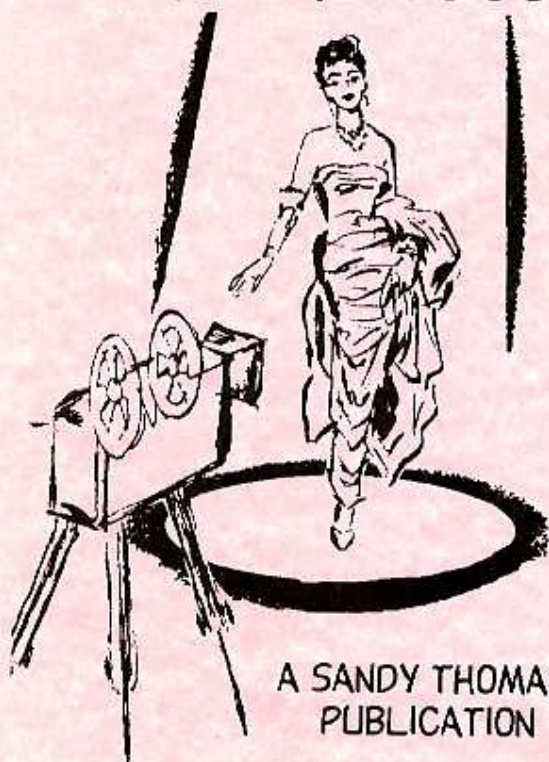


TRANSVESTIA
FICTION MAGAZINE

I AM A
MALE ACTRESS



A SANDY THOMAS
PUBLICATION

I AM A MALE ACTRESS

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

MAGAZINE

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS"

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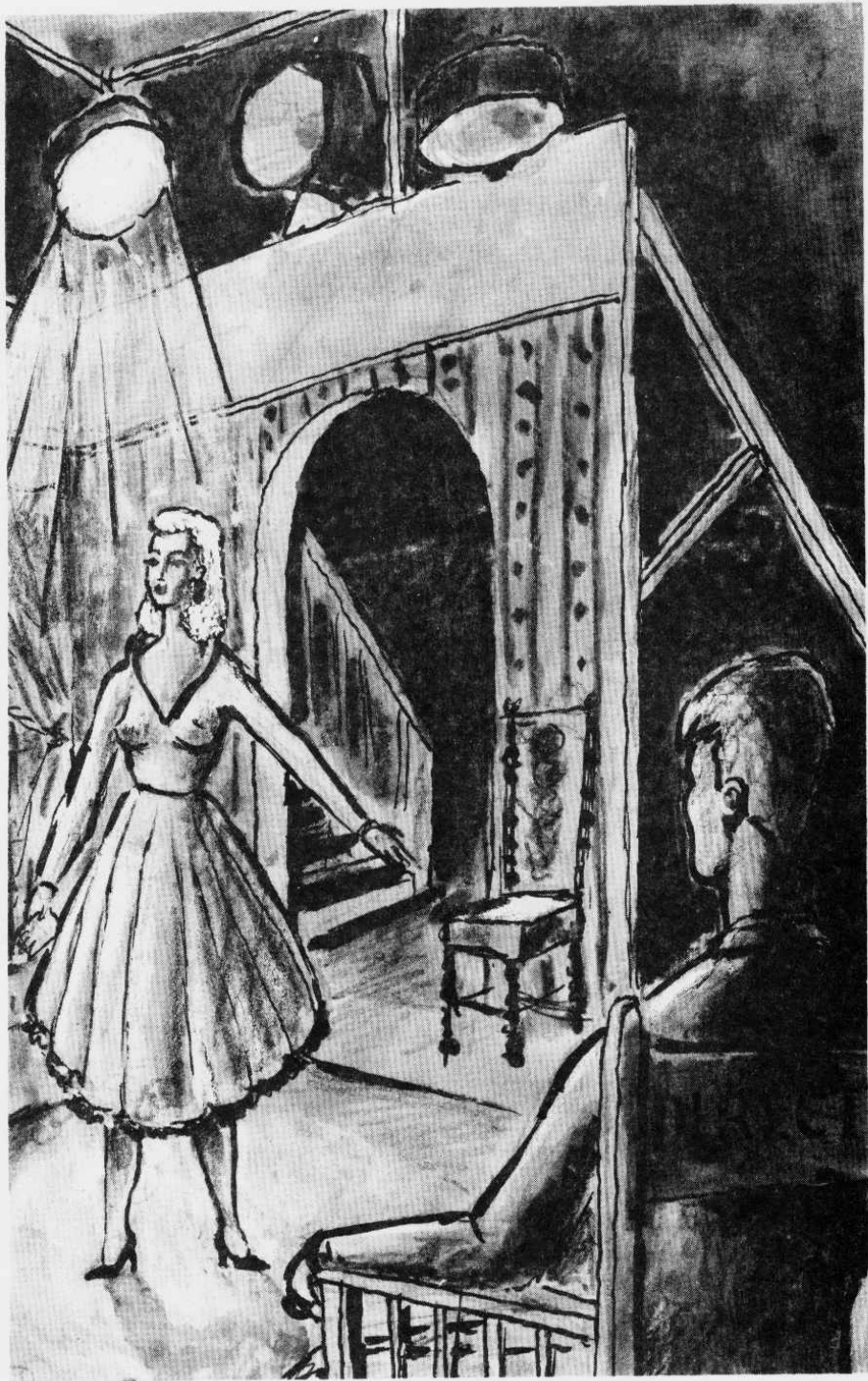
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I AM A MALE ACTRESS

Forward

For some time my wife, Dora Dean, the well known picture star, has been urging me to write an account of my experiences in Hollywood, saying, "I'm sure you are the only man in the world who has become a beautiful movie actress. It is a unique experience and would make a most interesting story."

So I have decided to tackle it and write when I find time, between pictures and at odd moments--for I am still making pictures actively as a blonde actress, a star in my own right. I have in fact, been an actress for two years, and I think my wife is right--the story of how I changed sex from a young man to a girl, and became an actress, and how I lived as a girl should make interesting reading--so here goes!

I was born in Atlanta, Georgia. After my schooling I got a job as a reporter on a local paper. I was a rabid movie fan, and went to the pictures whenever I got the chance. I took all of the movie magazines and read all about Hollywood and the movie actors and actresses. My favorite was Dora Dean. She was my "dream girl" and I would go to see all of her pictures two or three times. She is a beautiful blonde, famous and wealthy, and if I were to mention her real name the reader would recall her at once. But she is now my wife, and I shall not give her name for obvious reasons. If I should give my right "girl" name, under which I appear on the screen, the reader would recognize it at once too, for I have gained fame and am well known to movie goers. But I am known only as a girl, and so it would never do for me to reveal my identity. In fact, were I to do so, it would create a sensation in the movie world--a mere man playing the part of a beautiful girl on the screen. But I could never stand the humiliation of it, so shall continue to live as a women to the end of the chapter.

It was my ambition, my obsession to get into the movies somehow. Many people, especially girl friends, told me I ought to become an actor, saying I was as good looking, if not better, than most of the male screen stars, and ought to make good. They thought that I had talent. The only trouble was that I am too small, delicate and slender to take a he-man's part. But they thought I might do well in a juvenile part where good looks would count, and brawn would not be needed. I am only 5' 4" tall and weigh 110 lbs . I have no beard nor body hair, and no unsightly muscles, never having gone in for sports. I am a blonde and have smooth white skin, rounded arms, shapely legs. In short, I am quite girlish looking, with a small featured, oval face, large blue eyes, small nose and mouth, smooth cheeks, and a nice complexion. My hands and feet are tiny--altogether too small and dainty for a man but ideal for a girl. But if anybody in those days had told me I looked like a girl, and I did not realize that I did, I would have been greatly insulted. Today I am happy about my girlish prettiness, for it enabled me to become an actress and make my fortune and gain fame, which I am sure would not have happened to me as a man.

One day in the motion picture news, a weekly published in Hollywood, I saw a help-wanted ad for a man reporter on that magazine. I answered it and to my joy was offered the job. I was soon in Hollywood. Of course I knew that it didn't mean that I was in the movies, but I hoped that it would lead to it, for I would be sure to visit the different studios in my work and come into contact with the movie world and meet some of the prominent people--perhaps some of the directors, actresses and actors. I resolved that I would keep my eyes open and maybe something would turn up.

On arrival I went straight to work as a reporter and the editor of the News, which was one of the leading magazines of the screen, gave me a press card, which was an "open sesame" to all the movie studios, as all persons in the business are eager for publicity. A reporter for the News was always welcome and well received.

My very first assignment was to go to the great Cosmo studios where so many famous stars worked, and interview

Bert Eastmore, the celebrated make-up artist. He could accomplish wonders with greasepaint, other makeup materials and a wig. I was to write a story about his work. I showed my press card at the gate and was promptly admitted to the lot and directed to Mr. Eastmore's studio. When I entered he was just putting on the finishing touches of makeup on a man who was dressed as a girl to "double" for one of the actresses in a dangerous stunt which was too risky for her. This is often done in the movies, and this good-looking young fellow made up so well as a girl that he specialized in doubling in feminine roles where the girl didn't want to risk her precious neck in a high dive, or riding a horse over an embankment or similar acts more or less dangerous. The man was made up as a blonde and was completely dressed in an exact duplicate of the costume of the girl he was doubling for, including a blonde wig that precisely matched her hair, a pretty dress, high heels, girdle and all the rest of it. At a little distance he would readily pass for her on the screen. His complexion was dazzling, thanks to Bert's skill and he even wore earrings, bracelets, necklace and rings that were duplicates of those worn by the girl he was impersonating. It was evident that he was used to wearing feminine attire, for as he left the room he walked gracefully and girlishly on his high heels, as his skirts rustled and swished about his legs. Anybody would have taken him for a real girl, so much did he look like one and so well did he play the part.

When he had gone, I started my interview with Bert and complimented him on his skill, saying that I was amazed at the way he turned that young man into a really pretty girl. "Oh, that's easy," said Bert, "there are lots of harder make up jobs than that. I can take any man who has regular features and is not too big and turn him into a quite presentable girl, so that he will readily pass as one at a little distance. I have made up men as women hundreds of times. Nothing to it. Now take yourself, for instance," said Bert, looking me over closely, my face, my figure, my hands and feet, inspecting me carefully with his artist's eye. "Did you ever make up as a girl?" "No, certainly not," I exclaimed, "I never thought of such a thing." "Well," he said, "you would make a darned good looking one," "I could make you up and dress you as a girl so that your own mother wouldn't know you, and you would-

n't know yourself in the mirror. You have the face and form for it. Just about perfect. You could pass anywhere as a girl--a good looking one, if I took you in hand."

"Oh, I don't think you could do that," I replied. "Want to bet?" he said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you the lunches at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby that I can take you there as a girl, introduce you to the people and nobody will suspect your real sex. If they do, I pay for the lunches, but if not, you pay. But, of course, you would have to play the part to the best of your ability and not give yourself away if you can help it."

"But I have never worn girl's clothes and I wouldn't know how to act, and besides, I would be scared to go out in public dressed as a girl," I said. "Nonesense," said Bert. I will give you some instruction as to how to deport yourself as a girl and you can do it easy enough, and you don't need to be scared, for I will be right there with you. How about it?"

"All right, its a bet," I said. I sort of hated to do it and I knew it would make me very nervous but I thought it best not to overlook this splendid chance to get well acquainted with Bert Eastmore. He knew everybody in pictures in Hollywood and was prominent and important. Knowing him might lead to something and help me achieve my ambition to get into the movies. It was worth trying, and might be fun, if I could overcome my nervousness and sheepishness at being dressed up as a girl. To be honest, I was a bit curious to see how I would look all dolled up in feminine finery. It would be a new experience for me and I would watch Bert as he made me up and this would give me material at first hand, for my article about him and his makeup skill. Besides it would be quite a privilege to be made up by this famous artist--something to brag about afterwards.

"Good," said Bert. "How about tomorrow, lunch at 1:00 o'clock at the Derby?" I said O.K. might as well get it over with as soon as possible. "I'll have to take some measurements for your outfit", Bert said, "and I will have everything necessary here at 8:00 o'clock." He now proceeded to take various measurements so as to know what size dress, shoes,

and wig to get for me. He put them down on paper. "I know all about women's things," said Bert. "It's necessary in my business. I learned my trade in a beauty parlor and hair dressing shop, and can do hair with the best of them, in addition to making up people. I am quite an expert on dresses, and often help the actresses with suggestions for their costumes. I am going to get you a very attractive outfit from the costume department so you will be prettily and fashionably dressed, and I will get from our wig department, a blond wig that will be a knockout."

"Do I have to wear a blonde wig," I asked. "It will make me so conspicuous, for everybody gives a second look at a blonde. Why not a more quiet, brown-haired wig?" "Certainly not," said Bert positively. "You are a natural blonde, and a bright golden haired wig is just the thing for you. I will give you the bright complexion that goes with such hair. Never fear, you will be a knock-out and there is not the slightest danger anybody will spot your masquerade. It will be fun, so be here at 8:00 sharp, and be sure to shave closely in the morning." "I don't have to shave," I said, "I have no beard". "Fine, fine, so much the better--much easier to make up that way," said Bert.

Promptly at 8:00 o'clock next morning I was at Bert Eastmore's studio to keep my luncheon appointment with him--as a girl. I admit that I had some misgivings, for it is quite a strain for a man to go out in public for the first time impersonating a blonde maiden. I would feel so conspicuous, and knew that everybody would be looking at me, especially the men who saw me, so in spite of Bert's assurances that there was not the slightest danger that anybody would spot me for a man, but I couldn't be sure, and I think any man would have been a little nervous.

Bert greeted me in a friendly way and I saw an assortment of feminine things on a chair and nearby desk. My eyes caught sight of a lovely white satin girdle. I hadn't figured on wearing this--and there was a pair of small looking slippers with what seemed to me to be awfully high heels. Then there was the dress, stockings and a lot of fluffy stuff that must be lingerie for me to wear. My heart sank a little as I thought

that I would be wearing all this girlish finery in public and at a prominent restaurant where many of the screen world's personalities gather. And Bert had said that he was going to introduce me to people. Could I go through with it? Yes, I would, I decided. I couldn't let Bert down after he had gone to all of this trouble to get the outfit together. Besides, I had taken his bet, and couldn't back out, even if I wanted to.

Bert locked the doors, then told me to undress completely. I did so, and he looked over my slender, white body with approval saying, "Perfect, perfect, you have what it takes. You look more like a girl than a boy--a boyish girl, the type of figure that is all the rage now." First he handed me, and I put on a tightly fitting strap. "Mustn't have any bulges in the wrong place," he said with a grin.

He helped me into the white satin girdle and then gave me a pair of lace-trimmed panties, which made me feel so sheepish, as they look so silly on a man. Then came silk stockings, which Bert showed me how to roll on, and get the seams directly at the back of the calf and fastened to the garters of the girdle. Now I put on high-heeled street pumps, which were a good fit, but when I stood up in them I nearly toppled over backwards, being unaccustomed, of course, to such stilts, as they seemed to me. As a matter of fact, they were only 3 1/2 inch heels which later on never seemed high to me. Bert instructed me to lean a bit forward and walk on my toes, the way a girl does. I went back and forth across the floor and got the knack of it.

Bert next put a tape around my waist and then measured the waist of the dress. "This is a pretty dress that was worn by an extra girl in one of the pictures. It is just your size, except that your waist is a little too large, so you will have to be pulled in a bit with a waist cincher. You won't mind it even though it will feel a bit stiff, at first. It will give you just the feminine curves that you need." Saying this, he slipped the cincher about me, then laced me in a few inches. In my masculine ignorance I thought it was terribly tight, but I really was not tightly laced at all--just nice and snug--but I was not used to the unyielding stiffness of stays, as I am now. Next Bert put a padded bra on me, then measured my bust.

"Just right", he exclaimed, a perfect 36. The dress will fit you as though you were poured into it, you are going to look very nice. Sit down now and we will proceed with the makeup.

"Your eyebrows are a bit too bushy for a girl. I am going to pluck and shape them." But how will they look afterwards for a man", I asked. "Oh that will be all right" he said. I won't go to extremes, and you will look all right as a man with them." The tears came to my eyes as he pulled out the hairs with his tweezers, but it didn't hurt much, so I kept still. That done, he went about making up my face, and as he worked he said, "you have the skin of a girl and are very fortunate, you are easy to make up. If you had a beard, even a slight one, it would be much harder." He gave me the usual feminine makeup--powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil, mascara on eye-lashes, etc. and he did it very skillfully and daintily, giving me a street makeup that looked perfectly natural. This is the type of makeup which takes real skill.

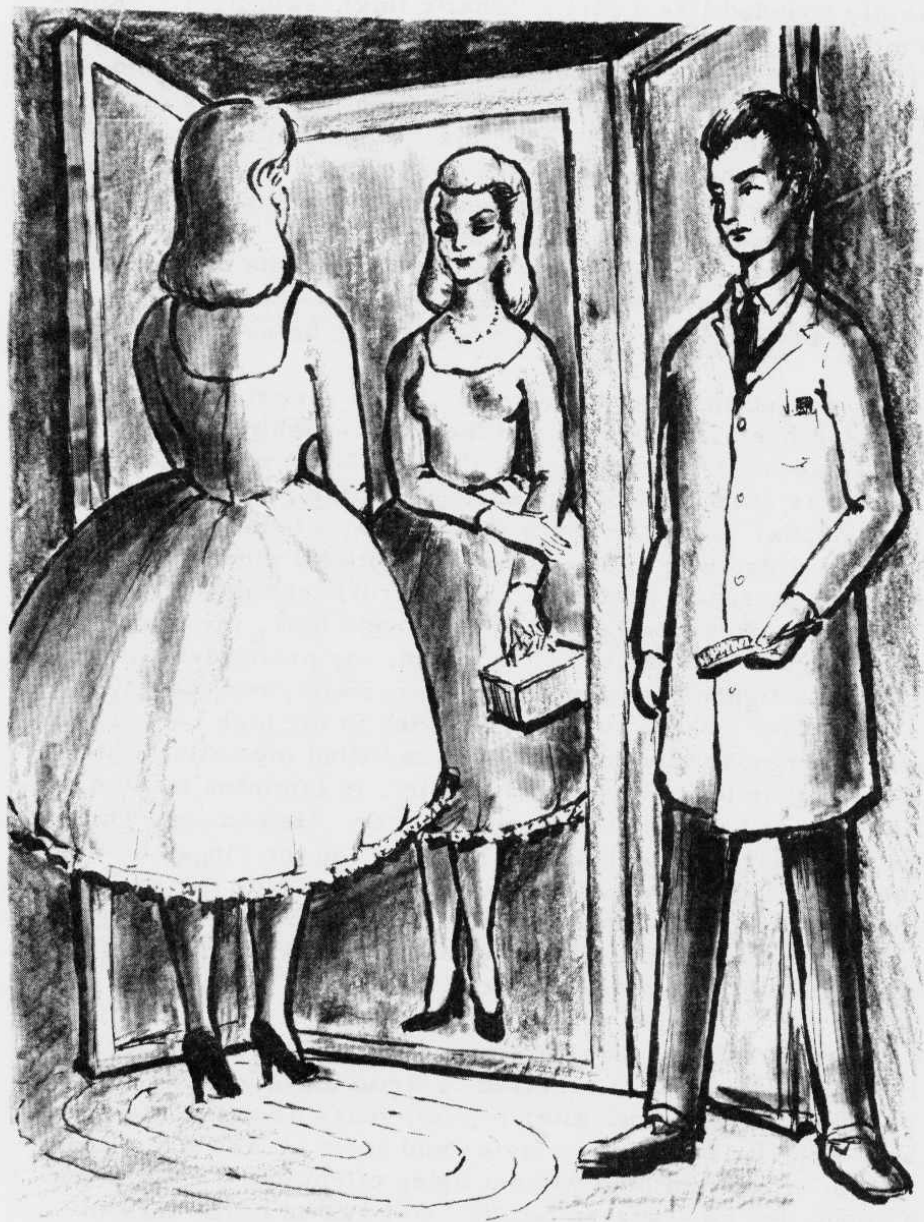
"You have good lashes, he said, but I am going to add a pair of artificial ones that will make them look still thicker--not the long ones that are worn in the pictures, but the kind made for street wear, and he fastened them on with liquid cement. He made up my lips with indelible lipstick, and I was glad of that, for I didn't like the idea of wearing the soft, greasy lipstick that so many girls wear and which would come off when I ate and drank. Bert had purposely kept me away from mirrors, saying he did not want me to see how I would look until everything was complete, so as to get the full effect at once. He now helped me on with a fitted slip, and it seemed strange for me to look down my front and see rounded girl-ish breasts bulging daintily under my slip, instead of my usual flat, male chest. Next Bert put the dress over my head, being careful not to let it touch my makeup, and he fastened it. It was a black lace over light blue satin, princess style, a very pretty street dress.

And now came the "crowning glory", the wig. All the time I had been eyeing that blonde wig on its block on the desk nearby--eyeing it and admiring it. I have always paid a lot of attention to feminine hair, noticing it and admiring it if pretty and well coiffured. I admire a head of hair that is luxurious--

lots of it, soft and silky. I like hair that is wavy. I like it well down the shoulders in length. I love pretty curls and ringlets in a girl's hair. Well, this wig had all that and it was of that exquisite golden blonde color that I love.

"This is the finest wig that can be made and the hair is not dyed but natural in color--it is rare and expensive," said Bert. "This piece was worn by Miss "Blank" and you know she always demands the best." I remembered seeing this actress, a beautiful brunette, in that picture, and recalled admiring her hair, which I thought absolutely perfect. I confess it gave me a little thrill that on my head was being placed the very hair that had been worn by that lovely actress, and I was to wear it in public for all to see. Bert carefully adjusted the hair on my head. It was perfectly dressed, having just come from the studio's hair dressing shop. It felt strange but pleasant, as Bert arranged the curls over my shoulders and down my back, the silky softness touching and caressing the insides of my face and my bare shoulders. Now I knew how it feels to have girlish hair. Bert next produced some simple jewelry for me to wear, earrings--a pair of small pearl drops, a single strand pearl necklace and a plain little bracelet. He placed on my fingers four rings, two on each hand. They looked very nice. "The rings are real", said Bert. "I borrowed them from a girl friend, and they are quite valuable, but I know they will be safe with you. The pearls are of course imitation, but they look all right. Now you must have a girl name, for I expect to introduce you to any friends I see at the Brown Derby, which will be the real test of your impersonation. How would Mabel Brown do? Also you must have a past. You look like a young debutante just out of school and I notice that you have a southern accent, where is your home?" Atlanta, Georgia, I told him. "All right," said Bert. "You are a young southern girl, and attended a convent in the south. You are a coy, unsophisticated girl, who has never been around much, but who wants to get into the movies, and you have come to Hollywood for that purpose. People just love the southern type of girl and her soft drawling way of talking. Lets hear you talk like one."

My natural voice is a high tenor and I have a natural southern drawl, so all I had to do was to keep my voice at a sop-



"I COULD HARDLY TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM THE MIRROR"

rano pitch and make it soft and girlish. From now on I talked that way and Bert said I was perfect and we both laughed as I brought in those, "you alls", and "honey chiles". I certainly sounded like a girl. "That's fine", said Bert. "Remember to talk that way and be the gentle, shy type of maiden, That's your game, and people will love it. Out here most of the girls are bold and forward, pushing themselves forward. Many of them are cruel and vulgar, when you meet them in person. So the sweet southern type of innocent young girl, just out of a convent, will be new and refreshing. You have the voice and the looks, and can do it easily. But you don't know how you look yet, do you? Come into the other room, (We had been in a smaller makeup room)--take a look at yourself in the full mirror. You are going to be surprised."

I tripped into the other room, being very much aware of my high heels, my girdle and the skirt swishing around my silk-clad legs, and went up to the three-way mirrors. To say I was surprised is expressing it mildly, for instead of the familiar John Ostrander that I knew, I beheld a blonde young maiden who was (and I say it with all modesty, for it was so) unusually pretty. I could hardly tear myself away from the mirror as I gazed at my lovely hair, my pretty girlish face with the perfect complexion, my pretty dress, my maidenly figure with gently incurving waist, my shapely legs and my feet looking so dainty and tiny in my high heeled pumps. I forgot to mention that Bert had filed my nails, which I wore rather long, to a rounded point, in feminine fashion, and then had applied bright red lacquer. He had also whitened my hands with makeup, before I put on the rings, so they looked alright. My own mother certainly would not have known me, nor even my sister who would be more discerning--and I didn't know myself. Bert had been right when he had said that I would make a very pretty girl.

Now I realize that all this sounds egotistical and at that time I would not have ventured to write these words about my good looks. But now, after my two years as a girl, I have become quite feminine in tastes and know all about feminine things. I am feminine without being effeminate. I have won a reputation as a screen beauty, so I see no harm here in stating that I was unusually pretty even then--my first girlish "dress-up". It was the truth. Bert made complimen-

tary remarks about my appearance, saying I was a "knock-out". He said that I ought to have a screen test and that I might go far as a girl. He laughed as I stood before the mirrors turning this way and that to see myself from every angle. I loved my back view with my golden hair cascading down my shoulders so prettily, and my waist looked smaller in back too. My girdle was long and had given me smooth curves over the hips and thighs. No girl would have been ashamed of my figure--and many many a woman would have been proud of it. "Do you think I look nice, Mr. Bert?" I asked in my girlish voice. "I think it was right smart of you to make me up so cutely." "You look marvelous, Honey Chile," said Bert, mocking my southern accent, and we both laughed.

Bert then gave me some brief lessons in feminine deportment. He had me walk across the floor, sit down in a chair, get up and do some more walking. I found it a bit awkward to rise from the chair on account of my heels and girdle, but I got onto it after a few trials. He reminded me not to try and put my hands in my pockets, which were not there and showed me what to do with my hands so as not to be awkward. "You will be carrying a bag and that will take care of one hand," he remarked, "let the other hang naturally and gracefully when walking."

He showed me how to hold my hands when sitting, and it seemed to come naturally to me, as I recalled how I had noticed girls use their hands. Bert told me to watch my table manners at luncheon and eat daintily like a girl. We were about ready to go, when there was a knock at the door, and, to my delight, who should come in but my dream girl Dora Dean. I had seen her so many times on the screen that I recognized her immediately and was all agog. She was just as lovely off the screen as on, and the sight of her thrilled me through and through. I had worshipped her from afar, and now seeing her in person, I knew I was madly in love with her.

She had dropped in to see Bert, who knew her very well. I was, of course, eager to meet her, and waited for Bert to introduce us, but I cursed the fates that caused me to meet her dressed as a girl. Of course, I looked nothing like John

Ostrander, the man, and if I saw her later, as myself, she would not recognize me. But it could not be helped, and better to meet her this way than not at all. Bert introduced us-- I was, of course, "Miss Mabel Brown of Atlanta", and Dora smiled sweetly and gave me her soft little hand. She was charming, and so nice to me, a newcomer and stranger. I was evidently a friend of Bert's and that was enough recommendation for Dora.

This was a real test of my masquerade. Dora knew hundreds of girls and was very familiar with makeup and all sorts of disguises. Would she spot me as a man? I hoped not, for I would have felt so ashamed, and yet, it was only a stunt to settle a bet and could easily be laughed off. And she would have to admit that it was a very clever stunt, showing Bert's wonderful skill at makeup and dressing up a mere man as a girl. Bert had evidently decided to "give me away" for he asked Dora: "Please look closely at Miss Brown, and tell me whether you see anything strange or out of the ordinary about her." Dora looked me over carefully, and told Bert that she saw nothing unusual about me, but said that she thought I was a very pretty girl. Now, a man usually does not want to be called a pretty girl, but I was now imitating one, and this praise, coming from darling Dora, was music to my ears. It is human nature to like to be good looking, and to be a good looking girl was, to me, better than nothing. So I thrilled to hear this beautiful girl say I was "very pretty". To please her and attract her attention was all that I could ask.

Bert grinned and said, "Guess again, this "pretty girl" is a man." "I don't believe it, exclaimed Dora. You can't kid me. I can spot a man dressed as a woman. I have seen lots of them and they never fooled me for a moment--though some of them were very good. But this young lady couldn't possibly be a man. She is a girl if I ever saw one." "Just the same she is a man," said Bert, and he went on to tell Dora about our bet and how he was to take me out to luncheon. "Well I just don't believe it. You are not a man are you, Miss Brown", she asked me.

Lowering my voice about an octave, and forcing it to

sound gruff and masculine I said, "Yes Miss Dean, I really am a man. Don't you think Bert has done a marvelous job of making me up? Its the first time I ever dressed up as a girl".

All this time she had been staring at me, looking me over from head to foot. Now she said, "Marvelous is right. You are simply priceless, you fooled me completely, and I didn't think any man could. It doesn't seem possible that you can be a man. With that face and figure, those small hands and feet you are perfect, absolutely perfect. I don't know how you do it. You are so pretty and feminine that you would fool anybody. Bert, I dropped in to ask you to come to my cocktail party at my house. Come about 5:30 and bring Miss Brown with you, just as "she" is. There will be the usual bunch of movie people there, a lot of wise guys who think they know it all and cannot be taken in by anybody. "Miss Brown" must meet them, and fool them the way she fooled me. Oh it will be much fun", and she started to laugh, and Bert and I joined in as it would really be something for me to go there and put it over on a crowd who were expert on makeup and disguise. Dora had a delicious, tinkling laugh and I remembered to keep my voice up to girlish pitch and laugh like a girl.

I now told Dora that I would be happy to come, though I would be scared stiff, but she said she would look after me, and so would Bert, and see that I was not embarrassed. I told her this in my best southern girl manner and voice, and again she laughed, saying, "priceless, simply priceless." This seemed to be a favorite expression with her. "We are going to have fun out of this. You will fool everybody" and again she giggled with glee. She said goodbye and told us not to forget to come about 5:30. We promised to be there.

As soon as she was gone, Bert told me that I didn't know how lucky I was to have the great Dora Dean take an interest in me and invite me to her home for cocktails. He said that she usually did not ask newcomers unless they were prominent in some line or other, such as the movies, literature, art or politics. She knew everybody of importance and liked to surround herself with interesting people. He

said I had interested her very much and amused her. She was a wonderful friend to have, as she had a great deal of influence especially in the movies. "Something might come of it", Bert said, "if you make good and fool her guests, and I am sure you will, if you fooled her, you can fool anybody. She is a very keen observer, especially of other girls and women. She is used to sizing them up and she often picks them to play with her in her pictures. When we get to her house, why not ask her to arrange a screen test for you? Or better still, I will ask her myself, and she can fix it easily."

"You mean a screen test of me as a girl", I asked. "Certainly" said Bert. "Miss Dean wouldn't have the slightest interest in getting you a screen test as a man. She doesn't even know what you look like as a man, but she gets a great kick out of your impersonating a pretty girl. You noticed how she laughed. If you are photogenic, and have some talent you might go far, with her help and teaching, and I would be glad to help you too."

"Well, I said, "I don't know that I want to go on dressing as a girl, but I suppose a screen test would do no harm and would be fun. But I know I would be scared stiff."

"Let's not worry about that now", said Bert, "it's time to go to luncheon." He handed me an attractive lady's handbag to carry. In it I put whatever money I had in my pockets and Bert had already put in it a small vanity outfit, with feminine makeup, and a tiny lady's handkerchief. He told me to occasionally look at myself in the mirror as a girl does, and to powder my nose. "But don't use any of the rest of the makeup. Your makeup is perfect and you musn't touch it", he said.

We left his quarters, and I was very nervous, at thus going out to face the world as a girl. It all was so strange, and I felt so funny, walking in my high heels, my rustling skirts and very much aware of my girdle, my girlish hair, my makeup, earrings and other jewelry. Let any man picture himself thus dolled up for the first time and going out in public, afraid that the disguise might be penetrated and people might laugh at him and he will understand how I felt. But Bert took hold of my arm and I tripped along beside him trying not to look

self-conscious as he chatted gayly. In the corridor, we met two or three men and he stopped and introduced them. I merely murmured, "How do you do in my soft voice and seemed to get by with it all right. Then we left the protection of the building and it was somewhat of an ordeal for me to go out into the bright sunshine, for all to see and stare at. I was aware that everybody did look at such a conspicuous blonde girl, especially the men. They always seem to give a blonde a second look. But evidently they did not see through my masquerade for their looks were not those of amusement, such as they would have cast at a man in feminine garb. Rather they were looks of admiration and I tried to recall just how I had seen myself in the mirror so as to give me confidence. I found that I could not keep step with Bert in my high heels, and so did not try to, but walked with short girlish steps. I also found that walking in high heels was a handicap but I managed to trip along well enough.

We went to the parking lot, and got into Bert's car, which was a classy runabout with the top down. It would have to be down, I thought, so that everybody can see me as we roll along and stare at me. I was very self-conscious, but I remembered to play my part--that of a pretty girl, and so I managed to keep a pleasant look on my face and smiled often as I listened to Bert's chatter. During the short drive to Beverly Hills, he told me a lot about Dora Dean. It seems she had divorced her husband, a wealthy businessman who had settled a cool million on her. She earned \$7500 a week in pictures, and was busy most of the time, being one of the most prominent stars and a great box-office attraction. He said she was considered by many the most beautiful actress in Hollywood, and the most popular. She was as sweet as she was beautiful, with a wonderfully kind disposition. Half of the bachelor's and other "unattached" males wanted to marry her and her suitors were always swarming around her. "I am in love with her myself," he said, "but I know I haven't got a chance. We are just good friends. She had a time with her husband, and vows that she will not marry again. But you never can tell about a woman."

I felt a pang of jealousy as I heard about all of Dora's lovers. I loved her too, but what chance had I? But at least I

could try and win her friendship. She certainly had been friendly that morning and had invited me to her house. But that was only because I made up so well as a girl, and had fooled her, and so aroused her interest. She thought it funny I amused her. But she had no idea what I was like as a man and might not like me as myself. She probably preferred the he-man type, and would not care for a small girlish looking, "pretty" man like myself. Yes, I would do my best to win her friendship as a girl. If she could get me a screen test, and it was successful, who knows what it might lead to. I might even get into pictures in a feminine role, and become an actress in my own right. Bert had put that idea into my head. I of course, realized how unnatural it would be for me to "change sex", so to speak, and to dress and live as a girl. But if I could get into pictures that way, and no other, and win fame and fortune, it might be worthwhile. From my few hours dressed as a girl, I already knew the difficulties and discomforts of it, and I knew there would be many drawbacks and restrictions living as a girl. But it might be worth trying. It would be an interesting and unusual experience, one that few men have had. But perhaps I was looking into the future too fast. If I could have a screen test however, I would know my fate in a short time.

The Beverly Hills Brown Derby was pretty well filled, and as Bert and I followed the head waiter past many tables, I knew that people were sizing me up and wondering who the blonde was. This restaurant is much frequented by the elite of the motion picture world, and the public knows this, so usually there are a number of curious visitors and tourists who go there to eat, on the chance of seeing some of the movie stars, "close up". Some of them were there today, and, as I passed one table, I heard a woman whisper to her companion, "Who is that blonde?" And I heard the answer. "I think it is Betty Grable". That gave me a little uplift. To be taken for the lovely blonde Betty Grable was indeed a compliment. But I thought it was just my lovely golden hair that gave the impression. But since then I have often been mistaken for Betty, so there must be some resemblance, and this will give the reader an idea of how I look as a girl.

Several people waved or spoke to Bert as we passed, and

I recognized them as movie stars I had seen on the screen. Bert certainly seemed to know all the more prominent ones. Our table was at the side of the room along the wall, and, Bert and I were seated side by side on the leather cushion of a settee. At the next table were two men and two lovely girls. I recognized them, also, but I will not give their names here though the reader has no doubt seen them many times on the screen. Bert introduced them all to me, and I shyly murmured my soft, "How do you do" in my southern girl accent. They looked at me rather searchingly, and I felt it a real test of my disguise, but they saw no sign of penetrating it, and as Bert said afterward, they were no doubt sizing me up and wondering, "where did Bert pick up that dizzy blonde".

I now felt pretty safe in my impersonation, for I seemed to be doing well, and nobody suspected me of not being the girl I seemed to be. I certainly was getting by much better than I had expected, and my self-consciousness wore off and I began to really enjoy myself. I was more and more amused at the way I was taking in all of these people and Bert was also amused and whispered that I was doing fine. Suddenly, nature and nervousness combined to make me aware that it was necessary to take care of a natural function. That would be an ordeal, for I should have to pass, alone, down the long aisle past a lot of tables, and I was sure people would be rubbering at me. I whispered to Bert that I had to go, and he grinned and said, "Be sure you go to the one marked "Ladies" and take your handbag along, so as to have some money to tip the maid." I summoned up my nerve, and, trying not to look self-conscious and keeping a pleasant smiling look on my face, (I was fast becoming quite an actress, I thought) I tripped as gracefully as I knew how to the powder room and entered. There were two other girls there, who were primping in front of the mirror. They merely gave me a glance. I was glad of that. No suspicion there. I hated to think what would happen if I were spotted, but I was safe. After I washed, I went to the mirror and primped a little. The maid was watching, and I wanted to do the right things. I wanted to act as a girl would, and appear natural. So I fluffed up my hair, fussed with my curls a little, though they needed no attention, and powdered my nose. But I was careful not to otherwise disturb the perfect complexion Bert had given me. Again I marveled at my good looks. I couldn't get used to it, looking

in the mirror and seeing a pretty girl instead of my real self. It gave me a little thrill of pleasure to look so nice. And that lovely hair, how I adored it. I found that I was sinking my personality into the part, like a real actor, and was feeling myself to be a girl. I was having feminine thoughts and reactions. This gave me a little shock, but still it seemed nice, being a pretty girl. I now had more confidence than ever and felt more natural as I made my way back past the tables to where Bert was sitting. Again people stared at my blondness, but this time I didn't mind. In fact, I rather liked it, just as a real girl would.

As Bert was about to order luncheon, a handsome young man, a movie actor whom I will call Fred Sharp, came to our table to speak to Bert on a business matter. As Bert started to introduce him to me, I forgot I was a girl momentarily, and started to rise, but Bert was watching, and put his hand on my knee to restrain me from getting up, which of course would have looked foolish in a girl. I was embarrassed at my faux pas, and could feel myself blushing under my makeup. Bert asked Fred to sit down and have lunch with us, and he gladly accepted, taking a seat opposite Bert and me. After Fred and Bert had talked shop for a time, the conversation became general and I was included in it. I watched my voice and played the shy young maiden to the best of my ability. Fred kept looking across at me and occasionally I would allow my eyes to meet his, and it gave me a strange sensation to see that he liked me and that I appealed to him as a girl. Yes it would seem that I had feminine sex appeal, and it amused me and I felt like laughing, and was sure Bert felt the same, for he was watching the little flirtation closely.

The lunch was delicious but the girdle and waist cincher sort of took away my appetite and I was afraid if I ate too much it would feel still tighter, and I might have indigestion. When the waiter brought the check, I reached for it realizing that I had lost my bet with Bert. But Fred gallantly grabbed the check saying that no lady could pay for his lunch. I told him that it was my treat, as I had lost a bet to Bert. He asked me what the bet was and Bert not wishing, of course, to give me away by telling him, made up something, I forget what, which covered the situation. But Fred insisted on paying, and Bert nudged my knee with his under the table and I was sure he was

getting as much of a kick out of it as I was. Bert suggested that we go back to the studio, as he had some work to do, though it was Saturday afternoon. Fred, however, asked me to stay with him, linger over our coffee and then take me to a movie. Bert agreed to this, and I thought it would be fun to have a boyfriend to take me around for a few hours. I was now enjoying my "girlhood" to the full, and more and more felt like a girl. Bert told me to be back at the studio at 5 o'clock, reminding me of the cocktail party at Dora's. It was only 2 now, and it would be better playing around with Fred and seeing a movie than going back and killing time at the studio for three hours.

Fred was very attentive as we sipped our coffee in our tete-a-tete and occasionally our eyes met and I could see the sex in his. Fred had an open runabout, much like Bert's and in it we drove back to Hollywood and to the theater. It was a picture that we both wanted to see. We took seats side by side in the darkened theater, and in a few minutes I felt Fred's hand reaching in my lap for my hand. He took it and held it warmly in his. Now I was in a quandary. Should I allow him to hold my hand? How would the young maiden just out of a convent, that was supposedly very unsophisticated, as I was supposed to be, act under the circumstances? I didn't want to offend Fred, and yet I wanted to play my part properly. I decided to let him hold my hand (which I was glad was so small and soft), but when he began to squeeze it, I thought my cue was to withdraw it gently, which I did. But a little later a handsome young man and a pretty blonde were playing a love scene on the screen, and again Fred took my hand. The scene was quite moving, and I pictured myself as the girl and Fred as the man who was making love to me. So I allowed my hand to remain in his and when he squeezed it I even ventured to return the pressure, but very gently, as a maiden should. Fred also pressed his leg against mine and I not only permitted it but gently returned the pressure there too.

When the picture was finished, Fred suggested that we walk to the studio which was only a few blocks away, and I agreed. We did some window shopping as I thought it would be a feminine gesture to inspect some dresses that were in the window of the shop. I commented on them as I thought a

girl would, saying that this one was ducky and another was an "adorable little number".

"Do you think", Mr. Fred, that they would look well on me?" I asked. "I think any dress would look nice on you, darling", he replied. "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Fred," I said, "but I don't think you-all have known me long enough to call me 'darling'". "Oh", he laughed, "I can see that you are a newcomer to Hollywood and haven't been around the studios. Everybody in pictures and on the stage too calls everybody else darling and it doesn't mean a thing. Girls call men darling and men call girls darling, and think nothing of it. It's just an expression that we use. You will find that out after you have been in studio life a little longer."

"All right, then, darling", I said, "you can call me it if you wish," and we both laughed. But where I come from the word 'Darling' means more than an expression. When a man calls a girl 'darling', it means that she is his sweetheart and that they are in love." "Well, darling", he replied, "how do you know that I am not in love with you?" Again we laughed. I was enjoying this girl-with-boy experience and I continued to feel as though I was a real girl, carrying on an "affair" with a handsome young man. It gave me a very pleasurable sensation.

When we reached the studio entrance, Fred said goodbye and without warning took me in his arms and kissed me full on the lips. I didn't know whether to be angry or not. Because at the time I was feeling myself to be a girl, it was not at all unpleasant--in fact, it was rather nice. As a man I would have hated it, being kissed by another man. But as a girl, it was different, and I realized that it was a natural thing for a man to kiss a girl when he has been entertaining her for several hours, so I was not angry. Fred left me saying, "So long, see you again soon".

At the entrance I started to fumble in my bag for my press card and then it came to me suddenly that I couldn't use it to get in, for I was certainly not John Ostrander. No, I was Miss Mabel Brown, a young girl. So I gave that as my name to the man at the entrance and asked him to call Bert East-

more on the phone and tell him that I wished to see him. I was admitted and soon reached Bert's studio.

I gave Bert a brief account of my afternoon with Fred, and he laughed when I told him how we had flirted and Fred had held my hand in the theater and kissed me goodbye. "You are simply marvelous, Mabel" he chuckled. "Fred is a handsome actor and knows lots of girls who play up to him, and here you go out dressed as a girl for the first time and he falls for you. You certainly have got something to make a man eat out of your hand." "It must be my blonde hair and my southern accent", I said. "No its more than that. Its your face and figure--the whole girl, 'touts ensemble' that does it. It really is wonderful. You are one man in a million to be able to make such a wonderful girl. You surely must have a screen test. I'll bet anything you like that you'll make good as an actress."

It was almost time to leave for Dora's house. Bert touched up my complexion, applying a little more rouge than before--for artificial light, he explained. He also pencilled my eyebrows a little more heavily. My false eyelashes were still in place and needed no attention, but he applied a little more of the indelible lipstick which gave me an ideal little mouth. "You ought to wear a hat," Bert said, "I have one for you." He brought forth one of those funny little trick hats that men always laugh at. "Have I got to wear that funny thing?" I asked. "Of course you have", replied Bert. "Its the very latest style.

He placed the little thing on my head. It had a velvet band that went around my hair at the back to hold it on. Bert took great pains to adjust it at just the right angle, over one eye. It made me feel pretty silly, but I had to admit that it seemed to add to my femininity and so I was reconciled to wearing it. I went to the mirror to inspect my hat from every angle, and to get the effect and Bert laughed at me, saying, "You certainly have learned a lot of feminine tricks, and all in one afternoon. You know you really are wonderful and I don't mean just the way you play the part of a girl, but your looks too. You actually made a very pretty girl--unusually pretty--and I never thought that the man lived who could

do it. I have seen a great many men dressed as women, and some of the best impersonators on the stage and screen, and I have made up a lot of them myself. Many of them were excellent, but there was always the touch of masculinity in some way or other to give them away. But you do not have that. You seem to be feminine from head to toe. You have the face and the figure. Look at the way you fooled Dora Dean, and Fred Sharp, and the others I introduced you to. They are all hard to fool and yet you did it easily. And you made Fred fall for you, like a ton of bricks. That is marvelous, for he is fussy about his girl friends and they have to be pretty and attractive to interest him. That shows how attractive a girl you are. Yes you certainly must have a screen test."

How I realize repeating all this praise of Bert's about my good looks sounds conceited, but I do it to show why he was anxious for me to have a screen test. I was his protege, so to speak, and he thought I was a girl attractive enough to make good in the movies. I never have been conceited about my feminine beauty, as I know that it is nothing I can take credit for. It might even be called a freak of nature that a man should be so girlish looking both as to face and body. In fact I suppose it is nothing to feel proud about, and a man should be ashamed of it, as I was at first. For a normal man hates to be effeminate and feminine, and I certainly felt masculine and normal at that time. I only had allowed myself to be doll-ed up as a girl as a stunt. But after I was dressed, I played the part to the best of my ability, and it seems that I did it very well. I found that it was fun, deceiving everybody, and what delighted me most was the fact that I had attracted the attention of lovely Dora Dean, the girl that I loved. This I could have done in no other way. So I was glad to dress as a girl on her account and I was thrilled to think that now I was to go to her house and see her again and be with her for an hour or two at least.

We motored to Dora's beautiful Beverly Hills estate in Bert's car. While he told me the names of some of the stage and screen notables who probably would be there and whom I would meet. I was quite excited at the prospect. I had read so many articles about them in the magazines and papers, and being a rabid fan, I had always hoped someday to meet some of them in person. Now I was about to do so. Of course,

it would be disappointing to meet them as a girl, instead of as my own self, for they would not know me at all as a man if I ever saw them again. But it was better than nothing. I would know them, at least.

Dora had a lovely home surrounded by a high wall and shrubbery to give it exclusiveness and privacy. The grounds were large and there was a fine tiled swimming pool. I will not attempt to describe her house except that it was large and impressive and handsome. It was furnished in the best of taste with everything the best that money can buy as befits a millionairess with an enormous income. A dignified English butler opened the front door for us, and after we had entered, a uniformed maid directed me upstairs to the ladies dressing room. It was a beautifully furnished boudoir, with a ladies maid in attendance, who took my coat. It too was furnished to me by Bert but I forgot to mention it. There were three nice looking girls there primping before the mirrors and they greeted me pleasantly, saying "good evening". We were fellow guests and it was different than the rest room at the Brown Derby, which had made me nervous earlier in the day. I went to the mirror and fussed with my hair, arranging my long curls as a real girl would do naturally. I also powdered my nose and then was ready to go down to the cocktail party. I now had lots of confidence in my appearance and I knew that I need have no worry about anybody penetrating my masquerade. But still I was a little nervous and excited at the prospect of seeing Dora again and at meeting all the other guests.

Bert was waiting for me at the foot of the broad staircase, and together we entered the drawing room, being announced by the butler, and there was beautiful Dora, who greeted us enthusiastically. She looked me over from head to foot, and I could see how amused she was, for I appealed very much to her sense of humor, and she considered my impersonation the richest of jokes. "You are priceless, simply priceless, she whispered. I know I am going to expire laughing at the way you are going to take in everybody here. You look simply marvelous. Be sure to play up to the men and make fools of them. I shall keep an eye on you." Then turning to Bert, she said, "I suppose you won your bet at the Brown Derby?" "Hands down," he said, and he told Dora briefly about Fred Sharp and how he had held my hand in the movie and kissed

me goodbye. Dora burst into laughter and Bert and I joined in, for it really was funny enough to make anybody laugh. A footman came up and asked Bert and me what we would have to drink. Remembering my Southern girl role, I said: "I would just adore to have a mint julep, which we drink so much in the south. I don't do much drinking, Miss Dora but I don't think one will hurt me and I am right thirsty."

"Anything you like, Mabel darling", replied Dora. "I have engaged two professional bartenders for this party and they can make any drink very well. But come and meet the guests who have already arrived." She took me by the arm, and with Bert following, led me from group to group as they stood with drinks in their hands, chatting and I suppose gossiping. I met all of the celebrities. They all were very pleasant when introduced to me, as was to be expected with Dora taking me around and personally introducing me, saying: "This is my particular friend, Mabel Brown from Atlanta, Georgia". I was greeted cordially and practically everyone shook hands with me, but especially the men, and I was aware that a girl gets a different handshake than a man does, for they were inclined to hold my hand a little longer than seemed necessary, and one of the guests, a well known French actor, who I will not name stooped over and kissed my hand which was quite a thrill. Dora winked at me, I could see that she was bursting with laughter but suppressed it the best she could. I was giggling myself, and so was Bert, for I certainly was pulling the wool over the eyes of these wise actors and actresses.

I met all of the guests, including of course, the late arrival who was Julius Meyers, the head of Cosmo studios, where Dora and Bert worked. As Bert saw him coming, he had time to suggest to Dora that she arrange with him to give me a screen test. "That's a great idea," said Dora, "What fun. I will fix it right away," Now Dora had tremendous influence throughout Hollywood and could just about get anything she wanted. Besides, Julius Meyers was a widower, and was in love with Dora, as were so many other Hollywood men. As he came over and was received by Dora, I was introduced and she told him that she wanted me to have a screen test. Julius looked me over carefully, judging my good points from a

photogenic standpoint, and I must have made a favorable impression, for he said: "By all means she should have a screen test. I think she has what it takes. Bring her to the studio at 11 o'clock in the morning and I will have one of our directors arrange a test."

"Thanks awfully, Julius darling," said Dora, smiling sweetly. "We will be there, and remember if she makes good I shall insist that she be given a part in a picture. The reader can imagine how thrilled I was. I was to have a screen test, something for which others worked weeks, months, even years. I had the backing of beautiful Dora Dean, and of the influential Bert Eastmore. I was on my way, and the marvel of it was that it was all in one day. I blessed the fates that had taken me to Bert that morning, and the wonderful luck of happening to meet Dora and of making a hit with her in my feminine get-up. Indeed I was lucky and it made me very happy.

To give the names of the 50 or 60 that were present at Dora's party would be like a Who's Who of Hollywood. I met them all, and chatted with many of them and I found them charming, at least to me. Most of them asked the same question, "Are you going into the movies?", and I told them shyly and modestly that I hoped to. My Southern girl stuff was going over nicely and it greatly amused Dora and Bert. Never once did I make a slip and fail to talk in my soft high girlish voice. I had done it all day and it was getting to be automatic.

After a while I sat down to sip my julep and who should come and sit beside me but the fabulously wealthy publisher William R. Herss. I had of course, met him earlier. He was with his blonde sweetheart Mary Davis, the former screen star who was now getting a bit old and so had retired. Mr. Herss although well along in years, still had a penchant for pretty blondes and I felt flattered that I should have attracted him. He chatted pleasantly and he asked me all about myself, and of course I told him the story of my convent education, as concocted by Bert. I did it in my coyest, shyest schoolgirl manner, but at the same time being a little coquettish, acting in a manner I thought would appeal to him. I must have pleased him, for he asked me if I would come with Dora some day, to his San Simi estate for a long week-end. He took it for

granted that I was a close friend of hers. Everybody had read about San Simi, up the coast. To be invited there as a guest of Mr. Heress' is a wonderful privilege and a compliment. I said that I would adore to come, and he told me that the next time he invited Dora (she had often been there) he would tell her to bring me along. I was quite thrilled, for like most people I would give most anything to spend a weekend at that lovely and magnificent estate, and now I was asked. But then I had a slight sinking feeling as it came to me that it was only as a girl that I could go there with Dora, for Mr. Heress only knew me, of course, as a girl, a pretty young blonde. I certainly would not have been asked as a man--as myself, John Ostrander. But I could go as Mabel Brown. But how long would I remain as Mabel Brown? And did I want to remain as Mabel Brown for any length of time? It all would depend upon the screen test and whether Dora wished me to continue my feminine career. If I made good, she had told Julius Meyers that I must have a part in a picture, and I could only do that by continuing to live as a girl. If the adored Dora wanted me to do that, I decided that I surely would do it, in order to retain her friendship. It might lead to something more than that, I dared to hope. As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I saw Miss Davis approaching, and she took Mr. Heress away from me, saying something about time to leave. From her manner it was quite evident that she was jealous and didn't want to have him talking so intimately with a pretty young blonde. I chuckled to myself. This was rich. I made a man's sweetheart jealous. It was only for Dora and Bert. How they would laugh, and I could imagine Dora saying, "priceless". The party soon broke up and the guests took their departure. It had been, to me, a most exciting and thrilling party, meeting all of those persons prominent in the movie world, and it had been great fun playing the part of a young girl without being suspected. Everybody had been lovely to me and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had acted my role very well. Dora asked Bert and me to stay after the rest had gone, and when the room was empty and the servants had left, we three went into a huddle and all had a good laugh at the way I had fooled everybody. Dora was delighted. She said that most of the time she had managed to watch me, and that I had played my role to perfection. I told them about my little flirtation with Mr. Heress and how Mary had been jealous and dragged him away, and that added to our joy and laughter.

"You were simply priceless, Mabel darling", she told me. "You certainly put it over to perfection. I never thought that a man could do it. It is awfully hard for me to believe that you really can be a man. You actually have feminine sex appeal." And again she laughed and we joined in.

She told us that she was giving a dinner party that evening, and that a number of prominent and "wise" guests, but a different bunch, would be there. She wanted me to stay and fool them. Was I willing? I said of course I was, if she wished it. "But how about clothes?" asked Bert. "She can't dine in that street dress, for of course everybody will dress." "I will take care of that," said Dora. "She and I are exactly the same size as you can see. She can wear one of my dinner gowns." "But how about the waist?", asked the observing Bert. "You are the same size, but you have a smaller waist."

I glanced at Dora's waist and noticed that it was quite a bit smaller than mine, even cinched in as I was, and tightly too, as I then thought. "Oh, I will take care of that, too", said Dora. She will have to wear one of my corsets." These words gave me a rather disagreeable sensation, for I knew what they meant. They could only mean that I would have to be much more tightly squeezed than at present. For some time I had been looking forward to returning to Bert's studio and taking off my tight under garments as they had become quite irksome after all these hours. Unaccustomed as I was to having my waist pinched in. Now I was to spend several more hours in a still tighter corset. But it meant staying with Dora for the rest of the evening and for that privilege I would stand anything. And I thrilled at the thought of wearing one of her dresses and other garments that she had no doubt worn on her lovely soft, white body. That surely would be worth the discomfort. Her wishes were law to me.

"But how about afterwards?" Bert asked. "By the time your dinner party is over, the studio will be closed. How is she going to change back to "his" own clothes?" We all laughed at the mixup of gender. "I am going to keep her with me as my house guest over Sunday", replied Dora. "I will take her to the studio Monday morning for her screen test. We will come to you at 10 o'clock for her screen makeup."

So Bert said goodbye and left. And now I was alone with my adored Dora for the first time. To say that I was thrilled is to express it mildly. Not only was I alone with her, but I would be with her until Monday, her intimate house guest. I had not dared to think of such luck. And I was to wear her clothes. How wonderful. Being with her all that time, I hoped that we would get to be fast friends, for undoubtedly she liked me already. Otherwise she certainly would not have asked me to stay. I knew that she did it because my masquerade amused her greatly, and she got great joy out of parading me before her guests disguised as a girl and duping them. I was to fool a lot more of them at her dinner party. That was all right with me. I had gained confidence and got fun out of it myself, and I could not help getting a kick out of appearing to be a pretty girl, admired by all.

The sweet Dora hooked her arm in mine and together we climbed the broad staircase to her boudoir. It was a lovely ultra-feminine room, furnished in the best of taste with the finest that money could buy. I was to occupy the room adjoining hers (another thrill) for she opened the communicating door and led me in, saying she thought I would find it comfortable. It was another ladies boudoir furnished just as beautifully as Dora's room. It was a guest chamber, large and handsome, with a handsomely tiled bathroom, the most elaborate one that I had ever seen.

"I will get you a dress and other things", said Dora, and she went back to her own room. I had time to look around and admire the beauty of my quarters. Such a room was a perfect setting for a girl and being in it made me feel quite feminine. I looked in the mirror. I had glanced at myself during the day, whenever there was an opportunity, for I would forget how I looked and wanted to reassure myself. Each time I got a little shock of surprise to see a pretty blonde reflected instead of my masculine self. What a difference that hair made! Soon Dora came back with an armful of feminine finery, all in pale blue color, a shade that I admired. "I think that blue is your color, blue and also black. They are always becoming to a blonde. They are my favorites", said Dora. She apologized for not furnishing me with a lady's maid saying that she always did when she had a lady guest, but she said she thought I would not care, "under the circumstances" to have a maid dressing



"NOW I HAVE A WAIST AS SMALL AS HERS"

and undressing me and fussing around me. It might prove embarrassing. "Heavens", I said. "That would never do". She laughed and said that she would be my ladies maid. That thrilled me. To think that the lovely Dora Dean would help me to dress. It meant more intimacy, and I knew that she was more skillful than any maid could be.

"Undress completely", she instructed me, "and then put on the vest and panties, stockings and corset. I guess by this time you know how to do it. When you get that far, knock on my door and I will come back and help you. It won't take me long to change with the help of my maid."

She left, and I undressed, though I had a little struggle with unhooking my dress in the back. Oh how good it felt to take off that cincher! My flesh itched at the sides where the stays had pressed, and I rubbed it with relief. Off came my lingerie, my stockings, and I stood there in the nude. I now donned the blue vest and panties. I had thought that those I had been wearing during the day had been fine, but these were far more lovely, of the sheerest silk, beautifully trimmed with handmade lace. Undoubtedly they were the finest that money could buy, and I noticed a French label on them. With all her money there was no reason why Dora should not have the finest things obtainable, and she evidently was a lavish spender. The way she lived, in her beautiful home, with butlers, footmen and a houseful of servants proved that. I donned the low-cut evening vest, and the dainty, lacy, panties; then the stockings, which were, of course, of the finest and sheerest silk. I was glad that my legs were so shapely and girlish. I was careful to roll on the stockings, being careful to have the seams exactly in the middle. Then I put on a pair of high heeled little blue mules that Dora had brought with the other things. I now looked at myself in the glass. I looked all right and convincingly feminine. I thought how silly I would have felt as myself wearing this feminine finery. But I still had my wig and makeup on, and so I looked like a girl and felt as though the lingerie belonged on me.

Next came the corset. It was of pale blue, matching the rest of my costume. It was of satin, hand embroidered, well-boned, and back lacing. It was a beautiful garment, if such an instrument of torture can be called beautiful. I struggled

to clasp it about me as it was but it was no go. So I had to let the laces out quite a bit. Then I managed to get into it, and fastened the garters to the tops of my stockings. Even now, it felt snug, but I knew I was "in for it" and so I laced myself in several inches, until I thought it was enough, and I made fast the laces. Again I inspected myself in the glass. I wanted to be sure I looked all right, for soon Dora would see me. I thought my waist looked attractively slim and tapering but not really small. I did not appear to be laced in. I thought my figure was satisfactorily girlish.

I rapped on Dora's door and in a few moments she came in. She had made a quick change and looked ravishingly beautiful in a low cut evening gown, which I noticed was the same blue shade as the one I was to wear. How well blue goes with golden hair, I thought. It will go well with mine too, for Dora's hair and mine were of exactly the same color. Dora gave me the once over and her inspection was favorable, except for one thing, my corset.

"I'm sorry, darling", she said, smilingly, "but your corset has to meet at the back to get into my dress. You must have the same figure as mine". I felt around behind and felt there was quite a gap. Dora laced me in fully, saying laughingly, "I guess you can stand it for a few hours, you poor dear. I know it is uncomfortable for a man, but it won't hurt you, and it is absolutely necessary." It felt awfully tight, but I knew I would have to grin and bear it. One consolation was that now I had a waist as small as hers, and so could wear her dress. Dora was corsetted, but not very tightly, for (as I learned later) her natural waist was small.

Next Dora helped me put on a lovely blue silk brassiere, and we put in the pads that I had worn during the day. I noticed that my tighter corset gave me a larger bust because the flesh was pushed upward, so now with pads I had breasts that were just the size of Dora's, as I found when I got into her dress. With Dora's help I donned my pale blue, fitted silk evening slip, a perfectly delicious garment, lace trimmed and sheer like all the rest of my underthings. I was now ready for my gown, but first Dora had me sit before the mirror while she touched up my makeup, powdering my face and adding a little rouge of a brighter shade for evening wear.

That was all that was needed for Bert's makeup was still perfect. My artificial eyelashes still were in place and mascara on my own lashes had not worn off. Dora made up my shoulders, back, bust and arms, lightly applying a coat of liquid powder then dusting with a perfumed face powder of a flesh shade. She also whitened my hands. The red enamel was still there, so my nails needed no attention. Dora noticed the rings I was wearing and asked about them. She said they were nice and would do for the evening, but told me to take off my imitation pearls, which I did. "You can't wear that cheap stuff with a dinner frock," she said. "I will give you some of my genuine pearls to wear. They will set you off."

Dora helped me into my dress, being careful not to muss my hair or makeup as she drew it down over my head. It was a lovely dress of fine blue satin, and after Dora had hooked me into it, we found that it was a perfect fit. I was surprised at the perfection of my girlish figure. I looked slender and yet the dress was so cleverly made that it gave me a slim appearance without revealing that I was tightly corsetted. I had a definitely incurving waist, but it looked natural. "There", said Dora, patting my back affectionately, "I told you that you could wear my dresses. It fits you perfectly and you look too sweet for words, darling, you certainly are going to make a hit with my male guests tonight." Again I looked at myself in the glass. Yes, I did look nice, and I suppose I looked "sweet", though that is hardly a word to apply to a man. But I did not resent it, because it came from Dora, and why resent it anyway? I was pretending to be a girl, and the better I did it the more I would please Dora. So it was nice to be "sweet" or any other of the adjectives that are applied to pretty young girls. All this time I had been wearing Dora's mules, and now it was time to don my evening slippers, if any.

"You can't wear those black pumps of yours," said Dora, "they would spoil the effect of your costume. You will have to wear a pair of satin slippers that will match your frock". She went to her room and returned with a pair of tiny blue satin evening slippers with extremely high heels. "They are going to be a snug fit, but I guess you can get them on." With the aid of a shoe horn I managed to squeeze my feet into them. They were long enough, but too narrow for my feet. I am in

for a very uncomfortable evening, I thought to myself, with squeezed in waist and squeezed feet. But my corset and shoes were indispensable. Without them I could not have worn Dora's dress, and so I was reconciled. Besides, the effect was so good. I loved my slender figure, and my feet looked so tiny and dainty in their high heels and narrowness, that I was well content.

"Sorry that the slippers are so tight," said Dora, "but you won't have to walk or stand up much in them. You will be sitting most of the time. Now you are learning what women and girls put up with to make themselves beautiful; wearing corsets, and most of them wearing shoes that are too tight for their feet. But they get used to them and so will you in time." What did she mean by that, "in time", I said to myself. It could only mean one thing, and that was that she expected me to go on "being" a girl. It must mean that she expected that my screen test would be successful and that I would become a movie actress. With dear Dora's help I might go far.

We now went into Dora's room. I found that I could walk well enough in my tight high heels, though they were 4 1/2 inches high, and not easy at the first attempt. Dora's maid was hanging up her discarded clothes and straightening out her room when we went in, but Dora dismissed her. Then she went to the wall, swung back a picture on its hinges, and there was a combination wall safe. Dora opened it and brought forth her jewel casket, placed it on the dresser, and opened it. Never have I seen outside of a Fifth Ave. jewelry store such a magnificent collection of gems. She had diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls and other gems in sets, and in great profusion. They were worth a fortune. She selected for me to wear, a set of pearls consisting of earrings, necklace, bracelet; beautiful but inconspicuous, and just the thing for the young maiden that I was supposed to be. Dora put a few drops of rich and expensive French perfume on me, and my toilet was complete. Again I studied myself in the mirror and was well pleased with my appearance. It was hard for me to get used to being so girlishly pretty, and in my evening outfit I looked far prettier than I had during the day. I looked so completely feminine that it was hard to believe that I actually was John Ostrander--a man. What a transformation, a man in the



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"WHAT A MAN!" SHE SAID.

morning, a beautiful young lady in the evening.

Dora arrayed herself in wonderful diamonds and then it was time to go down and receive the dinner guests. We were ready. Dora gave me a final inspection. "You look lovely, absolutely lovely, she told me, what a joke this is going to be," and she laughed. "You will take everyone in, hook, line and sinker. I know you will play your part well. Act just as you did during the cocktail party. Be the shy, coy, young Southern girl and you will make a hit with the men. By the way, I have invited a dinner partner for you. He is the well-known novelist, James White, who is in Hollywood adapting one of his books for a motion picture play. It is a play in which I am to star, and will be ready to start in two or three weeks. You will find him the best of company, brilliant and witty, and you will have fun with him, for he is a bachelor and fancies himself as a ladies man. He adores blondes, and is sure to fall for you. So play up to him, vamp him, and flirt with him but not too boldly. Like a young Southern girl would do who met and adores a famous author. He will do most of the talking, so it will be easy for you. Listen to him, hang on his words, and flatter him. He will love that. I shall be watching you and I know it will be too funny for words. Simply priceless." So, with arms around each other's slender waists, in sisterly fashion, we daintily tripped downstairs to the drawing room to receive the dinner guests.

As soon as Dora Dean and I reached the drawing room, I took a seat to keep the weight off my feet in their tight slippers. Soon the guests began to arrive, and Dora introduced them to me and I didn't have to rise. I found that that was at least one advantage of being a girl--you could remain seated when meeting people, and sit as much as you liked and let the men wait upon you.

It was quite a large dinner party, and it was a gathering of those prominent in the motion picture world. It certainly was thrilling for me to meet them all. My dinner partner, and "boyfriend" of the evening, James White, sat down beside me and we chatted while the butler and footman were passing cocktails and canapés. I took one cocktail and sipped it. As a man, I had done very little drinking and as a girl I thought I should do still less. It would be out of character for a young

girl just out of a convent to drink much, and I was bound to play the part. So I took a cocktail merely as a gesture. But Jimmie White was not so careful and he lapped up three martinis before dinner. He asked me all about myself and if I expected to go into the movies--everybody asked me that. It was flattering, for evidently they thought I was good enough looking. I told Jimmie that Dora had arranged for me to have a screen test at Cosmo Studios on Monday. He was interested and pleased me by saying he was sure I would make good. Then he told me about his book and how he was making a movie out of it and that Dora was to take the leading feminine role.

I knew that Dora would be keeping an eye on me, and to amuse her, at dinner, I "played up" to Jimmie and flirted with him, but not boldly--just as a young girl, innocent and shy, would do. I slipped my champagne and found it was exhilarating and gave me a glow, but I was careful not to let the hovering butler fill my glass too often. When my hand happened to be in my lap, Jimmie would reach for it and squeeze it, and he pressed his knee and foot against mine. Dora saw all of this and gave me a wink. After while the party broke up and the guests left. As soon as the last one had gone, and Dora and I were alone together she broke into laughter she had suppressed all the evening and I laughed with her. "You are priceless, perfectly priceless, Mabel darling", she said. "You played your part marvelously. How he fell for you. And you fooled everybody else, and they all liked and admired you. I wouldn't have dreamed that a man could do it. It is simply too funny for words. But its bedtime, so lets go upstairs. You must be tired after your strenuous and exciting day, and you must be terribly uncomfortable. I know you will be glad to take off your tight slippers and corset.

I had been so interested and intrigued throughout the dinner party that I had not given my discomfort a thought, but now I became aware of the fact that my feet were burning and my waist was hurting. I certainly would be glad to undress. We went up the stairs together, and to my boudoir. Dora brought me a lovely sheer satin, pale blue nightie and an exquisite negligee of light blue, low necked, sleeveless and trimmed with dainty hand made lace. She told me to dress and put them on together with my mules, and then to come into her room for a little chat before going to bed. But first she

helped me out of my dress and slip and loosened my corsets. As I kicked off my tight slippers and rubbed my aching feet she said: "You poor darling. They must have hurt frightfully. On Monday when the stores are open I will send my maid to get you some properly fitting slippers and later we will have to get you an outfit of your own. But you won't need any dresses as I have oodles of them and you can just as well wear them as not."

I didn't say anything, but I thought to myself, with a little feeling of distaste, that wearing her dresses would mean that I would have to wear her tight corsets, and spend hours incased in them. But if she wished it, it was all right with me. I would do anything in the world to please her.

After she went into her room, I undressed completely, and then donned the dainty nightie and negligee as she had instructed. Of course, I was still wearing my wig and makeup and as I surveyed myself in the mirror I saw that I didn't look silly in them, but satisfactorily feminine and girlish. But something was wrong with my figure. No bust. So I put on the padded bra that I had just taken off and my nightie over it. Now, that was better, it gave the necessary feminine touch. Dora liked me as a girl, and I wanted to be as much like one as possible, not only in face but in figure.

I knocked at Dora's door and she cherrily called for me to come in. With the help of her maid, she had quickly disrobed, and was in a negligee the same as I, but she was wearing shimmering black, which looked gorgeous on her, with her bright blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, just like mine. She inspected me and laughed as she noticed I had on my padded bra again. "What a man!" she exclaimed. "You certainly seem to know already all of the feminine tricks and wiles. That bust makes you perfect." We now sat down, side by side, close together on a sofa, so that my hips were touching hers warmly and at this intimacy I was thrilled and in Seventh Heaven of bliss, being thus alone with this beautiful girl that I loved.

There was a tall mirror opposite where we sat and I stared at the two blondes sitting there and I was pleased to see

that I was "holding my own" as to looks, though it was trying to sit beside such a beautiful girl as Dora Dean, who outshone nearly all women. How glad I was that I didn't look out of place in the picture. "How comfy this is," said Dora, linking her soft white arm in mine and clasping my hand in hers. "Just two girls together. Now lets have a nice talk. Do you know Mabel darling, that you are one man in a million to be able to transform yourself into such a perfect girl. Not only is your face pretty--there are plenty of young fellows with girlish faces who would make up as pretty girls, but you have the figure. I am rather a small girl with small hands and feet, and yet you can wear my dresses and even my 4AAA slippers "in a pinch". We laughed at her joke. I never would have believed that a man could do that," she continued, "and the best part of it is that you wear the dresses and corsets and high heels as though you were a real girl and used to them, and you act like a girl so charmingly that men fall for you. You certainly should have been born a girl. Don't you wish you really were a girl?" "I don't know yet", I replied. "I can't tell after being one only for one day. But it has been fun. But it is not natural for a man to impersonate a woman, and I think I would soon get fed up with it."

"Well you will have a change to find out, for you shall have to "be" a girl for a few days at least, until after your screen test, and if you make good you will have to continue as a girl as an actress." "How funny it is for you to be sitting here with me like this", continued Dora. "Can you imagine me allowing a man, in pajamas, bathrobe and slippers, to come into my room this way and sit beside me, clad as I am in a negligee? You bet I wouldn't allow it. But with you it is different. I know you are a man, of course, but you are so feminine, so girlish, that you seem to be a girl, I do not think of you as a man, and so it is all right," and she gave my arm an affectionate squeeze. How I longed to take her into my arms and kiss her. If I only dared! But I did not dare to risk it. It might anger her and spoil everything. Things were pretty nice as they were, sitting closely beside the girl I loved. It was devine. How lucky I was and all in one day. Perhaps later on, if our friendship continued, I might risk kissing her. But not now.

Dora asked me to tell about the details of my day's experiences as a girl and I did so. She wanted to know what Jimmie White had said to me and I told her he had talked about himself and his book and how he was making it into a movie for her. I told her that Jimmie had mentioned the part of Lulu-belle, a young southern girl, and said he thought it might be just the part for me. "He's right", exclaimed Dora, "I hadn't thought of it, but I think you would be ideal in that role. Lulu-belle is just the type of girl you have been impersonating all day, and I am sure you can do it. If Jimmie and I want you to have it, it's a cinch you will get it. But of course we must first see the results of your screen test. We'll know by Tuesday morning, when the films will be run off for us to see. But I am positive that you will be all right."

"But what else did Jimmie say to you?" she asked. "Did he make love to you?" "Not very much," I said. He had had quite a lot of drinks, and so was inclined to be affectionate, that's all. "Well I must say that you are a fast worker," said Dora. "You only know a man two or three hours and he is holding your hand and has his arms around your waist. And there is that Fred Sharp, Bert told me that he kissed you. How did you like that?"

"He took me by surprise. I didn't see it coming. Of course I didn't like it, for no man likes to be kissed by another man, and my first impulse was to slap Fred's face. But I am new to Hollywood, and new as a girl, and it occurred to me that perhaps it was the custom here for a man to kiss a girl goodbye after he had taken her to luncheon and to the movies and flirted a little with her. I wanted to act like a natural girl, and not be "different" and so perhaps give myself away. So I restrained myself, and stood for it. He said he would see me again. Do you think he will?"

"Probably," said Dora. "Fred works at Cosmo, so you will see him there. And no doubt he likes you, so he will look you up. As a pretty girl you must expect to have men take an interest in you and to try to bestow their attentions upon you."

It was getting late and we were to have a busy day tomorrow so Dora suggested that we retire. I returned to my room,

slipped off my negligee and mules and jumped into bed in my pretty blue nightie. In order to save my wig's hairdo till the following day I had carefully removed it and placed it on the bureau. It had been a terrific day in more ways than one and as I lay thinking about it all I thought I would never get to sleep. But I finally dropped off.

I awoke early, through force of habit. I decided not to wait for Dora to knock on my door to call me. I got up, and took a bath in the luxurious bathroom. I found some fragrant bath salts, and sprinkled a liberal amount into the water. I smiled to myself to think that I would not have done that as a man, because it seemed effeminate and I didn't like to be scented or perfumed. But since I was to be a girl that day, it seemed the right thing to do. I would have to be feminine. How could a man playing the part of a girl be otherwise? My bath finished, I hastened to put on my wig, for I didn't like my appearance with short hair, it was too masculine. I put on my nightie and negligee and mules, and didn't forget my padded brassiere to enhance my feminine figure. I now surveyed myself in the mirror. The bath had made my face shiny, so I applied powder and a touch of rouge and lipstick. That was better. I then sat down before the mirror and tried, in my unskilled way to do my hair, brushing and combing it and fussing with my curls and ringlets, trying to improve them. While I was doing this, a knock came on the door and in came Dora, looking like an angel in her negligee, as usual. She laughed when she saw me thus primping, and noticed that I had applied some makeup. It seemed to please her for me to act in a feminine manner, since I was playing the part of a girl.

"Let me do your hair," she said, and to my delight, she did so, while I sat there, enjoying the intimacy of it--her closeness to me. I am sure that very few men have had their long girlish hair dressed by the girl they loved, and I thrilled at the wonderful experience. She also improved my makeup, and fastened on the eyelashes I had worn the day before, which I had taken off last night when I removed my makeup. When she had finished, she exclaimed: "There, darling, you look as sweet as a rose. Come into my room and we will have breakfast."

She rang, and the maid brought our meal. Strange to say,

I didn't mind having the maid see me thus in feminine negligee with her mistress, as I knew she couldn't guess the secret of my sex. But I was glad that I had remembered to put on my padded bra--a girl without breasts would have looked rather odd to her--and in my negligee, my bust showed plainly, as it was cut quite low in front. But my figure, as well as my face, were convincingly feminine, and I was quite happy to be with Dora in all my femininity. We chatted pleasantly as we breakfasted and Dora told me more of the details about our program for the day. After church, we were to go to the races with two "boy-friends". She had arranged it over the phone. Her escort was to be one of her many admirers, Harry Rowe, and for me she had picked a handsome young actor named William Heath. She said she was sure I would like him and that he would like me. "He is not married", she said. "Be sure to vamp him the way you did all the men you met yesterday. Oh it will be fun. I shall be keeping an eye on you and I expect you to give me a lot of laughs."

I promised her I would do the best I could and that I thought it would be fun to go to the races. She said that the men knew a lot about the horses, and we might bet and win some money. "But do you think I ought to go to church?" I asked. "Do you think it is right for me to go there under false colors, pretending to be the girl I am not?" "Of course it is all right, silly," said Dora, smiling. "What difference do your clothes make? There is no reason in the world why a man cannot dress in girl's clothes and go about if he wishes, so long as he behaves himself and especially a man who makes as pretty a girl as you do. You have been wasting your beauty as a man. You are much better as a girl. It would be a crime for you not to dress as one, and let the world admire you."

After breakfast we dressed for church, and Dora gave me the clothes I was to wear. It was a black dress, with white lace trimming at the throat and sleeves, and made of the finest silk. With Dora everything had to match, and so she gave me to wear, a black silk vest and panties, lace trimmed of course, and of the finest quality that money could buy. Also a black satin slip, a black satin corset. I put the things on but had to call Dora in to lace me in, for I had to wear a corset as small as the one I had worn the evening before, in order

to wear her dress, and as she finished drawing me in fully and fastened the laces, I thought with a sigh of the many hours ahead of me in this vise. Perhaps it would be as much as 14 hours. I figured! Could I stand it? Yes, I simply would have to. There was one thing about corsets that I liked and that was the feminine curves they gave me. I looked slender and girlish. I liked my waist too, it did not really look very small, but just daintily incurving. If I was going to be a girl, I must use every device I could to improve my appearance and make me more feminine looking, and my corsets definitely did that. So I would make the best of them, try not to think about them, and try to get used to them as long as I was a girl.

Fortunately, I could wear the pumps from the studio that I had worn yesterday and they were my size and quite comfortable. (I wear 4A, which is small for a man. Dora's 4AAA were too narrow for me). With Dora's help I finished dressing. I wore gloves, of course, and carried a bag and donned a saucy, fashionable little black hat, with a nice veil. The veil was a nuisance as I had to look through it, but on the other hand, it was an added touch that Dora said was "cute". Dora too, was dressed in black. In Dora's large shiny Cadillac limousine, with liveried chauffeur and footman, we motored to church in Los Angeles. It was a large and fashionable church. Afterwards we drove back to Beverly Hills.

"We must put on something more gay and colorful for the races," said Dora. "We can't go in these black things." She put on a red dress and red hat, while I donned one of her costumes--a black and white checkered skirt and white jacket and hat. The men arrived and were announced just as we finished our toilettes, and we went down to greet them. Both Harry Rowe and William Heath were young and very good looking and I liked them both from the minute I met them. We all piled into Dora's big car and motored to the track, where Bill Heath, who often went to the races, had a box in the clubhouse.

Bill was very pleasant and gallant and I knew that he liked and admired me. I had tried to "vamp" him a little, as Dora had suggested, but we had not carried on much of a flirtation as he was too busy with the races. Dora chided me for it

later, but I told her I had done my best but that when a man was gambling he was preoccupied and he didn't have time to think of the opposite sex. "That's a good one coming from you," she exclaimed. "Opposite sex", --and we both laughed. But I had actually been thinking of myself as a girl. Being with a handsome man who admired me as a girl seemed to affect me that way. I sank my personality into the part I was playing and seemed to lose my masculinity.

Harry Rowe, one of Dora's many lovers was a director at Cosmo Studio, and he had been instructed to take charge of my screen test the next day. So I was very glad to meet him and spend the afternoon in his company. Thus we got well acquainted and he would not be a stranger to me, but a friend when I went through the trying ordeal of my test. A screen test is always nerve wracking even to an experienced actor, so it certainly would be a strain to a "greenhorn", particularly to a man who was playing the part of a pretty girl, and who would be taken for a girl by everybody except Dora and Bert. It must be kept a secret, for it would be unthinkable for me to go on living as a girl if it were known that I was actually a man. I could not endure the shame of it and I surely would not be allowed to play feminine roles if it were known that I was a man. Think of the love scenes. They certainly would be ruined if it were known that a man in the guise of a girl was being made love to by another man. It would be impossible. On the way back to the car, Dora asked Harry what costumes he wanted me to wear in the test tomorrow.

"I am going to make two short scenes," he said. "In the first she can wear a street dress, whatever she wears to the studios. But it should be colorful, as I am going to use color film. In the second I want her in an attractive evening gown, low cut and sleeveless, so as to show her figure to the best advantage, you know. It is to be a love scene, and Fred Sharp will play it with her. I want her to have an upswept hair-do, with the top of her head a mass of curls. There won't be time to have her own hair dressed that way, as we shall have only a couple of hours for the whole thing, so she will have to wear a wig, a blonde one the same color as her own hair. You can call up the studio wig dept. and order them to have it ready tomorrow morning by 11 o'clock."

We dropped the boys in Hollywood and went on to Beverly Hills. Dora discussed with me the dresses I should wear the next morning for the pictures. Of course, my opinion was of no use and I left it all to her. She said she had a very cute little number in a street dress which would be just the thing. A Panama red one-piece garment, which would be very becoming. I could wear my black street pumps with it. For the evening gown, she decided that I couldn't do better than wear the light blue one I had worn at her dinner party the night before. "You looked very sweet in it," she said.

When we arrived home, we dressed for dinner at Fairwood the lovely home of Mary Woodford. For me Dora chose a white silk dress, of simple girlish lines, which would be entirely appropriate for a young girl like me. She herself wore an elaborate black creation. Again I had to wear a pair of her narrow, high heeled slippers, in white satin to match my gown. They were new and terribly tight, and as I squeezed them on with a shoe horn, I did not look forward with pleasure to a long evening with them, especially since Dora had told me that there probably would be dancing at the party. And, of course, on top of this I was laced into one of Dora's tight corsets. I had been laced in all day, and it was very irksome but I still had hours to go. Such was the penalty I was paying for being a girl. But I would have to stand it, though it was no joke. Let any man who thinks so, try it.

Dora gave me a nice evening makeup and dressed my hair, and again loaned me some pearls to wear, saying they would go beautifully with my white dress and golden hair. When all dressed, she kindly told me that I looked very, very glamorous and as pretty a young maiden as one would care to see. Naturally that pleased me very much, for I wanted to look pretty at that dinner party, where there would be a distinguished lot of guests. I was to meet some new movie stars and other notables in the business, and possibly some prominent society people. Dora, of course, looked very lovely, and how proud I was to be her girl companion and go to dinner with her.

I will not go into details of the party as it was quite similar to Dora's of the previous evening. There were canapes

and cocktails in the drawing room of the magnificent home, and then another elaborate dinner beautifully served by a corps of servants. Of course, I had a male dinner companion and we got along famously. Mary had engaged a good orchestra, so after dinner there was dancing and I danced several times. I had been a good dancer as a man, but it was a new experience dancing as a girl in corsets, skirts and, hardest of all, extremely high heels. Everything was reversed, and I had to dance backwards and, instead of having a girl in my arms I was a girl in a man's arms. But the men were good dancers, and whisked me around on my tip toes, so I found it was not difficult to dance in my high heels for I was supported by their strong arms. They held me very tightly in their arms, so that breathing, in my corsetted state, was none too easy. My slippers hurt horribly, so the first chance I got, I whispered to Dora and asked her if we couldn't go home. The sweet girl guessing my discomfort, assented and soon we had said good-night to Mary Woodford and were on our way. I could hardly wait to get to my room, kick off my shoes and unlace my corset. What a relief! Dora, who came in to help me disrobe, laughed when I said: "It is almost worth while to wear those corsets and tight shoes because it feels so good when I take them off."

As on the previous evening, we both donned a negligee and went to her room for a chat. It was such fun, being thus two girls together, with our hair down, and it gave us a chance for confidential conversation and intimacy that I loved. We had an opportunity to talk over the events of the day and those of the next one. Dora said that I had not given her many laughs that day but she didn't mind because my impersonation of a girl was so perfect that it was no longer funny to her, and it was hard for her to remember that I was a man. I felt highly flattered at that, for I certainly wanted to be as perfect a girl as possible, as long as I was in the role of one. It made it so much easier for me, and did away with my fear of being spotted.

Dora talked about my test and gave me a number of good pointers, all of which I tried to remember. She said if I followed the instructions of the director, and did exactly what he told me to do, I would get along all right. The main thing for

me to remember was to look as pretty as possible and to act as naturally as I could. Then she sent me to bed, saying I must have a good night's sleep so that I would look fresh and have sparkling eyes before the camera next morning. To my great joy she kissed me good night. It didn't take me long to go to my bedroom, remove my wig and makeup, take off my negligee, and hop into bed for a good long sleep. Most people have days in their lives that stand out in their memory, and the next day was one that I shall never forget, the day of my screen test, which resulted in my becoming a full-fledged motion picture actress. I think the Saturday before, when Bert had dressed me as a girl, was more important, and the real turning point in my career, but certainly this Monday of my screen test was the most exciting and more memorable.

In my two days as a girl, I had learned a lot about women's clothes and makeup, so when I got up I proceeded to dress myself and I managed to lace my corsets in fully and make the strings fast. I seemed to lace in more easily than on the first two days. Was my corset already molding my figure and making my waist smaller? I wondered. It seemed so. But the corset was still plenty tight. However, I was getting used to wearing one, and didn't feel it so much as on the first two days. I made up my face the way I had watched Bert and Dora do it, for I knew that at the studio I would have the services of an expert hairdresser, and that Bert would give me a stage makeup. But still I wanted to look nice on the way to the studio. After I had donned my padded bra and slip, I rapped on Dora's door and asked her for my little red dress, which she got for me. I put it on without assistance, I surely was learning. Dora had her maid pack my blue evening dress and accessories and carry it down to the waiting car, and we were on our way. On arrival at the studio lot, we went directly to Dora's dressing room. I had always pictured dressing rooms as small cubby holes with a single chair and makeup shelf, and was surprised to find that Dora had a large and luxurious dressing room, as befitted a great star. There were comfortable chairs and a private bathroom.

Dora called Bert's office and he soon arrived with his makeup kit and the hairdresser who brought with him the blonde wig with the high hair-do, which Dora had phoned about.

Bert went to work on my makeup and the hairdresser went to work on my hair with his combs and brushes. I didn't arrange my hair-do for my first scene, but wore my regular flowing coiffure with ringlet ends, which the hairdresser made to look quite lovely, with every hair and curl in place. After I had been made "beautiful" we all went to the stage where I was to be filmed. I was somewhat embarrassed when I found a lot of people gathered there, and realized that they all were there for my screen test, and that I was in the limelight--the center of attraction. Harry Rowe, Fred Sharp, and Jimmie White were there, and the usual cameramen, electricians, stage hands, and several others who had dropped in to look on. There must have been 20 people in all, so I had quite an audience, which didn't add any to my calmness. But I had Dora and Bert close behind me, and that took away some of my natural nervousness.

Harry Rowe now outlined the action of the first scene, which was very simple. The stage was set for a drawing room and all I had to do was walk on through a door, go to a table, sit down, pick up a letter, open it and read it. The reading, of course, was for my voice test. But first I rehearsed the scene, under the direction of Harry. It was not at all difficult and I did all right, so now we were ready to shoot the act. But first Bert went over my makeup and the hairdresser fussed with my hair, which must be absolutely perfect. It made me feel like a prima donna, all this fuss being made over me. Now I understood why it was that the girls in the pictures always had such marvelous looking, perfectly dressed hair. The hairdresser was always there right up to camera time to see that it was perfect.

When all was ready, Harry called, "camera", and I went through my act with him directing. You may be sure that I was careful of my voice when I read the letter, making it sound soft and girlish and pleasantly Southern. Soon the ordeal was over, and then Harry called for a close-up. This was far more trying, having to face the camera with a lot of Klieg lights pouring on me, with the crank grinding in my face and the cameraman so close and staring at me as were the rest of the onlookers. Harry told me to look my prettiest but first to have a sober expression, then gradually break in-

to a smile. I did as I was told the best I could, and after it was over, some stills of me in various poses were taken. Then Dora, Bert, the hairdresser and I hurried back to Dora's dressing room and I changed into my evening gown. I also changed wigs, which the hairdresser adjusted very carefully and fussed over my many curls piled high on top of my head. I looked in the mirror and was quite pleased with the new effect of my hair-do.

"She looks a lot like Betty Grable," said the hairdresser. This compliment naturally pleased me, for I thought Betty Grable one of the prettiest blondes on the screen. I recalled that I had seen her in a picture with a hair-do just like mine, and no doubt that added to the resemblance. Both Dora and Bert agreed that I looked like Betty, but they winked at me, thinking no doubt what a joke it was that a man should look like an acknowledged screen beauty, and that the hairdresser should notice the resemblance. My feet were forced into Dora's tiny slippers, with their extremely high heels, and then Dora put on me her fine pearls, the same I had worn with the dress on Saturday evening. The dress was a perfect fit and set off the lines of my slender figure very nicely. As soon as I was ready, we all returned to the set. I had to walk quite a distance and didn't enjoy doing it in my tight high heeled slippers. Also I felt a bit sheepish, walking along in the middle of the morning in full evening dress. I mentioned this to Dora but she told me to think nothing of it, as actors and actresses were always going about all day dressed in all sorts of costumes, and wearing their makeup. As we came up to the set I saw Fred all dressed in his tuxedo for his scene with me.

Now I was in for some real embarrassment as I went through the rehearsal of my love scene with Fred, directed, of course, by Harry. It was a brief scene. Fred and I were to stand close together, in the manner of lovers. He was to tell me how much he loved me, and ask me to marry him, and I was to coyly say "yes". Then he was to take me in his arms and give me a long kiss. We went through with the rehearsal, and the reader can imagine how hard it was for a man to act the part of a girl in such a scene. But I realized I must go through with it, and try to make it appear natural. I realized that if I were to continue as a screen actress, I would undoubt-

edly have to be in many a love scene, and it was the proper thing for a screen test. The rehearsal seemed to satisfy Harry, and then we were ready for the shooting. But first I had to be fussed over again by Bert and the hairdresser, so that my makeup and hair would be just right. Fred and I took our places together before the camera, the bright lights were turned on, and the camera went into operation. Fred made his proposal, while we were looking into each other's eyes, and after I had said "yes" he took me in his arms while my arms went around his neck, and we kissed while he held me very tightly. It was a real kiss and a very long one, for we had to keep on until Harry told us to "break". The tight hugging and the long kiss left me a bit breathless and I could feel myself flushing all over. I suppose I should be ashamed to say it, but during that love scene I felt myself to be totally a girl, and had all the feelings of one, and so I had actually returned Fred's kisses just as a real girl would have done. It was better that way, for it had made the scene realistic. As the scene ended, and we went over to the group of spectators, Fred remarked, "She's some armful, I wouldn't mind doing that all day." We all laughed, but especially Dora and Bert, the only ones in on the secret of my sex. I was again dolled up by Bert and the hairdresser. My hair had been somewhat disarranged in our love scene, but he soon fixed it, and then some close-ups were taken of me alone, in my evening gown, and of Fred and me together in each others arms. Then there were some stills and it was all over.

Everybody congratulated me and said that they were sure the test had been a success. Harry told us to come at 11 o'clock the following morning to see the pictures projected, and that, of course, would tell the story. Dora promised that we would be there, and Bert and Fred said they would be there too. We went back to Dora's dressing room, and I changed to my street dress and wig, and Bert made me up for the street. The hairdresser was going to take back with him my Betty Grable wig, but Dora told him we would keep it and buy it from the studio for me. All agreed that I had looked nice in it and Dora said it would be nice for me to have for evening wear. Later she paid for it and also for the one I had been wearing since Saturday, and ordered two more to be made, the idea being that I could always have a perfect coiff-

ure, sending my spare wigs to the hairdressers, and thus not having to bother with dressing my hair myself. I would save a lot of time when making my toilette.

"You certainly were great in that love scene with Fred," said Bert, grinning. "No real girl could have done it better. How did you feel while you were held so closely in his arms and getting that long kiss?" "I could hardly breath," I said, "and I thought it would never end." "Yes, but how did you feel?" he repeated, "Well, I suppose I may as well confess it. I felt like a girl. I sank my personality in the part. I couldn't help it," I said.

"Good", said Dora. "That is real acting, and the way it should be. I am always that way myself, when I am playing a part. It is the real art of acting and makes your work convincing. You must be the character you are portraying." "Do you think, Dora, that if you were playing the part of a man, you could feel yourself to be one, and enjoy making love to a pretty girl and kissing her?" asked Bert mischievously. "I have never tried it," said Dora, "but I think I could."

"Well, I am no actor," said Bert, "but I would like to try taking the part of a girl sometime and go through a love scene like Mabel did." "Did you ever dress as a girl?" Dora asked. "I think you would make a good looking one, though, of course, not as beautiful as Mabel. "Yes," I have tried it, and I make up quite well," replied Bert. I have gone to fancy dress parties and masqueraded as a lady, and did quite well, and was able to fool some of the people." "You must do it again sometime," said Dora. "I should love to see you all dolled up in feminine finery." "All right", said Bert, "you give a fancy dress party sometime, and I will appear as a lady."

I was not much surprised to hear that Bert had dressed up as a lady, for he was of a somewhat feminine type; small, dapper, and good looking. He talked in a girlish manner and had taken an unusual interest in my masquerade. He had worked in a beauty shop, understood hairdressing and knew a lot about women's clothes. I had always thought that any man who worked at such an occupation as dressing women's hair, making them up, would be of the effeminate type, for I could

and Dora had told me that there was not the slightest fear that anybody would discover my real sex. How could they? So I was safe and confident.

I passed a store window filled with dresses, and instinctively I stopped to inspect them and to pick out the ones I thought would be becoming on me. My tastes had undoubtedly become feminine, even in the short time I had been dressing as a girl. No ordinary man would look at dresses and think about wearing them, but I found myself doing it. In another shop there were a lot of ladies hats, and I found myself imagining how the ones I liked best would look on my blonde head. I looked in the window of a jewelry store and picked out some earrings and other jewelry that I would like to wear.

At last I reached the studio after my rather prolonged window shopping expedition and went to Bert's quarters, after having to have the gateman call for my clearance. Mabel Brown had free passage through the gates as an accredited actress, but John Ostrander was an outsider. I took off all my men's clothes and hung them in a closet where Bert said I could keep them, "just in case". When I was completely disrobed and ready to dress as a girl again, Bert told me that he had a present for me. He already knew my feminine measurements, and that my bust was exactly 36 inches. I had been wearing a padded bra that gave me that size. He now brought out and fastened on me a pair of the most perfect rubber breasts imaginable. They were flesh colored, so that they looked like my real flesh except on the closest scrutiny. They stayed in place by suction and Bert said I could wear them indefinitely. There was a delicious little hollow in between the breasts and there were dainty pink nipples that looked for all the world like the real thing. Under the lace of my bra, they were so perfect that nobody could possibly suspect that they were not real. I was delighted with them. They gave me just the needed feminine touch, and anybody would have sworn that my body was that of a female. But Bert also had another surprise in store for me, something that was almost as important as my new rubber breasts. It was a flesh colored rubber garment which the French would call a "cache sexe" or "sex concealer" but which Bert called a "chastity belt", as husbands used to put them on their wives and lock

had, even including my trunk, suitcase and knick-knacks. I was aware that he only paid me half of what they were worth, but I did not haggle. I had no further use for the things, and money didn't matter after what Dora had told me, so I let everything go at his price. I settled my hotel bill, then walked to the office of the Motion Picture News and went into the editor's office. He scolded me for not having attended to my job and told me that I was fired. I told him I was sorry, but I had another job, and had come to resign. He said he hoped I would be more faithful in my new position and I said goodbye. I could not help wondering what he would think if I told him that I had a job with Cosmo Studios as a motion picture actress at \$500 a week. But of course to tell him was unthinkable. Nobody must ever know that John Ostrander had become the blonde movie actress Mabel Brown, and was to take the role of "Lucille" in a forthcoming picture. How incredible it would have sounded--and yet it was the truth--a man had become a girl.

I had a sense of freedom as I walked back to the studio in my loose male clothing and on my flat heels. I whistled as I walked and wondered whether I would ever be a man again, as I swung along with my hands in my pockets I confess that I had a slight feeling of doubt. Had I done right to give up my manhood and change my gender. I already knew the many handicaps of being a girl--in skirts, high heels, corsets, makeup, hair and the lack of male freedom, the restrictions that all women have. For the moment I felt very masculine. Was I doing right to give it up and become feminine for at least a year, and perhaps for the rest of my life? It was so unnatural for a man. But then I thought of Dora and the intimacy I would have with her. And I thought of the \$500 a week, and of the joy of being a pretty girl and gaining fame on the screen. I thought of the beautiful dresses that I would wear, the gorgeous blonde hair, the dazzling complexion, the dainty high heels, the pretty hats, the jewelry, that would be mine, and I decided that I had made no mistake. If I had not been able to make a pretty girl, and had looked like most men do when dressed in female clothes, I would never have gone on with it. But my screen test, and my mirror, and my admirers, had told me that I made an exceptionally beautiful girl, and I would have been foolish not to make the most of it. Bert

time, she kissed me goodnight and I went to bed. How I loved her kisses! I didn't get half enough of them. Would the time ever come when I would dare to make the advances and kiss her?

Now that I had definitely decided to be a woman, for a year at least, it was necessary to close my affairs as a man. I had all of my male belongings in my room at a Hollywood hotel and I must dispose of them. I also must resign my job with the Motion Picture News. I felt guilty about it, for I had been sent on an assignment on Saturday morning, and had never shown up since. That was no way for a reporter to act, but the unexpected had happened to me, something unforeseen, and I had no chance to do any work for the paper. It is not often that a man is suddenly transformed into a girl and continues to live as one. So now I had a problem. I certainly could not go to my hotel as a girl and give up my room and dispose of my male belongings. Neither could I go up to the editor of the Motion Picture News as Mabel Brown, a pretty blonde, and tell him that I was through. But the solution was simple. My men's clothes were still in Bert's office. I would put them on and be a man for perhaps the last time in a long while, while I closed up my masculine affairs. Accordingly, I went to Bert's place as Mabel Brown, and of course, I was readily admitted at the gate, for already it was known that I was under contract and my name was posted at the various entrances. Bert was in his office and I told him what I wanted to do. It didn't take me long to take off my feminine garments, remove my makeup and wig, and don my male clothing. How strange it seemed to be a man again! And how comfortable! It seemed strange not to be encased in a tight corset, and to wear loose, low-heeled masculine shoes. My trousers seemed strange too, after wearing skirts. It was good to have pockets in which to thrust my hands, and not have to carry a ladies bag. My head felt funny without its wig, and my man's hat felt very strange on my head. It was indeed a transformation. I called up a dealer in second-hand clothing and asked him to go to my hotel. Then I left the studio and walked to my hotel. The clerk gave me my key, and said that the editor of the Motion Picture News had been telephoning repeatedly trying to reach me. I went to my room and disposed of all of my papers and when the dealer came I sold him everything I

movie world to see. I didn't encourage him very much, as I realized that I must be careful in my relations with men. I didn't want to mislead and deceive them. For after all, I was a man, and I couldn't marry a man and didn't want to. What I really wanted and longed for was to marry Dora Dean. That seemed pretty impossible at the moment since she only knew me as a girl. But she had told me she was fond of me, and perhaps that fondness might develop into love. I could only hope and not try to figure it all out, but maybe some day we might wed. But I had to be careful with the men. An innocent flirtation might be all right, and amuse Dora, but I must not let it get serious, for that would displease and perhaps disgust Dora, and she was the one I cared about.

That evening, after the men had left, Dora and I followed our usual custom, and got into a negligee, let our hair down and had one of those delightfully intimate tete-a-tetes in her boudoir that I loved so much. Dora was extremely pleased at the success of her protegee in getting into the movies and she seemed more affectionate than before. We talked over plans for the future and about the picture we were to make and about my part in it. She gave me a copy of the book from which the picture was made and I took it to my room with me and read it in bed for awhile. You may be sure that I paid particular attention to the places where Lucille was mentioned. I knew that I was going to love the part--that of a pretty young Southern girl, the sister of the heroine, Dora. The time and locale of the story was in the old South in ante-bellum days, and I could tell from that that the costumes we "girls" would wear would be charming. We would wear voluminous petticoats and skirts, and would have tiny waists, according to the style of the period. That would mean very tight lacing, but if the other "girls" could stand it, I made up my mind that I could too. Dora and I had talked it over a little. We girls would all have to wear wigs, for in those days all women had long hair. The old fashioned coiffures would be amusing. But everything had to be authentic. The studio's costume department would make our dresses. Dora thought that she would have to have about a dozen changes and, as I was in the picture with her much of the time, I would no doubt need an equal number. What fun it would be dressing in those period costumes! After Dora and I had chatted for our usual length of

spend, and if I want you to live with me and pay for everything, I am going to do it, and I don't want to hear you say anything more about money. We simply do not have to think about it. We can have everything we want without a thought to the cost. That's what money is for and that's what it means to have a big income. You see, darling, I make \$7500 a week at Cosmo and that comes to over \$375,000 a year. Of course, a lot of it goes for income taxes. But my husband settled over \$2,000,000 on me, and that is invested in tax exempt bonds which yield me a quite adequate income. So I have plenty for everything I want, and then some. I am going to get you the loveliest clothes, of any movie actress in Hollywood. You are going to require pretty dresses and must always be perfectly groomed. A blonde actress like you attracts a lot of attention. Whenever you and I appear in public, we are in the limelight and people invariably stare at us and look us over critically. So we must spare no pains or expense to make ourselves as beautiful as possible. And clothes mean so much. Like most men, you do not know much about dresses so far, but I have already noticed that you have good taste and a flair for wearing them, and that will develop more and more as your girlhood goes on. You will develop a feminine mentality, too, for living as a woman, your life will be completely changed and much of your thoughts will be of your appearance. You will think a lot about your clothes, your hair, your complexion, and about the impression your beauty is making on "your public". Of course, you have not got a public as yet, but with your looks and the publicity you will get, you will soon have one. You will also be getting fan mail. You know already, in these few days, how different your relations with men will be, and with women too, as compared with your life as a man. Men will admire and adore you, while women for the most part, will be jealous of your beauty and of your success. Changing from a man to a woman is certainly a complete reversal of things, as you are fast finding out."

Dora invited Bill Heath and Harry Rowe to dinner, and we had a very pleasant foursome, as the party was in fact a little celebration of my getting the contract. Bill was very attentive to me, and "kidded" me a lot about the long kiss in my test. He was to be in our picture and he said he was going to try to be cast as my lover so he could kiss me for the whole

\$250 a week be?" This sounded big to me and I was about to say that it would be very satisfactory, but Dora said: "Don't be silly and penurious Julius darling. You said yourself just now that she is a new starlet. Five hundred a week will be little enough, and before the end of the year I will guarantee she will be worth more than that."

Julius agreed and soon the contract was brought in and Julius filled in the amount, \$500 a week. It seemed an awful lot to me and I quickly figured it out in my head--\$26,000 a year. How much better than being a reporter at perhaps \$25 a week. I sat down at the desk, read the contract hurriedly--it was in the usual legal form, and I knew it was all right--so I signed it at the bottom. I was excited and my hand shook a little as I wrote my new feminine name for the first time "Mabel Brown". It looked like a girl's signature. I had always written a hand that looked feminine.

Now congratulations were in order. Dora gave me a warm kiss, and all the men shook hands with me and assured me that they knew I would make good. And so we left, and I was walking on air as we went out to the car and motored home. Dora was very enthusiastic and began to at once make plans for the future. She told me that she wanted me to live with her as her girl companion. She had been very lonesome since she had been divorced and she wanted companionship. She said she was very fond of me and I would be the best of company for her. She said that of course she would not insult me by offering to pay me for acting as her companion, but that she would pay all expenses including clothes, and that I would not have to spend a cent. My \$500 a week could therefore be used as pin money. She said I ought to gradually get together some jewelry, and that I could use my salary for that. "First you will want some good pearls. They go well with your style of beauty. But of course I shall lend you everything you need until you get your own outfit."

I protested a little at the idea of not letting me pay my share. I thought I should turn over my \$500 a week to her, but she poo-pooed the idea.

"Darling, you must get it into your silly head, that money doesn't mean a thing to me. I make far more than I can ever

inine looking and my voice was girlishly pleasant, with its soft southern drawl. Then came the love scene, I really did look very nice in Dora's lovely evening gown with my high hair-do. But I felt hot all over as I saw Fred making love to me. Then he took me in his arms and there was that long drawn out kiss. Bert pressed his knee against mine and nudged it and whispered in my ear: "Marvelous, simply marvelous," Dora reached for my hand in the dark and took it and squeezed it. So I felt pretty sure that the test had been a success. The lights came on as soon as the short film had been projected, and everybody spoke encouragingly to me. Dora and I were each handed a set of the "stills" that had been taken of me. We didn't have time for anything but a hasty glance at them, but I could see that they were very good indeed. Later I would study them.

Mr. Meyers asked Dora and me and Jimmie White and Harry Rowe to come to his office with him. Dora whispered to me before we left. "It's in the bag, congratulations." When we arrived at the office, Julius asked Dora, Jimmie and William each in turn what they thought of my test, and each in turn spoke very highly of it.

"I agree with you," said Julius, "I am going to sign her up for a year with the option of a second year. I think we have a new starlet here in Miss Brown."

How I thrilled at his words. It was actually true, I had made good and was to play feminine parts on the screen for at least a year. The die was cast. I was now a girl, an actress. I had changed my sex for at least a year--perhaps permanently. Who knows? Julius rang for one of his secretaries and ordered her to fill out a contract for a year in the name of Mabel Brown and bring it to him. "Leave the salary blank" he said.

Now my friend Jimmie White spoke up and said he wanted me to take the part of Dora's sister, Lucille, in the forthcoming picture, and Dora said that she wanted me for it. Harry Rowe, who was to direct the picture kindly said that I was just the type and was for me. "Very well," said Julius, "she shall have it. Now there is the matter of salary. How would

to the Beverly Hills house. A few friends of Dora's dropped in for cocktails, but I was glad we had no dinner invitations or dinner guests, for it had been a very trying and tiring day for me. It was Dora's invariable custom to dress for dinner. In a home with butlers and footmen and other servants she felt it the proper and dignified thing to do. So we went to our rooms and donned dinner dresses. I, of course, had to wear one of Dora's, having as yet none of my own. But on the way back in the car from Los Angeles, Dora had told me that as soon as I had signed my contract with the studio, and was sure that I was to go on being a girl, she would help me get together a fine wardrobe.

"Of course, you are welcome to wear my things," she said, "but I am sure you want to have your own, so as soon as we get the time, we will go shopping and get you everything that a pretty young actress needs." How I thrilled when I heard her call me that--"a pretty young actress." How marvelous that a man could do that and I glowed with the thought that I was to have an outfit of lovely dresses all my own. That shows how feminized I had become in these few days of my girlhood. I actually liked wearing women's clothes and playing the part of a girl. Yes I found delight in being a dainty blonde and seemed to have lost all of my maleness. I suppose I should have been ashamed of it, but I was not. No, I found it lovely to be a girl.

Next morning Dora and I motored to the studio to see the results of my screen test, and you may be sure that I was excited and very eager to see the films, which meant so much to my future career. Dora was excited too, and as eager as I was. We went at once to the projection room where we found Bert Eastmore, Jimmie White, the author, and William Heath. Soon Julius Meyers and Harry Rowe the director came in, the lights were extinguished and the pictures run off. I sat in the darkened room between Dora and Bert. Few of us see ourselves as others see us, and hear our own voices as they sound to others. It turned out that Dora and Bert had been right and that I was very photogenic. How hard it was for me to believe that the really pretty blonde girl I saw on the screen was myself, a mere man. I watched myself come on, sit down and read the letter. I was graceful and completely fem-

"No, I don't regret it, and I really like it, as far as I have gone. I don't like the tight corsets and high heels, but already I am getting used to them. I like having pretty long hair and wearing pretty dresses, and hats like this one, and the feel of earrings and necklaces and bracelets, and soft delicate lingerie and silk stockings. I even like to wear makeup, so you can see how feminine I have already become."

"I am so glad," said Dora. It makes it so much better for you. For I am sure that Mr. Meyers will make a contract with you after he has seen your test pictures tomorrow, and that will mean that you will have to live as a girl for a year at least and probably for years to come. After that experience I am sure that you will never want to be a man again, and you couldn't anyway. You would be too pretty and feminine and couldn't impersonate a man." "That's good," said I, laughing girlishly, "a man couldn't impersonate a man." "Well, what I mean is," said Dora, "that after you have lived for years as a girl, taken beauty treatments that will give you a perfect girlish complexion, worn corsets that will develop your body with feminine lines and curves, worn high heels that will give you a feminine walk, developed a feminine voice (but you have done that already) and taken on feminine mannerisms that you couldn't shake off, and grown your own long hair, which of course you must do, and worn dresses all that time and all the rest of it---. After all this you would look rather ridiculous dressed as a man, and you would make a poor imitation of one. You would look like a pretty girl trying to impersonate a man, and you would feel silly and people would laugh at you. That is what I mean."

"Well", "it looks as though a girl's life is the life for me. But of course nobody must know it. Just you and Bert and I. I couldn't bear to have people know that I am a man living as a girl." "Of course, we will keep it a secret," said Dora. "It would never do for it to be known. It would spoil your career, and it would be a reflection on me, who is sponsoring you--and on Bert, too. So we shall never give you away, but you must be careful not to give yourself away." "You bet I will," I replied.

It was late afternoon by the time Dora Dean and I got back

it is an old story to me and it does not thrill me as much as it did in those early days of my girlhood.

So I trust the reader will understand that I am not vain or immodest when I state that I was very pretty. For it was the truth. I wish every man who reads this could experience the thrill of being able to transform himself into a beautiful blonde maiden, as I have done. If he could do so I am positive that he would find it so thrilling that he would want to dress and live as a girl as I was doing, in spite of the many handicaps. For I think no man could have a more enjoyable experience in this life than to be able to transform himself into a really lovely woman. For there is really nothing more wonderful than to be a beautiful girl. I know, for I have had that experience and I would not change back to a man again "for all the tea in China".

Dora was delighted at my winning a prize and at the prominence I had achieved thereby. "Did I do all right when I went up to receive it", I asked. "You certainly did, and I was proud of you," she replied. "You were perfect, and so girlishly modest, and you looked so pretty and were so graceful. How you picked it up in three short days is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. I simply can't believe that you were ever a man. I have never seen you as one, but Bert has, and he tells me that up to the time you arrived at his studio Saturday morning, you had never worn a dress in your life, is that true?"

"Yes it is absolutely true," I replied. "I knew I was small and girlish looking and I resented it, as a man would, and so I had never dressed up as a girl, though my sisters and others often wanted me to, for they knew I would make a good looking girl who could fool people, and have lots of fun. But I would never do it. I am surprized at myself that I allowed Bert to dress me up. But I never would take a dare, and I love to bet, so I fell for it."

"But you don't regret it", do you?" asked Dora. "It would be a crime to hide your girlish beauty under men's clothes. Tell the truth. Don't you really like being a pretty girl."

girl friend--an acknowledged beautiful blonde. How lucky I was to be able to transform myself into a pretty girl. It meant so much to me. And so few--so very few--men could do it. Not one in a million Bert had said. How glad I was that I was that millionth man.

Finally the bridge tournament ended, and the time came to add up the scores and award the prizes, which Dora had told me, would be quite valuable and desirable. I knew that I had made an exceptionally good score. The lady chairman announced the winner of the first prize, a Los Angeles society woman. I had played with her and we had done very well together. Then came the naming of the second prize winner, and you can imagine how thrilled I was when I heard my name called--Miss Mabel Brown. I had to walk to the end of the room and receive my prize, which was a fine fitted bag, with a lovely vanity case inside. As the lady chairman made the presentation she said, "Miss Brown is a newcomer to Hollywood, a protegee of Miss Dora Dean, and a little bird tells me that she is one of our new starlets and will be heard from in the movies." There was considerable applause, and as it was the first time I had ever been so greeted, it was music to my ears. I thanked the lady in my soft, southern-girl voice and then tripped back to my table smiling sweetly and fully aware that every eye was upon me. I was so glad that I looked pretty and was a credit to Dora. It was a wonderful feminine experience for a man and I could not help wondering what all those ladies would have thought had they known that Miss Mabel Brown was nothing but a man in disguise, sailing under false pretenses and winning a woman's prize at a woman's exclusive party. It would have gone hard with me I am sure, but by this time I knew that there was not the slightest chance of my being spotted for, as Dora had said, I was more feminine than most girls, and if I may say so, prettier. I am not conceited when I say this. I am merely stating a fact. Even then, in the few days that I had impersonated a girl, I had been told a number of times, that I was very pretty, and of course, today, after my appearance on the screen in several pictures, I am recognized as one of Hollywood's blonde beauties. My picture has been published in many movie magazines and in the newspapers, together with flattering write-ups. I have been called beautiful so many times that

Dora was dressed in red--dress, hat and shoes, and she wore rubies and looked adorable. How wonderful it was to sit beside her in her limousine as her girl friend, as we motored into Los Angeles. How proud I was to be the intimate friend of the beautiful and famous Dora Dean of the screen. Dora and I caused quite a stir as we went into the large ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel, where the luncheon and bridge party were to be held. Everybody knew her, at least by sight and everybody wanted to meet her. As her girl companion, I came in for some reflected glory. I was unknown, but as her friend, everybody was unusually nice to me, and besides, my blonde prettiness helped.

I was fortunate enough to draw a good bridge partner, and to hold good cards. I was having an unexpectedly good time and rather enjoying the feminine atmosphere of the party. It goes without saying that nobody had the slightest suspicion that I was not the girl that I seemed, and Dora told me afterward that I played my part to perfection and that I was more feminine than most of the women. But it was a strange experience for a man to be a girl at an exclusively female party, and I noticed that the ladies did not act the same as if there had been men present. There was a great deal of chatter, all seeming to talk at once, and a great deal of gossip and intimate talk of a feminine nature which would have been missing in masculine company. I had to listen to talk about clothes and babies and servant troubles, and scandal about certain men. A lot of the talk was about men and I had never realized before how much women's thoughts were occupied with the male sex. There was very intimate talk about operations of a female character that made me feel embarrassed, for they were very frank--woman to woman. There was an almost overpowering odor of strong perfume. But I could not complain, for I was well perfumed myself with Dora's heady French scent. I would have to get used to that, too, though as a man I hated strong perfume on a man. But now I was using it, and also my face powder and other cosmetics were heavily scented. But I liked perfume on a girl, and so I now liked it on myself. I liked everything about being a girl. How I had changed! It didn't seem possible in such a short time. But now I wanted to be a girl, so as to become a motion picture actress, and to be with my beloved Dora as her intimate

public. People not in show business love to meet and associate with people of the stage. I can picture them going home bragging that they played bridge with Dora Dean and a beautiful new blonde starlet named Mabel Brown. They adore it."

I disliked the idea of having to go to such a hen party, and knew that it would be a strain as well as a bore, but it would be good experience for me and if I were to continue as a girl, I would have to get used to such parties, for there would no doubt be many of them. For an actress has to get around and show herself. I liked to play bridge, and played a pretty good game, so I would perhaps like that part of it, if I drew good partners.

Dora gave me a stunning black lace dress to wear, which went very nicely with my blonde hair. With it I wore a black lace hat, with a wide brim. This sort of shaded my face and seemed to be some protection. It was very becoming to me and I loved the way it framed my face with its dainty pink and white school girl complexion, and the way my golden hair peeped out from under it. For the hundredth time I looked in the mirror at myself, I admired my pretty dress and the slenderness of my girlish figure, with its nipped in waist. My small feet in their high heels looked so cute peeping out from beneath my skirts. It all gave me a thrill and a feeling of uplift. It gave me supreme confidence in myself as a girl. Now for the first time I felt sure that I was going to love being a girl, and I hoped that my screen test would be successful, so that I could go on being one. Dora and Bert had been quite confident about it, and they ought to know. By tomorrow we would know, anyway.

With my black costume I wore Dora's pearls, and she gave me a pretty fitted bag to carry. Already I was getting used to carrying a woman's bag. At first it had seemed a nuisance and I had called it the "White Woman's Burden", and had missed my masculine pockets. But it is surprising how soon one can get used to most anything, I thought. Already I was quite at home in my skirts and tight corsets and high heels, comfort did not count. Looks mean everything, and we will sacrifice almost anything for beauty's sake.

not figure any stronger sexed masculine man doing such things. It is not a natural occupation for a man, though, of course, many do it. Frenchmen and Italians are especially good as hairdressers and beauty shop operators, but I had always looked upon these Latin races as being more effeminate than Americans and Englishmen. Bert, of course, was an American. But I liked Bert and certainly had no excuse to criticize him for being effeminate, for no man could possibly be more so than I was now, made up as a pretty girl, appearing in public as such now for the third day, and apparently destined to continue being a girl for some time to come. But I liked to think of myself as being feminine rather than effeminate and there is a difference. Thus far, I had been playing a part, but if I went on I would have to abandon my masculinity and change my sex to that of a woman. That would be the best way, the only practical way, the only successful way, if I were to become an actress. I would have to become completely feminine, and think of myself as a girl, feel myself to be one. Dressing and living as a girl, I felt sure that it would not be hard to do. In fact, I was sure that I could not help it, even if I wished to do so--which I did not, of course--the fact that I made such a pretty girl made all of the difference. A man without my looks could not do it and would not try.

When I had changed, Dora and I left and went back to her Beverly Hills home in the car. As we rolled along Dora spoke very encouragingly about my test and said she was sure I had made good. "You have no idea how pretty you looked," she said. "But you will see tomorrow when the films are projected." When we got back to our rooms, we changed to afternoon dresses, for it seemed that we were to go to a ladies luncheon and bridge party for charity, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

"It will be rather trying for you, poor' dear," said Dora, "having to spend the afternoon at a hen party, for I know how men hate them. But it will be a good test for you, for you will be in close contact with a lot of women, and will be one yourself. There will be other actresses there and also lots of Los Angeles and Pasadena society ladies, and I want you to know them. The more people an actress knows the better, for in our business we want to be popular, and have a large

them with a key when, in ancient days, they went away to the wars and wanted to assure themselves of the chastity of their wives during their absence. This rubber belt fitted very tightly over the male organs and was made to look exactly like the female organ. Bert fastened it on me and drew it tightly in place. It matched my flesh perfectly, and like the new breasts, could not be detected at a little distance away. It was the finishing touch, the last thing needed to make my body assume a perfectly female appearance. I studied my nude body in the long mirror. With this belt and my breasts of rubber so natural looking and practically defying detection, I seemed to be a perfect woman, and would no longer have to be careful lest somebody discover my maleness.

Bert was delighted with the effect. "Now you can have your own lady's maid," he said, "as long as you do not let her see you completely nude. She does not have to give you your bath and you can always have something on, if it is only panties or a vest. That will be easy, and even if she caught a glimpse of you completely naked, she probably never would detect or suspect these rubber articles. They will be wonderful for you when trying on corsets or dresses or any other feminine garments, for you will have a perfect female figure so you do not need to be afraid that your real sex will be discovered. I wear them myself when I dress as a lady, and so do other men of our club who are interested in transvestism. You would be surprised to see how wonderfully well many of them make up as girls. You must visit our club sometime and look over our "ladies". As a matter of fact, I do not make up too badly myself," he said.

From the first moment I had met Bert I had noticed that he was quite effeminate as was to be expected of a man who was a hairdresser and makeup man and who knew all about women's clothes. He was small and dapper, had small regular features, and was slender and moved with a grace that was feminine. His voice was high and he had small white hands and wore his nails too long for a man. His feet were small, too. I looked him over carefully again, picturing him dressed as a woman. "I am sure that you make a very pretty lady", I said, and he smiled with pleasure. "I should love to see you all dolled up."

"All right," he replied. "How about coming to my house for dinner Saturday, and I will stage a little party for you, and will get myself up as prettily as possible. It will be fun."

I promised that I would come. Naturally I was eager to see some men besides myself dressed in feminine finery. I was eager to see how he would look "en femme". I was sure that he would make an unusually good looking girl. It was a date.

I now dressed myself as Mabel Brown again, Bert helping lacing up my corset, hooking my dress and applying my make-up in his expert manner. I put my wig on and he gave it a few deft touches that improved its appearance. Once more I was a girl and, oddly enough, I felt more natural than I had during my brief hours as a man. I actually liked the feel of my rather tight corset, of my high heels as I walked about in them, and the feel of my skirts and wig to which I had become accustomed. It was nice to put on beautiful jewelry again, earrings, bracelets, necklace and rings. It even seemed natural, under the circumstances, to be wearing makeup again, of course perfume, which I had avoided while dressed as a man. As I put on and adjusted my fashionable little hat at just the right angle, I inspected myself in the mirror, and what I saw reflected gave me a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure. For what I saw was a very attractive blonde girl and it made me very happy to look like that.

"Do you know that you are beautiful," Bert asked, looking me over with eyes filled with admiration?" I am sure you are the most beautiful man-girl in the world, and you will go far. All the men in our club would give anything if they could make as lovely girls as you do. Some of them are marvelous, but not in your class."

I felt myself blushing at his warm praise. I asked him what I owed him for the rubber articles, for I said I wanted to pay for them. "They are a present, and I don't want any money for them. There is only one way in which you can pay me, and that is by giving me a sweet kiss."

Since that first day I had wondered about Bert and his private life. His actions when he had been helping me with my

dressing and makeup had seemed more than professional. There had been a sort of caress in his touch. While he was lacing up my corset, I had noticed that he had unnecessarily stroked his hands over my back, shoulders and arms. He had given my face extra pats in making it up. I had been "aware" of him and it disturbed me. I was in a quandry as to what to do. To give Bert a kiss, "a sweet kiss", was repugnant to my masculinity. No man likes to be kissed by another man, except the Latin races. It repelled me. It was true that Fred Sharp had "stolen" a kiss that first Saturday when I had dressed as a girl and he had entertained me, and had kissed me in our test picture. But that was different. It was acting. I was taking the part of a girl, and a girl gets kissed by her lovers. That was all right. It was natural. But now Bert, a man, wanted to kiss me, knowing that I was a man, though looking like a pretty girl. What to do? The thoughts flashed through my mind with lightening rapidity. I didn't want to kiss a man or to have a man kiss me. But how could I refuse to reward him with the kiss he asked as payment for the wonderful gifts he had given me? My natural inclination was to refuse, but that would displease him, and I wanted to be nice to him and not do anything that would mar our friendship. He had started me on my feminine career, had done me many favors, and could do lots more for me. Also, he had it in his power to do me great harm, for he had the secret of my sex and could betray me, and then all would be lost. For if it became known that Mabel Brown was a man, my career as a movie actress would end abruptly and I would have to leave in shame and go somewhere else where I was not known and start all over again at a low salary. I was quite sure that Bert would not give me away, but why not play safe. Surely a kiss would do me no harm, and if it would give him pleasure, why not humor him? So in spite of my distaste, I smiled my prettiest and allowed Bert to take me in his arms and kiss me. Thus I paid the price for my rubber garments, and they must have cost Bert a pretty penny.

That evening at home, Dora and I had our regular tete-a-tete in her boudoir--that hour that I so loved and looked forward to every day, when we were in comfortable negligee and mules, with our hair down--the ideal time for confidential talk. I decided to be perfectly frank about Bert and to ask

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"I GOT A KICK OUT OF TRYING ON HATS"

Dora's advice and see if she thought I had done the right thing in letting him kiss me and in accepting his invitation for Saturday evening. I also rather timidly showed Dora my new rubber breasts which looked so perfectly natural beneath my nightie and negligee robe. She was greatly pleased with them and was sure that they would be a great help to me, especially when I came to fittings of dresses, corsets, etc. But, of course, I did not show her my new belt, though I dropped a hint about it.

Dora gave me advice which was filled with common sense and was of a great help to me from then on. She said I had done well to let Bert kiss me. I was now an unusually pretty girl and must understand that every man I came in contact with would want to kiss me. "But, of course, you will not allow it except in special cases like that with Bert," she said. He is one of your warmest friends and he deserves special consideration. You will be a girl for at least a year, probably indefinitely, and the very best thing that you can do is to become feminine in mind and think of yourself as a female. It may be difficult at first, but you must cultivate that attitude, and then things will be much easier for you. If you think of yourself as a man all the while, you are going to have many embarrassments and you will often be disturbed in mind. Your relations with men will be especially upsetting unless you can feel yourself to be a female. Then all will be well and your feminine life will be a natural one. Practically every man you will meet will admire you. As a successful movie actress, and with your blondness, you will have special allure and glamour. Men will probably fall in love with you. Of course, you must not encourage them for they are not the marrying type (and we both smiled at that), but if you develop female instincts, you perhaps will enjoy your contacts with men in the same way that girls do. It will be a wonderful experience for a man, and I think you will find it to be fun. But try to forget you are a man--or ever were one.

"I'll try, Dora," I said, "and I think I can be feminine most of the time. But honestly I cannot feel like a female when I am with you darling. You are so beautiful that no man could feel like a woman when with you. I hope you won't mind, but I simply cannot help it."

"That's perfectly all right, honey," she said smiling and blushing a little. "I am very fond of you and I want you to be fond of me."

I told Dora about Bert's invitation for the weekend and how he was going to doll up as a girl, and she said she wished she could go and see him herself. I told her that perhaps it could be arranged sometime and that Bert might even take us both to his transvestite's club, for they occasionally had Ladies Nights, usually on a Sunday.

"I never cared much for female impersonation until I met you," she said. "But now I am interested in it, and am eager to see other men dressed as women, so as to compare them with you. I am positive, however, that there is no other man anywhere that can begin to be as good as you are at impersonating a girl. You are one in a million, perhaps in ten million."

How thrilling, how flattering it was to hear such praise from Dora and to hear her say she was fond of me. But was she fond of me as a girl or as a man? That I didn't know. But now she knew that I, as a man, was fond of her, and she had been pleased. That was something. I had hopes that our feelings would grow into love and result in marriage. I loved her deeply. If she would only learn to love me as a man, enough to marry me. That was my fondest dream.

Dora and I were busy for several mornings shopping for my wardrobe and it was quite an experience for me. We went to her favorite shops where she was of course well known. With her fame and beauty she always created quite a stir wherever she went, for everybody had seen her on the screen and recognized her. At the shops she started by introducing me as her companion and friend, and a newcomer who was to have an important part in her next picture. This made me glamorous to the shop girls, for an actress has great fascination to the public. So I received the utmost attention even when I went without Dora. Our very first shopping was at the exclusive corset shop that Dora patronized. I had been wearing Dora's corsets, and they seemed to be an excellent fit for my figure, but Dora wanted me to check with an expert and see whether I should wear exactly the same model in my own corsets which I was to purchase. Dora and I discussed my

figure and we had decided that I should continue to have the same waist measurements in my new stays, though the reader will recall that Dora's waist was smaller than mine, and that I had to lace quite tightly. But I had already become used to it and my body was being molded so that it didn't seem as tight as at first. It would get better with time. Also Dora pointed out that it would be an advantage if I had her waist line and could wear her dresses on occasion if need be.

Naturally it was trying and a little embarrassing for a man to be fitted with corsets in a shop, but nobody suspected me, and Dora was right there, which helped a lot. How glad I was that I had my natural looking breasts under my vest. They were perfect and the nipple showed through as real. My new belt was a great comfort and gave me confidence as I took off my dress, slip and bra and stood there wearing only vest and panties. I apparently had the figure of a girl and readily passed as such. I had my fitting, being laced into a corset that was the same model that Dora wore, which was found to be satisfactory. So we ordered six pairs, of various colors, some of them for evening wear. "They will do for a start," said Dora. "It is nice to have the color of your corset match your lingerie and evening gown. After we have selected your evening gowns, we can get more corsets to match."

I kept the new corset on, leaving the one I had been wearing to be sent home with the other new ones. Next we went to Dora's favorite dress shop and selected a wonderful wardrobe for me. For a start we ordered eight evening dresses, a dozen afternoon frocks, several suits, blouses, jackets, and skirts and some sports clothes and other things. It was a truly feminine outfit, good enough to be the trousseau of a wealthy bride, and I was thrilled with it all, I will not go into all the details of our shopping, for it took a lot of time, and I had to go back several times for fittings of the dresses. But we also bought oodles of lovely lingerie for me, and dozens of the finest nylon stockings; nightgowns of the finest silks and satins, and negligees, shoes and slippers. The latter were in great variety, and I tried each pair on to be sure of a good fit. They ranged all the way from satin evening slippers with high French heels, down to street shoes

and sport shoes with heels as low as 2 inches. As I remember we bought 18 pairs the first time, all of them were exclusive and expensive, but Dora didn't mind the cost, and I did not mention it, recalling that she had said that money didn't matter. We bought other things that I needed as a girl, including a lovely fitted lady's suitcase. We got several coats and evening wraps and Dora said that later when the weather got cool, she would buy me some furs, including a mink coat.

Of course, I had to select a number of hats, and I got quite a kick out of sitting in front of a mirror and trying them on, with the help of the saleslady and with Dora there to aid in the selections. I was sure that the girl did not suspect that I was wearing a wig, so perfect was it in every way. Somehow, I seemed to have good feminine taste and could tell at once what hats were becoming to me and which were not. Of course, women's hats are silly to a man, but I was not shopping as a man now and I wanted and had to have the latest styles, no matter how odd they were. This was only my first shopping trip with Dora. We have made many of them through the years, but the first one naturally impressed me the most and I still recall it vividly. Which was natural, for it was the occasion of my getting the first complete feminine wardrobe all my own.

When I had been a newspaper reporter in Atlanta, my paper had sent me to the leading hotel to report the convention of the New Jersey Press Assoc., which was being held there, and I had met the president, a Mr. Luther Little, and got most of my information from him. He published a paper in a medium sized city and I found him to be extremely pleasant and helpful, and he seemed to take an interest and fancy to me. At the end of the convention I had gotten to know him quite well and I asked him if he would not give me some advice about my future career. I told him of my ambition to get into the movies. He seemed interested, but was busy just then, so he asked me to come back to the hotel at 8:30 that evening and come to his room. He gave me the number. Then he said we would have time to talk at leisure. Mr. Little was a man of medium height and slender. He had unusually regular features, small and handsome, almost feminine and he had a smooth light complexion. I had also noticed that

his hands were small, plump and white, like a girls and he wore his nails rather long.

Promptly at 8:30 that evening I rapped on the door of the room with the number Mr. Little had given me. I was surprised to hear a feminine voice say, "come in." I hesitatingly opened the door and was sure I had gone to the wrong room when I beheld a stunning looking lady in a pretty red evening dress, coming toward me, all pretty smiles. "I beg your pardon, madam," I stuttered. "I have come to the wrong room. I am looking for a Mr. Luther Little". "Don't you recognize me, John?" asked the pretty blonde. Now I recognized the voice of Mr. Little which he had disguised when he had asked me to come in. Yes, it was Mr. Little, beautifully gotten up as a lady, with a glamorous blonde wig, perfectly dressed. He was faultlessly made up, and was wearing earrings and other jewelry, and he had very high-heeled slippers on his small-looking feet. He had what seemed to me a perfect feminine figure, with curves in the right places and a decidedly small waist.

"Sit down, John" he said, again assuming his soft feminine voice, "and we will have a good chat." He seated himself gracefully in a straightback chair, and assumed a perfectly feminine pose, crossing his feet at the ankles daintily. Anyone would have sworn on a stack of bibles that he was a real lady, and a handsome one too. "I suppose you are curious to know why I have dolled up like this. Well, it is a hobby of mine and when the mood strikes me and I want to be a woman instead of a man, I don feminine finery and play the lady for the evening. I saw this dress in a shop window today and found it was my size, so I bought it. When I travel, I always take along an extra suitcase containing my feminine things, such as a corset, lingerie, stockings, makeup and wig. So I am always prepared to change my gender so to speak, when I feel like it. It has been a hobby with me ever since my college days when I used to take the part of "leading lady" in the plays. I was good at it and made quite a reputation for myself. So when I came home for good, they used to ask me to take female parts whenever there was an amateur show or skit, or any sort of entertainment, and I always obliged and have done it a good many times. I also go to fancy dress and masquerade parties often "en femme", as the French say.

Yes, I have gained quite a reputation as an impersonator and I guess half of the people in our city have seen me as a lady. I am even asked quite often to go to parties in private homes "en femme", for I always seem to amuse everybody and they seem to like it. I can sing quite well in a feminine manner and that helps the "act". I am not the least bit effeminate as a man as you yourself know, so nobody questions my impersonations. They are just an amusing stunt."

Mr. Little now got up and walked across the room, to "model" his dress so that I could look him over. He did it very gracefully, and he certainly looked every inch a lady and nobody would have suspected that he was a man. "How do you like my figure?" he asked, in his soft feminine voice. "It is perfect," I replied, but how do you get such a small waist?" That sounded like a silly question, but it shows how ignorant I was then about things feminine.

He smiled, and said, "Corsets, of course, You don't know much about women's clothes, do you? Yes, I always wear a tightly laced corset, because I think it absolutely necessary to give a man the proper curves and slenderness under his dresses. Of course, I do a little padding of the bust too."

He sat down again, and we chatted about my future and he suggested that I try to get a job in Hollywood, which as the reader knows I succeeded in doing. Finally I took my leave, but as I was saying goodbye, he looked at me searchingly and said: "Did you ever dress as a girl?" I told him, "no", though my sister and other girls had often wanted me to. I knew that I was girlish looking and resented it. I wanted to be masculine, a he-man, and so would never dress as a girl though I had been told that I would make a good looking one. "Yes, you would make a pretty one," Mr. Little said. "It might mean a lot to you." He didn't say what he had in mind, but now I know his words were prophetic.

In the course of our conversation, Mr. Little had told me that he had chosen "Gloria" for his feminine name, and I told him that I thought it a pretty name. He said he had adopted it because he had been told that when in feminine guise, he resembled Gloria Swanson, the movie actress. I had seen pic-

tures of her, and I agreed that there was a resemblance. Mr. Little asked me to write to him from time to time and especially if I went to Hollywood, and finally got into the movies. I remembered this promise now, and decided to write to Mr. Little and tell him how I had become an actress and was to be in Dora's picture in quite a prominent feminine role. I would send him a set of "still" pictures of myself that had been taken during my screen test. These photos were excellent and proved that I was photogenic. I really looked glamorous in them, especially in those of me in my evening gown with that high hair-do that was so becoming to me. Knowing of "Gloria's" interest in feminine impersonation I was sure that he would be quite intrigued with my photos and also with the whole plan of my transformation into a girl for a year or more--possibly for good.

But before writing him and sending the photos I consulted Dora and asked her advice in the matter. She was my closest and dearest friend and my confidant and I had decided to always talk confidentially with her as much as possible. I liked to be near her all the while as I loved her very much. I told Dora all that I knew about Mr. Little, and about his fondness for wearing women's clothes. I told her how nice he looked in them and what a clever impersonator of a lady he was. I said that he was a reliable businessman and I was sure that he could be trusted absolutely not to give away my secret. I told her how tremendously he would be interested in my career as an actress. Dora agreed that it would be all right for me to tell "Gloria" all about myself and to send him the photos. But she said I should ask him to write and promise that he never would tell the secret of my sex without my permission.

My letter and photos had hardly had time to reach "Gloria" in New Jersey before I got a guarded telegram of congratulations, and by air mail I received a long enthusiastic letter. He was delighted with my photos and praised them so highly that it made me blush. For it is a little difficult for a man to get used to having himself described as "beautiful", "sweet", "lovely", "charming", and similar effusive adjectives that are suitable when applied to a pretty girl or woman. They sound strange when applied to a man. An ordinary man would resent them, but I loved them because now I was a girl, and I

wanted to be all of those things. They were my stock in trade as a movie actress. It was also a little difficult at first to get used to hearing myself referred to in the feminine gender-- "she", and "her" and to be called by the feminine name of "Mabel". But I got used to it, as I did to all things feminine.

After that "Gloria" and I carried on a regular correspondence. How eager he was to see me in my first picture. I wrote him frequently as the shooting of the picture progressed and my letters pleased him greatly. It was wonderful to have such an enthusiastic rooter.

Saturday morning Bert called on the phone to remind me of our engagement, and he asked if I could arrange to be his guest overnight, until Sunday evening. I asked Dora and she told me to go ahead. She had a dinner engagement and a date for Sunday. "Of course", I shall miss you, darling," she said, "but I shall not be lonesome." How sweet she was. The more I was with her, the more I loved her, if that were possible, so I couldn't help but experience a pang of jealousy knowing she had a date with a man. Although I was her close girlfriend and companion, I still had the feelings of possessiveness that a man has about the girl he loves.

Dora directed her maid to pack an overnight bag for me. It was the first time I had ever gone away for overnight since I had become a girl. Now the lovely new fitted suitcase that Dora had bought for me came in handy. I didn't know just the things a girl would need, but Dora did. So we packed an evening gown and accessories, and a nightie, mules and one of my loveliest new negligees. I also took my new wig with the high hair-do that I had worn in my test, as Dora said it would be nice to wear it with my evening gown that night. It had been sent to the hairdressers and was beautifully coiffeured. With every curl, every hair perfectly in place. I wore a pretty street dress and one of my new hats when I left to join Bert at his office. This outfit would do to wear on Sunday. Dora had her chauffeur take my suitcases to Bert's house and they were there when we arrived. As we motored to his home in Beverly Hills (he lived only a few blocks from Dora) he told me that I must be prepared for some surprises, for the way he ran his house was quite unusual.

"I know that I can trust you with all my secrets, Mabel, Darling," he said. "You have trusted me and so I can trust you. What you see at my house is not known on the outside, and I do not want it to get out. Don't get the idea that there is anything immoral about it, there isn't. It's just unusual. In the first place, I have three maids, but all of them are men. There is my French maid, Yvette, and Mary, the housemaid, and Nora, my cook. They all have lived as women for some time, and have their own feminine hair. They make such perfect females that nobody has ever suspected them. Of course, you will look them over, and you will see that I am right. How I wish I could tell them you are a man, but, of course, that is out of the question. How excited, how intrigued they would be to see a man who is as beautiful a "girl" as you are, for all those who go in for transvestism are deeply interested in others with the same hobby, and the better a man does it, the prettier he is as a woman, the more they are intrigued. I make up pretty well as you will soon see, and these male "maids" are simply devoted to me.

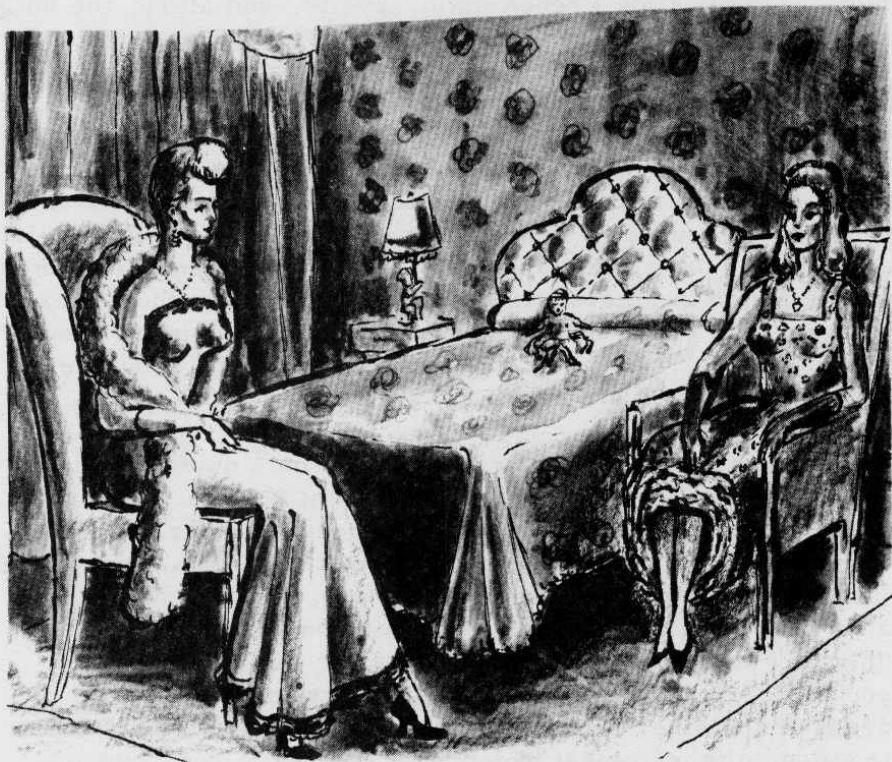
Bert lived in a nice two story house on a quiet street. He opened the door with his key and we went at once to his room. But it was really more like a lady's boudoir in its fittings and furnishings and there was a distinct feminine atmosphere just as there was in my room at Dora's. "Every day, as soon as I get home, I change and become a lady," said Bert. "My girl name is 'Helen' and you must call me that while you are here and I am in dresses. Here is where I keep my dresses and other feminine things," he said, and he took me to a deep clothes closet which was lined with long rows of dresses of every description neatly hung on hangers. "As you see, I have quite a wardrobe, ready to dress for any occasion," said Bert. "Yvette is such a jewel of a maid. She keeps things in perfect order."

On the shelves there were a number of women's hats, and on the floor were rows of women's shoes of every description, from low-heeled sports and street shoes, to lovely satin slippers with extremely high heels. Bert went to a dresser and pulled out the different drawers to show me his accessories, which seemed to be pretty complete. He had plenty of sets of dainty lingerie, and pretty nighties and nylon



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"HOW STRANGE IT WAS FOR TWO MEN

TO BE SITTING THERE TALKING"

stockings and several pairs of corsets and girdles. He seemed to be proud of his feminine finery and indeed it was a splendid collection. On top of the dresser was a set of ladies silver toilette articles, and there were the usual assortment of feminine knickknacks, such as hairpins, powder jar, and a lot of makeup such as rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencils, etc. It was typically feminine, and I remarked that I didn't see a single male article anywhere.

"No, not here," said Bert. "This is my boudoir, Helen's room. I have another room that I call my male room, and that's where I keep my male clothes and other things. None of that is allowed in this room. I undress in there, but become a woman when I come in here. This is the room I use most of the time, the male room is only for undressing or for the use of a male guest when I have one. Now your room is next to this and there is a door between. I will show it to you." He opened the door and we went into my room. It, too, was furnished like a lady's boudoir, very feminine and luxurious. My bags were there.

"I will ring for Yvette, and she can unpack you and help you with your toilette, for I suppose you will want to change into an evening frock. I am going to wear one, for we have two boyfriends coming to dinner, and we want to look our prettiest. While you are changing I will take a bath and make up. Come into my room when you are dressed, and you can watch my transformation from a man into a woman. Don't hurry, for we have lots of time and I am going to take a leisurely bath and devote a lot of time to my makeup.

He went into his room, and there was a light tap at my hall door and in came Yvette. She looked like a typical French maid and it was hard to believe that she was not a female so completely feminine did she look and act. She wore a neat maid's cap on her luxurious, piled-up dark hair and she had on a maid's uniform which fitted her slender figure perfectly. Her hands and feet were small, her features were small and regular and she had a complexion that was smooth, but rather pallid, probably from being indoors so much, and not using rouge, though she wore bright lipstick, which was quite effective with her light complexion.

Yvette greeted me pleasantly in a soft feminine voice, and at once went to work unpacking my bags, while I started to undress. I told her to lay out my evening things, which she did. "Madame has lovely things," she said, caressing the pale blue satin dress that Dora had selected for me to wear that evening. She laid out my matching pale blue lingerie and corset. It was a new one, for evening wear to go with a blue dress. Dora had said I might as well break it in. What an uncomfortable thing it was breaking in a new corset. I had been doing it ever since we had bought my new ones. They are stiff and not at all pleasant to wear, as every woman knows. A man could compare the breaking in of a new pair of shoes. Yvette placed my new toilet articles on the dresser top and she chatted as she worked. "Monsieur Eastmore has told you, perhaps, that I am really a man?"

"Yes, he did, but it seems very hard to believe that you are not the attractive girl you seem. I suppose you prefer to be a girl?" "Yes, Madame, I was brought up as a girl and have worn girl's clothes most of my life so it is natural for me, and I would feel very strange dressed as a man," she said.

"Mr. Eastmore has also told me that that is all your own hair. It is very pretty."

"Thank you, Madame. Yes, it is rather nice. It has never been cut and is quite long. Would you like to see it?" I told her that I would, so she deftly removed the hairpins and shook it out and it cascaded in a rippling mass down her back to below her waist. I picked up a strand and felt of it. It was soft and fine and silky, really beautiful hair. Evidently Yvette was very proud of it. After I had looked my fill, she deftly coiled it up and did it as it had been before. I admired the skill with which she inserted the hairpins. I wondered whether I ever would learn to do it gracefully. When my own hair got to be of girlish length, I would have to use pins too.

"I hope Madame does not mind having a man for a ladies maid," said Yvette. "I am feminine by nature, so you need not think of me as a man, but as a maid." I told her that I didn't mind, and I smiled to myself as I thought how surprised

she would be if she knew that "Madame" was a man, too. Of course, I was wearing my rubber breasts and my "belt" so I had no fear of discovery. But I did turn my back on Yvette as I slipped off the vest and panties that I was wearing and slipped into my evening vest and panties that she handed me from the bed, for I was completely in the nude for the moment. Then I proceeded to dress. I donned my tight, new embroidered satin corset, and Yvette laced me in, saying that she loved nice, tight corsets and wore them herself always. (I had noticed her slender waist) She fastened me into my dress, and drew on my slippers, which were very pretty and had 5-inch spike heels. I wondered as I put them on whether there would be any dancing that evening. Well, I could manage anyhow. I had done it before and could do it again. I liked wearing such high heels, because they so improved the dainty appearance of my feet and made them look smaller. I put on the pearls that Dora had packed for me--earrings, necklace, bracelets and a ring for each hand--all simple and appropriate for the young girl that I was. Then I changed wigs, putting on the lovely one with the high hair-do, and which Dora called my "Betty Grable" hair because she said it made me look like Betty. Yvette did not seem to be surprised that I wore wigs. It is quite a common practice in Hollywood, especially among actresses, and of course, she knew that I was in the movies with Dora Dean. Bert had told her. I told Yvette that I had had my hair cut on account of illness, but now was going to let it grow again.

I went into Bert's--or I should say Helen's--boudoir, and found that he--or--she--was still in the bathroom. But he soon emerged and I was surprised at the change in his appearance. He had made his face up beautifully and had donned false eyelashes and on his head he had a woman's rubber bathing cap. Around him he wore a very pretty, red fluffy ruffled negligee so that he looked completely like a woman as he tripped in on the high heels of his red mules with their large pom-poms. He inspected my toilette and pleased me by saying. "You are perfectly beautiful, darling. Isn't she?" he asked Yvette. His voice was soft and feminine.

"Yes indeed, Miss Helen. Miss Brown is very lovely." It thrilled me to hear this. I could not get used to it--being

called beautiful and lovely.

"Helen" now sat down before her three way dressing mirror and now another surprise was in store for me. Yvette removed the bathing cap and coiled up and pinned around his head was a wealth of feminine hair. "I suppose you are surprised, Mabel dear", he remarked. "You see, I wear a man wig outside, but I have allowed my hair to grow for sometime. It is so much nicer than wearing a woman's wig, though I used to have to do it. My own hair is cooler. I get a permanent whenever it is needed. I had one last week." I watched fascinated, as Yvette removed the pins and let down Helen's hair. It was thick and of shoulder length and very nice looking. Yvette combed and brushed it.

"But how do you manage about a permanent," I asked. "Surely you don't go to a beauty parlor as a man and have your hair done?" "Oh no," replied Helen. You see, I have two different personalities, that of Bert and that of my "sister" Helen. I go about a great deal as Helen and am known as Bert's sister. I have many friends who only know me as Helen, and who do not even know Bert. Then there are lots that know both of us, but of course they never see us together. You see Helen goes out mostly at night, but Bert does not, except on rare occasions. They have different tastes and go to different places. Helen is popular and has lots of male friends, who like to take her out. You will meet one of them here tonight, and I have a nice friend for you too. He is in the movies, is tall and handsome and I am sure you will like him. When I phoned to invite him I told him that I had a glamorous young blonde, a Southern girl, who has been signed up by Cosmo, as his girl friend for the evening. He was quite enthusiastic.

Yvette finished Helen's hair and then proceeded to help him dress while I watched, interested. Like myself, he was wearing rubber breasts and belt which he had donned while in the bathroom. So, when he slipped off his robe, he looked feminine. He had a nice, smooth slender body, and his figure was improved when he donned a corset and was laced quite tightly into it. "I like wearing a snug corset," he said, "and it is quite necessary for a man, because it produces

nice feminine curves where they are wanted. A man needs them much more than a woman does." he said, laughingly.

With Yvette helping, Helen got dressed. She wore a pretty red evening gown, with lines that showed off her waistline. She wore high heels, jewelry and all the things that a lady would wear. She really made a stunning looking woman, a handsome woman, even, I might say, a pretty one, and she was completely feminine. She could go anywhere without her sex being suspected, and she did go around with impunity. She told me that she had done it for years without being found out. She was Helen Eastmore, Bert's sister. Everybody accepted her as such, unquestioned. He was a man by day, a woman by night. But he was also a woman, he told me, on Sundays and holidays, whenever he didn't have to work at the studio. "I shall be a woman all day tomorrow," he told me. "The boys are going to take us motoring in the afternoon, and I will take you to the "transvestites" club in the evening. It is Ladies night, so you will be admitted with me." He gave me a sly look as he mentioned "Ladies Night" and nodded slightly toward Yvette, who, of course, thought I was a real lady.

Helen and I had dressed rather early, and our company would not be arriving for some time, so we had time to relax in her boudoir and chat. How strange it was for us two men to be sitting there dressed completely looking for all the world like ladies. Helen looked so nice, with her perfectly dressed, light brown hair, flawless complexion, beautiful evening gown, excellent figure with its feminine curves, and her small feet in their high-heeled, narrow satin slippers. She had her long nails enameled a dark shade of red to match her dress. She was gracefully feminine in all her gestures and poised, and she would occasionally touch her hair and finger her curls in a most ladylike manner. Her voice was soft and feminine, and it was difficult indeed to realize that she was a man. Since I was sitting where I could look into a mirror I must confess that my appearance was very nice too. It was so hard for me to get used to being a girl! I would forget how I looked, what manner of person I was, and then I would happen to look in the mirror and usually get a little pleasant start of surprise to see an attractive blonde instead of John Ostrander.

"Well, how do you like being a girl, Mabel darling?" Bert-Helen asked as he sat gracefully in his chair fingering his curls. "I find it very hard to get used to," I replied. "There are many drawbacks in being a girl, but I am trying to make the best of it, and to learn to like it. I might as well, as I am in for it for at least a year. I went into it with my eyes open, knowing it was the surest way for me to get into the movies--and then, of course, there is Dora. She encouraged me and made it possible, and I may as well confess to you that I am in love with her. So now I am living at her home, as her companion and what more could a lover ask for than that, even if I do so as a girl."

"But how do you feel?" Helen asked me.

"Oh, I feel all right, or at least as well as can be expected under the circumstances. I am not exactly what you would call comfortable for I am breaking in a stiff, new corset which is laced in pretty tightly, and these new slippers with their 5 inch heels are not easy to wear."

"Oh I don't mean how you feel physically," said Helen. "Of course, 'girls' like us can't expect to be comfortable in our corsets and high heels and tight dresses. But what I meant to ask is how you feel mentally--what are your feelings sexually? Dressed as a girl and impersonating one so perfectly, do you feel yourself to be a girl? A female? I am curious to know whether or not you are like me. The minute I don feminine apparel I feel myself to be a woman, a female, and change my sex and have all the reactions and sensations of a female. I lead a strange dual life, and seem to have two sexes. I am a man by day, but when I doll up in feminine finery, like now, I become a woman, of the two sexes I prefer the female. Are you that way, Mabel?"

"No, Helen, I am not. I am a normal male and cannot change my sex. I feel like a man dressed as a girl, though I try to be feminine. But thus far I haven't succeeded, though under the circumstances I think it would be better for me if I could feel myself to be a female. Dora and I have talked it over, and since I am to be a girl for at least a year, and perhaps much longer, we have decided that the best thing for me to do is to feminize myself as much as possible, I must try

to think of myself always as a girl, and try to "feel" like one. But it is not easy, so far at least, and I am aware of my maleness most of the time. But we think as time goes on, and I continue to live the life of a girl, I will become more and more feminized and more and more female in my personality and feelings. It would be better for me that way, for my relations with other women, and with men would then be natural, and I would not constantly be acting a part and just be pretending to be a girl. But my maleness asserts itself particularly when I am in the company of a pretty woman like Dora. I know I can trust you with all my secrets, Bert, I mean Helen, and so I am going to tell you that I hope to marry Dora some day. Of course I fully realize that it will be a strange and difficult courtship, like one girl wooing another, and I do not know whether I can win Dora's love. She only knows me as a girl and has never seen me dressed as a man. But I am a man, a male, in spite of my masquerade and I could make her a good husband, I am sure, I think I have a chance. She has told me that she is very fond of me, and I hope that fondness will blossom into love. The trick is going to be to make her love me as a male girl. I am quite sure that Dora has Lesbian tendencies and could love another woman, and so she could be able to love me as a pretty girl--if I may be vain enough to call myself that."

"Of course you may call yourself that, Mabel dear. You are more than pretty. You are a luscious little blonde, a real beauty and I am sure that Dora will learn to love you and marry you," said Helen. "But would'nt it be a strange set-up if you and Dora were to marry. Two beautiful blonde women living together as man and wife and nobody the wiser! You certainly must do it. I will help all I can and at the wedding I will be your best man--Dora's bridesmaid, whichever you prefer. Of course, you couldn't get married in skirts. You would have to dress as a man. When the time comes, I will help you."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in inviting a boy friend for you this evening", said Helen. "If you don't feel feminine you may not like it. But its too late to change now, and I hope you will be nice to him and play your part well and act as a natural girl."

"Don't worry. I can do it alright. I have already. I find it fun to fool the men. I get a chuckle out of it and you will find me more feminine than a real girl, a very girlish, demure, coy Southern girl, which is the type I am playing and which seems suited to me. But I am going to make this boyfriend take it easy and not get affectionate. I hate to have a man pawing me all over."

"That's fine, but you must act natural, as a girl would with a handsome boyfriend, and if he wants to hold your hand, or put his arm around your waist, and do a little petting, you should let him do it. Otherwise he might be suspicious of you," said Helen. "His name is Bill Taylor, and he is tall, dark and handsome and is in the movies, but just a beginner. He is quite a ladies man and prefers blondes, so he is sure to fall for you, especially since you have the glamour of being a coming starlet at the Cosmo Studios, and are a close friend and protege of the famous Dora Dean. But he is nice and will treat you as a gentleman should. But you must not be too cold and standoffish."

"Oh, I will play along with him alright. An innocent flirtation will be fun. I do love to fool them. How silly he would feel if he knew that he was falling for a man in disguise. But of course he won't know."

"Of course not," said Helen, "and you will give him just as much pleasure as though you were a real girl. Ignorance is bliss, you know." "What about your date?" I asked Helen. "He is an entirely different type than Bill. He is small with a pretty face and is effeminate. You may not like him."

"Who am I to be critical of an effeminate man," I asked. "What could possibly be more effeminate than I am, dressing and living as a girl?"

"But it is different with you," replied Helen. "You are feminine, but I wouldn't call you effeminate, because you are a natural he-man. But Jean Groft is definitely effeminate-- and isn't it a good name for him-'Jean'-either masculine or feminine. He is a member of our club and a transvestite, and loves to wear feminine finery and often does. He makes a remarkably good looking girl, for he is short, slender,

and has small regular features and small hands and feet and feminine mannerisms. But, of course, you will see him in a little while, and can size him up. He has plucked, shaped eyebrows and an unusually small, cupid-bow mouth, for a man. He talks like a girl, too, but he is nice, friendly, witty with a good sense of humour, and is excellent company.

"Would you really like to change your sex for good and live the rest of your life as a woman-as Helen? Would you really like to get married and be a wife--at least in name?" I asked.

"Yes, I believe I would, and maybe I will someday, if Jean doesn't get tired of waiting for me, and fall in love with some other girl. He is wealthy, and has a big income, and so he is a gentleman of pleasure and does not have to work for a living. So the matter of money doesn't enter into it, for he could support me in luxury and would buy me the most gorgeous clothes and everything else that a woman's heart desires. But I won't give up my work now. Jean's hobby, of course, is female impersonation and he has the most wonderful clothes, accessories, wigs, furs, etc. you ever saw. He studies women's styles and always keeps up to date in every detail. He has a fortune invested in feminine jewelry. I will ask him to wear his marvelous diamonds at the club tomorrow, for of course, he will 'dress'. He has 30 or 40 wigs, each a masterpiece, the best that money can buy and beautifully coiffured in the latest styles. He always wears lingerie and a girdle or corset under his male clothes, 'for figure control' he says. He wears his nails long, like a woman and they are always perfectly manicured and polished, but of course, he doesn't wear red lacquer as a man. But he always wears a necklace and bracelets which do not show and at night he sleeps in pretty feminine nightgowns or frilly women's pajamas. So you see he is very effeminate and more girl than man. But I hope you will overlook his peculiarities and be friendly with him this evening."

"Of course I will, I replied. I have a fellow feeling for other men who are female impersonators for we have a lot in common just like you and I. I am looking forward to going to the club tomorrow and seeing the members all dolled up in their feminine finery. Naturally I am interested in seeing how other men do it.

"But you must not expect them to make as good looking girls as you do. Some of them are very good and pass readily as girls," said Helen.

"You, Helen, must be among the best, for you make a pretty girl and pass as one easily and without question."

"Thank you, Darling," said Helen, smiling and evidently pleased at my compliments on her looks as a girl. "There is nothing in the world I would rather be than a pretty woman and it is sweet of you to say that I am pretty."

There was a knock at the door, and the other maid, Mary, came in and announced that the gentlemen had arrived.

"Let them wait awhile before we do go down," said Helen. "Its good psychology. It makes them more anxious to see their girlfriends if they are kept waiting a bit. Most girls do it, and so will we." Helen now introduced Mary to me and asked me if I didn't think he made a perfect woman. I admitted that he did, as I looked him over. He was rather taller than Yvette and not so pretty, but he looked convincingly feminine and nobody would ever suspect that he was a man. He had lived as a girl for a number of years and had his own long pretty blonde hair which was nicely dressed. He was slender and wore his maid's uniform and cap with grace. His voice was feminine and so were his mannerisms. In fact to all appearances he was a perfect maid in every way.

Helen and I took our time. We went to the mirror for a last check up of our makeup and hair, powdered our noses and finally went down to the living room and greeted our boy friends. Both were as Helen had described them. I really felt a little shy at meeting new men, but that fit right in with the character of a demure young girl that I was assuming and I greeted them coyly with my soft, high Southern drawl which seems to charm Northerners so much. I liked Bill at once. He was the sort of a man that I as a man would have liked as a friend, as a pal. But alas, I was too pretty a girl to have a real platonic friendship with a man. I had already learned that sex had to enter into it whenever I met a man. That was another of the drawbacks of being a girl. Every man I met

seemed to "fall" for me. I suppose every good-looking girl has that experience, but it was new to me and hard to get used to.

I will skip over the details of our evening. We had a delicious dinner, and then went motoring out in the country in Jean's limousine which was driven by his liveried chauffeur. We stopped at a nice roadhouse, where there was dance music. The men had high-balls, and we 'girls' soft drinks. We danced. I was a little dubious about dancing in my 5 in. heels but Bill held me closely in his strong arms and carried me along on the tips of my toes as though I were a feather. I like to dance, even as a girl, though I do not like the tight way in which men hold me and the way they press their heads against mine and squeeze my hand. But that is the way of a man with a maid, and I had to stand for it. Jean asked me to dance, but we sat it out while Helen danced with Bill. Jean is about my own height and size, but with my high heels I loomed above him. Like most girls I dislike dancing with a man shorter than myself and I was afraid that the delicate Jean would not be able to waft me around the way Bill did and I might have trouble with my heels dragging. I might not be able to keep up on my toes. We leisurely motored home. On the way I obeyed Helen's orders to be a 'natural' girl, and so I may as well confess that Bill and I did some necking in the back seat. I tried my best to feel feminine and so didn't mind it as most men would. When the men left us at Helen's house both of them gave me a good night kiss. Jean's kiss was almost like that of a girl, for as Helen had told me, he had a feminine face, small red lips, and big soft eyes. He was heavily perfumed and was wearing some makeup, though it was cleverly applied and I never would have spotted it. Formerly as a man. He wore just a touch of rouge, some powder and his lashes were daintily mascared. When I spoke to Helen about it later she told me that lots of men around Hollywood use makeup and that people think nothing of it. Helen, herself as Bert used makeup regularly. I was sure that my friend Bill didn't.

I had already learned through my association with Dora, that it was the custom for girls to let their hair down, get into a negligee and have an intimate talk before going to bed.

Helen was girl enough to want to do this and asked me to undress and come into her room. Of course, the only way I could "let my hair down" was to change from my high hairdo wig into my regular daytime one, with flowing hair. So I did this and got into my lovely satin nightgown, a pretty robe and mules, and joined Helen who looked like an attractive woman and was still playing the part of one. We sat together and chatted a long time, discussing our evening, and our boyfriends. Then Helen kissed me goodnight (I had been expecting that and did not try to avoid it) and I went to my adjoining room to bed.

Next day, Helen and I slept late, and it was nearly noon before Yvette came into my room to awaken me, raise the shades and draw my bath. I was prepared for her. Helen had tipped me off that he would come into call me, and so I had slept in my wig and my breasts and "belt". Sleeping in my wig was rather uncomfortable, but I did not want Yvette to see me in my own short hair. She might become suspicious, though of course many girls have boyish bobbed hair. But I could not bear the thought of looking the least bit masculine. Too much was at stake. I must look as feminine as possible in every way and of course girlish hair was most important. I envied Helen her long hair and wished for the first time when I too would have my own girlish hair and could go without a wig. Dora and I had already talked it over. She said it would take months for me to grow hair sufficiently long to dispense with a wig. She wanted it to be shoulder length. There would be months when my hair would be at an awkward length, too long for a man, but too short for an attractive girl. During those months I would have to wear a wig. They are hot in the summer, but there was one advantage: I would not have any feminine hair to dress and take care of. The servants would take my wigs to the hairdresser regularly and they would always be perfectly coiffeured. All I had to do was to put it on. But I took good care of my own blonde hair. Fortunately it was unusually thick and Dora was sure I would have very pretty girl's hair when it grew out. Every night and morning I brushed it vigorously and applied hair tonic. It was growing fast and it had a natural wave. I was indeed fortunate. But I was also fortunate in other ways, in as much as I was fated to impersonate a girl. I had no body hair nor beard, and smooth white skin, a slender body, small hands

and feet and, as I have already described, a pretty, girlish face with big blue eyes, a straight little nose and small nicely shaped mouth. No man could be more feminine, and yet I had never had difficulties as a man and had not been effeminate. However, I had never realized how girlish I really looked. There are many pretty young boys--and I had been one of them without really knowing it. I even had a girlish complexion, and this stood me in good stead now.

I stared at the graceful Yvette as she went about performing her maid's duties, hanging up my evening gown in the closet and straightening out my other things. It was so difficult to believe that she was not a girl. Again I admired her and envied her lovely long hair, which she had arranged prettily on her small head. Obviously she was well corsetted. Even with my short experience with feminine clothes I could tell that, though as a man I never would have noticed it. How quickly I was learning.

"Miss Helen tells me that you were brought up as a girl, Yvette," I said, "Have you never worn men's clothing?"

"No, Miss Mabel," she replied, "except a few times I have gone to a masquerade and fancy dress parties disguised as a man, and I know you will think it is funny, since I am really a man, but I still looked like a girl in men's clothing. I couldn't fool anybody, I still was a 'girl'".

"I suppose you like being a girl," I said. "Have you ever had any desire to change to a man?"

"No, heaven forbid," she exclaimed. "I would loathe being a man, just as much as you would. (I smiled to myself at that) "I'm as feminine as a man can possibly be. I have my boyfriends and go around with them just as a girl would do. Of course, they think I am a real girl, and I don't tell them any different.

"How did it happen that you were brought up as a girl," I asked.

"It was my mother's doing. When I was born, she wanted

a girl, and so she dressed me and brought me up as a girl. My hair has never been cut. Through prenatal influence I was feminine and so it was easy to bring me up as a girl. By the time I was old enough to know the truth about my sex I had lived as a girl so much that I had no desire to be anything else. I liked being a girl, and always have."

This conversation with Yvette intrigued me. We were two of a kind. I wondered whether I ever would really like being a girl the way Yvette did. She left to go to Helen, and I went into the bathroom, removed my wig and took a hot scented bath. Then I slipped on my wig again, and got into my nightie and robe and went into Helen's room. She was still a girl as she always was on Sundays, as well as every evening. We had breakfast in negligee and then I enjoyed watching Yvette do Helen's hair and then found it very pleasant to sit in front of the mirror while Yvette did my hair, setting my curls and combing and brushing my hair. It was quite a luxurious sensation, and at a time like that, looking in the mirror and having a pretty 'girl' dressing my hair I felt feminine, though I suppose I should have felt foolish. But the fact that I looked so nice had a lot to do with my feelings. I could not help admiring myself in the glass. I think any man in my position would have done so, for it is really thrilling.

Helen made me up, in her usual incomparable style. After that we dressed, putting on afternoon frocks and high heels and big picture hats. We went for a stroll through the streets. Lots of people seemed to know Helen and the men tipped their hats to 'her', and I was well aware of the fact that they were giving me the "once over"--for a blonde always gets a second look. I had been wearing high heels for some time, and was getting accustomed to them, but I had only walked on them for short distances. But now I was experiencing some difficulty in walking. I found my heels a decided handicap and wished for low heels so that I could step along in free strides. Helen had been wearing high heels for years, and so was accustomed to them and seemed to be unconscious of the way they interfered with walking. But to me they were a nuisance and I spoke to Helen about it.

"Of course high heels are something of a nuisance," she said. "But they are fashionable and they certainly make the

feet look small and dainty, so we 'girls' have to put up with them. I don't mind them at all, and you will get used to them after a little. You have seen girl dancers on the stage with the utmost grace in high heels. With practice you will get to be unconscious of them and, in fact, will prefer them." I doubted it, for what man wants to be hampered by constantly walking on stilts. But time would tell.

I also found that wearing a big picture hat was a bother, for it had to be balanced on the head and the vagrant breeze would blow it so that often it had to be held on by the hand. But I had to admit that the big hat was most becoming to me. I had always admired them on women--but little had I thought that I ever would be wearing one. As we tripped along the street, Helen and I had quite a discussion, pro and con, about the wearing of women's clothes, and impersonating a woman. I mentioned the nuisance of wearing girdles and corsets, the bother of having to wear makeup and the necessity of having pretty hair perfectly coiffeured and the hundred and one little things that a woman has to pay attention to that a man does not. But Helen defended all of them. She loved them. After all, she dressed as a girl by choice, and loved it; while I was it in order to become a movie actress and to be Dora's companion. I was a normal man and would not otherwise care for it, but it was to be my career and so I must make the best of it in spite of the many drawbacks and discomforts. But, as I have said before I got a thrill out of being so good looking, for after all, I have my share of vanity, and I have never yet met anybody, man or woman, who did not wish to look handsome or pretty. And how few get their wish. I was indeed lucky.

After our walk, Helen and I returned to her home, had dinner and dressed for the party at the Transvestite Club. I had telephoned Dora in the morning and asked her to select an evening gown for me and to send it to Bert's house by one of the servants. I know it sounds silly for the dress I had worn the previous evening was alright, and I could have worn it again, but I had already become so feminine that I did not want to wear the same evening gown twice in succession. Helen had seen it and so had Jean, and he would be there. It was silly for a man--but alright for a girl, as I now was.

Dora had sent a ducky frock of pale pink, with pink slippers to match. She sent everything, complete--pink corset, lingerie and slip. The corset was a new one that I had never worn before, so again I had the pleasure of breaking in a new pair of stays. My male readers will not appreciate this, but the girls will.

Yvette, of course, helped Helen with her toilette and I had the male maid Mary to serve me. She was so totally feminine that I had to keep reminding myself that after all "she" was a he. I engaged him in conversation, being naturally much interested in men in feminine guise, and asked her a lot of questions as to "how come". She told me that from her earliest memory she had wanted to wear feminine clothes and be a girl. But his family was poor and he had little chance until at the age of sixteen he left home to earn his living. That was his chance to do what he had always longed to do--to change his sex and become a girl. He had saved enough money to buy a wig and an outfit of girl's clothes. He was beardless and effeminate. At home he had preferred feminine occupations and done housework with his mother. She had taught him to sew, knit, tat, make dresses and in short had brought him up as if he had been her daughter instead of her son. So he got together a feminine outfit, put it on and found that he made an acceptable girl. "She" had no difficulty in getting a position as housemaid and got along swimmingly, nobody discovering his real sex. After a few years as a maid she got a job in a beauty shop and learned beauty culture and hair-dressing and manicuring. Then for a year she was a ladies' maid for a wealthy society woman and gave satisfaction. Nobody suspected her masquerade. Then she met Bert-Helen at the club and was hired as his-her housemaid at a much larger salary than she had been receiving. She loved the job and was content. I asked her about her social, outside life, and she told me she was no different than any other girl in her position. She had lots of girlfriends who took her to be one of them, and she also knew lots of men, and she played around with them, danced, went to parties and the movies. She had a series of "boyfriends" who, in turn, had taken her around and wooed her. It made her rather bitter that she could not marry any one of them when they proposed. They did not know the reason of the rejection which, was of course

a very valid one. So, one by one, they would drop Mary after she had turned them down regretfully. But always a new boy friend turned up--for Mary was good looking, shapely and had sex appeal. And so she lived the life of a girl and was reasonably happy, though she longed to marry and be a mother.

Helen looked stunning in a black crepe evening gown, and my mirror told me that my new pink gown was very becoming. Again I wore my wig with the high hairdo and I enjoyed the strangely pleasant sensation of sitting before my three-way mirror while Mary dressed my hair. It is a feminine experience unknown to men and most men would dislike it, but I happened to look like a pretty girl, and so it was not incongruous.

We finished our rather elaborate toilettes. We were well bejeweled and perfumed. Helen wanted to look her prettiest at the club--and so did I. Jean had asked us to pick him up at his apartment, so we drove there in Bert's car. Jean was late and just starting to dress as a girl. He asked Helen to go to his room and help him, but he did not think it proper for me, as a 'real' girl, to go and see him undressed. Helen winked at me and we both had inward chuckles. But I was glad that Jean had no suspicion of my real sex. That was as it should be, and so I sat in the living room and read Vogue and other women's magazines until Jean was so far dressed that it was proper for a 'girl' to go to his room and witness the finish. I rather wished that I could tell him that I, too, was a man, but of course that was definitely out.

Jean really made a pretty woman. He wore a beautiful ivory satin evening gown, low cut to show his nice white shoulders, bust and back. He wore a gorgeous, perfectly fitting wig of a rich red color, which was most becoming and beautifully coiffeured. His slender figure was obviously well corsetted and he had curves that would be a credit to any woman. At Bert's suggestion, he had worn his magnificent diamonds--dog collar, earrings, bracelets and rings, as well as a lovely small tiarra in his hair and a beautiful breast pin. He was all ablaze and a most stunning looking lady. I thought that if all the members of the club made such handsome ladies as Helen and Jean made, they would indeed be well worth seeing.

We went to the club, but I will not attempt to describe the appearance of many of the men who were togged out in feminine finery. Suffice it to say that many of them made girls so attractive and feminine looking that they would pass anywhere as females. It was "ladies night" and there were a number of 'ladies' like myself present as guests of the members. All of us outsiders were sworn to secrecy not to reveal the names of any of the men we met there in feminine guise. This was a good precaution for a number of the members who were there, dolled up to the limit as ladies, were men who were prominent in the outside world. They did not want to be known as transvestites because of their reputations. Most of them were "arty" people, and known as the three "A's"--actors, authors, and artists. But there was a sprinkling of others--mostly professional men, such as doctors and lawyers, and there were also some so-called hard-headed business men. They could not help it if they had an inborn yen to dress in the garments of the fair sex and try to imitate them. Of course there were a number who had the urge to don feminine attire who were not fitted for it--big men, masculine looking who could not possibly make themselves into convincing females. But they tried because they wished it, and nobody laughed at them--rather they sympathized. I was delighted to note that Helen and Jean were among the most attractive 'girls' present.

Helen took me around and introduced me to the various members, but when we came to a real woman guest, she nudged me, as previously agreed, so that I would know that the real lady was not a man dressed up. As a rule, I could tell, but not always, so perfect were some of the impersonations. In fact, there were several men there who, like myself, dressed and lived as women.

The club was a very interesting place. It was part of a new world. All the "girls" sat around in small groups talking, comparing fashion news, gossip and chit-chat. A bar at one end of the club served drinks and after awhile soft music filled the room from hidden speakers. The atmosphere was very relaxed and everyone was made to feel comfortable and at home. Helen told me that there was never anything planned on informal evenings and everyone was left to relax and mingle

at their leisure. Small groups formed and broke up as the girls moved about the club. Sudden bursts of surprisingly feminine laughter came from the small groups of girls and the air was filled with the scent of cigarette smoke and delicate perfume.

After while several of the "girls" began to dance with the real women present. I was certainly surprised to see how amazingly graceful they all were. Swirling petticoats brushed the backs of chairs and the click of tiny stilt heels mingled with the click of ice in frosted glasses. I turned to Helen after we had finally found a small table and sat watching the various colorful movements on the dance floor. "I am amazed," I said. "How lovely they all look." "Yes," replied Helen. "They are really beautiful. But then, most of them have been practicing for some time and, of course, they all have their hearts in it. Do you really like it?"

"I think it is just wonderful," I said. "I never knew there was such a place. I'll have to remember this if I ever begin to feel silly about my masquerade."

"I'm glad that you like it," said Helen. "I will have to bring you here more often and you can see some of our other activities."

"What are the other activities," I asked as a couple waltzed past our table and the glow of rippling satin sent mauve shadows across our table. "Oh," said Helen, "there are quite a few activities. We have luncheons several times a month at which time we have fashion clinics and shows." She pointed at the wall behind me and I saw heavy velvet curtains draping a small stage. "Yes," Helen continued, "we have many activities. Perhaps you would like to come sometime when we have a formal dance."

"What are those like?" I asked.

"The members take turns coming as real men and the others come as girls. Everyone is in formal dress and we have prizes for the best gowns and also for the best dancers. I am sure you would like it," Helen said.

"Oh, I know I would," I replied. "I can't get over how lovely all the members look. I think I would really enjoy it." Helen smiled. "Good," she said. "I was afraid that you might not like to see so many men dressed as women all in one place. Some people, even when they are sympathetic, get quite disturbed to see something like this."

"No," I replied. "I am quite reassured. After all, I am going to be living as a woman from now on and I would be grateful if you would let me come back to the club for some of the other activities." Helen said that it could be arranged on special occasions and then went on to tell me about some of the events that had been successful in the past. I questioned him closely about the club and about the men who were members and we then went on to talk about how we felt when we were dressed as women. All in all, we had quite a long and interesting conversation. Then I looked at my watch and saw how late it was and I knew that the wonderful weekend was rapidly coming to an end.

"Helen," I said, "I'm afraid it is very late and I suppose I had better be getting back to Dora's house. Really though, I would like to stay here at the club." I would have, too, as I was certainly enjoying the relaxed and feminine atmosphere.

"Yes, Mabel dear," Helen said, "Dora will probably wonder what I have done with you. Then too, you will have to get your beauty sleep. Your screen test is very late in the morning but the average working day starts much earlier than that. Why, some of the stars get up at four or five o'clock so that they can get ready and be on the set by eight."

"I was having such a restful evening that I never even thought of that," I said. "I hope Dora won't be furious with me. I know she will be waiting up for me."

Helen laughed understandingly. "Yes," she said, "I always feel sad when a wonderful evening comes to an end. But I, too, have to work in the morning and I think it probably would be best if we left now. If you will wait just a moment I will find Jean and see if he wants to ride home with us or if he is going to stay a while. He doesn't have to work tomorrow

and right now I envy him." She left and in a moment was back with Jean (who only came to say goodnight to me as he was going to stay at the club for the night,). After our goodbyes we left the club and Helen drove me back to Dora's house. As we entered the driveway he said, "Well, Mabel, I hope you had a good time over the weekend. You certainly are a lovely girl and I know everyone around you enjoyed your presence."

"Thank you, Helen," I replied. "I had a wonderful time and I hope you will invite me to the club again. I also want to say that you made a very lovely lady yourself." When she stopped the car, I slipped out. As Helen changed gears she said, "Thank you. I will send your things over tomorrow and I may see you at work in the morning. Goodnight."

"Goodnight and thank you again," I said as the car pulled away. I caught my full skirt up in my hands and walked to the door. Suddenly the door opened and there was Dora framed in the light waiting for me. I was glad to be home then but at that moment I didn't feel at all girlish. "Oh, Dora," I said. "I'm sorry I'm late but I simply didn't think at all about work tomorrow."

Dora was not disturbed at all about the time. She put her arms around my shoulders and gave me an impulsive kiss. "I thought you would be late," she said. "You seem to have so much fun being a girl. I knew you wouldn't want to watch the clock. But you're going to have to start now. After all, beginning tomorrow morning you're a working girl."

"I am sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to spoil your sleep."

"It's really not so late," she replied. "At least it is not so late that we can't sit up for a few minutes. I want to hear all about your weekend." We went up to my bedroom and Dora helped me get out of my dress and slip. Then, while I finished undressing and got into a robe and sat at the night table to remove my makeup, Dora selected a blue silk nightgown for me and laid it on the bed. She then went into her boudoir to get ready for bed. When I had donned the nightgown and slipped on a pair of matching blue mules, I sat on the edge of the bed and began taking the pins out of my hair. In a moment Dora called me into her room. We sat on the edge of her

bed and she arranged a mound of satin pillows behind us so that we would be comfortable. Then she took my hand and said, "Now, I want to hear all about your weekend."

I told her everything that had happened over the weekend and we discussed everything just like two school girls gossiping together. Dora was very interested in the club and I told her that if I were invited back I would see if she couldn't come too although I wondered why she would be that interested in impersonation. I asked her about it and she replied. "I wasn't interested at all until I met you, and that was only for fun at first. Now you seem to have become a part of my life, a permanent part." "I want to know something else," she said. "You didn't tell me about your date--when you and Helen went dancing with Jean and Bill."

I had deliberately left that part out as I didn't like to mention that I had been held and kissed by a man. But Dora insisted that I tell her everything so I finally confessed that I had been kissed. It had not seemed to make any difference to her at my screen test but now when I told her that a man had kissed me she became quite nervous. She pressed my hand very tightly and asked, "What did you feel like when he kissed you? Did you enjoy it?"

"No," I said. "I tried to feel feminine and imagine that I was a girl. I knew a girl was supposed to like being kissed but I have to say that no matter how good I look as a girl, at times like that I still feel like a man. The best I can do is to be detached about it and realize that a kiss is only a kiss after all."

Dora sighed. "Well, I'm glad of that at least. I know I told you to feel like a woman in all situations but I was beginning to wonder what would happen if you found yourself enjoying your impersonation all the way."

"I'm afraid that's not possible," I replied.

Dora said, "I'm relieved. I am afraid I was getting a little jealous."

"Why Dora, how can that be? You have never even seen

me as a man. I have nothing to recommend me in that role."

"That's not true," Dora answered and she carefully arranged some of the satin pillows behind me. "Your personality is the same, I know. In a short time you have become a sweet and wonderful friend. I know that I wouldn't see you any differently as a man." She leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Well, Mabel, darling, that's enough talk for tonight. Tomorrow is a big day and although you probably won't have too much to do, I most certainly will. And we both need our sleep." And with that we said goodnight and I kissed her lightly on the lips and went into my own room.

I suppose the reader knows from now on what happened. Certainly everyone is acquainted with the public history anyway. From that first Monday I have been employed at Cosmo studios and my name and the pictures I have made are well known. In the past full years I have had occasion to wear male clothing only once and by now the character of Mabel Brown is more natural to me than the character of my old male self. I could not change back even if I wanted to which, of course, I do not. The events of my public life are so well known that it would merely be repetitious to put them down but I know that there are some readers who will ask, "But what happened? What came afterwards?"

For those who wonder "what happened" with Dora, I will give only some of the story because that part of our lives is yet a secret. As always happens when two people of opposite sexes are thrown together for a long period of time we inevitably fell in love. I was already in love with Dora and had been almost from the first, but each day I lived with her, and, then, worked with her only sharpened the sensation. The fact that I looked like and lived like a girl did not keep Dora from falling in love with me. When I think back on how afraid I was that she would never love me because she would never know my male self I almost laugh. I know now that I never had any reason to be afraid. I should have known that night when she became so nervous questioning me about being kissed by a man. She was then afraid that I might be a homosexual and she was already strongly attached to me.

How well I recall the time that I finally told her of my love. I was so frightened although now I can't imagine why. It was almost six months later and we had just finished that first film. On the last day of shooting the studio threw a big party with a buffet lunch and cocktails for everyone in the cast and crew. It was really a celebration for everyone was positive that the movie was going to be a hit. I was particularly thrilled that everything had gone so well. It was a wonderful break for me to have a part in a successful picture. If it had been a failure few people would have noticed me. As it was, my eventual stardom was assured.

The party was quite lively and all the stars congratulated everyone else on their role in the picture. Of course Dora was the center of attraction as she was the star, and the director and the producer were both thrilled with the work she had done. It was a wonderful party and I certainly was grateful that at last we could relax from the pressure of film-making. Although it seems like a glamorous profession there is a great deal of work in the production of a picture. Julius Meyers, the head of Cosmo Studios, made a congratulatory speech to everyone in the production which made us quite happy because commendation from the head of the studio was the final stamp of approval, except for the public reaction, and I do not think any of us had any doubts on that score.

In the gay atmosphere of the studio party it didn't take long for time to fly by and soon it was quite late in the afternoon. I began to make my way across the set to where Dora was talking to a small group of admirers. I knew she would be wanting to leave shortly and we hadn't even changed from our costumes. Suddenly someone put his arms around me from the back and picked me off the floor. "Guess who!" he shouted. It was Jimmie White, the screenwriter, and he was quite drunk. "Jimmie," I said. "Put me down." He put me down and then waltzed me about in a spin and my skirt and petticoats billowed out in a wide circle. "Let's everyone give a cheer for our new Georgia discovery, Miss Mabel Brown," he cried. Everyone clapped and I suddenly felt quite flustered and began to arrange my skirts modestly. Jimmie caught me tightly about the waist and kissed me full on the mouth. "Mabel," he said. "You're going to be just a wonderful actress." I pulled away in embarrassment and made my way

toward Dora and we left the party soon after.

That night Dora and I relaxed as there would be no filming the next day. We were both flushed and excited about the completion of the film but I could see that there was something seriously bothering Dora. She became more nervous as the night wore on. We were sitting in her boudoir as was our habit and both of us were dressed in matching silk robes and night-gowns. She was combing my hair which was getting quite long by this time and I felt her hands tremble. Finally, I asked her about it. "You've been nervous ever since the studio party this afternoon," I said. "I have never seen you so distracted before."

"Very well," she said. "I will have to tell you. I am really very concerned about men kissing you." I was surprised and pulled away from her. "Why, Dora! Whatever do you mean?"

"This afternoon," she replied, "Jimmie White kissed you. I have grown quite fond of you, Mabel, and I don't want you to begin getting involved in something that is--well, that is not right for you."

I was very surprised at her confession of concern. "Dora, darling," I said. "Surely you must know me by now. And anyway, Mr. White was drunk as you well know. If I have any romantic ideas they are only for women. I have never been deceived about that although others are, and you know it."

"Yes," she said and her slender fingers played with the lace at her throat. "I know you have said that but yet I never hear you mention any woman's name nor do you ever seem to be interested in any woman. Perhaps it isn't my right to be concerned, but I am anyway."

"Dora, the reason that I have never shown any interest in any woman is because I am already in love with a very beautiful girl." At this statement of mine Dora sat up straight and stared right at me. "Mabel, you have never given any indication of such a thing!"

"No, Dora. I could not. For you have been so generous to me I thought I would be unkind to impose further upon you. You see, Dora dearest, you are the girl. I have loved you from the first moment although I know this must sound very strange to your ears coming from one who seems as a girl to you."

Dora took my hand in hers and squeezed it tightly. "Oh, Mabel," she said. "If only I had known. I have grown to love you over these past months. That is why I was so nervous and concerned. The person that I know as Mabel Brown is so sweet and delightful that I could never imagine having a better friend and companion. I could not imagine better qualities in a lover either." It was then that I took Dora into my arms for the first time and kissed her, but not the sisterly kisses we had previously traded. I knew then that my life was complete for I could not imagine anything to make me happier. Impulsively I asked Dora if she would marry me and she said, "Oh, yes, Mabel....John. I would be very happy."

I suppose the reader can assume the rest from the newspaper reports. One weekend I quietly put on male clothes and Dora and I made a hurried trip to Mexico. The papers reported that the famous actress, Dora Dean, had been married to an unknown "businessman" from the east. But the next week Dora publically announced that it was all a dreadful mistake and she was going to seek an annulment and that her husband had gone back east to his business. She said that she would continue to share a home with the rising young actress Miss Mabel Brown and would devote her life to her "career". So it was that Dora and I were married although it is a fact that I can never make public.

This has been a very happy life for me and as the days go by almost unnoticed I grow more perfect in my role as a woman. Dora and I are very happy together, our marriage is a secret that has held us closer together than most ordinary marriages. I can now wear all of Dora's clothes perfectly and although I have my own wardrobe we share things all the time. My hair has grown out and it is really very thrilling to have it set and styled each week. Of course I own many

beautiful wigs and Dora and I both wear them on many occasions. I have long since stopped worrying about being discovered by anyone. My impersonation is so perfect that no one could possibly tell I am not a real girl and except for the time I am with Dora as a husband I feel more like a woman than a man.

But in case I get so confident that I become careless there is one incident which I wish to relate. It is an incident that happened toward the end of last year in a western picture I made with Dora. A scene in the picture called for me to be carried away on a runaway horse. I was to be filmed on the horse as it was led slowly behind the camera truck. Then a stunt man dressed as a girl was to change places with me and let the horse rush off toward some distant trees in which another camera was hidden. He was to fall off as they passed in front of the hidden camera. Unfortunately, when we began filming the scene the horse bolted and really ran off with me. I was thrown very soon and lay in a clump of brush with the wind knocked out of me. My dress was ripped clear to the waist and my underthings were torn so badly (including my breast padding) that they were useless. I was almost unconscious as the ambulance roared up with Dora and the director inside.

"Mabel, are you hurt?" the director shouted as the ambulance stopped. "No," I said and although I could hardly breathe I pulled the torn dress up over the remains of my brassiere. It would never do to be discovered like this. "Quick, put her in the ambulance and take her to the first aid tent," the director said. Dora sat with me in the back and an attendant pulled a blanket around me. As we pulled up to the tent through a crowd of people Dora whispered to me, "Can you walk?" She was almost in tears because she was so concerned over me.

The attendant had jumped out and opened the doors and was preparing to wheel me out on a stretcher. I sat up straight and whispered to Dora. "I'm an actress and I should be able to do anything. Will you take my arm?" Pulling the blanket about me I climbed from the ambulance on my own power. The director was frantic. "No, Mabel," he said. "You can't walk around. We've got to let the doctor examine

you. Dora, take her in the tent and have the nurse undress her and put her to bed!"

"No," I said. "There isn't a thing wrong with me. What sort of actress would I be if I let a little fall hold up production of the picture. I used to fall from horses all the time when I was a child, I can certainly do it now." The extras all gave a cheer for me then and I walked over to the dressing rooms. "I'll just get cleaned up and be back to work in an hour," I said. And though I didn't feel like it I walked proudly upright. The director frowned but he let me go.

As soon as I got into the dressing room I collapsed on the couch. The fall had hurt me more than I would admit but as there were no broken bones, I knew that with a little rest I would be alright. Dora helped me get out of my things and drew a hot bath. When I came from the bath she had laid out a new bra of pink satin overlaid with a delicate lace. With the proper padding it looked beautiful and as soon as I put it on I began to feel better immediately. I felt like Mabel Brown again and I slipped into a taffeta dressing gown and sat back on the couch to rest for awhile.

"That was certainly a close call," said Dora. "Yes, it was," I replied. "I am going to have to be very careful at all times." "We must both be careful," Dora said. "As we both have much to lose."

And indeed we do. For now I am so well known that I must never be found out. My life as an actress married to Dora Dean is so wonderful that I think I would die if I had to give it up. I am now a beautiful woman with an excellent career and I have everything any woman could want. I have furs and jewelry, dozens of evening gowns and dresses. I am so used to spike heels and tight satin corsets that I would never give them up. And beside this perfumed feminine life there is also the wonderful life with my darling Dora. I also have anything and everything that any man could wish for. And though I must pay a penalty of being forever on guard and not being able to tell anyone the secret of my sex (not even those in the transvestites club to which I can only go, ironically, on ladies nights). But it is really a small penalty. A very small penalty to pay for having a life with the fabulous Dora Dean—a life as a "Male Movie Actress".

THE END

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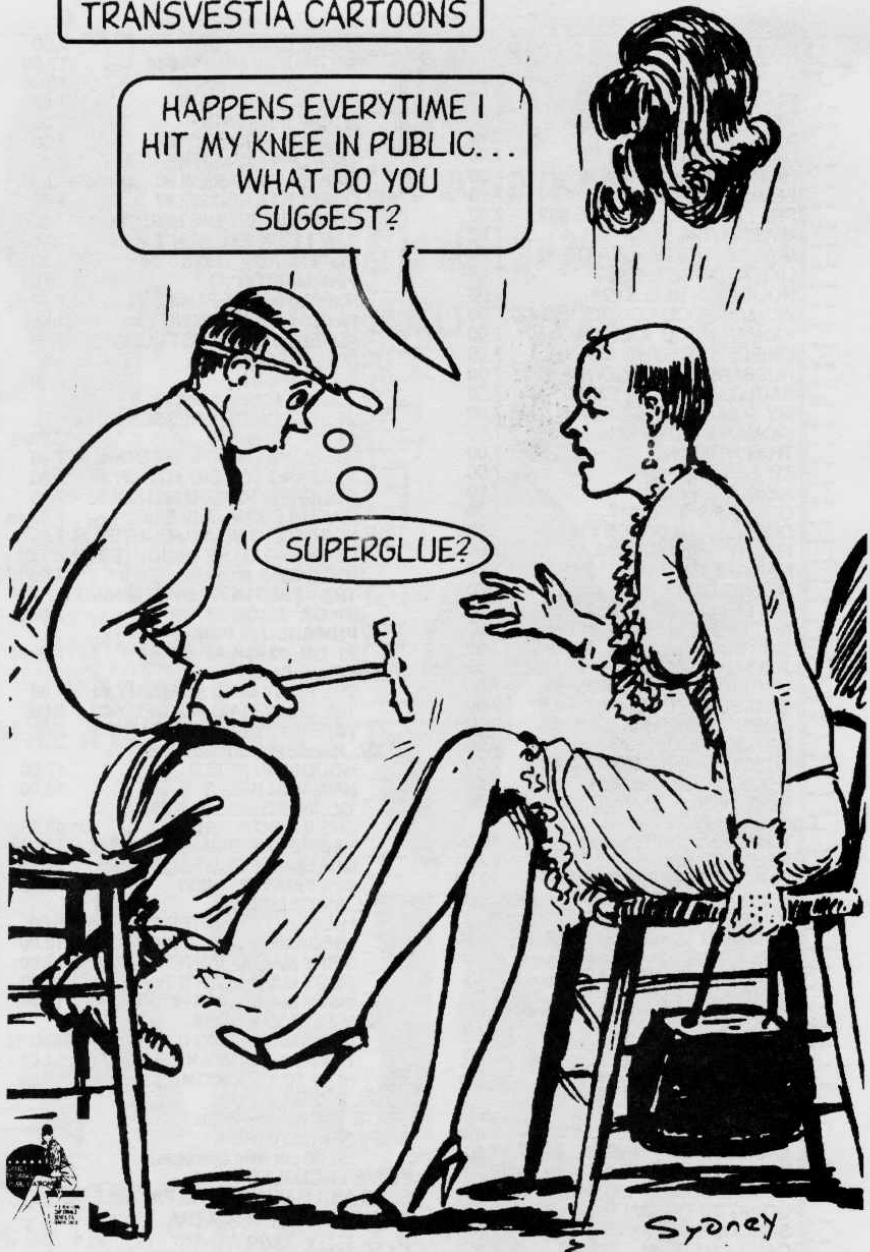
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PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

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Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

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After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

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Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

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The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

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The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

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A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

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We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

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A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

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Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
ONE & TWO**

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