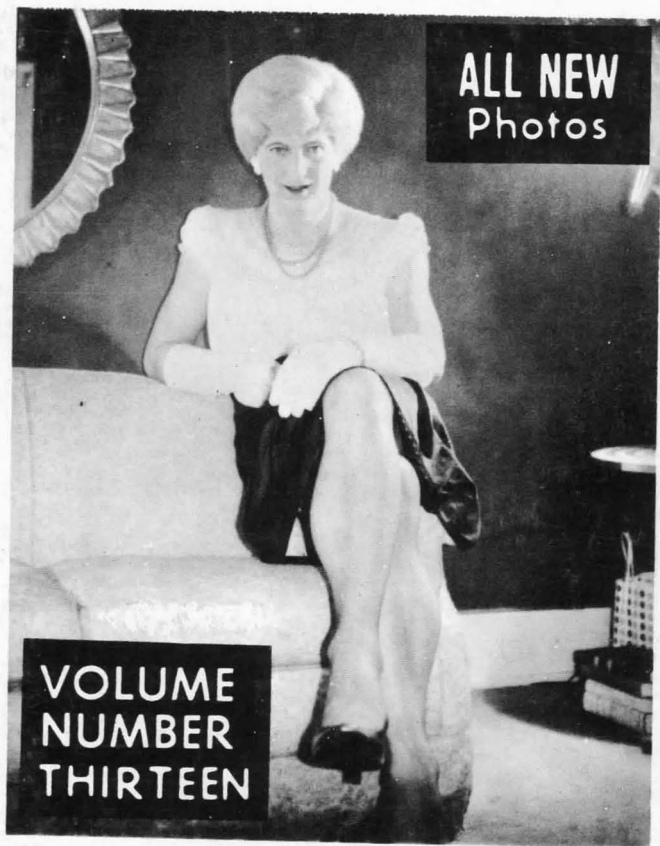


LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

MEN IN WOMENS ATTIRE



Published by Nutrix Co.

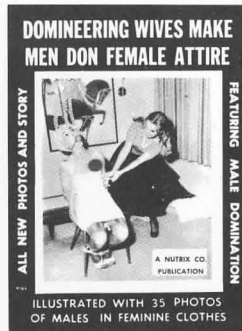
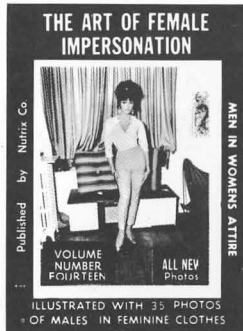
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"LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS"

Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 Letters From Female Impersonators" contains letters amateur female impersonators who reveal in their correspondence interesting personal impressions about themselves and how they practice female impersonation. They tell why they would like to be accepted as females instead of men and the reasons for their preference for feminine clothes. Illustrated with 32 photos of men in women's clothes and sells for \$3.75 each plus 20¢ for post Vols 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, contains 32 photos and sells for \$3.75 each plus postage of 20¢. These amateur impersonators tell how they obtain their female attire, what their desires are, how they first started to dress in clothing of the opposite sex and how they fool people into thinking that they are girls. three \$3.75 books for only \$10.00 postpaid

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You see this all happen in 32 actual photographs as they create the changes from flat-chested men into the utmost in femininity. They tell how they became female impersonators—see the tricks they use to fool the public and how they effect cleavage. Vols. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 \$3.75 each plus 20¢ postage.

NUTRIX CO.

35 Montgomery St., Jersey City 2, N. J.

VOLUME NUMBER THIRTEEN

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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

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

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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor, Nutrix Co:

Dear Sir:

I would like to submit the following story and the enclosed photos in your amateur female impersonator contest:-

My cross-dressing started, I believe, about the age of thirteen and if you and your staff will bear with me, I shall endeavour to relate to you a capsulized version of same. It had always been the policy of my family to rent a cottage every summer. The chore of selecting a suitable one was always left up to mother and myself.

About the middle of May, mother and I drove up to the resort and we began our tedious selection. After an hour or so, we finally found one to our satisfaction.

The owner, a widow, insisted that we try ner row boat and attached motor, which went along with the cottage. Mother and I took off on the lake by ourselves and about an hour later we headed back to shore. I let mother run the motor and in changing places with her, cap-sized the boat and I fell in the water. Luckily the water was only shoulder deep and we were





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

able to control the situation. However, I was soaking wet from the ordeal and proceeded to shake from the cool evening air.

Arriving back at the cottage, it was discovered that there were no dry male clothes for me to change into. A quick survey of the neighborhood produced nothing, as the weather was just breaking and not too many surrounding property owners had arrived as yet.

To make matters worse, the oil supply had not arrived as yet and there was no heat in the cottage to dry my wet clothes. Since it was getting late in the evening, and mother disliked driving at night, drastic measures had to be taken!

The widow was just my size and since she had a supply of female clothing on hand, it was decided that I should borrow a complete set from her and return the clothes by parcel post after we get home.

For some reason, she brought out her prettiest clothes for me to try on. This action seemed to inspire both women and they proceeded to doll me up to the hilt! First came a pink lace garter belt and nylons, brassiers stuffed with hankies, pink panties and a slip.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Then came a gorgeous blue silk dress and black and white spectator pumps. Remembering that we would have to stop for gas, restroom and possible dinner, mother combed my hair in bangs, wrapped a scarf around my head turban style and applied light make-up.

After thanking the widow profusely, we started our long trek back home. I felt a little strange at first but after about an hour in the car, I got quite used to the feminine attire. We stopped for gas and later for a light snack and I must admit that I was quite thrilled in my girls' clothes. Mother realized that I was in seventh heaven also and after arriving home, she estimated what the wardrobe was worth and mailed the widow a check, enabling me to keep my wonderful clothes.

Since then, I have aided and abetted my desire to wear female clothes. I enjoyed dressing in girl's clothes at every opportunity and with mother's counsel. Now I even wear panties under my business clothes every day, along with red nail polish on my toenails.

Best of luck with your very fine publications and keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
"MARGIE C."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The Nutrix Co.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy very much reading the wonderful publications issued by the Nutrix Co., especially those in the art of female impersonation.

I have had about ten years of experience in female impersonating and have enjoyed it very much. As I am a fetist, I admire women's shoes. The first experience for me to wear female attire was an attempt to slip on a pair of high-heeled shoes in 1953.

While these shoes were attached to my feet, I felt extremely pleasant. I painted my toe nails then and I was encouraged by my friends to dress like a woman. I did so and walked to the street. That was my beginning and after that I was not afraid to cross-dress.

Since then I have been learning make-up, having watched constantly the fashion shows and listened to cosmetic talks on television. I have also collected much information about other female impersonators.

The first professional impersonator I saw was Coccinelle, in the movie entitled "European Nights." Now I visit all the night clubs which



JOSEPHINE



JOSEPHINE



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

feature female impersonators, as I would like to become a professional myself some day.

I have three wigs, a good wardrobe of attire and numerous items of cosmetics. I use Helena Rubinstein products for cleansing and treatment, Max Factor's for facial and eye make-up and Revlon's for lips and nails. Pinkissimo and ultra-violet are my favorite colors in nail polish. I pay much attention to my leg and foot beauty. I often apply depilatory and I file my nails constantly.

I am now size 34-26-34, size 9-1/2 for stockings and 6B for shoes. Of course, like others, I admire nylons, spike heels and silkies. I find a great enjoyment out of wearing clothing of the opposite sex. Now I would like to contact an agent to book me for personal appearances. I have been looking very hard to become a professional or semi-professional but I do not know how to approach this problem. I sincerely hope you would be able to help me and look forward to the pleasure of hearing from you.

I hereby give you my permission to publish my photos and letter and please send me a copy of the book.

Sincerely,
JOSEPHINE.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor, Nutrix Co.

Dear Sir:-

It seems that lately you have been printing more photos of professional female impersonators and fewer of amateurs. While professionals undoubtedly have the faces, figures and techniques to make better models, I hope you will not forget the very important service provided us amateur impersonators and transvestites by offering us a place to express our opinions and share our experiences.

We transvestites live in a frustrating world. Who of us has not heard girls complaining because they had to wear girdles, bras and garter belts? I can remember my own sisters' sighs of relief when they could get out of stockings and heels and into "nice comfortable slacks."

How ironic that those privileged to wear such exciting undergarments, along with skirts, petticoats, make-up and all those lovely accessories will go to great lengths to avoid doing so, while those of us who yearn even for the delicious discomfort accompanying a tightly cinched in waist are cut off from these sensations by an unsympathetic society. And how unfair that while girls can indulge themselves by wearing

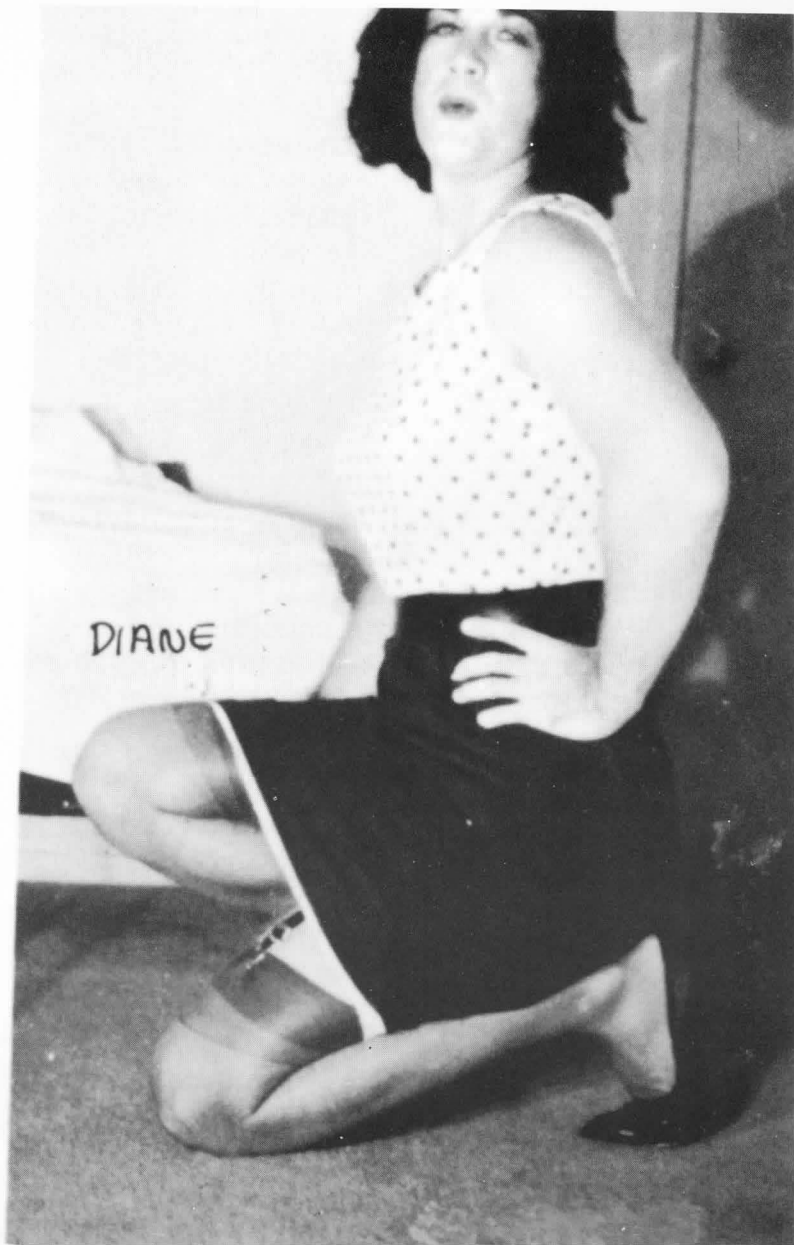


LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

men's clothing in public without the least fear of censure, if a fellow were to appear in a skirt or heels, or wearing earrings or a touch of lipstick or eye shadow, or even a too flowery scent, he is immediately labeled as "queer" by narrow-minded people!

So we are made to choose between facing the open scorn and ridicule of these people or limiting our adventures into the world of feminine fashions to the privacy of our apartments and to furtively wearing our panties and bras, stockings and garter belts beneath more "acceptable" clothing.

No one knows how many amateurs practise their cross-dressing behind closed doors but I'm sure that all of us have at some time lived with the same problem--the haunting fear of being discovered. I know that I was absolutely terrified that my mother and sisters would "find me out". I can clearly remember the many close calls I had over the years; panic-stricken dashes for the bedroom when someone arrived unexpectedly, hurried shedding of girdles, bras and stockings, frantic attempts to remove all traces of any make-up! But inevitably many transvestites are "caught at it" as, eventually, was I.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I grew up with my mother and two sisters, Janet 3 years older and Susan a year younger. Although it seems I have always enjoyed cross-dressing, I think it started by seeing my sisters parading around the house in varying degrees of undress, arousing my curiosity to try on some of the lingerie they had so casually modeled.

From borrowing things, I went to gradually acquiring a wardrobe of my own, limited but nice, and full of lacey, frothy, soft things--all hidden out of sight. My "exposure" occurred when I was 17. Mother and Susan were out of town for the weekend, when Janet announced her decision to go downtown shopping and a movie. When she left, I dolled myself up. Thinking back on it, I must have been a sight!

I had overdone everything, probably a typical mistake of the young transvestite. I had on my girdle over the corsellette and, over that, a bra padded out to movie star proportions. I was wearing two petticoats and tons of make-up. But to my own eyes, I was a vision of seductive loveliness. I became so engrossed in what I was doing that I hardly noticed the familiar footsteps in the hallway, until I heard a key inserted in the lock. Janet was returning!



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I raced for the bathroom, the nearest safe refuge, and slammed the door as the other door opened. But I knew that I had been too late. I stood there hardly able to breathe, as her footsteps crossed the living room, paused before the bathroom door, and then continued into her room. I was petrified! I considered removing my feminine attire and walking out casually but I had no robe or masculine clothes to change into!

And then my make-up posed a great problem since it took some time to remove it completely. I thought of sneaking into my room while she was in hers, when I heard her voice call out, "What have you been doing with my things?" Unfortunately, I had chosen this day to examine her lingerie, taking it out piece by piece, pressing the filmy garments against my bare skin, and laying them on the bed.

Janet walked right up to the bathroom door and said sharply, "Come out of there--I want to see you." I could not move. Her voice got firmer now. "Open the door, this instant, or I'm coming in." I was trapped! I took a couple of deep breaths, cast an appraising glance at myself in the mirror, straightened my skirt and opened the door slowly.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Janet seemed only slightly startled. Her only comment was a deeply sarcastic, "Well, look at the glamour girl!" Then she looked me up and down, an amused smirk on her face. She turned on her heel and walked back into her room. I sat down weakly and tried to catch my breath.

But I had to know what she was thinking, so I gathered my strength and strode into her room. She would not look at me at first and I walked around boldly, deliberately swishing my skirts as I clicked my heels on the floor.

"Sorry I spoiled your little masquerade," she said.

At this, I burst out, "So what's so terrible? Look at yourself. If you can walk around in those pants and that man's shirt, I should be able to wear skirts." She thought that over for a minute and then laughed. It was a relief.

"I guess I should tell you that I've known for some time," she said, "but I didn't realize that it had gone this far." I was floored and asked her how she had known.

"Little things," she said, "I've noticed my underwear rearranged slightly, things tried on



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

and then replaced in the drawer. I thought it was Susan until she accused me of doing the same thing with her clothes. Then one day you carelessly walked out of your room without your T-shirt, shortly after one of your little masquerades. You should realize that a tight bra leaves marks on the skin that don't fade for some time after you've taken the bra off."

"I always pretended not to have noticed," she continued. Then she turned on me with a smile and stated, "Besides, brother dear, most boys are only interested in lingerie when a girl is wearing it."

Then she eyed me critically and said, "Well, if you're going to dress up as a girl, you may as well do a good job of it and we could help you. Believe me, you could use some pointers from us girls. Take off that make-up and get out of those clothes and we will start all over."

I was ecstatically happy the rest of the afternoon. Janet helped me make up my face the way it should have been done. She repainted my lips with more restraint and did my eyes to perfection. I did not want to shave my legs so Janet suggested that I wear a pair of flesh-colored nylons beneath my black ones.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

We tried on several more items of my own wardrobe and Janet gave me pointers on how to walk in heels, how to sit gracefully, how a girl would behave in certain situations, and even let me in on a couple of her flirting techniques. She was clearly getting a kick out of the whole thing and I eagerly absorbed my sisters instructions.

That night I slept in one of Janet's nylon nighties, borrowed for the first time with her full knowledge and consent. I spent the entire weekend in skirts.

I hope that hearing about this experience will help erase some fear that others have about being discovered. I admit that I was lucky in having an understanding family, but maybe others will find that their family and friends are also sympathetic. But do not overdo everything. Try to look natural and this does not mean theatrical make-up, six-inch heels and C-cup.

I hereby give you my permission to publish, sell and print the enclosed photos and this letter or parts of it as you see fit. And what better way to sign off than to say, like Daphne,

Transvestically yours,
"DIANE."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor,
Nutrix Co.

For several years now, I have been accustomed to wearing dresses and nylons and other items not originally intended for men. I have always been attracted to the idea of a male being artistic enough and handsome in order to impersonate a girl convincingly.

Although I am not a professional at this sort of thing, I have picked up some very useful information which you might pass on for the benefit of other femme mimics who read your wonderful books, with certain problems they may have and would want to solve.

One problem facing many males who would like to try to imitate a female is where to get clothes. For obvious reasons, very few men are willing to walk up to a counter in the feminine department of a store and commit themselves to buying the frilly confections on display.

Although it seems harmless enough for a man to purchase a lace gown or some assorted lingerie, still it is embarrassing to have saleswomen smile or make insinuating remarks. My solution to this is to order feminine attire by mail.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

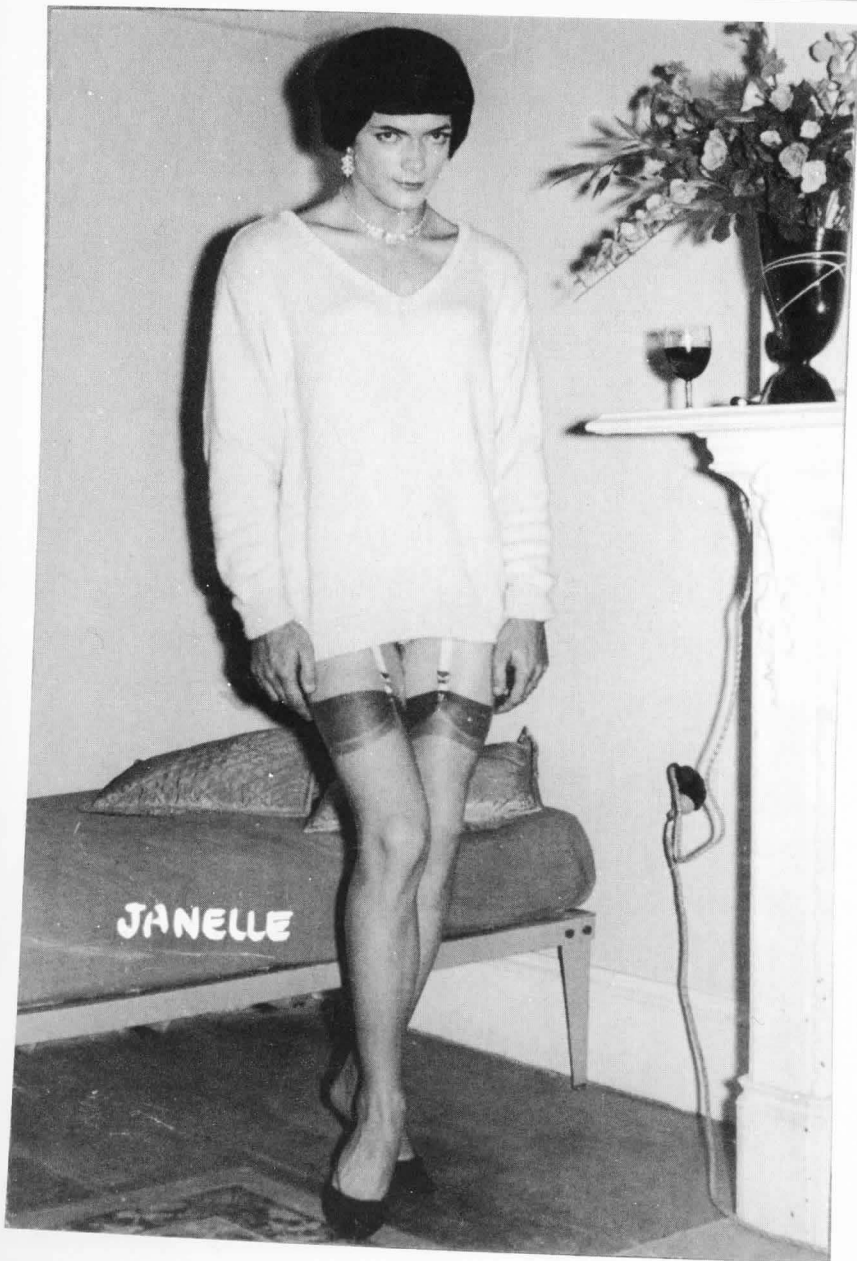
There are many mail-order houses which send out fashion catalogues regularly and have no objections to sending dresses and such to customers who give only their last names and their initials. In fact, these companies will just as readily mail women's fashions to men also.

Anyone can send to Sears Roebuck or to Spiegel's of Chicago for a catalog and if you order at least twice from it, they will put you on their mailing list for the next issue.

Another problem typical of female impersonators is that many would like to correspond with others sharing their interests, but it is very difficult to obtain names and addresses in order to write to each other. Nutrix Company cannot forward letters between their customers and cross-dressers have no special clubs which advertise correspondents' names to the public.

So how will we be able to write to other males concerned with the current practice of dressing up as girls? I would suggest that they join a pen-pal club advertised in popular men's magazines. This you can do at your own risk, as then your secret might be exposed.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

But that is the chance you will have to take if you want to receive correspondence from total strangers who advertise in these columns. One other problem I would like to make note of is that of the legal aspects connected with female impersonation, known formally as "transvestism."

Very few sources exist presently which offer, at a nominal fee, reliable information regarding the law versus transvestism. I wish that some company would consider putting out a booklet of small size and cost, treating the problem in adequate detail.

This would be of immense value to readers who are interested in the art of feminine disguise. Any ways or means that could be utilized to raise the public's opinion regarding cross-dressing would be helpful to us. I appreciate the efforts of your editors to raise the standards regarding the art of female impersonation.

I hope these things will be helpful to many men in dresses. This will be a better world when more broad-minded people realize the beauty of this art. If you publish this letter, let me know so I could get a copy of the book in which it appears.

Yours cordially,
"JANELLE"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

I have been planning to write again for some time and since I have been spending the day while attired in female clothing, I thought this would be a good time to write to you. As many of your readers have so forcefully expressed, only one who is a transvestite can fully appreciate dressing up from the skin out in the delightful sheer clothing that women wear.

One of my favorite colors has always been black and not until just recently have I had a complete black outfit. I would like to describe the outfit I am wearing as I type this letter to you.

It is black from the skin out. I have on a black lycra and nylon panty-corselet, size 38B, with foam falsies in the cup. A pair of size 5 nylon satin flare leg panties with lace-trimmed leg openings.

A beautiful slip size 38B, with a six inch lace hem that lets the black sheer full fashioned nylons peek through. My shoes are black suede pumps with pointed toe and three-inch heels. I have on a black chiffon dress and a black wig. I am wearing long earrings and complete make-up.





BRENDA
EVANS

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

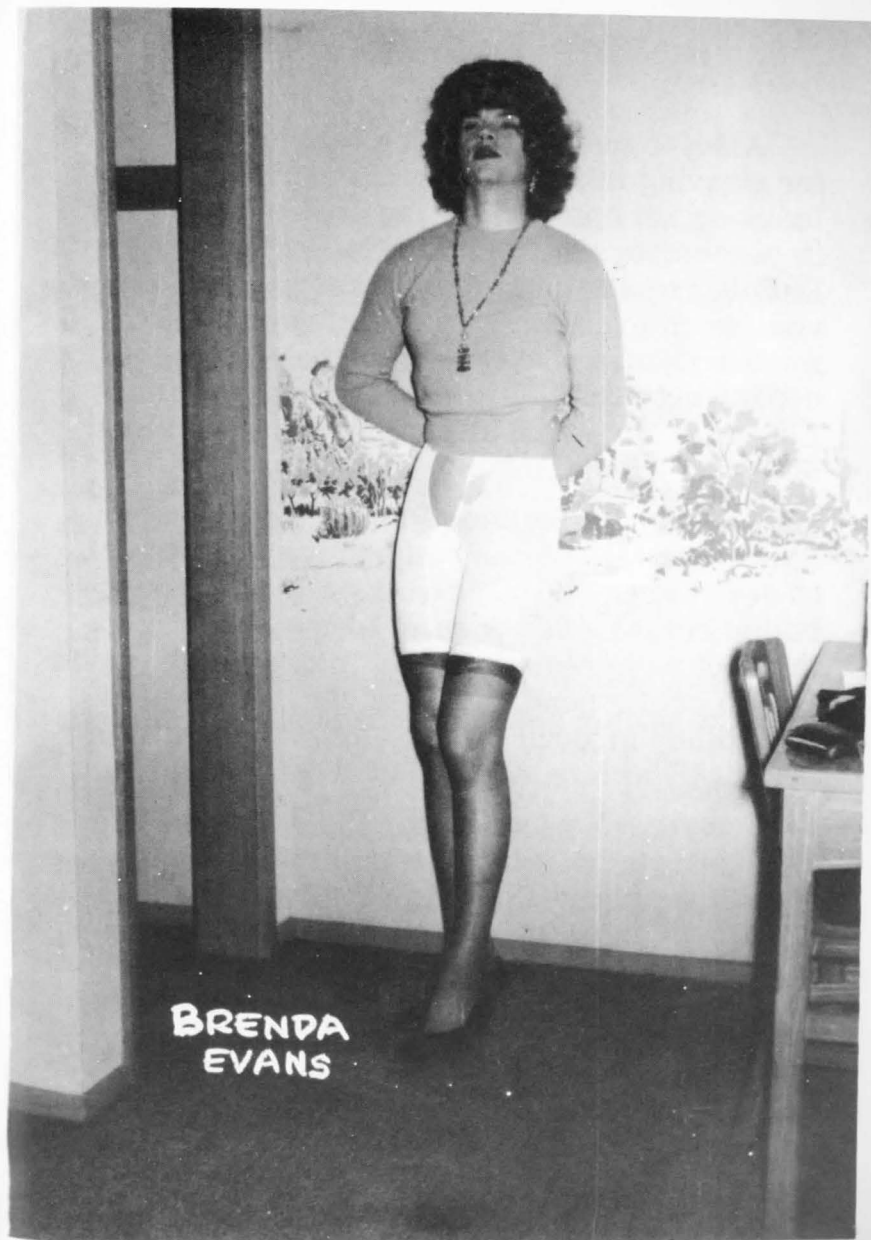
I prefer Max Factor Pan Stik to some of the liquid types of make-up because you do not have to worry about spilling or getting it on your clothing. I guess it took me about two hours to complete my make-up, which included shaving my face and legs and applying nail polish to finger and toe nails.

As a matter of information, I use stainless steel razor blades which are available at most good hardware stores. They give the most comfortable shave of any blade I have ever used. It is important to have a really clean shave before putting on make-up.

I have a rather ruddy complexion and it is difficult to do a good job of covering it up. I have always practised my cross-dressing in secret behind the locked doors of my home. I have never appeared in public wearing the clothes which I so dearly love.

I have made up my mind that tonight I will take a ride in my car while I am wearing my lovely female clothing. I plan to go late, when the traffic is light, since it would be rather embarrassing to be involved in any type of accident and have to show my driver's license showing me as a man!





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Also, I guess I would be carted off to jail for wearing this apparel. I realize that my looks do not compare to the professional female impersonators, such as Leila Lorin or Christina DuBois, who have appeared in the Jewel Box Review, or to even some of the talented amateur impersonators who appear in the Nutrix Co. books, but none the less I enjoy every minute I spend in my nylon stockings, panties, slippers, dresses, wigs and facial make-up.

I often take female clothing with me when I am on a trip but you can believe I never fail to see that any connecting doors are securely bolted before I dress up. I know there are many of your readers, who, like myself, would like to correspond. Can we get in touch with each other through you? I am sure you would benefit by arranging such correspondence.

I enjoy, and I am sure others do also, seeing their pictures in your publications. Any meetings among us would surely provide you with many more photos of female impersonators and material for your future publications. In the meantime, keep up the excellent publishing of this type of material.

Sincerely,
"BRENDA EVANS"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor,
Nutrix Co.

My love of female fashions all began years ago when I was about seven years old. The girl next door invited me over one day and then suggested that it might be fun for me to dress in her clothes.

At the time, I thought it a good idea and so I tried on a dress of hers. I seem to remember then that I enjoyed the experience and although my recollections of the period are vague, I do know that for the next few years she used to dress me occasionally. Then, I guess she outgrew it; but I never did.

During the next few years, I developed normally, playing in sports and getting into the normal boy trouble that all boys do. But, later when I began to notice girls, I thought how lovely their clothes were and probably because of my previous experiences in dressing, I knew that I would love to wear such pretty clothes.

For the next few years, through high school and college, I wore female clothes furtively and only occasionally. But my love for soft, silky, feminine attire continued to grow.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The feel of skirts always shook me up and even the thought of dressing up was wonderful. After college, I began to indulge in my hobby more frequently and started to purchase small articles of feminine clothing, particularly lovely lingerie.

But I was still unable to indulge heavily because I lived at home. Still Caroline had not really appeared. A couple of years later I moved out of town and then I began to accumulate some proper female attire.

First, I bought some lovely lingerie--enough to wear frequently. Slips, panties and bras are so much nicer than men's clothes. I purchased a few dresses and skirts and loved every one of them. Still Caroline was just a dream.

Then I heard about a resort which caters to female impersonators. And in October of last year I decided to go there for a weekend. But I had to have a wardrobe and I embarked on a shopping spree. Up until then my shopping had been for single items bought very furtively. But this time I needed more. First I ordered a lovely blonde wig. After that, my first major purchase was a beautiful fur coat. I almost died because I wanted to try it on so badly.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Next came new makeup, more lingerie, a couple of pairs of spike heels, a new dress and a formal gown--my first spree was completed. Then I tried on my new clothes. As I felt skirts swirling around my silk smooth nylon clad legs, and felt my fur coat and saw my long blonde hair and my made-up face, I knew right then and there that Caroline was born and here to stay.

Female clothes are so wonderful, I never could understand why everyone does not want to wear them. The first weekend left me tremendously exhilarated and since then Caroline has constantly insisted that she be given a lot of new clothes.

Her latest interesting acquisitions include a straight floor length sheath, a beautiful stole and two lovely black dresses. And she says that she expects more.

It is just heavenly for Caroline to wear these lovely clothes and she wishes she could do this all the time, instead of just on occasion. For her future, Caroline insists on improvement in a few of the problems which she says detract from her appearance. She hates that facial hair and insists on a smaller waist. I must



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

admit I am working on them and hope that I will succeed. Although she recognizes it as a far-fetched dream, Caroline would love to be a professional female impersonator.

Caroline just loves the clinging of the silken undergarments to the limbs and if she had her way, she would discard the wearing of men's apparel forever. But we must conform to society's rules and therefore can only don female attire occasionally.

I guess that is Caroline's story to date. I hope that I'll have more experiences to relate in the near future, as Caroline's experiences increase and her proficiency improves.

To close, Caroline says that she would love to hear from any and all "girls" like her in order to exchange views on fashions and anything else the girls talk about. And she says, "Love to all."

I know she is keeping her fingers crossed on her pictures and she hopes that they will be published soon. Also, keep up the good work in publishing the books on female impersonation, as they give us much information.

Sincerely,
"CAROLINE G. B."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

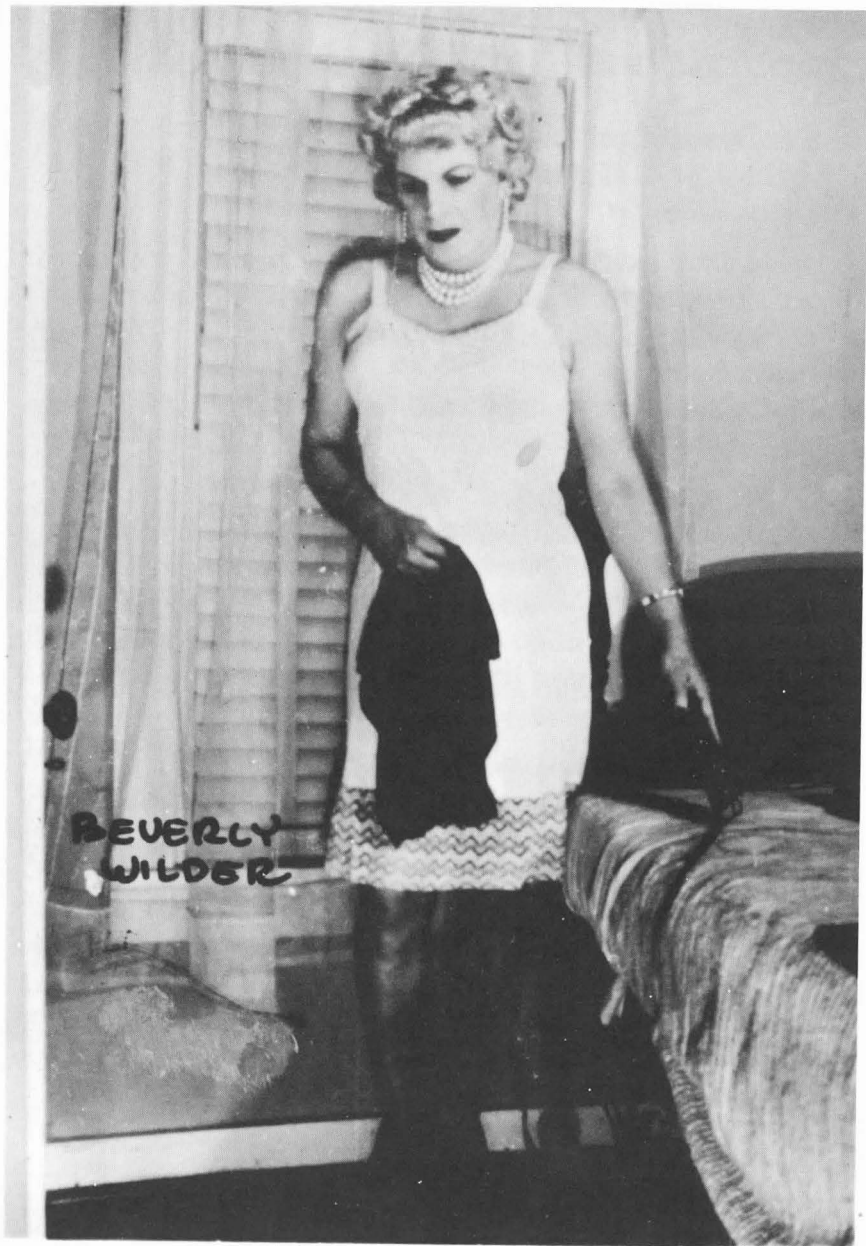
To The Editor
of Nutrix Co:

Dear Sir:

I was extremely happy to learn that you have accepted my photographs for publication in one of your fine books. It was my thought that your readers might be interested in the conditions that lead to my entry into the world of nylons and high heels.

It all began more years ago than I care to think about, when I was a guitar plunkin' singer over the Mutual Network, five times a week, coast to coast. When spring came that year, I joined up with a Western band which had booked a tour of summer stock theatres featuring three-act plays. We did numbers between the acts.

On opening day in a small town in Pennsylvania, one of the girl members of the cast was hurt in a diving accident. This being at the last minute, there was no one around to take her place as the maid. All of the other girls were either on or getting ready to go on. The only girl left was in our band and she was too short to fit the clothes. As a result of this, the stage manager-director drafted me for the part because of my build.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

We all thought that it was funny at first, but as the transformation progressed we began to see that it was not funny at all! The girdle and bra took care of what I needed as for shape and the pink panties, slip, dark hose and high heels did the rest.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eye shadow provided the face and we topped the whole thing off with the maid's uniform and a beautiful blonde wig. Well, I did the walk-on and got away with it!

In fact, it was so good that the director went on the stage at the end of the show and reminded the audience of the guitar player they had seen earlier and told them that I was also the maid. Then I would return to the stage as the maid to catch a big hand.

News traveled fast in this tank town and the theatre was filled every night. I now found myself with a job that I could not get out of! This was short-lived, however, as we moved on to radio stations and when the war broke out, I enlisted. After four years of it, I returned to civilian life to look for a job. Having no yen for show business, I went to school and learned to be a fingerprint expert and eventually became a detective.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

In 1951 I used my ability to impersonate a female agent and broke up a whole ring engaged in subversive activities. This story is being written up and we expect that it will soon appear in a national magazine. Since that time, I have returned to the rouge and lipstick many times as a detective and captured purse snatchers and would-be attackers at gun point.

It is a real blast to sit in court and listen to some jerk trying to explain to the judge how he happened to flirt with me! I really think that female impersonation has been given too much bad publicity by warped writers, who have blown it way out of focus in order to create a sensation and collect a check for a lousy article.

But I can name a few characters, now behind bars, who have looked down the barrel of my .38 and they definitely appreciate it as an art. It put them where they are today!

If any of your readers doubt my interesting stories, you are free to give them my address and I will be glad to write to them and give them even more details of my experiences.

Best of luck and keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,
"BEVERLY WILDER"

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