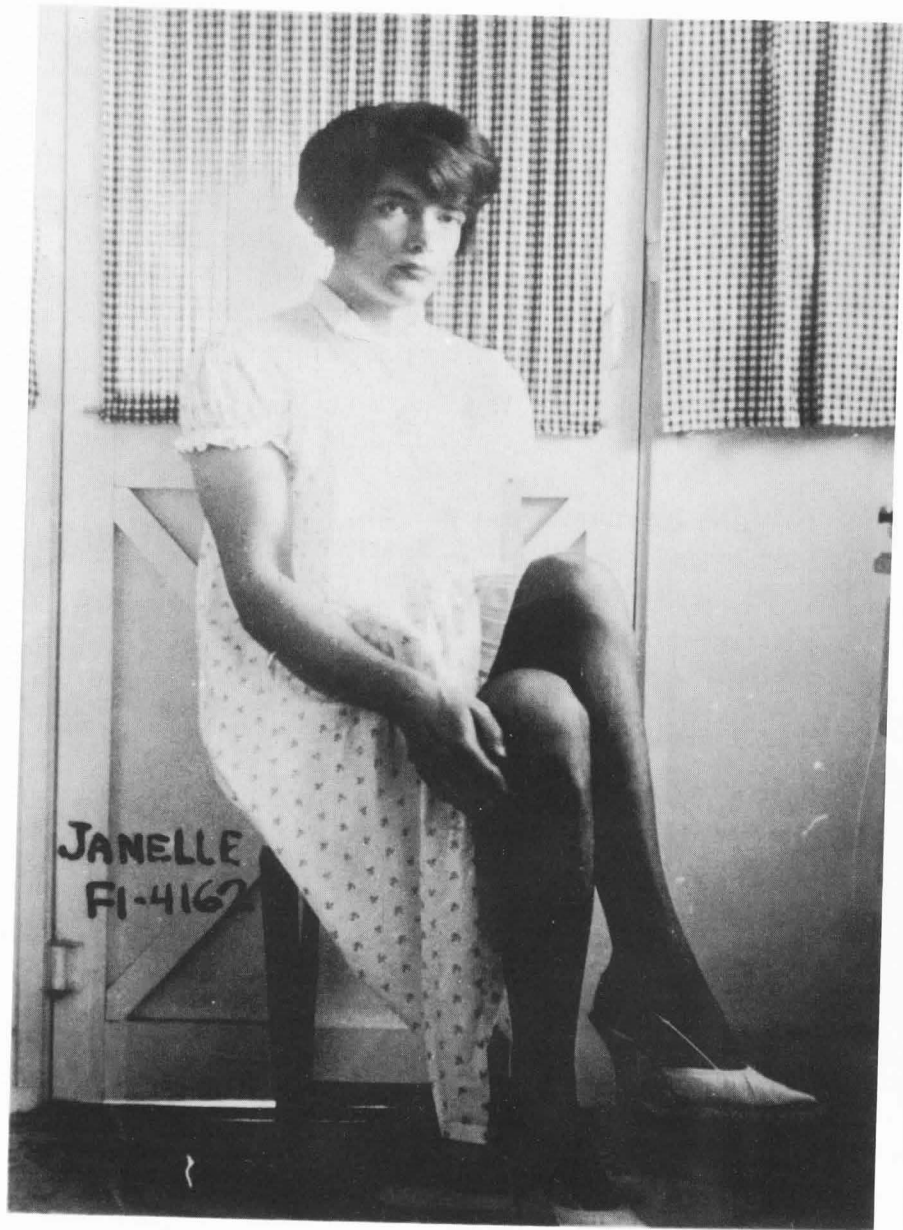
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Nutrix,

Although I have not yet received the books which I have on order with you, since I live so far away, I feel sure that I am going to be most impressed with them. Your catalogue is most illustrative and I am anxiously awaiting the books.

We have no such publications in this country, much to my sorrow, and I am grateful that you are prepared to accept our currency as exchange. Now, I was wondering if you would be interested in my story. This may seem presumptuous to you, but I just thought that you may be able to use my story in some way in a future publication. I have also included a couple of photos which, although not up to your high standard, may be of value to you.

I am known as "Janelle," or simply "Jan" by my friends. I am 25 years old and to the best of my recollectable knowledge, have been impersonating women since I was about nine. Why, I don't know, but I have long ago stopped trying to find out why, so that I may be able to enjoy myself the more. I can remember occasionally wearing an article of clothing belonging to my mother and deriving great enjoyment.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

As most children do, my young friends and I used to play "Mothers and Fathers" and other such games. I invariably would volunteer for the part of the "mother." Such games were regular through the years until I was about 12 years old and then I noticed that if I volunteered for a girl's part, I would be ridiculed by my playmates. So I retired hurt and decided to confine my feminine desires to the privacy of my own bedroom.

When my parents were out, I would spend many happy hours in my bedroom wearing my mother's clothes. Even at this early age, I was practicing with makeup and walking in high heels. By the time I was seventeen, I was quite adept at this and I could fashion myself into an attractive and convincing girl.

I had left school by now and my job was providing me with a regular weekly income. I decided to use some of this money to outfit myself with a complete female wardrobe to my size, which I could use at my leisure. Nobody knew of this and I preferred to keep my activities a secret, at least for the time being. I took a great interest in female impersonators appearing on the stage and collected press cuttings and photographs of them.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Whenever a female impersonator appeared at a nightclub in our city, I would make every endeavour to see "her" work and I critically studied "her" technique. Soon after I turned nineteen, I moved from my home to a flat in the Bohemian section of the city, known as Kings Cross.

Here my life really began. I had not been there long when I met, purely by accident, two men who apparently had the same ideas as myself. We became quite friendly and made it a practice to visit each other frequently. We spent many enjoyable times together, dressed as girls.

Occasionally, there were parties and we often used to go as girls and try to fool the male populace into believing this. It was during this period that I acquired the name of "Janelle." My friends and I spent one whole evening deciding on what names we would use if we ever made the professional ranks and I was dubbed "Janelle" and this name stuck.

Although I had a great desire to become a professional impersonator, I never have. I could never master the art of talking in a feminine tone. While my voice would pass with a



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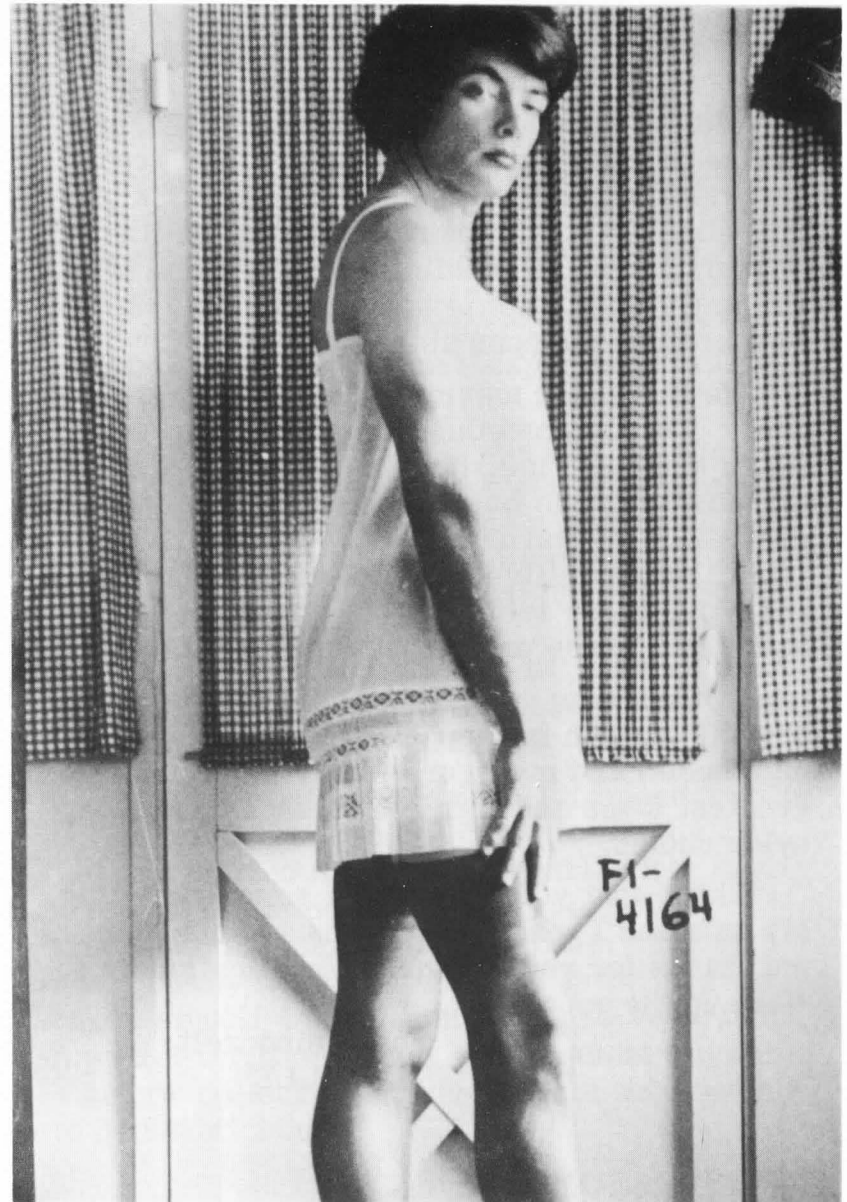
push at private parties, it did not come up to the required standards for professional work, and this I regret very much.

By this time, I had acquired an extensive wardrobe. In fact, I now owned more female clothes than male! I was, however, very fashion conscious and as soon as an item was outdated, it was discarded. This was quite a drain on my pocketbook.

During my stay at Kings Cross, I met many girls, most of whom were very unimpressed when they discovered my secret passion. However, one of them, a very attractive and sexy girl by the name of Denise, did not seem to mind at all.

In fact, it came about that she would help me by buying clothes for me and she quite often came to my flat while I was a "girl" and was very enjoyable company, treating me as she would any of her female friends. She excited me, this girl, as no other girl ever had and I became very fond of her. She seemed to return the feeling and eventually we fell in love.

I had now acquired a job as a country representative for a major oil company and when my



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

transfer to the country was eminent, I asked Denise to marry me, which she, to my great surprise, agreed to do. Denise was sick of the people at "the Cross", claiming that they were artificial and shallow. She felt that if she was going to settle down at all, "it might as well be with someone as silly as myself."

We have been married happily for two years now. This is something I had never dreamed would happen to me, but I was just lucky enough to find a girl who was not worried by my unusual desires. My wardrobe is now larger than ever and although we live most of the time as man and wife, there are many occasions when we both relax in the privacy of our home as sisters.

So that is my story. Just for the record, I am 5' 9" tall in stocking feet (exactly 6' 0" with high heels) and my figure is 38" 26" 37". My greatest loves are high heeled shoes and lacey nylon undies.

I hope that you can use my story sometime. My wife and I send our regards and our sincerest thanks for your wonderful publications. Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
"JANELLE"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

Even as a small boy, I can well remember wishing that I were a girl and thinking I would be a girl if I could only wear my hair long and just wear a dress. I resembled a girl quite a bit at that time. My mother cut my hair for me and since she was an inexperienced barber, she always cut bangs for me.

In the neighborhood, I was often mistaken for a little girl in jeans. I was very pleased whenever someone called me a little girl. In school the boys would ridicule me by calling me a girl! But to be called a girl by them really made me happy, not angry. I would always refer to myself as "she" and my mother would always correct me, as well as my father, and they could not understand it.

At the age of only fifteen, I dropped out of school and left home. I came to the big city, where I started to dress as a girl, after buying myself a feminine wardrobe, even a bra for the bust I did not have at that time. I wore a scarf on my head until my hair grew long enough to get myself a permanent. I still remember my first thrill of getting a permanent wave in a beauty collect free, where girls were learning to be beauticians.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I was able to get a job jerking soda in a drug store and to live with a tolerant uncle in the big city, since I was still so young. He allowed me to dress up as a girl whenever I wanted to.

My uncle introduced me to people as "my sister's girl, Beatrice." By the way, the name I use is my legal name and not one that is assumed, so this has made the legal complications easier. Why I was named Carol Beatrice I don't know and I don't care. I am just glad that I was given this name.

In 1942, all men over 18 had to register for the draft. I was afraid not to do so. So I got a male haircut, shedded my feminine attire for masculine wear and registered for the draft. Before too many of the people who knew me could see and recognize me as "the girl who became a boy," I enlisted in the Air Force.

My Army life was not very eventful. I wore masculine clothing all the time while away at camp. I was never sent overseas. Whenever I received a furlough, I would put on a dress as soon as I got home. My parents now tolerated my eccentricities, although they did not approve like my uncle did.



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It was so relaxing for me to get into feminine wear, from the skin out. While I was in the Army, I ordered bust hormone creams to try and make my bust develop without much success, though I was thankful to have a hairless chest and feminine legs.

Kidding my fellow soldiers in the barracks about my femininity pleased me a lot. Upon receiving an honorable discharge from the Army, I was determined never to put on another pair of pants again, and I haven't--not the masculine kind. I wear women's slacks a good portion of the time.

I went to a local doctor and told him of my troubles and desires. I asked him if it would be possible for him to give me female hormones. After a series of tests on me, he agreed to it. I take tablets daily, as well as an injection in the hips once a week.

I will never forget the first time his poor nurse saw me. I was dressed as a woman. The doctor, out of courtesy, addressed me as "Miss Beatrice" and told his nurse, who had never before laid eyes on me, to give me a female hormone injection, she almost fainted. The doctor said calmly and kindly, "Miss

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Beatrice is a transvestite," and he proceeded to explain my case to her, while having her study my body.

My mammary glands had begun to develop by that time. The doctor asked me if I would mind his calling in his secretary and receptionist also, so she could observe me, in order to avoid any misunderstandings perhaps in the future. I told him I did not mind at all.

After understanding the situation, the secretary and the nurse were both very tolerant. After about two years of treatments, I had developed a 39 inch bust. I have a completely feminine figure now.

My other measurements are 28 and 39. I am 5' 8" tall and I weigh 150 pounds. Would I like to become a real woman, or at least in the sense of Charlotte McLeod, Christine J. or Jacques Du Fresnoy (Cocinelle)? You are darn right I would!

The trouble is that I do not have the money to afford such an operation, as I would have to travel to Europe to have this done. That would be a lot of money for me and it would take me a long time to save.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I am relatively happy as I am now. I work as a sales clerk in a dime store and I am satisfied in this job.

I do not try to hide my secret any more. With the nice figure I have now, most people refuse to believe the gossippers, who tell them that I am really a man and served 39 months in the Air Force. Anyone looking at me is fully convinced that I am a girl.

As for my sex life, I have none. I refuse to date men in order to avoid possible trouble, although many youngmen have asked me out, since I am attractive.

Women enjoy me as a friend and I have no trouble with them. I am accepted as "one of the girls" by the many women with whom I work at the dime store.

The female hormone shots have removed the sex desire I once had for women and as of now I have no desire at all for sex. I enjoy my life and could go on forever like this.

I follow your publications closely and congratulate the company for the good work you are doing in putting out the books on female impersonation.

Sincerely,
"Miss Carol Beatrice."
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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Sirs:

Firstly, let me say thank you for those wonderful books of yours and your unfailing prompt response to my various orders. Like most of your customers, no doubt, I look forward to their arrival keenly, and I have not been disappointed yet.

Congratulations, too, your master stroke in appointing Vickie Lynne as Associate Editor. His wide experience and his willingness to aid the newer impersonators makes him an ideal choice for this job.

While it is difficult to choose from so many brilliant performers, I think my personal favorite is Laurie Allen. There can be few blondes about with his excellent figure, poise and beauty. I also have a soft spot for Terry Noel, another blonde, whose handling of eye makeup really does things for him.

And I am quite jealous of Tina Marsh, who first appeared as a brunette amateur and now, it seems, is a blonde professional. Let's have more of all of them.

In my own case, I was naturally flattered to find my snaps in two of your books, albeit, duly



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humbled when I compared myself with the gorgeous creatures who appeared in the same pages.

Since I was a youngster, I have always been fascinated by the glamorous girls who manage to improve on nature. If there are two items that have always particularly intrigued me, they are tight corsets and high heels. In fact, I still prefer my heels to be as high as possible.

As you mentioned in one of your write-ups, I own and wear six-inch heels. These are too high for me regular wear, however. My favorite height, however, is the five-inch heel, which I can and do wear for hours at a time.

I have, as have most impersonators, a love of sheer nylons and elaborate makeup. I like my skirts to be pencil slim and I adore sheath dresses. I have a brunette natural hair wig which cost me a packet, and thanks probably to the influence of your professional models, I am at present awaiting a platinum blonde wig, which I hope will help to build up my "glamour."

I own a wide selection of women's clothes-- blouses, frocks, skirts, lingerie, corsets, bras, shoes, jewelry, etc. My makeup includes everything from false nails and nail enamel to eye liner and shadow.



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My sister was two years younger than I, and was, and is, a glamour puss. Even as a school girl, she went the whole hog after hours with makeup, high heels, etc. She encouraged me to dress up as a girl. Even when I was only fourteen, she would get me into "drag" and take me with her to the movies.

Once or twice, this led to awkward situations, with young bloods making passes, but somehow she always managed to get me out of it. Today I do not have the same sylph-like figure, but it is amazing what good corsetry will do. I spend probably rather more than I should on the attire I prefer, but then any hobby is expensive.

There are "drag" dances and parties to attend, and friends who, like myself, prefer to be feminine at every opportunity. Probably, if all girls got around in shapeless garments and devoid of makeup, with short straggly hair, we would not wish to emulate them.

As it is, the girls seem to have all the advantages and all the fun. We try our best to imitate them and those who succeed in imitating enjoy it greatly and are very happy, as myself.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I might add right here that there are quite a few males in this country who successfully live as girls all the time. You might call these people the "super" professionals, as they are so good in imitating and living just like females.

Very occasionally, one will get into trouble, but this does not seem to deter the others. The enjoyment is too great to drop the practice of imitating females and they go right on doing it.

Really, it is amazing how the feminine fashion gimmicks and aids to glamour can work such a transformation in a man that he will look just like a woman. All he has to do then is to act and talk like a woman and he has succeeded. In fact, most of the gadgets we female impersonators use are already used by many girls to make up for their own deficiencies.

Enclosed are three more shots of "Sylvia", which you may care to use as fillers when you have space in your wonderful books. You have my permission to print, sell and publish these photographs, should you so wish.

With best regards.

Sincerely,
"SYLVIA."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Attention, Editor,
Nutrix Co.

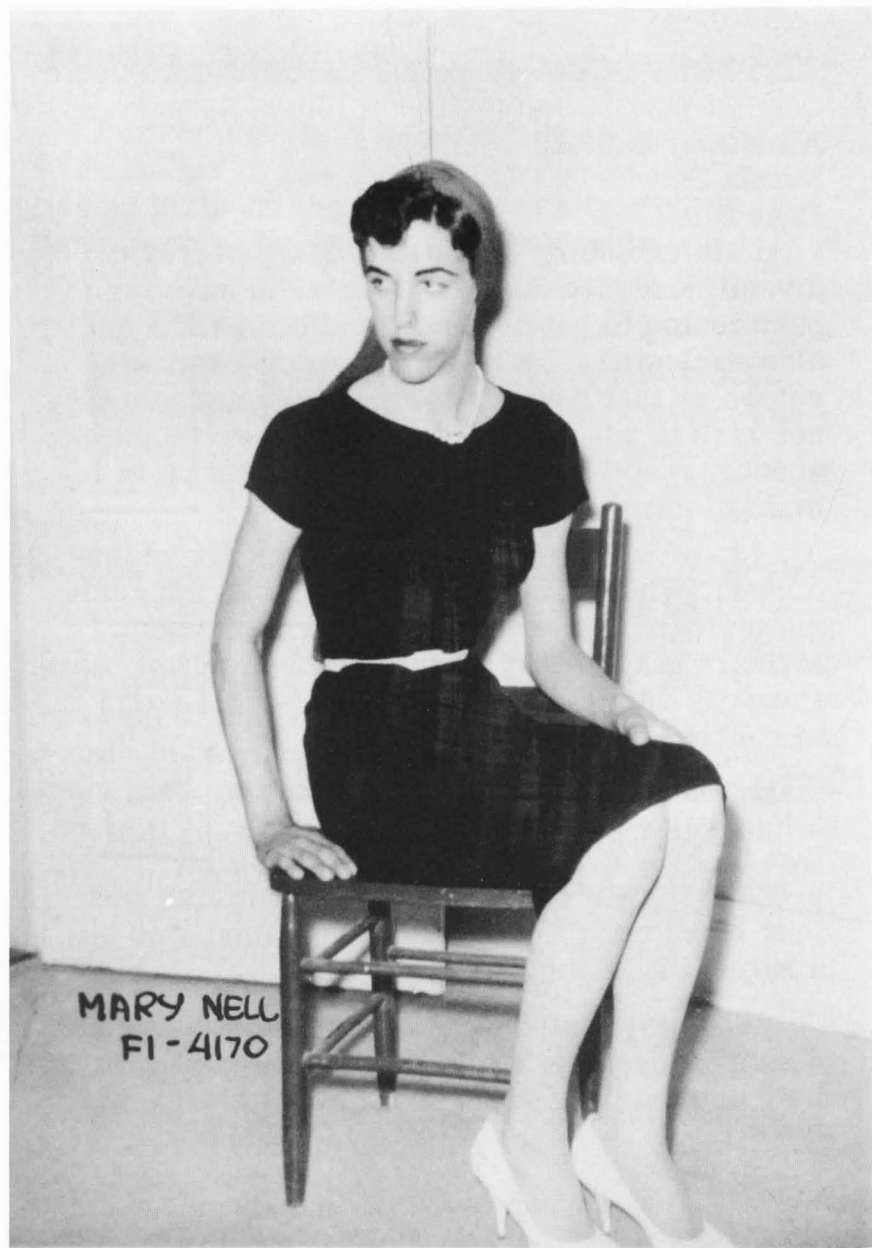
Dear Sir:

I am enclosing herewith a few pictures of myself, dressed up as a girl. You have my permission to publish these pictures and I am also enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope so that you can return to me any you do not wish to use. Listed below are some facts about myself on how I started to dress up in female clothes.

I have worn dresses since I was six years of age. When I reached fifteen, I started curling my hair and experimenting with makeup. My hair is too short to curl, except on top, so I usually curl the front part and wear a scarf to conceal the rest of it.

I would very much like to wear my hair in a long page-boy style. But I cannot let it grow that long as I cannot afford a wig, so I will probably never see what I would look like with long hair, until I can earn enough money to buy a natural hair wig.

When my sister first caught me wearing her dresses, she helped me by pin-curling my hair and teaching me to walk like a girl would.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

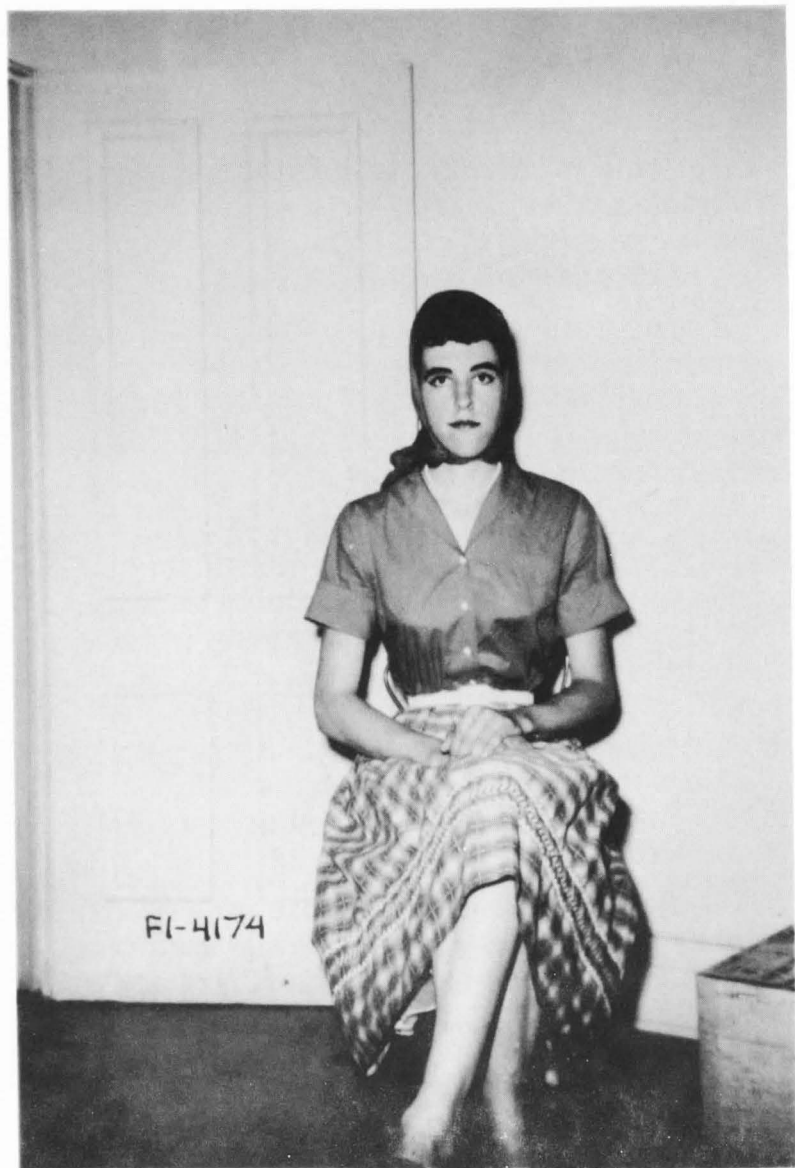
My sister would introduce me to her new friends as her "little sister" and I enjoyed fooling her friends into thinking that I was a girl. I like either a very full-skirted dress or a tight sheath. My figure (with padding for the bra and a waist cincher for the waist) measures 37-22-36.

I wear a size 12 dress and I am 6 feet tall, weighing 135 lbs. I like to do housework, such as cooking and baking cakes. I am very shy and never go outside dressed in female attire, as I am afraid of being caught.

I have heard that many night clubs in the big cities feature back rooms where for a minimum drink order, one can sit at a table and converse with the professional femme mimics. I think that it would be most helpful if Nutrix Co. would publish a list of these places where "Gay" people congregate. I would gladly pay a nominal fee for such a list of addresses where I could meet others like myself with great interest in cross-dressing.

I enjoy your books on female impersonation and have learned many interesting facts from them. I was happy to learn that there are many other lonely people like myself who dress like females.

Sincerely,
"Mary Nell."
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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

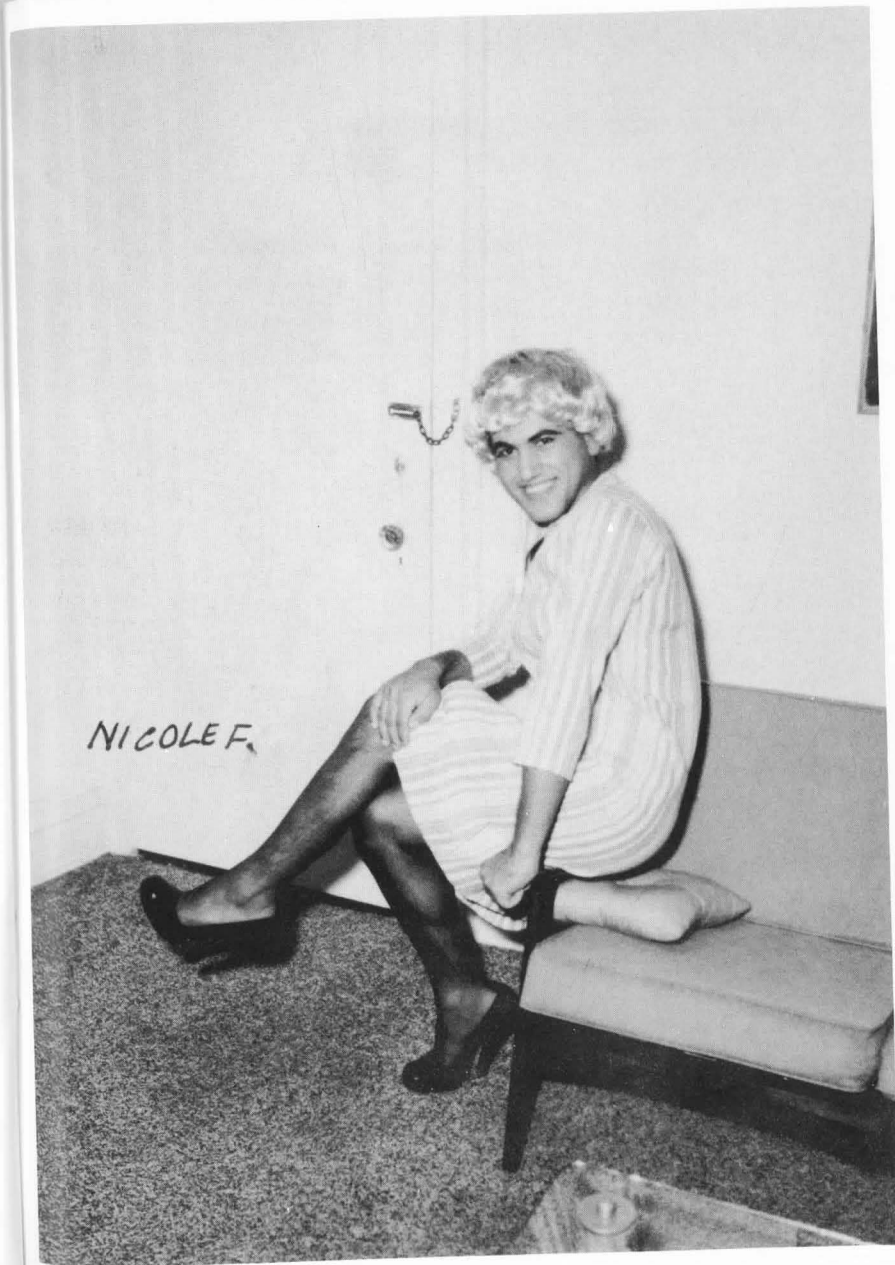
Dear Editor:

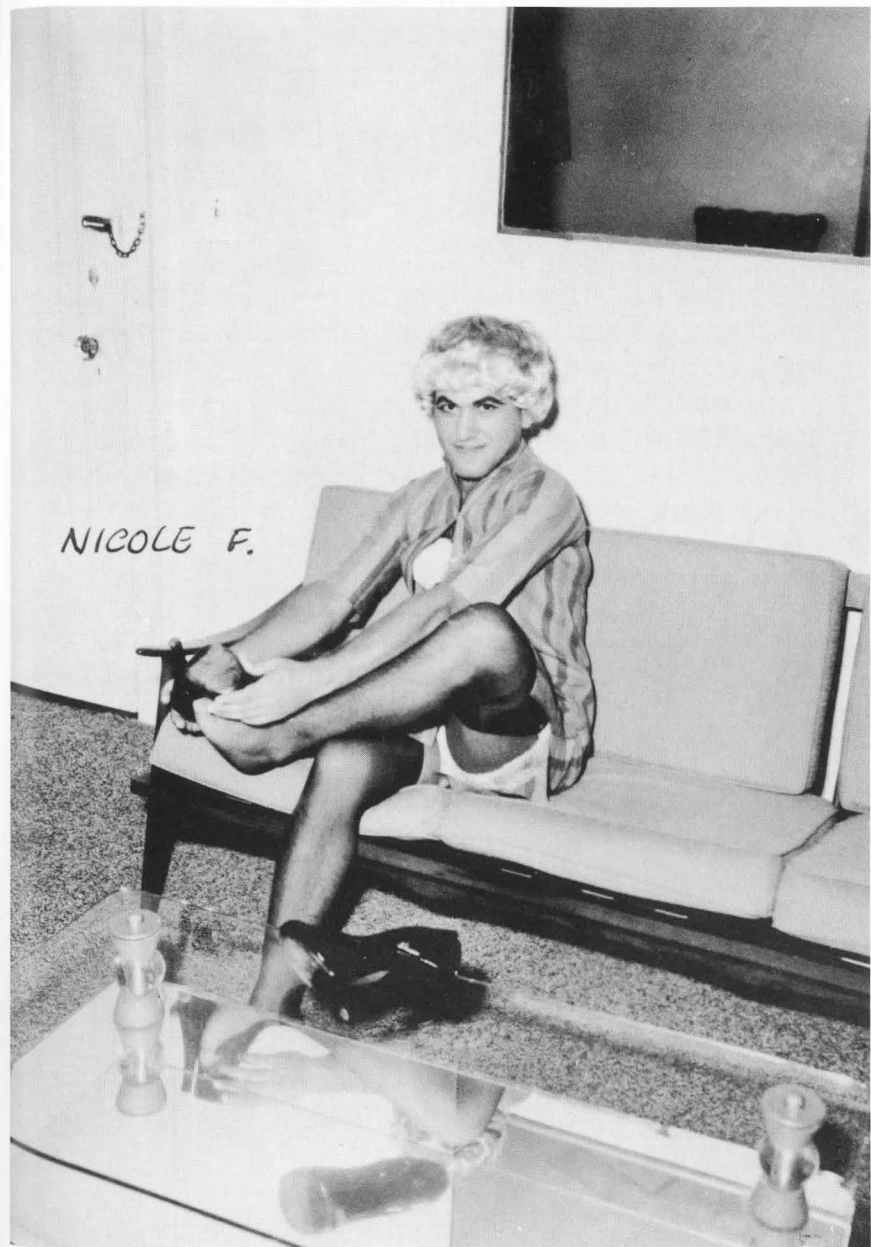
My father was a teacher and both he and my mother were college graduates. I always lived in small cities of less than 10,000 population so living now in New York City has its bad points for me. As far as I can remember, I have always loved the feel of silks and satins of female clothes.

At first, when buying female clothes, I would tell the saleslady that it was for my mother, or I would have a girl friend of mine pick out these things for me. But today I go into any dress shop and buy what I want. So it is no longer a problem for me to get clothes which I love to wear.

At first, I would just wear underclothes and later I would dress from the skin out in female clothes in the privacy of my own apartment.

Then, a few years ago, I was spending a few months in California. On the trip back East I wore a black skirt, white blouse, nylons and white heels. I wore these female clothes all through the whole trip, with no one being the wiser, and I really enjoyed the trip a lot because of this.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

At the present time I wear female attire as much as possible. However, my present job in the city makes it a little difficult, as I am working in a tire shop.

In the near future, I hope to own my own business. I am now looking for a ladies' apparel shop which I can take over. I believe that a transvestite can and is in the position to know more about women's clothes than the average person. Now, if there are any transvestites in my area who would like to get in touch with me, I would be very pleased to answer all letters.

You have my permission to reword this letter in any way you see fit for printing and I hope I will see in in some future publication of your Nutrix Co.

If you have any questions at all on female impersonation that you or anyone else would care to ask me, please feel free to write to me at any time. If at any time you would want me to write for any of your books, please let me know and I would be glad to do so.

Thanking you and wishing you the best of luck in your publications, I remain,

Sincerely,
"NICOLE F."





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

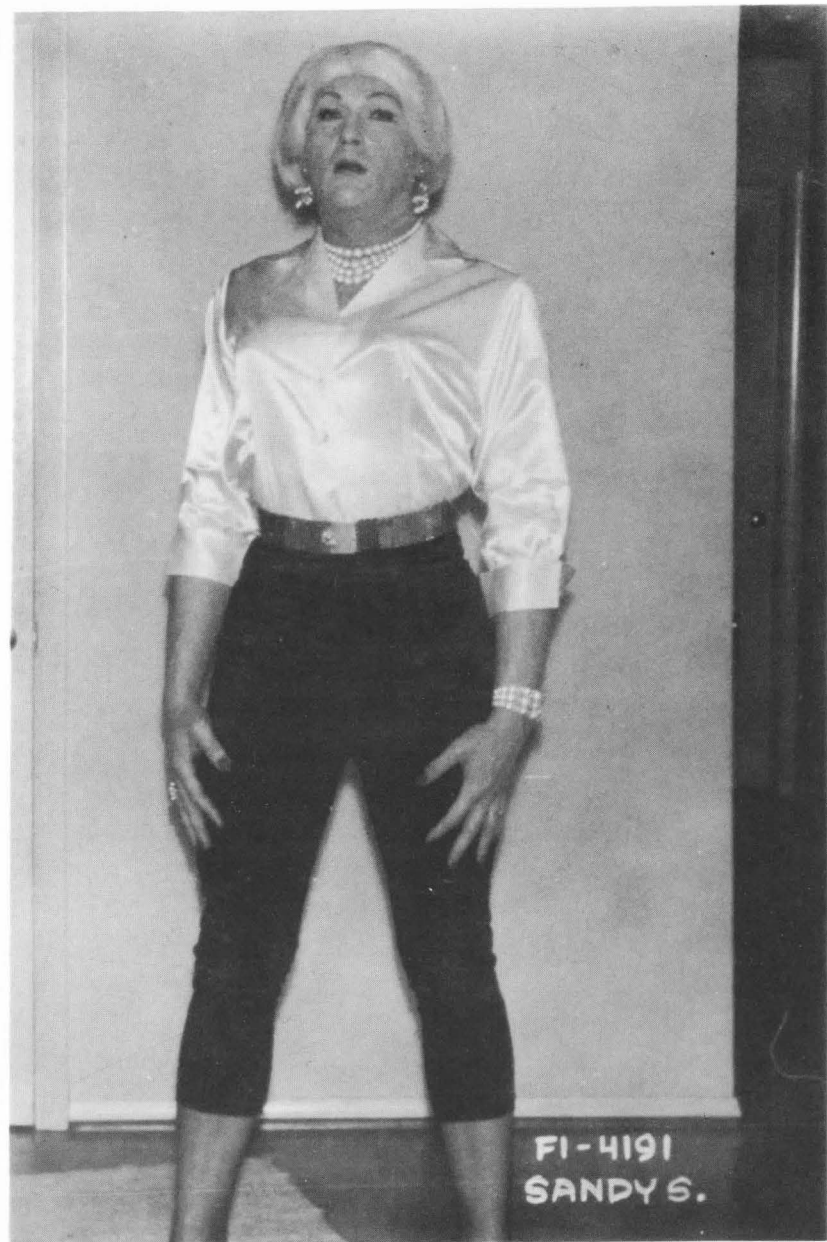
Dear Nutrix,

I am so pleased that you will publish my pictures and I am eagerly awaiting the copy of the book in which they will appear, so I can see how they look. I am enclosing three more pictures of myself and I hope you will also publish these and send me a copy of the book in which they will appear.

I have a fairly extensive feminine wardrobe. These photos are of my red silk cocktail dress, my gold brocade cocktail suit and one of my casual outfits. The casual outfit is a pair of black satin elasticized capris, with a white satin blouse and a gold belt.

I think they make a nice contrast--dont you? Like Chickie Ramos, I just love satins and silks. Most of my dresses are of these materials.

I took these pictures during my vacation, at which time I was able to live completely as a female for a whole week! I shaved all my body hair off and plucked my eyebrows, so I was able to get the line I wanted. Each day I started off by lolling in the tub, soaking in a hot bath, scented by bath oils.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

After emerging from the tub, I dried and dusted myself all over with dusting powder. I then enveloped myself in a cloud of perfume.

I enjoyed doing the many household chores each day, dressed as a woman, and felt it was the way I should really be spending my life. At night I dressed as a woman and went out driving. I went to a couple of drive-in movies and I was thrilled that no one at the movie saw through my deception.

I enjoyed Ginger James' letter and pictures very much and think that she is so cute. I wish there were some way you could let us get together, at least in correspondence. I envy so much all the girls in your books, especially the pros, who have three or four friends together, even share apartments.

I wish you could do something to let us amateurs correspond with each other. We need so much to get together for "hen" parties. If we "girls" could get acquainted at these parties, many lifelong friendships could be started. Keep these books coming and news of others concerning the art of cross-dressing. I purchase every book as soon as you advertise it in your monthly bulletins.

Sincerely,
"Sandy S."
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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor,
Nutrix Co.

I am enclosing a picture of myself in feminine clothes which you have my permission to use in one of your future publications. I have selected the name of Sally Grant as my pen name and I am looking forward to seeing my photo in your extremely interesting publications on the art of female impersonation, which I follow closely.

I am quite lonely and would like to correspond with some of the readers who live near my area. You can forward my real name and address to those who might like to write to me.

I have been cross-dressing for some time now but this is the first time that I have permitted my picture to be taken of myself in "drag." I get quite a kick out of wearing female attire and do so at every opportunity that presents itself.

Your publications, of which I have read every one that has been issued, were very helpful to me. They taught me some of the tricks that the professionals use. I do not care to become a professional but dress up only for my own pleasure.

Sincerely,
"SALLY GRANT"



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The Editor

Nutrix Publications:

Having read two of your excellent books -- "Letters From Female Impersonators" -- I would like to offer for your consideration some of my own experiences in the bittersweet world of transvestism. As a small child, I was quite feminine in physique and inclination.

The usual jokes were made about this and I determined to remove the grounds for their continuance by becoming more masculine. In this I was quite successful and through athletics I developed a thoroughly acceptable masculine torso, which I still maintain today at 34.

But the dream of womanliness still persisted. At first, it was a passive desire with me. Then, when I was about 12 or 13, I had my first experience of cross-dressing.

It was at the house of a friend. Both he and his mother were absent when I went in. With a young boy's curiosity, I began to wander about the house. I first entered his mother's room (she was a widow, about 34 years of age) and it seemed as if I were in another world. A faint air of perfume filled the room. Through an open closet door I could see a row of dresses and shining pumps beneath them.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

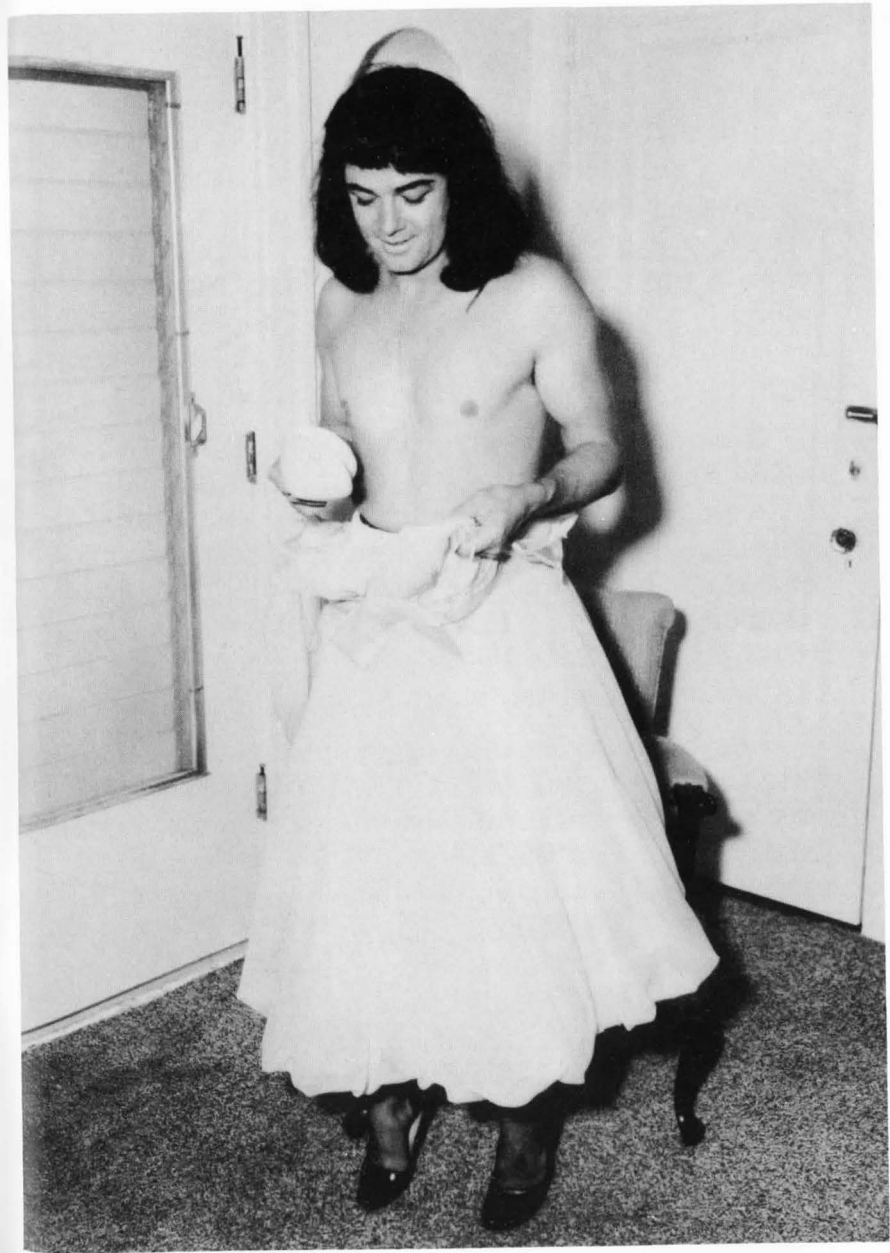
I was drawn toward the closet and my hands wandered over the gentle fabrics. From a half-open dresser drawer hung a dainty silken strap, suspended from delicate lace. I was unable to resist seeing more of it and when I had carefully drawn it from the drawer, it seemed one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen a soft, lace-bodiced slip.

Beneath it in the drawer I discovered the matching panties. Suddenly, irresistably, I found myself removing my own clothes and, trembling with part fear, part excitement, I stepped into the panties and pulled on the slip.

The cool silk upon my body; the restrictive slip about my legs; the clasp of the elastic of the panties about my waist and thighs and the delicate caress that my every movement brought; all these things conspired to create sensations I had never before dreamed of.

I walked to the vanity mirror, then on a sudden impulse I slipped into a pair of her pumps. Once more before the mirror, I found myself posing in what I fancied were copies of the poses I had seen in magazines. Arms upstretched and bowed; then with my hands clasped behind my neck. Next caressing my body.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I had always wanted to dress up like a lady and so I adopted the name of "Bea Ladi" as my name when I would go on the stage as a femme mimic. It gave me a great thrill to pose in front of the mirror and imagine that I was a Queen of the Stage. Some day I hope to achieve my ambition to appear in public in theatres and night clubs as a female impersonator.

It seems to me that women get all the breaks in life and I would like to live the life of a female and be admired for my figure and graceful feminine appearance. I have appeared in amateur stage plays and for a while I was a photographer's model. However, I have not been fortunate enough to be selected for a professional appearance on the stage as yet.

I enjoy being in the company of girls and watch how they act so that I will be able to portray a woman realistically when I get my "break" finally and go on the stage. I find masculine clothing most annoying to wear now that I have worn feminine apparel. I long for the day when society will allow us males to dress as we please without being shunned as if we were criminals! All these thoughts ran through my mind as I looked at the mirror and saw how nice I appeared in female attire.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

And all the time I was marvelling at the vision looking out at me from the mirror. Fortunately, I was able to cut short my reverie and return to my normal clothes before my friend and his mother returned but the memory of those moments has never faded, and neither my love for feminine clothes, which had its birth in that bedroom. Since that time I have taken every opportunity to play the part of the woman, which I want to be.

It would please me greatly to correspond with others with similar interests, therefore, feel free to give my name and address to any interested readers and I will answer all letters. If the story of my further development as a transvestite might interest your readers, I should be happy to give it for publication, along with photographs which I take with a delayed action timer on my 35 mm camera.

I was most interested to note that several of your readers made the acquaintance of women sympathetic to the transvestite's problems and willing to help as "one woman to another." It has always been my desire to form such an association and perhaps one of the lucky ones can advise me how to go about this rather ticklish subject.

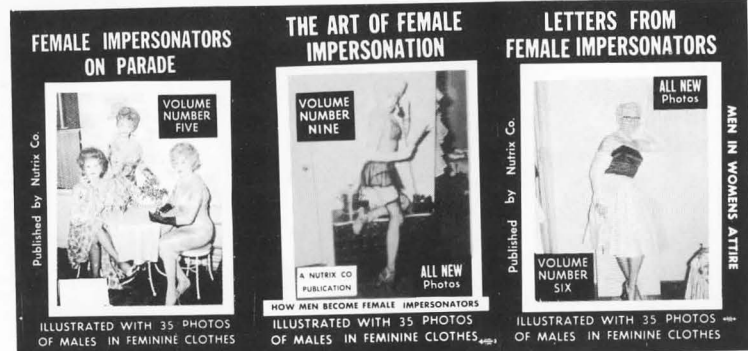
Yours truly,
"BEA LADI"

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of which Volume five is now available, is a new book which consists of 5 different stories about the many ways muscular strong-willed women overpower men and force them into bondage. Book is well illustrated with 35 actual photographs of men and sells for only \$3.75 plus 20¢ for postage. Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 available at \$3.75 EACH, plus 20¢ for postage.

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