



Terry Durham—every day is ladies' day!

TERRY DURHAM is a popular female impersonator in England. Besides his singing, stripping and comedy patter, Terry plays the accordian. "When I get to a club where the musical backing is not so great, I can always manage to do my difficult numbers on my own," he confesses...and judging from the wide acclaim he has received, he does very well. He has had quite a successful career and has appeared in a film, LONDON IN THE RAW. Continued success to you, Terry...you truly deserve it.

"I was told of the risk before I had the injections -- known as implants -- but I decided that it was worth taking this chance.

"To get on in this world you have to be noticed."

The injections have already had two side effects.

Soon after he started the injections TERRY, a former invoice clerk for Wimpeys, started to lose his hair.

"Luckily it has started to grow again," he said.

The other effect:

"I lost some of my sexual urge.

"Something that always happens, I was told.

"It is more difficult to become sexually excited once you have had the implants."

TERRY added:

"I'm still a man and like the ladies, though."

TERRY earns between 12 and 15 pounds a night if he works near home, more if he travels.

He expects to make at least 80 pounds a week and is booked up, apart from one or two dates, until the end of the year.

Are the deprivations, are the risk, really worth it?

Although many DRAG artists say that a hormone-induced bosom undoubtedly helps to pub-

TERRY DURHAM, the miner's son whose picture caused a sensation when it appeared on the front page of a British newspaper, is one of the first persons to admit this.

His well-developed breasts have cost him more than 300 pounds since he started having hormone injections from a Harley Street specialist six years ago.

Since then he has had injections every six months at a charge of between 25 and 30 guineas a session.

Even though he knows they could have a serious side effect -- CANCER OF THE BREASTS!

At his comfortable terrace home in Turner Place, Bradford, TERRY said:

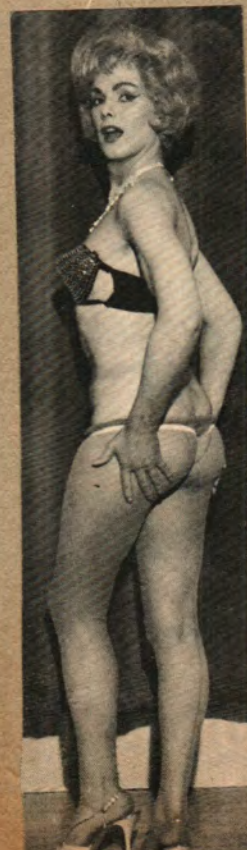


THE HARD WAY -- Terry Durham does it with hormones.

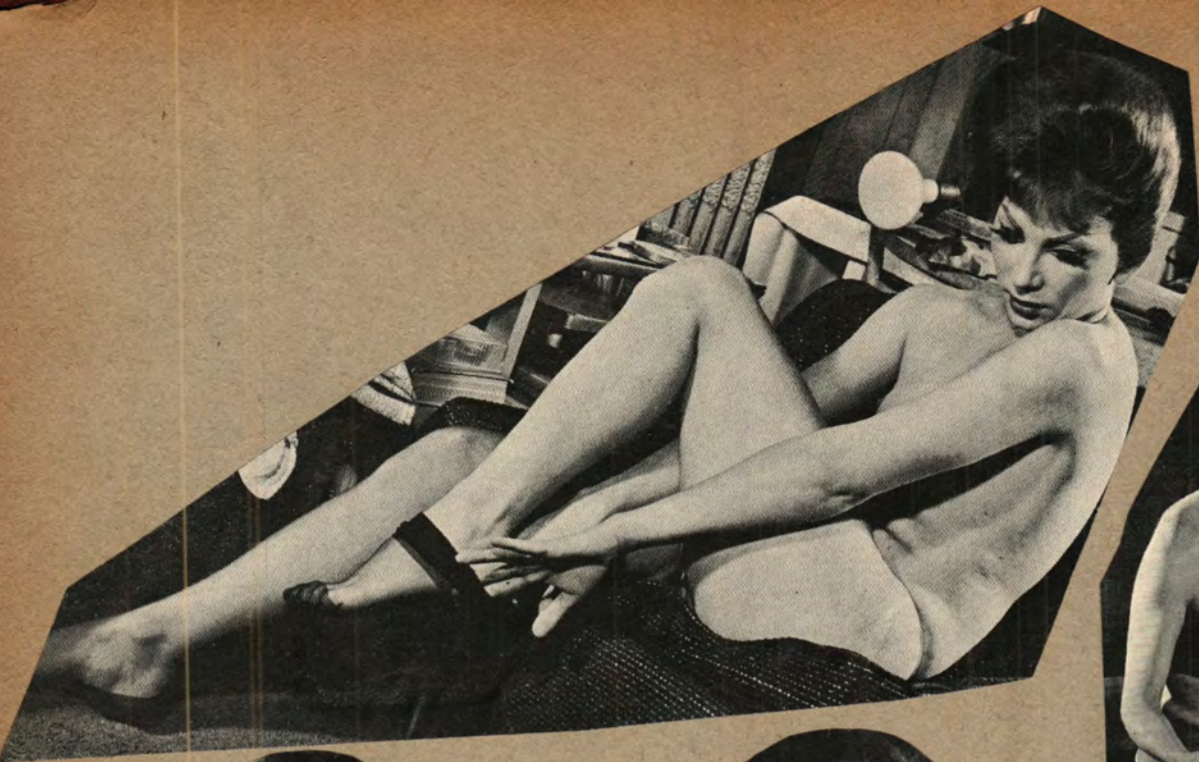


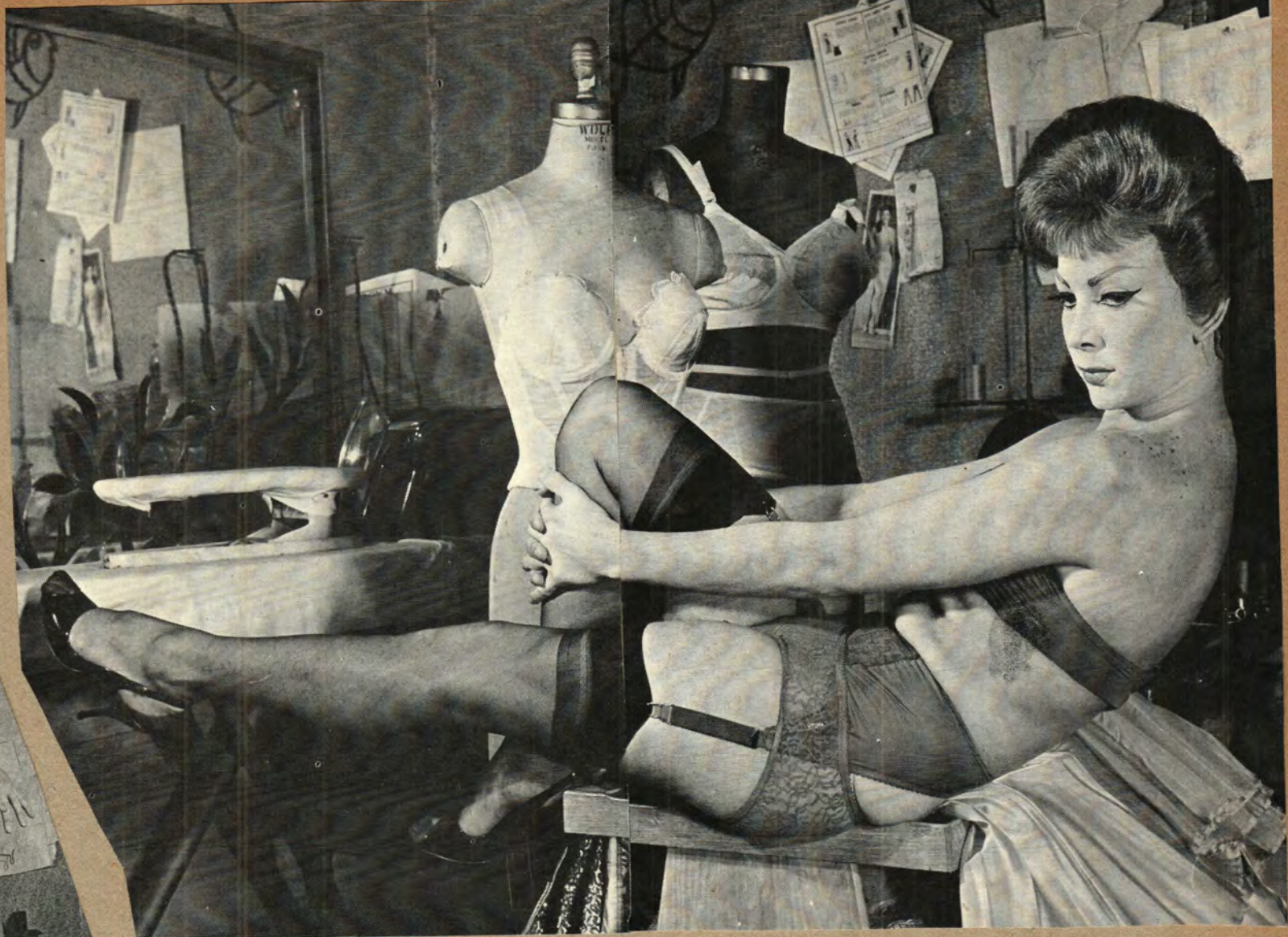
TERRY DURHAM--"Not kinky or anything like that."

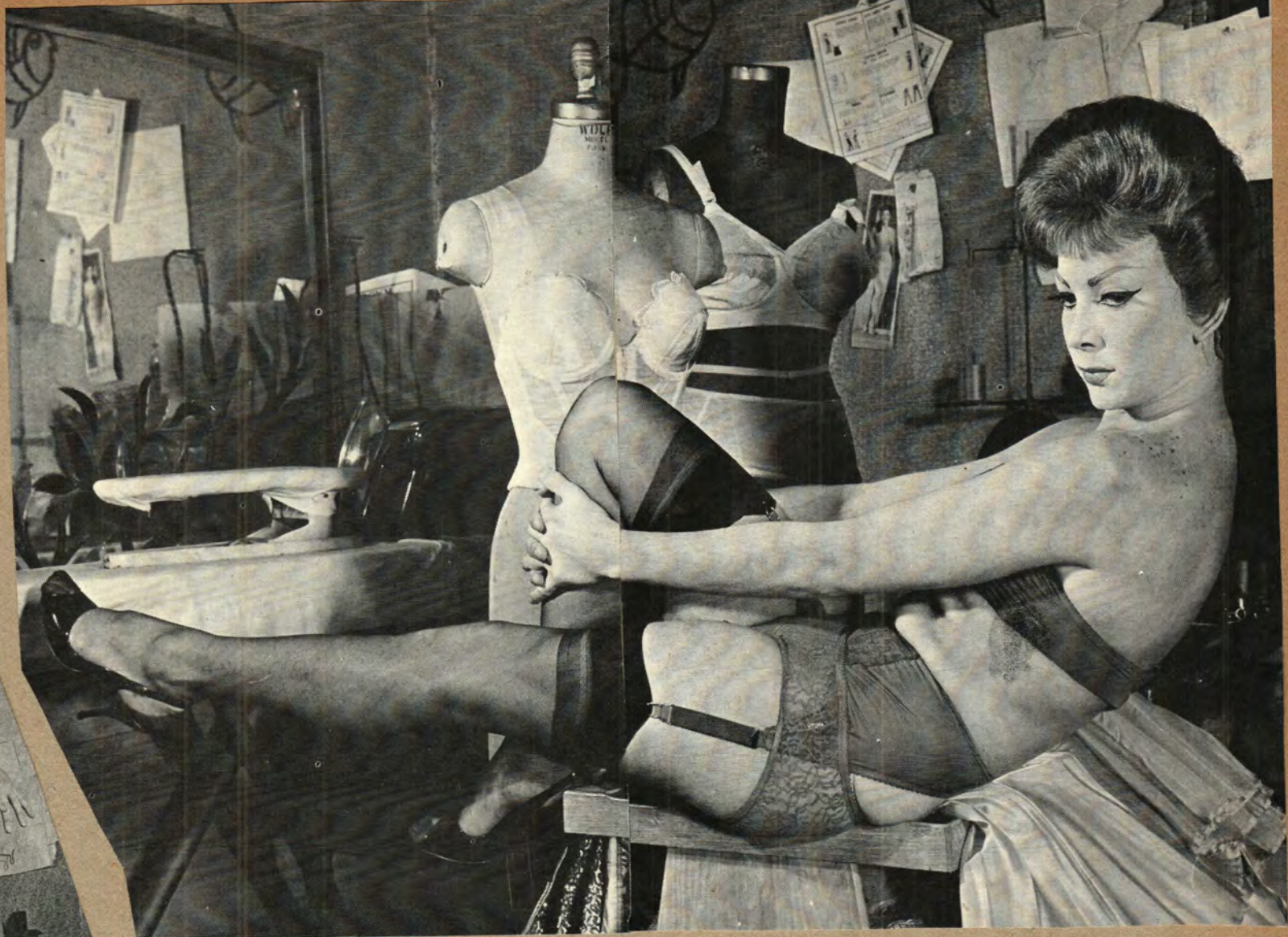




TERRY
DURHAM



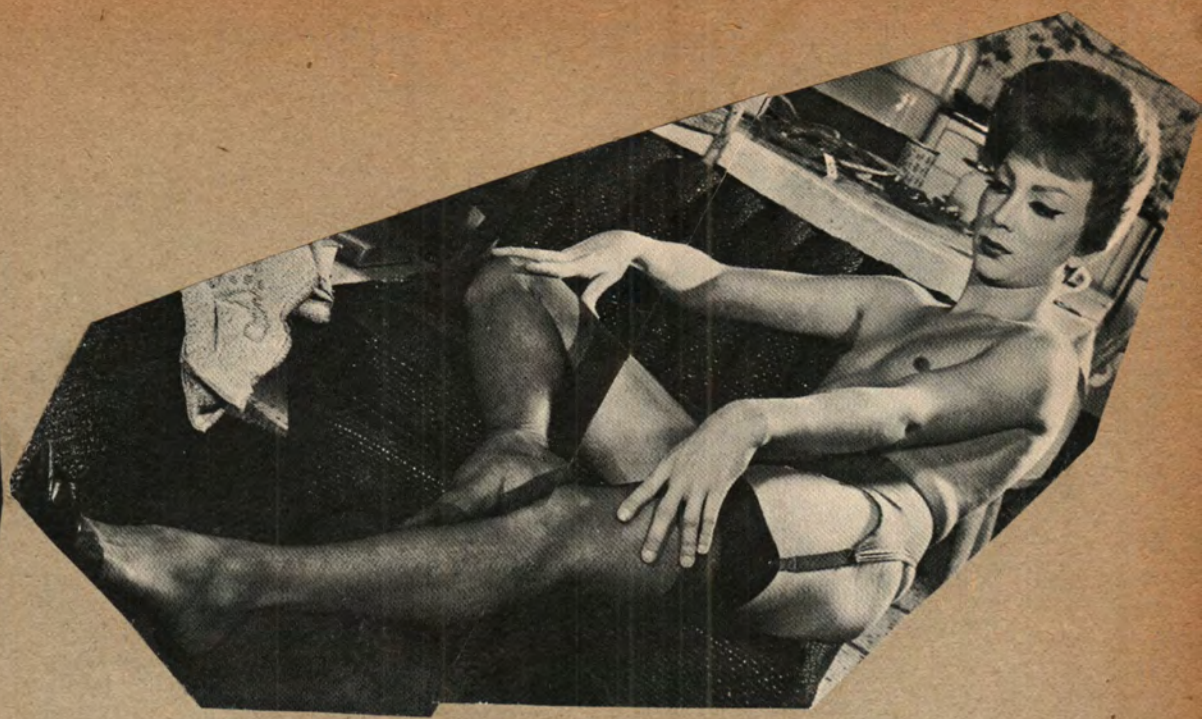






TOBI MARSH



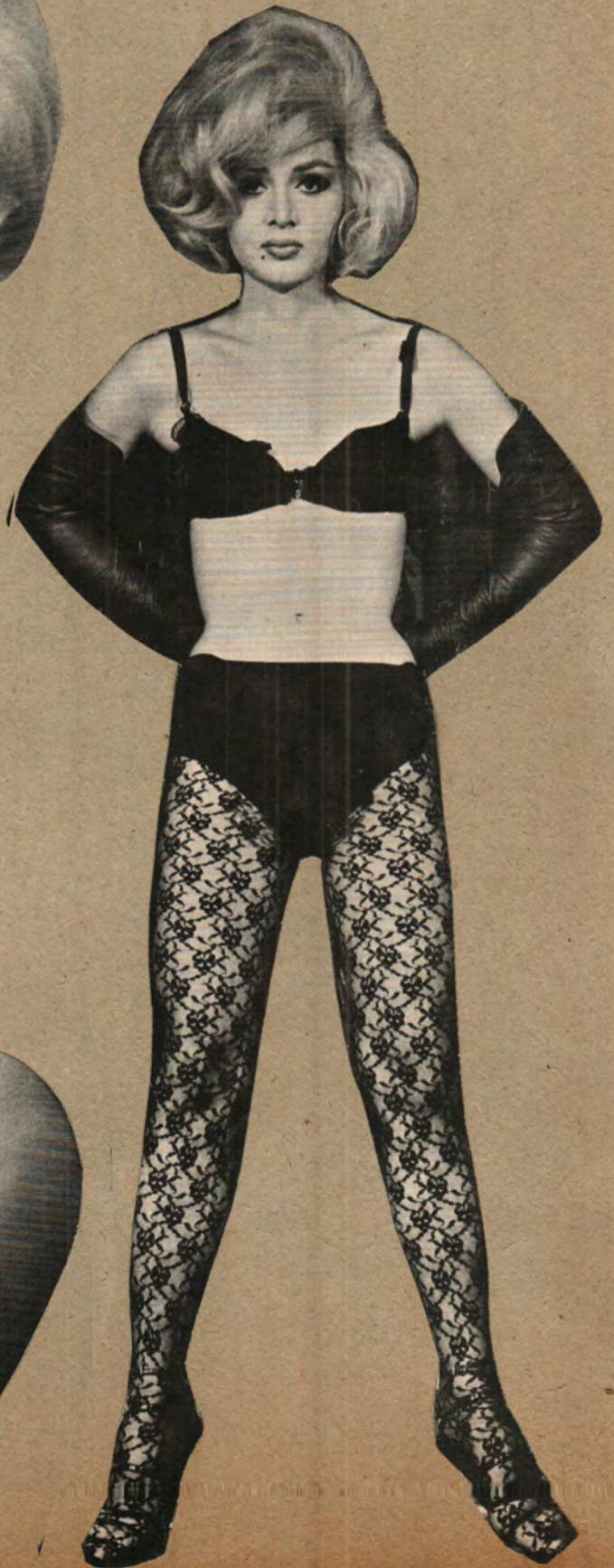


TINA
MARSH

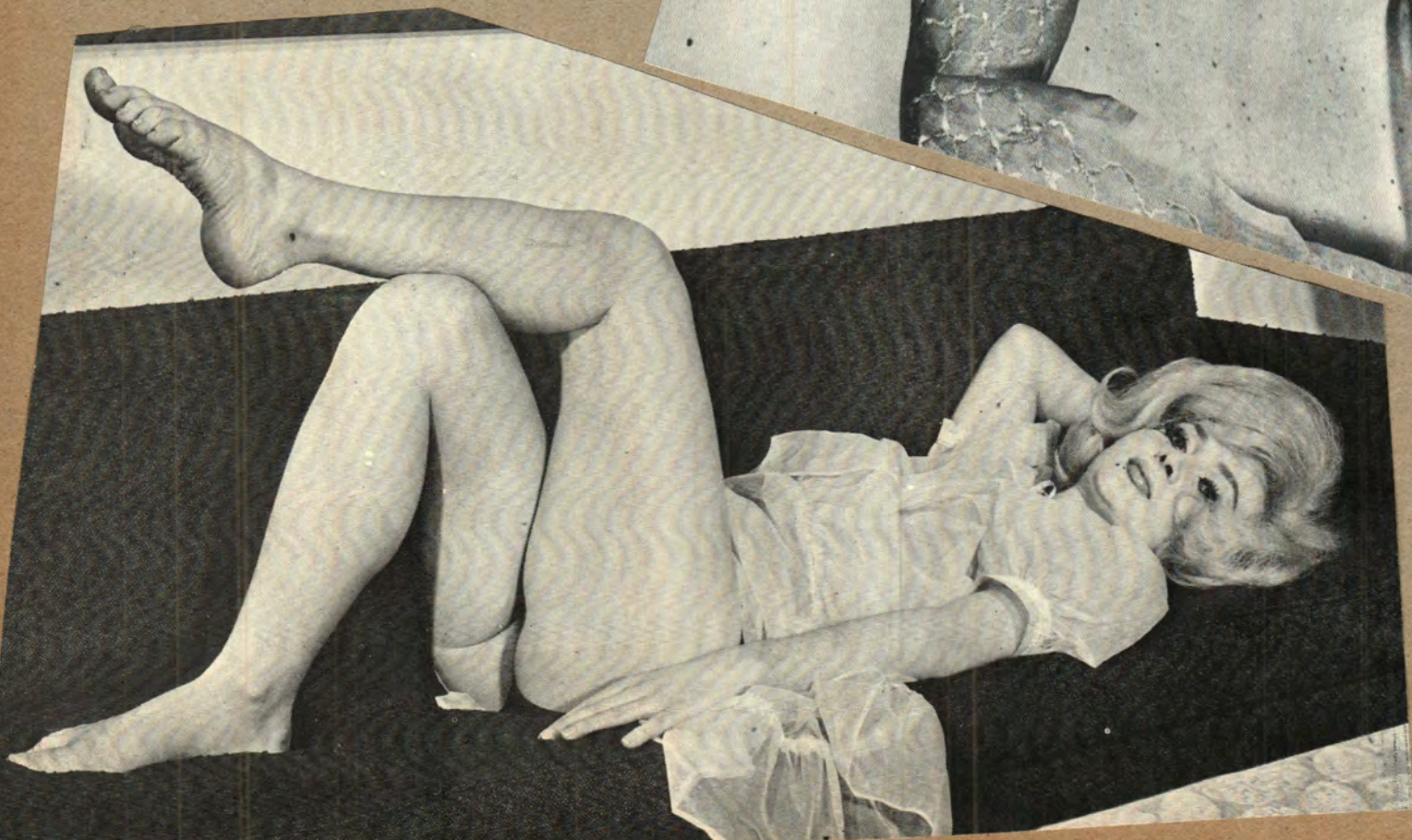


HOLLI
WHITE









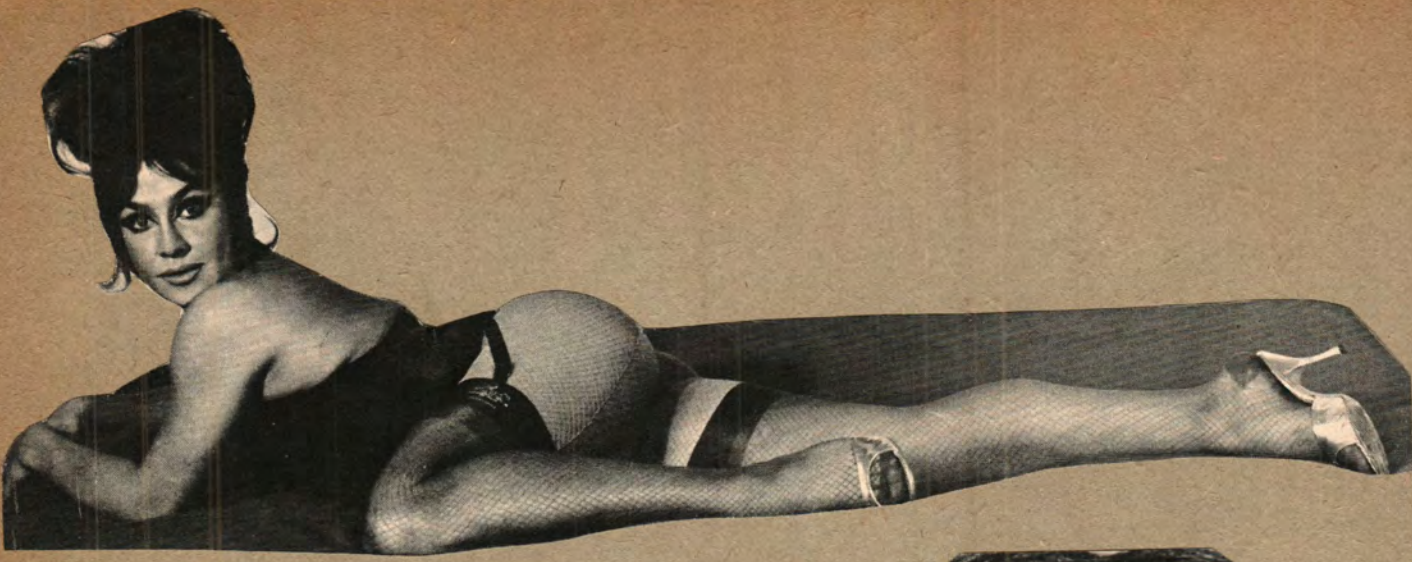






BABY MARTELL













KITT
ROGERS





I WAS CONCEIVED IN PARIS, born in New York City and raised in Boston. I made my debut in showbusiness at the age of three, appearing with my aunt, Edith Le Bec. My aunt had come to America as a teenager many years before, and had had a successful career in musicals, vaudeville, and burlesque. She taught me to do impressions of popular singers of the day; my first performance was an impression of Belle Baker's "All Of Me." Then followed impressions of such stars as Ruth Etting, Ethel Waters, Eddie Cantor. Another popular song was "River Stay Way From My Door" as Kate Smith, Helen Kane, and Mae West would sing it. I realize now what powers of concentration I must have had to be able to learn to do my act, and what great patience my aunt must have had to teach me these songs.

At the age of 6 I retired from burlesque to attend school. Soon I was back at work, but this time I was appearing in vaudville. I did a song and dance act, becoming the most popular "kiddie act" on the circuit. Was I proud when Gilda Grey, making a come back at the time, chose me to tour with her in a review on Kieth circuit. Gilda Grey was still the undisputed "Queen Of The Shimmie," and my name appeared in small letters at the bottom of the bill.

When I was 14 I was dealt quite a blow when a new law prohibited children under 16 to work on stage in Boston. I was tall for my age and decided to make a change. Becoming a nightclub crooner, I amazed myself more than my friends by working for several seasons in and around Boston as a vocalist with bands, one of which broadcast over a local radio station. However, I wasn't really happy with myself or my act. So, at the age of 16 I took a course in costume design. Though I was still working as a singer and making good money, I longed to get out of showbusiness and become a couturier.

As it turned out, there were no jobs at decent wages to be had without practical experience or a following. About this time, there became a great demand for female impersonators in Boston. Chris Scarlet, a dancer I'd known in vaudville who had become successful as an impersonator, gave me the idea of becoming a female impersonator. For the first time in years I felt fulfilled as an artist. I was able to express myself much better in gowns than I had been able to in trousers!

At first I worked in small clubs singing comedy and novelty numbers, getting better bookings. Then I was booked into the 181 Club in New York City) forerunner of the Club 82).

Having made quite a name for myself as an impersonator, I returned to Boston in 1951 to appear at the College Inn. This was Boston's most popular club, seating 500 in the lounge alone. On weekends crowds waited in line to get into the club. I had a good spot in the review and remained at the club until the Summer when Roxy King, "The King Of The Tassel Dancers" asked me to join his troupe in Providence. This was a better salary and better spot in the show, so I took the job. Later, another club owner in Providence asked me to star in my own review at his club, which I did. In a short time, we built up the business at the Jazz Room to a capacity audience.

After that engagement, I returned to the College Inn, but left later in the season to work weekend dates in and around Boston. I had quite a following and was especially known for my rendition of "Rose Of

Washington Square," to which I had written my own parody. Whenever I walked into any of the clubs featuring female impersonators, I was always requested to sing my "theme song." I was now making more money working two or three nights a week than I had been in working at The College Inn.

This all came to an end on the 30th of Dec. 1951 when Archbishop Cushing wrote an

article condemning female impersonators. This man was so powerful that many of the clubs, including the College Inn closed voluntarily rather than try to buck the power of this important church man. He also condemned the exotic dancers and MC's who used "blue" material and so there was a great exodus of night club acts from Boston and the end of an era in "the hub."

Most of my friends left town for other parts of the country, but I remained to secure a booking at the

Log Cabin near Fonda, N.Y. where I worked until April 1952. The club wanted a dancer, so I brought along another impersonator friend of mine, Renee Roberts. The owner of the club met us at the railway station and drove us to the club in a terrible snowstorm. Also on the bill was the glamorous and beloved Lou Pierson, whose recent and untimely death saddened all who knew him. Business wasn't too good as the nearest town of any size was Amsterdam, which was 17 miles away and the main industry was the Mohawk Carpet Co. which was on strike. However, the club made enough money to keep out of the "red" and the food was excellent. We were on the main road and many truck drivers stopped in to eat during the day. Sometimes the owner would get us out of bed at 9 or 10 in the morning to act as



hostesses, encouraging the drivers to buy drinks. With no beard, and I'd let my hair grow to shoulder

length in Boston; it wasn't hard to look half way decent in a short time by putting on a little lipstick, blouse and slacks.

If business was slow at the Log Cabin, it was at a near standstill at the other clubs in the area. What nightclubbing the public was doing was coming our way. This became a point of irritation to other club owners and they made complaints to the police, saying that we had an indecent show or that the club remained open after hours. The police were putting more and more pressure on the club owner, however, I didn't give it much thought as I'd always presented a clean act, but I was more careful of my material. Nothing we did pleased the rival owners, and I remember saying to the owner: "If I clean up my act anymore, I'll be singing hymns." Finally the club was closed and I decided to return to New York City.

As I had practically no male

clothes, I arrived to visit with friends of mine in the Village as a female. My friends thought this very chic and persuaded me to remain in "drag," which I did for several months. It was a lot of fun living as a woman. I took the name of Rose Revere and made friends with dozens of people who never dreamed I wasn't "the real thing." This I didn't enjoy as I like to be honest about myself, but dared not in this case. I was regularly dating nice men, one of whom professed his love for me and went so far as to propose marriage.

In July I received a letter from Chris Scarlet offering me an opening with Rayleen's Review in Penn. At this time, Rayleen was well-known for his reviews. I went to work in his review on a two week contract, with two week's option and remained for 6 months.

In 1953 and 1954, I was working in Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit,

Bridgeport, and Wilmington.

In June 1953, I was booked into a Detroit club where I sang and MC'd a review which consisted of four female performers. The headliner was the fabulous Yvette Dare (dancer with a parrot to undress her). In Philadelphia 1954, I saw Yvette again who was appearing at a club there. This resulted in a tour of 8 months with Yvette Dare and her review. She was truly a fantastic and unique person and the entertainment world lost a great artist with her death in 1955.

About this time, my Mother died and I returned north to close my family home as my Father had died in 1952.

My next stop was Philadelphia to work a club that had closed the night before my arrival. I was lucky enough to find work in another club, but worked there only one night. When I came to work the following evening, I found that the club had burned to the ground.





That Spring and Summer were difficult for me as the law in Philadelphia was determined to keep female impersonators out of "The City of Brotherly Love."

I even worked in a carnival for a few weeks in the side show as Surpentina (dancing with a pair of boa constrictors) and doubling as Mme. Electra, the girl who defies death in the electric chair.

Then back to New York City where I took a position with a costumer, working in his Greenwich Village dress shop (for a year and a half). How wonderful to have a home after years of living out of a suitcase!

I was working on costumes for Coleen Dewhurst, who was appearing in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" at the Actor's Playhouse. The play was photographed by well-known theatrical protographer, Avery Willard. He gave a Halloween costume party, to which I came in "drag." Everyone was amazed

when they found out I wasn't a female at all. Avery was delighted and astonished when he found out who I was and kept saying "I must photograph you. You are one of the most convincing female impersonators I have ever seen." Needless to say, I won first prize and later Avery did photograph me, which led to my "rediscovery" and retirement from female impersonation.

I had met a clever actor, George Schroeders, who had an act with a player piano—"George and Nola." Since I was a child I have been a collector of old records and sheet music, and was able to give George the words to old songs that were useful to him. I introduced Avery to George, who needed new photographs. When the three of us got together, we decided to do a little movie short (Avery had his own movie equipment and was very interested in film work). So the three of us began filming "Speak-easy Queen" (very much like the

early movie makers did; making up the story as we went along). It was filmed in George's apartment, with me in the title role and George in dual roles—one of my leading men and a night club dancer (female), besides directing the film. I brought along famous impersonator, Billy Richards, to the filming one day and Avery put him in the film in a comedy role. Thus was the birth of Ava-Graph films—I gave the company its name—and me in a new medium of show business. After that I made several films for Ava-Graph, and was soon known as "The Sweetheart Of The Silver Screen." There will be more about Ava-Graph and our filming in articles by Mr. Willard for future issues of FEMALE MIMICS.

I returned to working clubs in and around New York City, mostly weekend dates.

I've come a long way since I was the "new red hot mama." Over the years my singing has gone from

loud to soft and from hot to cool. Since I've been back in New York I have added much to my record collection and I now own about 3,000 78 records and sheet music from the early 90's to the late 40's. My singing style has been influenced more by these singers of yesteryear than by the artists of the day.

As I play the piano and am able to accompany my own singing, it is possible to play small club rooms. It has been a year since I started working on my new act as a singing pianist. Working by myself has taught me so many new things to do with my voice that I never dreamed possible. So I keep learning and improving, which any true artist must do to feel really gratified in his heart. If I am not better next year that I am this year, then I have not used my time to its best advantage, but this promise I owe to myself and my public—Next year Minette will be even better! END





HARVEY
LEE





KEVIN
HARLOWE



RICKYRENEE





Impersonator Robin Sachel is performing at the 82 Club, 82 E. Fourth St.





Gentlemen:

On behalf of our show, "Cherchez La Femme" and myself, I would like to thank you for your recent article on our show.

We are doing very well in Canada and have recently added three more real girls to the show — just a bit more to confuse our audiences. Also have added several new numbers and some quite novel acts.

As of yet no plans are confirmed for a U. S. opening, although several offers are in discussion. Personally I hope we will soon be seen "at home."

Thought you might like enclosed pictures of yours truly as a blonde. The shots at the zoo were a publicity stunt for our version of "Hello Dolly." Hope you enjoy them . . . Thanks Again.

Jene Chandler

(We look forward to your bringing your show to New York and thanx for the pictures — ED.)



GENE
CHANDLER



GIGI
DUVAL



ANDREA





VINNIE
SOMMERS





TONI
DEL REY







EMILIO
TELLEZ





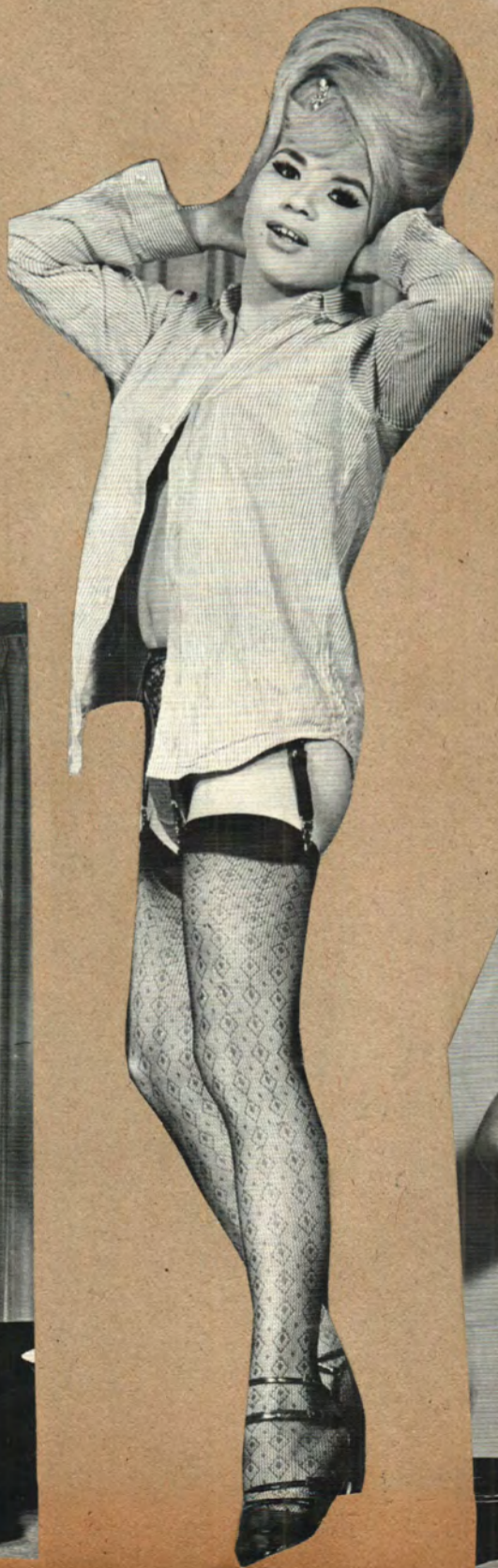




BUNNY
LAKE



SPECIAL
HOW TO
FEMALE IS





LONNIE
CARROL





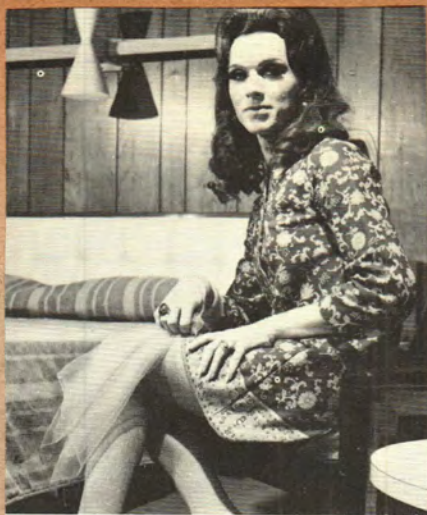
TOMMIE
OSBORNE











Displaying some of her natural charm and stunning cosmetic know-how Vicki is an excellent impersonator for an amateur!



VICKI
MONROE







CHRIS MOORE





TONI LEE







TONI LEE



TONI
LEE





Avis











From classic ballet, Sylvia went on to female impersonation. At the 'Pointe' he is featured as a singer, and comedian. A native German, Sylvia sings in her country's tongue — but anyone can understand the language. His wit and jokes are keen — his songs, sometimes just a bit off-color, are always in demand.



Sylvia



Ramonita

The spotlight focuses on the petite, and oh so French, Danny Dan! Danny's act is truly unusual. He comes on stage with gaily colored material flowing over his body, and right before the audience's eyes he creates a beautiful French gown. Before he is finished, Danny fashions at least six knock-out gowns at every appearance. He also fills in as M.C. at the first show.



Danny





These three "girls" from Bambi's Troupe were also males at birth!

Dear Female Mimics,
I have been reading "FEMALE MIMICS" and find it very, very interesting. I am a professional and work with such stars as Ricky Rene, Coccinelle, Capucine, Bambi, Zambella, Leslie Carroll, and Joe Baker. I appeared at Le Carrousel de Paris for many months, and am now enjoying appearances in some West Berlin, Germany clubs.

Thought you might like to print a photo of me. These photos are not re-touched—as a matter of fact I take my own photos.

Thank you for your magazine—hope you'll be able to print at least one of my portraits.

Mitsou
West Berlin, Germany









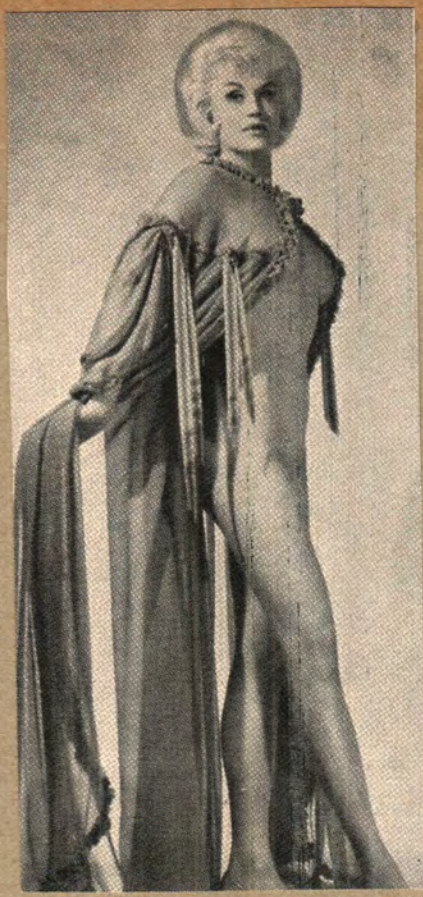
KIKI MOUSTIC













ROBBI



26



JAN BRITTON





DALE
ROBERTS



ROBBI
ROSS







Just a minute, fellows, before you cut loose with those wolf whistles.

Gorgeous looking babe, right enough, but there's a lot more to this one than meets the eye . . . as you'll jolly soon see when the dress comes off, the breasts bust out, and the makeup rolls down the drain!

For that dame with the come-on look and the pant-pant gams is none other than . . . Tommy Dee. One of the greatest female impersonators in showbiz today, he's so gosh-darn pretty that you just won't believe it — until you go see for yourself.

Tommy made his debut at Ann's 440 in San Francisco (when Fran Jeffries, Johnny Mathis, T. C. Jonas commenced their careers).

From Frisco he took off on a tour of Alaska, the United States, Canada. He's appeared at the 80 Club in Great Falls, Montana; Last Chance Club, Anchorage, Alaska; Fireside Lounge, Fairbanks, Alaska; 509 Club, Detroit; The Copo-

cabana and The Mocambo in Montreal, Canada; The Taberin in Quebec City, Canada, to mention a few.

Tommy's been taking it off on the dames since '55. He's been in showbiz all his life as a dancer, actor, musical comedy performer.

Tommy was born in San Francisco in 1933. He thoroughly enjoys his work, is back in high heels and bra again after a serious car mishap shelved him for six months.

This lad has really been around. Circled the globe a few years back with Uncle Sam's Navy. Visited Gibraltar, Athens, Aden, Manila, Cuba, Haiti, Hawaii, Japan.

Tommy especially enjoyed his six months in Tokyo . . . where the geishas go goo-goo over impersonators. He attended many of the Kabuki shows, too. Female impersonation is an ancient and honorable art in Japan, and in the Kabuki drama, all female parts are played by men.

So next time that glamorous babe steps out on stage, pause before coming with the girlie talk. For all you know it may be Tommy (himself) Dee.



... and our hero swings into action, emerging moments later as a gorgeous doll a guy would want to meet on the street.



THE LITTLE PARROT

(EL COTORRITO)

Ave. Borinquen, corner
2nd St., Bo. Obrero

presents

**THE ONLY
FEMALE MIMICS REVUE
IN TOWN**

15 BOYS and a GIRL



**"GOLDFINGER
EXTRAVAGANZA"**

3 SHOWS NIGHTLY
11:30 P.M. 1:30 A.M.
3:30 A.M.

- COCKTAILS
 - DINNER
 - ENTERTAINMENT
- (Ask the cab driver for
Johnny Rodriguez's place)
Tel. 723-6280



Dear Editors,
 Not long ago I paid a visit to the fabulous "Nite Life Club" in Chicago and I had a ball! Those guys really know how to put on a show, and its good to know that we in Chicago are catching up with the times!
 I was wondering if you would by any chance have a picture of the delicious Sandy Lawrence that you could print just for me? Keep "FEMALE MIMIC" coming . . . we love it out here!

Sincerely,
 R. D. F.
 Chicago

Gary Lynn, the show's M.C.



Dig those falsies and that mod "peek-a-boo" outfit!





WHO? Carroll Baker is "Sylvia," with female impersonator Paul Gilbert, center, and Val Avery in the drama opening on Wednesday at Loew's State Theater.



NOW MAKING his West End cabaret debut at Winston's is Tracey Lee, one of the few female impersonators who has a well-produced and sophisticated act. Moreover, he is seen to considerably better advantage in the costly intimate night club atmosphere of Winston's than among the chilly splendours of Ilford's Room at the Top, where I caught his act just before Christmas.

One of my main reasons for liking him is that he stops just short of burlesquing the artists he impersonates. When he assumes the rich and fruity tones of Sophie Tucker, one feels that here is a tribute to a great performer, and there is a good deal of affection in his querulous Margaret Rutherford, recalling with chin-wagging agitation a nightmare air flight.

AND I suppose it is rather strange that all the numberless impressions I have seen of Eartha Kitt, the best one should be done by a man!



No it's NOT...

News of the World
Reporter

BRITAIN'S King of Strip, Paul Raymond, has brought a new form of entertainment to the late-night scene in London. He describes it as "family entertainment."

It's not the kind I'd take 'my family to. And it will only add to London's already unsavoury after-dark reputation.

It's an all-male show of female impersonators. All the "girls" in these two pictures are actually men.

For an hour, twice nightly, at the Bal Tabarin restaurant eight men dressed as women mince round the postage-stamp stage, dancing, singing, cracking jokes.

They simper and preen themselves in their finery. Their jokes are frequently loaded with obvious double meanings. Their voices are indistinguishable from the voices of real women.

They seem to be enjoying themselves. "They love every minute of it," said Mr. Raymond. "And they work harder than ordinary cabaret girls."

They reminded me of the pitiable twilight creatures, half man, half woman, who do striptease acts in a certain kind of Paris night club.

Most famous of these is the Carrousel whose name and implications Mr. Raymond has borrowed for the title of his show, *Carrousel Carnival*. "But," he insists, "these are men—genuine female impersonators. Shows like this



...a family show Mr Raymond

have been going on in music-halls and theatres all over the country for years.

"But it's never been done in a night club before. It's different and a bit of a giggle."

I didn't find it funny. Raymond, who has made a fortune from his Revuebar strip club, refitted the Bal Tabarin almost a year ago for around £100,000.

He employed big name artists to lead his cabarets. Diana Dors was one. He paid them £1,000 a week and more. But the public didn't support it and for the past six months the place has been closed.

A week ago it reopened with this all-male show. One of the highlights was a mock fashion parade which finished up with one of the

men dressed in a bawdy show. A must! Slightly parts, minded.

you're broad minded. Obscene? Lewd? Degraded? Raymond's show can't be accused of any of these. "Though I always find it interesting to see men dressed as women in any kind of show. Personally I found the cigarette girl more interesting. And so, I suspect, did other 15 people watching this "family entertainment."



VIRGINIA - 10/62

SUSANNA



CINDY
WILL
CANDY





(NEWS foto by Bob Costello)
 Jack (Murf the Surf) Murphy walks out of Police Headquarters handcuffed to female impersonator Shannon Elder.

He was handcuffed to Shannon Elder, 27, of 9303 Shore Road, Brooklyn.
 Elder was accused of the \$45

stick up New Year's Eve, while wearing feminine attire and a wig, of cabby Juan Mogue at 38th St. and Ninth Ave. Elder was still in women's clothes yesterday. He was held in \$2,500 bail for hearing Wednesday.



Indicted by a North Carolina grand jury for committing a homosexual act, Defendant Robert McCorkle pleaded no contest, got a five-year sentence and served only 17 months before being paroled. Max Doyle pleaded not guilty, was tried and sentenced to not less than 20 or more than 30 years in prison.

The oddly disparate sentences were handed down by the same judge, acting under an equally odd state law based on an English statute of 1533 that made homosexuality a capital offense. As adopted in 1837, the euphemistic North Carolina law reads: "Any person who shall commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature, not to be mentioned among Christians, with either mankind or beast, shall be adjudged guilty of a felony, and shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy." As it stands today, the law omits death and Christians, but prescribes a whopping sentence of up to 60 years.

Disposal Law. Not until Doyle's case had the North Carolina law imposed on adult males a sentence longer than five years. But Doyle, the town transvestite, was something of a public nuisance. Previously convicted for prostitution, he wore women's clothes even at his trial. The court simply disposed of the defendant by sending him to prison for what would have amounted to the rest of his life.

Doyle's sentence was twice as long as the one North Carolina gives an armed bank robber, three times longer than a train robber's, 30 times longer than a drunken driver's. His alleged crime—a single homosexual act between consenting adults—is a misdemeanor in New York; in 24 other states, homosexual offenses are punished only when openly committed, as Doyle's was not. The prestigious American Law Institute aims to exempt private "deviate sexual behavior" between consenting adults, punishing only those involving force or corruption of children.

Second Chance. Amid these winds of change, Doyle eventually got his case before North Carolina's liberal U.S. District Judge James B. Craven by petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus. Stunned at the record, Craven suggested there was a violation of the Eighth Amendment's guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment. Restricted by precedents, however, he simply ordered a new trial on the ground that Doyle had been unlawfully imprisoned because his court-appointed lawyer had had only a few hours to prepare a defense. In a scathing order, Craven told North Carolina that imprisoning rather than treating Doyle "is a little like throwing Br'er Rabbit in the briar patch." And he asked: "Is it not time to redraft a criminal statute first enacted in 1533? And if so, cannot the criminal-law draftsmen be helped by those best informed on the subject—medical doctors?"

Whatever the legislature's answer will be, Doyle last week stood trial again—in subdued men's clothes—and on the stand readily admitted that he is a homosexual. "By choice?" pressed the prosecutor. "God in heaven knows, no," said Doyle. Said his lawyer to the jury: "There but for the grace of God go you and I. It could happen to any of us." The jury acquitted Doyle and set him free after three years in jail.



FOR OHIOAN CAUGHT IN BAY
Arrest Ends Nine-Year Masquerade as Woman

PANAMA CITY, March 17 (UP)—A man who successfully masqueraded as a woman for nine years was caught here today and jailed for investigation by the FBI.

James Louis Law, who gave his home address as Cincinnati, Ohio, admitted to the FBI that he has been passing himself off as "Miss Clara Law" for nine years and for the past month has been a "barmaid and female entertainer" at a local tavern.

His secret was discovered when he was arrested on a charge of drunkenness and placed in the woman's division of the jail. The jailer noticed Law's large hands, knuckles and wrists and called for a doctor to examine him.

The physician confirmed Law was a man.

On two previous occasions recently police said, Law was jailed under the name of "Clara" and spent two days with a group of women prisoners in a cell at the jail.

The FBI questioned him in connection with his draft status when it was discovered he has no draft card.

Law told the FBI he served as a combat infantryman in World War II for 34 months. He said he was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in 1949 and started his female impersonation shortly thereafter.

"I have wanted to be a woman since I was a child," Law told FBI agents, smoothing down his shoulder-length dyed blonde hair.

He showed up at the jail with two suitcases full of feminine clothing.

The two previous occasions when he served time in jail were on charges of reckless driving and drunkenness.

'Woman' In The Dock Was Man

The "woman" in the prisoner's dock at Scarborough, Ont., court was 26-year-old James Lapossie, no fixed address. He was attired in slacks and blouse, upsweep hairdo, earrings, rouge and lipstick and charged with breach of probation.

Magistrate James Butler remanded him one week and told him to come back in male attire. "I'll never come back in men's clothes," retorted Lapossie. "Who do you think you are anyway?"

Lapossie was expected to be dressed like a man next time. When he appeared as a woman before Magistrate Butler in December he was given the same advice. He returned in men's garb, supplied at the Don jail, and with his hair cropped and was given nine months' probation for vagrancy on December 30th.

Lapossie is charged now with a breach of that probation.

Mr. Beryl Kaye
 c/o Confidential Magazine
 260 Park Avenue, South
 New York 10, New York
 Dear Mr. Kaye:

With reference to the Playboy article concerning me, enclosed are the pictures for which you asked. You may use them as long as they are not used for immoral or defaming purposes either to Playboy Clubs International or to myself.

I wish to thank you for the write up in Confidential. Since you knew so much about what went on that day, I assume I may have met you. The name is Leo and not Jerry.

I understand that Columbia is going to make a motion picture on the life of Mr. Hefner and that Tony Curtis will play the lead. I read the other day that Mr. Curtis was in Chicago to select the "Bunnies" for the picture.

In your article, you stated how much of a sense of humor Playboy had in allowing you to publish the article. I am wondering if Columbia has the sense of humor to use it in their movie.

Once again, I want to thank you for your write up. I will be looking forward to reading your next article.

Yours very truly,
Leo Bishop
 Leo Bishop

LB
 Enclosure

CALIF. BOY 'PASSED' AS WOMAN

Because a suggestive boss kept chasing "her" around the desk, pinching, panting, patting, and pleading, curvaceous Gerald Trenton, a 22-year-old light-skinned Negro of Oakland, Calif., came out of "his" five-year act. After he quit the job, then was jailed (but shortly released on one-year probation), the story of torment suffered by a man who doesn't want to be one—was revealed. The story of a boy who admits men appeal to him, and that he "thinks, feels, and acts like a woman."

Unable to find a job in male attire when he first arrived in California in 1958 (60 rejections) because he was always quickly spotted as a homosexual, Trenton began his amazing masquerade, donning wig, skirt, nylons, and other seductive feminine accessories. From that moment, he had no trouble landing a job, aided by a very fair complexion which often led discriminating employers to mistake him for white. Said Trenton: "I'm a terrible looking boy. But as a woman, I'm not unattractive; nothing special, but not bad."

A lean five feet, nine inches and 124 pounds, Trenton worked nearly two years as a waitress at a San Francisco eatery without raising the slightest suspicion. Quitting the job, he became a popular night club female impersonator. But because he became depressingly melancholy each time he had to switch back to male attire, Trenton quit the entertainment world. Said he: "I would have to go back into boy's clothing after performing, and I'm not happy as a boy."

Drifting to Oakland, Trenton became a secretary, then for two months shared an apartment with two unsuspecting young women who later stole most of his dresses, leaving him virtually bare. To buy clothes, he became a secretary. Of one of his employers whom he characterized as fresh, Trenton gushed: "He paid more attention to other things than to work. If he had known I was a boy, I'm sure he would have paid more attention to his work." The employer couldn't be located for comment.



Out of jail on probation, Gerald, shorn of "curves" (l), and wig (r), vows to seek surgery to make him girl—permanently.

Then, really stretching his luck, the beardless Trenton moved into an Oakland YWCA, without detection, and lived there four nights, gossiping, watching TV and talking about "silly little things, like knitting and sewing," and being treated "like one of the girls."

Long-Haired Gent Makes Like Belle!

Everything about the young man in court was extraordinary. His silky hair hung down to his shoulders. He wore a pink blouse under a blue cardigan, blue tapering trows, and wedge-heeled sandals. His face was made-up and his finger-nails were manicured and gold-tinted.

Even the name he gave to police was unusual—Michael Angelo Cournoyer.

And then there was his claim in court.

"I am changing my sex," he told the Judge. "I am presently taking treatments towards this goal, at 1025 Pine Ave. West."

And Cournoyer, 26-year-old commercial artist at 1255 University st., brought along his doctor to confirm the statement.

A police officer gave evidence that a crowd of youths at 1480 Stanley St., shouted and whistled as Cournoyer left the place just before MIDNIGHT. Michael Angelo tickled one under the chin and was pushed around quite a bit.

When arrested he protested: "I am more of a lady than real ladies."

Michael denied that he behaved insultingly. He told the court that he was changing his sex and regularly attended a local clinic and eventually intended to go to Denmark to have an operation to complete the sexual metamorphosis.

He was not a homo-

sexual, maintained Michael, but worked for his living and tried to behave respectably. He realized that because of the unusual clothing which he liked to wear, he had to be careful of his everyday behaviour.

His doctor told the court that Cournoyer was one of a group of people he was helping to treat. The treatment was psychological and surgical, but it was very difficult to decide when the extremely tricky surgical operation should be performed. This was to be a prelude to the "famous Danish sex-change operation," he claimed.

Though they were trying to get Cournoyer back to normal, there was in him a strong compulsion to become a woman and it was very unlikely that psychology would succeed with him.

Eventually, said the medical witness, they would have to operate and change him permanently into a member of the opposite sex.

After hearing the expert's evidence, His Honor found Cournoyer guilty of "insulting behaviour," but suspended sentence.

Sex Change Operation In Russia

Moscow

Soviet physicians changed the sex of a 27-year-old male by surgery and hormone treatments, the youth newspaper Kom-somolskaya Pravda reported yesterday.

It was believed to be the first such case reported in Soviet medicine.

The successful sex transformation was reported in papers read at a recent Academy of Medical Sciences conference in Leningrad.

The youth newspaper's report said a photograph of the mustachioed male patient taken before the operation was shown at the conference, together with a post-operative picture of a smiling woman.

The report said the unidentified patient was born with two "X" chromosomes with which females are normally born, plus a male "Y" chromosome. After the operation and hormone treatment, the patient's beard and moustache disappeared, the report added.

Associated Press

Flood Of Tears Delays His-Her Driving Case

Clifford Cayer, who confused police and court officials by posing as a woman, broke into tears yesterday as he defended himself on a dangerous driving charge.

DABS EYES

He delicately dabbed his mascaraed eyes with a handkerchief, and had to be helped from the stand by a police matron while the court adjourned until he could compose himself.

Cayer, alias Diana Adams, 32, of Raglan ave., was charged with dangerous

'Miss Adams' Weeps As HE Recalls Crash

After telling a judge and jury he has lived as a woman for 12 years, Clifford Cayer broke down and sobbed on the witness stand yesterday as he recalled an accident that claimed the life of a woman friend.

Cayer, 32, is on trial for dangerous driving in the death of Mrs. Rosemary Sheehan, 45, of Madison Ave., who was killed when his car went out of control on Highway 401 last June.

Cayer, sworn in as "Miss Adams," spoke in a high-pitched voice with an English accent. He wore a black tunic suit, white beads, earrings and black pumps. Raising pencilled eyebrows, he said his car came off Leslie St. to the highway and was cut off by another car.

To avoid an accident, he said, it was necessary to cut sharply into the gravel shoulder.

"Then it (his car) went out of control," the accused wept. "I don't know what happened."

A breakdown of sobs occurred again when he mentioned seeing his friend lying injured on the embankment.

In cross examination, the witness said he decided to go for the 3 a.m. ride because "it was very hot and stuffy. The judge will address the jury Monday.

Free Him (Her?) on Charge

TORONTO (CP): Clifford Cayer, alias Dianna Adams, 32, wept in court as an all-male jury freed him on a charge of dangerous driving that claimed a friend's life last June. The tall redhead, neatly dressed in a black tunic dress, kissed the matron and shook hands with his lawyer when the jury announced its verdict yesterday. Outside court, Cayer, who told the jury he had been living as a woman for 12 years, said he will remain in Toronto where he is a legal secretary. A charge of dangerous driving was laid against Cayer when his friend, Mrs. Mary Rose Sheehan, 45, of Toronto, was killed in an accident on Highway 401.

'Male Or Female? I Want To Know'

The sex of a tall redhead wearing a fashionable, black tunic suit held up a county court hearing today.

When court clerk John Copeland called the name Clifford Cayer, the redhead wearing a necklace of white beads and tiny pearl earrings set through pierced ears, stood up.

"Are you Clifford Cayer?" the clerk asked in astonishment. The prisoner in the dock said nothing.

"Are you male or female?" asked Mr. Copeland.

Still no answer.

Defence counsel Anthony Bazos asked Judge Everett Weaver to amend the information adding "alias Dianna Adams." The judge agreed.

His honor then said the court "requires to know the sex of the accused."

Bazos objected and said Cayer, who appeared in court wearing a black Per-

sian lamb coat trimmed with a mink collar, had been using the name Dianna Adams for 10 years. Judge Weaver called Bazos and crown counsel James Crossland into his chambers. Within 15 minutes Cayer, alias Dianna Adams, pleaded not guilty, through the lawyer, to a charge of dangerous driv-

ing on Highway 401 last June.

The accused stared ahead as a jury was picked. Crossed legs revealed gun metal gray stockings, and black suede pumps. A gold band and watch completed the ensemble. The pink polish on the long fingernails matched pink lipstick the accused was wearing.

Passenger Died

Hamilton school teacher Michael Gerula testified a female passenger in Cayer's car died after the accident. He said he found the overturned car at the bottom of an embankment near Leslie St. Lying in

the front seat was Cayer. He also noticed the windshield of the car was out.

"My attention was diverted to the bank," the crown witness said. "I heard moaning. They were pitiful sounds of pain."

There he found a woman passenger who later died. (He did not identify her.)

Mr. Gerula said Cayer's car passed his, "started to rock," passed another car and veered into the driving lane, causing the driver of the car in front to slam on his brakes.

"The car spun around. I saw headlights," the witness told the 12-man jury. "It continued, spinning and left the road."



SEVEN MEN BOOKED ON CHARGES OF IMPERSONATING WOMEN AT NIGHTCLUB. They are shown with their heavy makeup, wigs, strapless gowns and feminine undergarments

Wigs, Gowns and . . .

7 Men Arrested Doing Female Show

Seven men were booked by sheriff's vice detail officers early today on charges of impersonating women at a Lomita night club.

The arrests came in a raid at the Serenata Club at 1831 Pacific Coast Highway, where officers said the seven entertainers performed dances and skits before an audience of 150 men and one woman.

Capt. Walter Howell, who headed the raiding detail, said the seven wore heavy makeup. Six were in high-fashion wigs, strapless gowns or sheath dresses, feminine undergarments—with padding—silk stockings and high heels.

One, he said wore a tight black leotard.

ARRESTED

Those booked at Lennox station were identified by officers as:

Alvin Lee Hardy, 33-year-old waiter, and George Lee Brown, 23-year-old hair stylist, both of 102 Bonito St., Long Beach;

David George Buckingham, 37, a bus boy of 921 E. Second St., Long Beach. Warren Keith Fremming, 36-year-old bartender, of

2325 E. Second St., Long Beach.

Ralph William Hunt, 28, box boy, of 612 E. Elm St., Compton.

Robert Eugene Habstritt, 26, hairdresser, of 713 E. Manchester Blvd., Inglewood.

George William Massey, 25-year-old hair stylist, of 6145 Gletwater, Hollywood.

'Girl' Jailed As a Man

It's been kind of a mixed up past two months for Patricia A. Posten, 22, a five foot nine, 124-pound brunette with hazel eyes.

For one thing, the girls at the YWCA, 1515 Webster St., where Pat has been living, haven't been very friendly.

And then Pat had to quit a secretary's job because the boss kept making passes.

It all came to a climax early today when police broke up a tete-a-tete with three sailors at 12th St. and Broadway.

Officer Gary Symons, acting on a telephone tip arrested Pat and won an admission that "she" actually was a man named Gerald Trenton.

Trenton was booked for violation of a seldom enforced section of the Municipal Code on "immoral dress" which makes it unlawful for a person to appear in public in the attire of a person of the opposite sex.

Symons said "Pat" was uncooperative when he first began asking questions. But a slight tug on the brunette tresses revealed they were part of a well made wig.

"Pat" became Gerald for sure at the city jail after removing skirt, girdle, Merry Widow bra, falsies, nylon stockings and high heels.

Police said Trenton admitted masquerading as a woman for the past several months and living at the YWCA during that time. Bail was set at \$1,050 on the charge.

Trenton later told reporters he had been dressing as a girl off and on since he was 17 years old.

"I've never been able to get a job as a man," he declared. "And I'm not happy as a boy. I just can't seem to get along in this world as a boy."

Even dressed as a man his feminine mannerisms made it difficult for him, he claimed.

Trenton said he found it easier to get a job as a girl secretary and has been earning his living this way since coming to the Bay Area about a year ago from Florida.

He said none of the women at the YWCA suspected his masquerade.

Trenton admits he has a problem but doesn't quite know what to do about it. He said this was the first time he has been arrested.



PATRICIA POSTEN 'She' was a 'he'

'Poupee' Trips Fantastic

By ALTON COOK

"La Poupee" is a story of a Latin American revolution told in a brew of whimsy, grotesque humor and occasional lulls into silly incredibility. In its good moments its good moments it is a light hearted delight but you never know when one of the low points will come along to spoil the fun.

This French film at the Radio City Guild is sure to draw mixed reactions. I happen to be one for whom the fantastic hilarity outweighs the dead spots but I would not offer any guarantee.

The crazy confusion begins with a wild-eyed scientist who discovers the secret of reproducing any tangible object, from a tennis ball even to a human body. But to give the body life and movement, he must fuse his own soul into it.

A fiery revolutionist himself, he creates a duplicate of the dictator's beautiful mistress and becomes the guiding spirit within her body. She flares into the flaming inspiration of the revolution with accompanying complications of mistaken identity. He also releases a heap of inhibitions as an almost nude

dancer in a bawdy night club. This is just the core of the idea. Poland's Zbigniew Cybulski capers around the picture with a wild caricature of a dictator, a pompous, foolish bully.

Another odd touch—Sonne

Teal, who plays the mistress and her duplicate, is a man. The makeup department has supplied an artfully deceptive padding job, even for some nude shots. I don't want to spoil your leering, boys, but that's how it is.



Editor, VARIETY:
Upon my arrival in New York from my native France I read with interest and amusement the item in your issue of recent date concerning the ban on the moving picture in which I have a small role, "La Poupee." M. Hakim states that it is because of some nudity. I am sure he knows that the reason it probably never will be shown in the States is that the leading feminine role is played by a man, probably your most talented female impersonator since the immortal Julian Eltinge.
As one of Europe's leading female impersonators for the past 30 years, my own small role is the first time I have been in a film. Much of the film was shot in South America and I am not even sure that most of the persons in the picture knew that anyone else in the cast was a man playing female roles. (There were two, beside the lead.)
In all probability the puritanish Americans will not allow the picture to be shown although there is no vulgarity in the playing—the roles are played with sincerity. As one who has witnessed the mediocrity of your revues such as "Jewel Box" and "Powder Puff," I am not surprised that female impersonation is looked on with disdain. Of course, we have certain advantages. In West Germany, where I make my home, we are allowed to live as women provided we register with the local police. This is reciprocated in Denmark, Sweden, parts of France and Norway. Since my passport is made out to me as a woman, I have had no problem, even in the States. Thus, for 32 years my life has been that of a woman—every moment of every day.
It is my hope that the film can be shown for one reason only: that female impersonation can be an art. I am most proud of my reputation, even though at my age I will never be known to your audiences.
Andree Meunier

GUILD THEATER

A screenplay written and directed by Jacques Audiberti, based on the novel by Mr. Audiberti, directed by Jacques Baratier, released by Gaston Hamkin International, in French with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 30 minutes. With the following cast: Colonel Prado Roth and Coral Zbigniew Cybulski La Poupee and Marion... Sonne Teal Moren Claudio Gora Mirt Catherine Milinaire Professor Palmas Jean Aron The Indian Jacques Dufilho

By Robert Salmaggi

"Well, 'La Poupee' is here from France, but the question is, is New York ready for it?

If you've any kind of a sense of offbeat humor and an appreciation of impertinent, audacious cinematic shenanigans, get to the Guild straightaway and have yourself a ball trying to figure out what in the name of Jean Cocteau it's all about. Whether you do or don't is of no import. The fact is, there are some delicious, tongue-in-cheeky goings-on, especially visual, that you may well relish, with or without your analyst along to tell you why.

Director Jacques Baratier (a name you'd do well to remember has flamboyantly adapted his film from the Jacques Audiberti fantasy novel, "La Poupee" (The Doll), which takes place in an imaginary Latin dictatorship. Revolution is stirring, but the people need an inspirational force to really pull the coup. Certain rebels, led by a powerful arms manufacturer, are at work, but it remains for a mild-mannered but freedom-loving science professor to show the way.

He's invented a spooky gadget that can duplicate anything, even humans. So, he duplicates dictator Prado's mistress, Marion, a buxom wench indeed. Then he insinuates his liberal-thinking mind into the double, or La Poupee, and after some erotic musings about his reactions to being a woman, or at least, transferring his brain to the body of one, sets out to stir up the masses, and La Poupee sure can stir.

But whether dictatorships rise, fall or remain, Baratier's saucy film seems to be saying, among other things, that tyranny doesn't necessarily end with the death or demise of a despot. Often, there are strong forces back of the ruling power, in this case the arms manufacturer, who pulls all the strings from regime to regime.

If this sounds weighty, indeed it is not meant to be Baratier has conjured up a riotous kaleidoscope of color, filling the screen with inventive imagery, fluorescent compositions and wild posturings that delight the eye and mind as we are taken step by step into this absurd world of fantasy that surely could exist only in the cinema.

Baratier seems to be toying with ideas, searching for new facets, new concepts. He appears to be having a delight-

ful time, suddenly placing bizarre props and trappings before your eyes, or promptly removing them. His use of color to supplement actions or moods is deft and imaginative. His characters move about almost as if performing a ballet; they gesture, lean, go into attitudes; they wear outlandish costumes, which sometimes disappear and are replaced by even more preposterous ones. Baratier seems to be having an inside laugh on Dali, Cocteau, maybe even Resnais.

As dictator Prado, Zbigniew Cybulski, whom you may remember from "Ashes and Diamonds," is probably the hammiest and most delightful of all the weird array of characters here. (He also plays a rebel masquerading as the slain dictator.) He is something to see, with his steel-rimmed glasses, black beard and awesome uniforms, gesticulating wildly in the grand manner of Barrymore and Fairbanks sr. (watch him crawl on all fours toward his mistress' couch, a leopard skin cape about his shoulders). The ridiculous attitudes and actions are marvelously underscored by plinking musical sounds and stop-motion techniques that make Prado the ludicrous puppet he really is.

There's even a comical Greek chorus thrown in, with an Indian servant girl screamingly played by a French actor, Jacques Dufilho. In derby and black wig, he or she, peels potatoes while lifting a scratchy falsetto voice in philosophical song as to what will transpire.

Which brings us to Marion, and for that matter, La Poupee, her double. Brace yourself. Both Marion and La Poupee are played—and most



... Sonne Teal ...

Screen: 'La Poupee' Makes Entrance

Movie From France Is Now at the Guild

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

WELL may you ask what is "La Poupee," that being the mystery name that appeared in teaser advertisements in this paper on three or four Sundays this past month. Because even when you know it is a movie (which opened yesterday at the Guild) and even when you've sat through it and studied it carefully—or as carefully as its zany permits you—you may still be puzzled as to what it is.

The best I can tell you is that it looks to me to be a satire on political revolution in a bizarrely absurd and burlesque vein, with strongly socialistic leanings and maybe homosexual overtones.

But don't ask me to prove it. That is impossible to do on the evidence of the frankly Dadaistic and loosely symbolic material that is staged in a wild and colorful fashion by Jacques Baratier. However, the general drift of it, the running motif of a waving red cape as a sort of rallying banner for angry, rebellious working men and the fact that an incredible Danish actor plays the two leading female roles with a considerable amount of effeminate posturing leads me to believe I am right.

Based on a novel by Jacques Audiberti, one of France's top playwright-novelists whose work is supposed to be so Gallic that it's impossible to translate, "La Poupee" (which means a doll or puppet) is in the manner of one of those acts with political implications you might see in a European cabaret.

An off-screen narrator tells us at the outset that it takes place in an imaginary country where a revolution is be-



Sonne Teal

The Cast

LA POUPEE, screenplay by Jacques Audiberti, based on the novel by Mr. Audiberti, directed by Jacques Baratier. A Gaston Hamkin Productions International Release. At the Guild Theater, 50th Street west of Fifth Avenue. Running time: 90 minutes.
Col. Prado Roth..... Zbigniew Cybulski
Coral
La Poupee? Sonne Teal
Marion
Moren Claudio Gora
Mirt Catherine Milinaire
Professor Palmas Jean Aron
Savas Sacha Pitoeff
Horsehair Daniel Emilfork
The Indian Jacques Dufilho
Joachim Gabriel Jabour
Gervasio Michel de Re

ing plotted against a dictatorship, but a timid voice, interrupting, insists that the place is here and now. That is a hint of the confusions and contradictions that are to come.

There follows a mad conglomeration of bizarre, eccentric scenes—some of them seemingly connected and meaningful, some of them not—in which a gaudy dictator has as mistress the mannish wife of a slyly wire-pulling industrialist. This mistress is reproduced—or an alter ego of her is fabricated—by a garrulous scientist and this alter ego becomes the puppet that waves the revolutionaries on.

Jacques Audiberti's Story Presented

There are plots within plots, generated by a multiplicity of random characters, and the screen is loaded with burlesque seductions, orgies and unintelligence. And every so often a crazy Indian pops in as a commentator. In the end, a young rebel who resembles the dictator in looks is persuaded to act as stand-in for the tyrant in an assassination arrangement, but he seizes power instead. This, I suppose, should be accepted as some kind of irony.

Zbigniew Cybulski, the Polish actor seen here in "Ashes and Diamonds," plays the dual roles of dictator and rebel. Boy, does he ham it up! But then, of course, everybody overacts excessively. However, the most spectacular is the Danish actor, Sonne Teal, who plays the mistress and the alter ego. Although I cannot see the advantage of having a man play women, it is a theatrical stunt. And, purely on the anatomical evidence, it is quite incredible.

Is the picture funny? Is it worthwhile? It's funny—very funny—in spots, like some vaudeville entertainment. But it is so much further out than Rene Clair's "A Nous la Liberte," for instance, and so much less logical that it lacks continuity and coherence. The mind and the senses, indeed, which are probably more responsive to such nonsense, are constantly left hanging in the air. A brisk scene, a funny passage, an incisive travesty and then—blah! What follows is so disconnected that it leaves you groping for the point.

The color is bright, the music lively and the English subtitles are fair. But I find "La Poupee" trivial. To me it is high-flown flummery.



Dear Hedy Jo,
I am 18 years old and have a 36-24-37 figure. I am writing this because I feel that you may be able to help me.

I am now an only child. My younger sister died when I was four. My mother then began to lavish me with affection. I can see now that I was spoiled rotten. My mother began buying me new dresses and skirts. I have been wearing nylons since I was ten. I have dozens of dresses, skirts, and blouses now. I have two drawers full of nice lingerie. Anyone would think I was lucky and personally I agree. I love these clothes.

I have been dating since 15 and have had many boyfriends. The boy I am going with now is named Jim. We have been together for more than a year and he has asked me to marry him. This is my problem. I am a boy. My mother says she will take me to her doctor friend and he will arrange a sex change operation. Her friend has been giving me hormone shots since I was six. He has already performed an operation that sterilized me. This was when I was seven and my penis is as small as it was when I was three or four.

My mother says I should have the operation and tell Jim that I am just unable to have children. Nobody but my mother and her friend know I am a boy. I have never taken gym classes because the doctor wrote an excuse slip for me. Even my birth certificate says I am a girl; the doctor arranged this, too.

Hedy, I want to tell Jim the truth, but I am afraid I will lose him. I love him so much I couldn't live without him. One

thing you must know, Hedy, I do want to be a girl. I've been raised as a girl and I cannot picture myself living any other way.

What should I do?

Janice L.
California

Dear Janice:

You do have a problem. I'm not sure that psychiatry could help you any more since you're so used to being a girl. I would say be honest with your man before you do anything. If he balks, then think things over and get psychological help. If you still feel that you want to be a girl, then get a sex change operation. Hedy



Dear Sir:

I want to drop you a line to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your book, Female Mimic. I am fairly new at the game but am picking it up.

I often dress in female attire and go out at night since it is legal in California. I like wearing high heels and nylons. I am sending you my picture and would like your opinion of it and of how I can improve myself in this field.

Jay Stevenson



Dear Editor,

Thank you for an excellent and most marvelous magazine. I'm glad to know that someone is interested in us, so keep up the good work. I am not professional, but I'm a dancer. By the way a special section in your magazine indicating available jobs for female impersonators who would like to get into the entertaining business would be just great.

Urana

Have just received the latest Female Mimics and it is just as great as previous issues.

As an amateur Female Mimic I would like to thank you for the helpful hints I have picked up from your magazine on make-up and clothes.

I'm enclosing a few photos of myself which I hope you

can use in your next issue... Looking forward to future issues.

Yours truly,
Jan—Gastonia, N.C.



To Whom This May Concern:
A friend of mine has just returned from New York City, where he has been living for some time. He brought back with him, for me, several of your issues of "Female Mimics." I never knew that your magazine existed!!! I think the stories, plus the photos are the greatest!

I would like to subscribe and so would many of my friends. We don't want to miss another issue. I also am writing to tell you that I am an amateur impersonator in Pittsburgh.

I gave up a promising art career to get into the female impersonating field. I feel that I am not a professional as yet because I have never been in any of the great shows like "The Jewel Box Review." I have had my own review here in Pittsburgh where I have performed in clubs and stag parties.

I am enclosing a few snapshots of myself to see what your staff and readers think of me. Do you of "Female Mimics" think I have a chance of hitting the big time?

Thank you kindly for any help. Your staff is wonderful!

Always,
Micki LaMarr—Pittsburgh



MICKI LA MARR



Dear Editor,
Just thought I would write and congratulate you on your outstanding editing in "Female Mimics", do hope to see some of our Philadelphia girls and guys in there real soon. If you have room, could you print these pics, so everyone could see what the Phila. guys look like?

Thank you, and keep up the terrific work. I buy every issue.

Love to all my friends,
Liz

P.S. Why don't you start a pen-pal section. I'm sure we would all like to hear from each other and know what's doing in each others town. All in favor—write me.

"Liz"
c/o Apt. #215
300 W. Byberry Road
Philadelphia, Penna. 19116

I am writing this letter to tell you I have read from cover to cover the first four issues of your magazine, "Female Mimics," and think it is absolutely fabulous. I particularly liked Marilyn Marks in the Premiere issue. He makes a gorgeous woman. I enjoy reading the magazine because, for a change, the femme Mimics candidly admit they like dressing as a woman instead of claiming they 'just do it for the money.'

I have been cross-dressing since I was about 18 years old, triggered by a chance remark of a woman who said, in all sincerity, that she thought I had very pretty woman's legs. Since then I have kept them clean-shaven and give myself an almost daily pedicure. That, plus my slim figure, causes me to 'dress down' as much as 'dress up.' My enclosed picture, which I hope you will print with this letter, will attest to that. How many femme mimics can look like that in a bikini? The picture was taken by a professional photographer for proper lighting. If I could sing or dance I would try to enter the ranks of the pros, but as it is I'm afraid my abilities will have to be confined to those few who know of them.

I look forward to future issues.

Sincerely,
"Barbara"

Los Angeles, Cal.



(You're right, Barbara, you look absolutely sensational in a bikini. We are sure our readers will agree.—Ed.)





Dear Sirs:

I would like to begin this little note with just one thing: Your magazine is one of the most wonderful books I have had the pleasure to see. All I have to say is—it is just wonderful!

I had seen it at a friend's house. My name is Fablina and I hope to someday become a professional Female Impersonator. I do a little singing and exotic dancing.

Before closing I would like very much to get info on how to get your magazines. I am enclosing a picture of myself for your collection.

Love to a wonderful magazine,
Fablina,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I have to congratulate you in behalf of a group of Female Impersonators known as the "Delightful Ladies" and from myself, personally. Your magazine is wonderful! It really gives professional impersonators a firm stand in Show Business. I'm sending you a few of my pictures.

Sincerely yours,
Jay B. & the
Delightful Ladies
N.Y.C.

Dear Editor:

Your Spring issue was out of this world. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed your delightful magazine.

Enclosed please find money order for your next issue, which I will be eagerly waiting for.

Also, enclosed are snap shots which were taken of me at a recent party.

Best of everything your great magazine.

Sincerely,
R. P. — Oak Park, Ill.



Dear Sirs:

Please let me congratulate you and your staff on the new magazine "Female Mimics."

In the late twenties and early 30's, female impersonators were considered top in the AGVA. It is one of the oldest professions, boasting such names as Julian Eltinge, the late Lester Lamont . . . Please tell me why this generation doesn't welcome this form of entertainment? Are we endowed with false modesties, or are we getting narrow in our thinking?

Why aren't Female Mimics accepted in this country as they are in others?

Enclosed is a picture of me taken at a party last Halloween. Would you please print it in your readers' column? I am not professional. *But* I am American Indian and the hair is my own. I wear it in braids.

Please keep "The Readers Always Write" section in.

Jeen T.
Los Angeles



Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed your magazine. "Female Mimics"—and I wish to submit several of my photos. Perhaps you could use them in a future issue.

I'll give you a few facts on my life to date:

Name: Sheena

Age: 26

Weight: a petite 110

Height: 5'5"

Specialty: Oriental Dancing.

I have appeared in a movie, "The Mummy Returns," and in clubs all over the U.S. Hope soon to display my talents in Canada.

Thank you for your time. If you are unable to use my photos, please return them. I am enclosing a self-addressed envelope for this purpose.

Sincerely,
Sheena



(Wish we could show our readers how lovely Sheena's gowns are in color!—Ed.)

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading your magazine since you first began publishing "FEMALE MIMICS." I would have written much sooner but I surely thought your magazine could never make it off the ground. I admit that I was very mistaken.

So here is my congratulations on a superb magazine. Please go on printing your Masterpieces. I am a very avid reader and I know many others who are behind you all the way.

Enclosed please find some pictures which I had taken. I'd like your opinion. After all, who else would have such precise judgement but the men who make *female mimics* possible.

Sincerely,

Tony

(You come across in a most refined manner, and we like what we see in the photos. Your wig seems to be one of the finest made. —Ed.)



Dear Sirs:

I have read with delight and gratitude one of the "Female Mimics" magazines. I myself am a professional female impersonator and have

appeared in such places as The Gaiety Burlesque Theatre in Chicago—where I worked as a real female along with the other strippers. I must admit, too, that several times my applause was greater than most of the real females. I worked as co-feature there and enjoyed every minute of it. Isn't it amazing how we female impersonators have to work with "this and that"—while the real (gal) has her own and doesn't know how to use them?

I have also worked at the Swing City club in Chicago. This was strictly a straight night club where only B girls worked—and of course, me. There, too, I worked as a 'real' female.

I seldom worked as a Female Impersonator.

I have just finished hairdressing school and plan to return to Chicago. Naturally I'll work on stage again and practice my new profession when time permits.

Enclosed are a few pictures of me which you may, if you want, print in one of your magazines.

Gratefully yours,
"Jackie King"

(Address Withheld)



Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a photo of two of the most talented performers I've seen in all my days with show biz. They are "The Golden Sisters," Suzy Day and Terry Fontaine, currently with the "Party of Five Revue." Their

singing and dancing impersonations are GREAT entertainment!

Good luck with your fine new mag!

Sincerely,
V. O'D.

Montreal, Canada





'PEACHES'

FROM A CANADIAN FRIEND

Hi There,
I just finished reading your last edition of FM and really enjoyed it. All of us around this way have welcome your new books. I am French Canadian of 23 and I am strictly amateur. I have work professionally 2 or 3 times!

I thought you would like to see what us Canadian amateur have picked up in make-up and tricks by reading your book.

I have develop a good and easy way to black my eyes brown but I think I should show in more details

how it is done because like I said all the kids look for idea in your book.

My 'mimic' name is Peaches La-tour so if you can use my picture I would like to know so I can watch for them; and I have many friends with beautiful pictures.

Please excuse my writing and spelling because I am French.

'Peaches'

Ottawa, Canada

(Thank you for the picture . . . you look real fine! We're glad "Female Mimics" has given you and your friends helpful hints.—Ed.)



Dear Editor:

Recently I had the delightful pleasure of seeing your publication for the first time. And, after many adventurous hours of delightful reading, my only comment is "TERRIFIC."

The fine informative pictorial section is balanced beautifully by an excellent literary section. You have approached a very suppressed subject with all the fineness that could be expected; as a result, you will promote understanding within one group and yet bring enjoyment and information to another. I can only direct to you a hearty thank you.

As to myself, I am only a shy amateur. My interest and practice go back as far as I can remember. The too few and far between parties I have been able to attend brought an evening of enjoyment I will never forget.

I have been prompted on occasion to make a try at professional impersonation, but have never felt I possessed the real talent to do credit to this art. I have enclosed pictures which I hope you will be able to have space for.

Thank You,

G. A. — Chicago, Illinois

(Thank you for the great pictures. We think you should continue on — a little self-confidence could take you a long way.—Ed.)



LESLIE CARROLL
THE
Male Eartha Kitt



Dear Editors:

Again I write to tell you how much I love reading your Female Mimics — along with the interesting stories and pictorial essays, I personally find it exciting to see many of my friends between your covers.

I am sending you a copy of my latest picture composite, and hope you will have room to print it. As you can see I have collected quite a wardrobe, and it's a good thing because I have been very busy these days.

I am appearing in New York now, and in my next letter I may have news of a more extensive tour. Thank you again and best of luck with future issues of Female Mimics.

Best,
Leslie Carroll — N. Y.

(Always good to hear from you, Leslie — keep in touch! —Ed.)



DANNY LA RUE



Dear Sir:

Glad to see your magazine improving with each issue. I hope to see you expand it with more pages and a lot more pics.

I read the letter someone wrote to you in the last issue about the Australian TVs and I agree with him. I have seen a number of shows in which the Aussie "girls" have appeared and they are terrific. Maybe you could publish some photos of the Aussies for all to enjoy.

Hope to see a lot more photos from amateurs in your letters column.

I am sending a few photos of myself that you may use in your magazine if you think they are good enough.

Thanks,
B. W.



BUNNY

ARMED FORCES MIMIC
Gentlemen:

As an amateur female mimic I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on a truly outstanding magazine. I think you should be highly commended for an unusually attractive, well presented insight into the female mimic. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a photo of myself which you have my permission to use in your magazine. Looking forward to your future issues I remain,

Bunny
APO N. Y., N. Y.



Dear Sir,

Just a little letter to let you know that I have become an addict to your great magazine. As an Eura-Asia I felt very proud when you published the photograph of the Japanese actors in traditional dress. Believe it or not but my father taught me Japanese dance and that included female impersonations, I have been bold enough to include two photographs of myself taken this year in my own garden. I am rather tall for an oriental but that is due to my German mother. Anyway could you print one of them? I would be very honored.

There is very little I can criticize about your very tasteful and praise deserving magazine, only I would like to ask you if it were possible for you to bring a few pictures in the coming issues of Laverne Cummings, Kim August, Ricky Renee and of Mr. Lynn Carter? I had seen these wonderful artists a few years ago in the Jewel Box Revue, what are they doing now? Again thank you for your kind patience, if you should decide to return my photographs please do so by way of C.O.D.

Thank you again and please keep up the great work, yours

J. O.
Long Beach, Calif.



Dear Editors,

Put my name on your list of admirers! Female Mimics is just 'terrific' and I devour every issue. Whenever I'm appearing in a theater there are several copies backstage, and cast members can always be found reading them during a break.

I thought you might like to print a photo of me, and am therefore sending some for you to select. Thank you from me, and lots of loyal fans who appreciate your fine taste and understanding.

Sincerely,
Hilmar
New York City









MARDI
GRAS







Dear Mr. Roberts;

I've been a fan of *Female Impersonators* for almost three years. My friends and myself are Female Impersonators in Honolulu and wanted you to see what the drag queens in Honolulu look like. There are approximately 250 queens in Honolulu.

We in Hawaii feel (not being conceited) that the kids here can surpass any queen in any part of the world.

We also have a club for shows. It's

called the Glade, the address is 152 North Hotel St. Honolulu.

We're very proud of our club and think that the shows outdo Finocechio's shows any day.

Mahalo and Aloha,
Dina
Honolulu, Hawaii

We'd like to hear and see more of the Hawaiian contingent. Ed.



PROFESSIONAL



QUEEN
runner - up

LEE
REFINERS
BALL (1971)









TANYA









GEORGIA



GEORGIA



CHARITY



JUARA





CHARITY



JUARA







TANYA



PRINCESS AND BUDDY













Dear Sirs:

I have just returned from a Canadian and Northwestern tour. Upon arrival, I found that articles and photographs of me have appeared in "FEMALE MIMICS." I thoroughly enjoyed them and thank you!

I am quite honored that you have put me in your fine magazine. I hope we can keep in contact, and will send you new material on myself from time to time.

Most Respectfully,
"Daiquari St. John"



RICKY RENEE





The pretty, auburn-haired prostitute wore a flowered blouse, pleated skirt and high-heeled shoes to court.

The only thing to ruin this gay outfit was the trace of a stubble on the face, for this call-girl was a 31-year-old man—Maurice Fitzgerald.

With Maurice in the London (England) court was John Hooton, accused of living off the earnings of a prostitute, that is Maurice's earnings!

The prosecuting attorney, Michael West, insists that although this is the first case of its kind involving a male prostitute, no distinctions should be made under the Sexual Offenses Act.

A housemaid in Maurice's house, Julia Jacobs, 68, testified against her employer. When she was first hired, she said, she believed Maurice was a woman, as he claimed to be.

But two days after she started, she realized her employer was a man when she touched his face and noticed the roughness of his beard.

"I knew I was wrong, but I carried on my work as before," she said.

She often answered the phone for Maurice and stated the price for his "services," about \$6.

Hooton was often around when Maurice entertained his clients.

"They used to behave together like two young ladies," Julia Jacobs said. "They talked about clothing, hairstyles and that sort of thing."

The police also thought Maurice was a woman. When they

were having his house watched, and saw 42 men go in and out in one day, they thought it was a call-girl operation.

But when they came to the house with a warrant for Hooton's arrest, Maurice said: "You can't get him for poncing (pimping)—I'm a man!"

Though Maurice admitted he had been a homosexual and prostitute for years, Hooton denied that he knew anything about Maurice's sex or business.

This bizarre trial is still in progress, with Prosecutor West pressing hard for a conviction.

A young man described by police as "a wolf in she's clothing," was accused today of attacking a woman in her East Side apartment.

The suspect, Richard Porter, a 27-year-old psychology student, was wearing a shoulder-length black wig, black sweater, treader pants, sandals, lipstick and eye shadow at the time of his arrest.

Beneath his sweater, police said, he wore a red bra stuffed with falsies. He also had on a panty girdle.

"He had us fooled," said Patrolman John Hammond. "He certainly looks like a female."

Shoved Into Apartment

According to police, he also fooled a young woman resident of 320 E. 90th St. When she came home last night and saw Porter loitering in the hallway, she thought nothing of it—until he came up behind her as she started to open her apartment door, detectives said.

According to police, Porter shoved the woman into the fourth-floor apartment, slugged her, knocked her down and attempted to rape her. At this point, she surmised he was not really a female.

Police said the woman fought desperately and yelled for help. Neighbors heard her screams, called police and banged on her door. Distracted by the noise, Porter relaxed his grip. The woman broke free and ran out the door but her attacker stayed inside because of the crowd in the hall.

Surrenders Meekly

He was still there when Patrolmen Hammond and Gerald McCarthy arrived a few minutes later. Police said Porter surrendered meekly.

In his large black handbag, the patrolmen found several lengths of heavy cord, a toy pistol, a switchblade knife, scissors, a small quantity of marijuana, a pair of handcuffs and a ring of apartment house keys.

He also had a list of girls' names and addresses and a piece of paper containing notations on various torture techniques, police reported.

Booked on 7 Charges

Detectives said Porter admitted he posed as a police woman last March in order to gain admission to a woman's apartment in the same East Side neighborhood. He raped the woman, police quoted him as saying.

He was questioned about other sex attacks in the area.

Porter, of 118 E. Fourth St., told detectives he is studying for his master's degree in psychology. He said he is an instructor at the Occupation Day Center of the Assn. For the Help of Retarded Children, 315 W. 36th St. He added that he is engaged to be married.

He was booked on seven charges: Felonious assault, attempted rape, burglary, possession of burglary tools, possession of narcotics, violation of the weapons law and impersonating a female.

Woman Dies and Turns Out To Be a Man

Everybody liked Florence Robinson.

The quiet little woman was considered a good, well-mannered housekeeper.

In the 15 years she lived in Kendallville, Ind., people were always asking for her services. Some of the families also wanted her to baby-sit for them.

Then one day last June, she had a stroke. She died in a hospital.

That's when it was discovered that Florence was a man.

When the news got out, people were so amazed that they could hardly believe it. Some demanded proof. Doctors and embalmers issued an official statement: "She is indeed a man."

But the death certificate read: "Florence Robinson, 65 years old, a person."

Sex Change Is OK'd for Burglar, 17

Baltimore, Jan. 7 (AP)—A criminal court judge has authorized an operation to change the sex of a 17-year-old burglary defendant from male to female.

Judge James K. Cullen, signed the order after two Johns Hopkins doctors said the operation would be in the best interest of the defendant, George Edward Lloyd Jr.

Lloyd pleaded guilty last spring to stealing 15 women's wigs valued at \$3,900.

Dr. John Money, of the Phipps Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital, described Lloyd as a psychic hermaphrodite and intractable to psychiatric treatment.

Dr. Money said the operation and subsequent hormone treatments would permit Lloyd to make "an adequate adjustment."

Lloyd took the stand himself to say he wanted the operation.

Fred E. Weisgal, Lloyd's lawyer, said the request for the operation was made so the boy could have a chance for rehabilitation before sentence was passed on the burglary charge.

volver six times, Ashley and the girl drove the body to a secluded field, doused it with gasoline and burned it.

Ashley took the dead man's car and drove to New York City where the FBI nabbed him. He was dressed as a woman when arrested but the G-men easily saw through the disguise.

Escaped Chair

Ashley was returned to Houston, tried and found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to death but escaped the chair when a higher court found him insane and sent him instead to the Texas State Mental Hospital in San Antonio. He escaped from the hospital last October.

Ashley also goes by the names Cookie Cordell, Rose Goldberg, and Renee.



Leslie Douglas Ashley is a 27-year-old odd ball who dresses as a woman, but whose conduct is anything but ladylike.

A homicidal maniac, Ashley and a female partner murdered a Houston, Tex., real estate man four years ago. After shooting their victim with a .22-caliber re-

MALE BIKINI BEAUTY. Five days after Lena Sibya won first prize as the best model in a Johannesburg (S. Africa) contest, somebody charged that the winner was really a man. When a doctor examined Lena, who had won the prize dressed in a bikini (padded with falsies), the charge turned out to be true and Lena was arrested.

He told a court that he would rather die than wear men's clothes. He carried a passport identifying him as a female.

—Star Chronicle, May 4, 1964

POLICE SAY HE IS SHE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

TAMPA, Fla. (ANP) — A police matron had a shocking experience searching a supposedly female prisoner here.

Two policemen had arrested 17-year-old Claudis Williams at a bar as a female impersonator.

However, patrolmen Elijah Dixon and Willie Bexley were not fully convinced about Williams' sex; even after they had searched him "from the knee down" in the paddy wagon on the way to the jailhouse.

"His impersonation was perfect," they said of Williams, who looked every bit a woman in a green dress and other female clothing.

Therefore, at the police station, they called in the matron, who was not identified, to probe further.

The matron started searching and discovered, to her dismay and embarrassment, that the prisoner was definitely a male.

In City Court, Williams' case was continued. He was released on \$100 bond.

FRANCE:

Monsieur Marie

Male prisoners, some of whom had not seen a woman for months, goggled last week from behind their bars in the Quai des Orfèvres prison in Paris. They saw two policemen jabbing a gaudily rouged, willowy, 6-foot blonde wearing an astrakhan coat and nylons, along the corridor toward the last cell in the men's row. Before the lock turned, the blonde said in a husky voice: "Don't fool yourself. I'm a married man and the father of a 3-year-old son. There's nothing queer about my morals, either."

Back in the interrogation room, the police puzzled over the freakish case of Marie Andrée. The blonde first worked as a waitress in various Riviera restaurants. Proprietors who did not suspect his real sex called him a top-notch worker and an expert at repulsing enterprising male customers. He then got a job as a cook in the house of a provincial police official. He declared that during the war he had attained the rank of captain in the Resistance (as a man). Reverting to woman's clothes, he next tried to make a living through petty swindles. In Marseille he was inadvertently caught in a dragnet for prostitutes, but was released without discovery. He subsequently did a thriving business selling oil burners that would not burn. Discovery came when walking down a dark street of a Paris suburb in woman's

clothes, he stopped briefly at a telegraph pole and was spotted by an astounded policeman.

On the police blotter, Marie Andrée went down as André Schwindenhammer of Alsatian origin; 38, charged with grand larceny. Asked the reason for his fantastically successful woman's getup, Schwindenhammer replied implausibly that it was to escape the clutches of his wife. Police psychiatrists saw strenuous days ahead.

I came home early from a visit with my parents. As I entered the living room, I saw several articles of women's clothes scattered around the room.

I went into our bedroom and saw a young blonde woman sleeping on my bed. She was dressed in a pink nylon bra and panties covered with a filmy pink baby doll gown.

She was one of the sexiest women I have ever seen. I hollered at this woman "What are you doing in my home, you ---?"

She jumped up and stared at me and kept stammering. Then I realized that this sexy blonde in my bed was my husband!

I ran out of the room and lay down on the living-room couch.

My husband came in and sat down beside me. Had put on a housecoat over the sexy night-clothes but he still looked like a beautiful girl. He told me then what all this was about.

He says he is a transvestite and loves to wear ladies' clothing. He says this is because he loves women so much. He began doing this when he was 12 and has been doing it for the last 12 years.

His figure is not bad. It's 37-24-38 and he's only five feet, seven inches tall.

Several men have asked him to go out and have all been turned down. This is my problem; Bill says he would like to go out with a couple of these men. He says that he would really like to be treated as a woman by a man.

Bill wants me to agree with this idea but I'm not sure I want him to go out with another man. I know it seems silly for a woman to be jealous of a man but Bill is so darn sexy when he is dressed as Doris.

To give you an idea of how completely feminine he becomes, I'll tell you about a recent incident. Bill was wearing a maternity dress with padded undergarments last week when we went out of town to do some special shopping.

We bumped into my mother in one of the shops and I introduced Bill as one of my neighbors. My mother spent the whole afternoon shopping with us and never guessed that "Doris" was her son-in-law.

How can I allow Bill to date other men when he is so feminine? Should I let him?

Doris' wife

DEAR ABBY: Interesting that a recent correspondent's brother with "girlish ways" was not permitted to express them, and then became an alcoholic.

We allowed my younger brother to "express himself" in what we thought were harmless ways at Halloween, masquerades, and school plays. He is now 22, and the best dressed girl on the block! [At least in private and on his solitary walks in the evening.]

It is incredible! He doesn't just roll up his trouser legs and use a little lipstick. He goes in for girdles, bras, heels, wigs and every type of make-up conceivable. It's gotten so that now I borrow things from HIM.

All we can do now is to protect him from detection and social embarrassment. It's all very puzzling, but we live with it and try to understand and be sympathetic to our "Barbara."

—"HER" OLDER SISTER



Richard Kay as Phoebe
"Disturbingly pretty"

than any actress could make her. And the lovesick shepherdess Phoebe (Richard Kay) is disturbingly pretty, large but with lovely legs and a fine face. It's really disturbing if one also becomes aware, at the same time, that this pretty girl is a man.



"EDNA" BARGE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE
At 6 feet and 198 pounds, "she" was the grandmotherly type

Death Reveals Edna Is Edward

Monterey

A masquerade that lasted two decades ended here today with a quiet little funeral.

Only close relatives and a few intimate friends attended the services of Edward C. Barge, 67, of 1424 Harding street, Seaside, who had been known here for 20 years as Edna Barge, the well-to-do former owner of Casa Grande Motel.

Barge suffered fatal injuries Christmas Eve when his car swerved off Del Monte avenue and crashed into a power pole.

Coroner Christopher Hill Jr. said Barge died at Monterey Hospital of chest injuries. He said a heart attack may have caused the accident.

At the hospital, investigating officers found a handbag containing a driver's license issued to

"Edna Barge" of the Seaside address, and then examining physicians discovered the deception.

Coroner Hill said Barge was married, but long separated from his wife, and was the father of two grown sons who have teen-age children. Hill said Barge lived quietly, was a respected member of the community, and "had everyone completely fooled."

Tall (6 feet) and heavy boned (198 pounds) the individual who was "Miss" Barge to friends and neighbors, lived comfortably in a two-bedroom home, meticulously kept and tastefully decorated. Closets were filled with serviceable women's clothing, selected to suit a big, elderly, almost grandmotherly type.

Officers said "Edna" Barge wore long hair, but kept an expensive wig for formal occasions.

Investigation has disclosed that Barge was involved in a subway accident in New York in which he lost an eye and suffered serious arm injuries. Since then he received a monthly disability check.

Additionally, police said, they found various bank accounts totaling \$70,000, and stock assets not yet inventoried.

The masquerade, Hill said, was known to members of Barge's family and a few intimate associates.

Hill did not disclose the names of Barge's sons, nor did he reveal their occupations or where they live.

Our Correspondent

Only His Hairdresser Knew

Aussie Model Was Really a Pioneer

SYDNEY (LATS)—Because of its immigration laws, Australia is remarkably short of oriental models. This is normally not a great source of worry, but recently one of the big advertising agencies was looking for such a girl to launch a whole new range of exotic fabrics.

To get the right girl the agency eventually held auditions in Sydney for the job. When the models had all come and gone there was only one contender, Lesley Adams, a beautiful 20-year-old. Tiny, exotic, born in Singapore, Lesley Adams was the key point of the big campaign.

Huge photographs blossomed on all the billboards. Underneath each picture was the caption: "This is a woman. It has taken two million years or so for her to develop to this stage of perfection." Rarely had a model had such instant success and Lesley seemed destined for a spectacular career in modeling.

The follow-ups were just as enthusiastic. Lesley was the girl of the week in the serious national daily newspaper The Australian and the fashion magazines were also packed with photographs. An Australian Twiggy seemed to be on the launching pad when suddenly everything stopped. No more pictures, no more interviews and suddenly the advertising campaign finished. What was the mystery?

According to Lesley, there wasn't any mystery. "I don't see what all the fuss is about I'm just here to make the clothes look good and I think I do just that," he said.

He's right, of course. He does make the clothes look good. But they're sensitive about those things out here. A man's place is on the football ground, not in a little black dress. Lesley would appear to be one pioneer who made his effort a little too early.





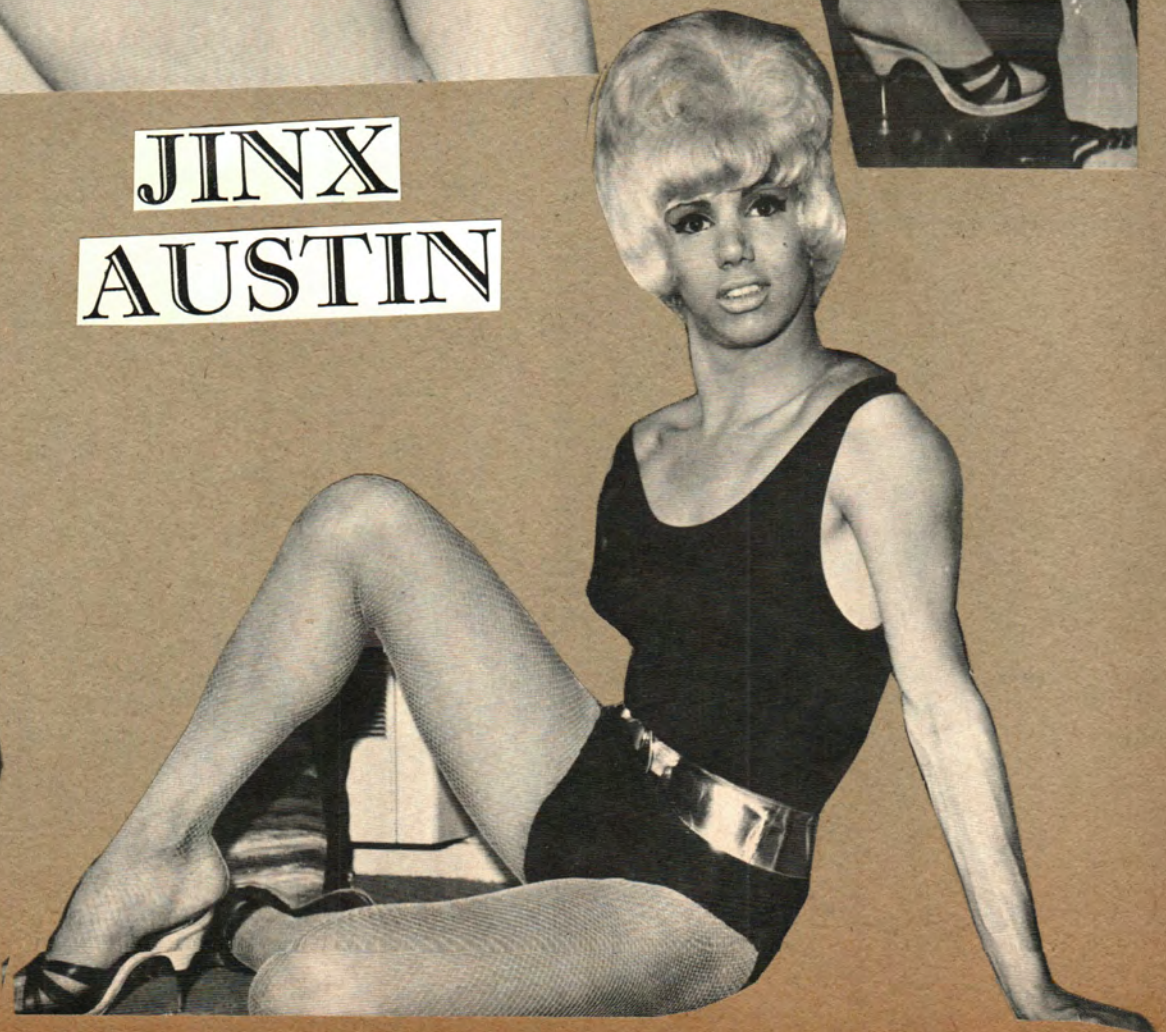
DONNA MAE

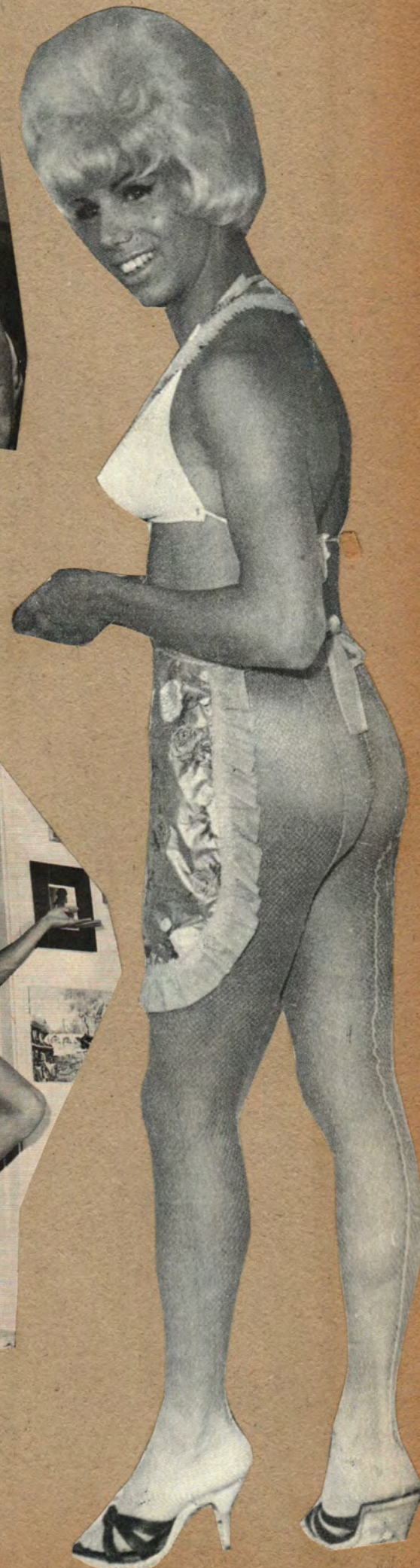
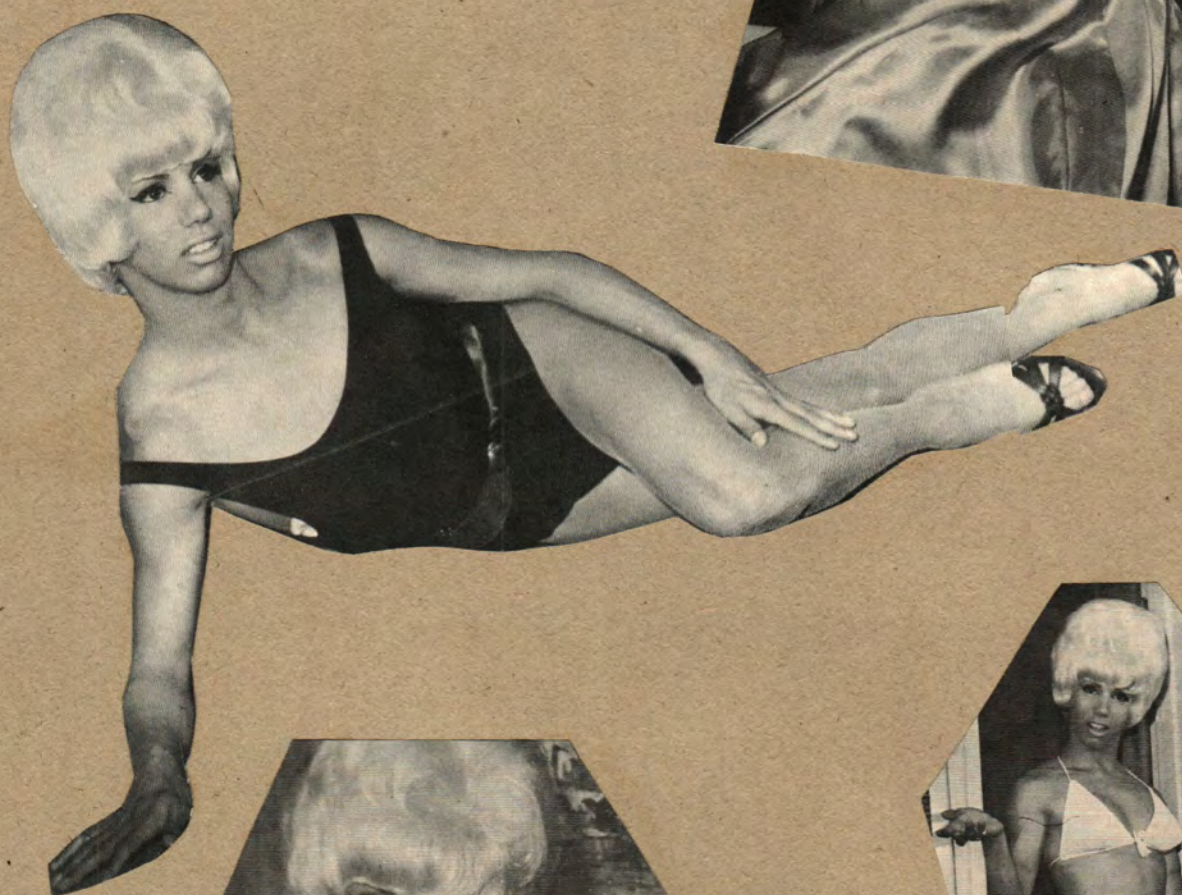






JINX
AUSTIN







La Rey





TRINI SIVELLE does a cute act that is a cross between a parade number and a strip tease. He is relatively new to the business, but is coming up in the popularity lists. And he looks pretty good on the stage. He also does several different styles of dancing and has a warm and friendly personality.

TRINI SEVILLE



ROBIN ROGERS



Tammy Kaye, top Hawaiian TV, sends this delectable photo of himself!



CHICKEE RAMOS



MARK VICKERS



TONI LEE



JOIE TONE



BRANDY ALEXANDER

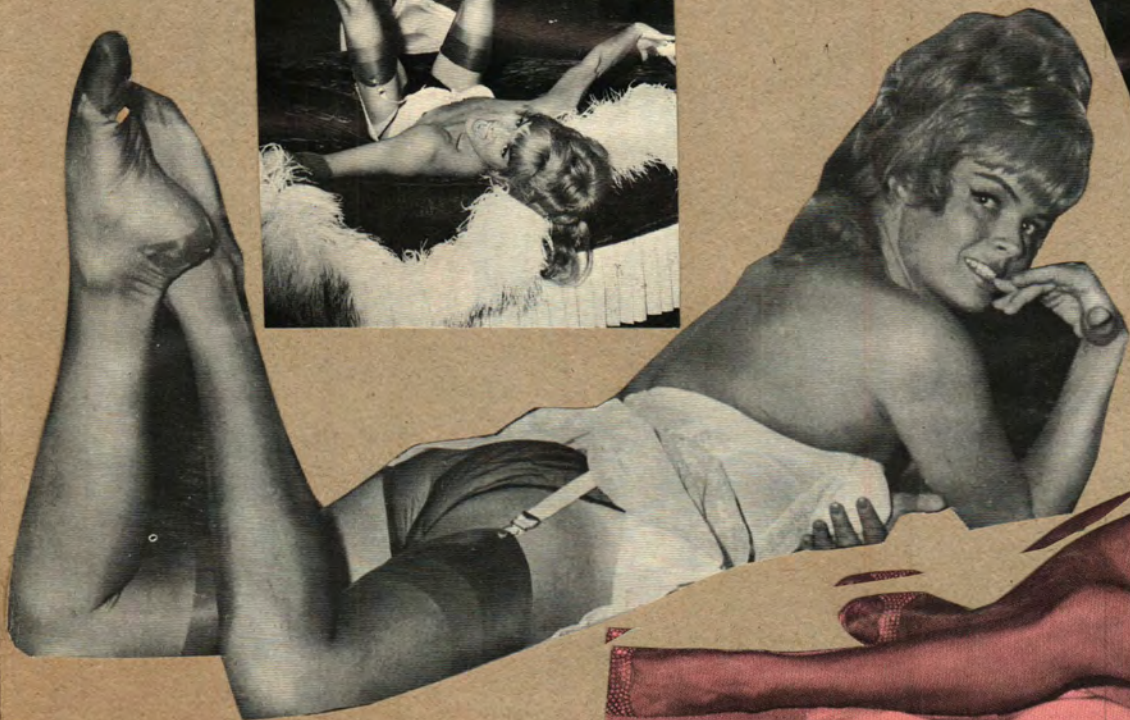
GINA



WINDY STARR

Robin Roberts









'Mischelle'



**GINGER
HALLIDAY**



