

Artemis

To Lucy

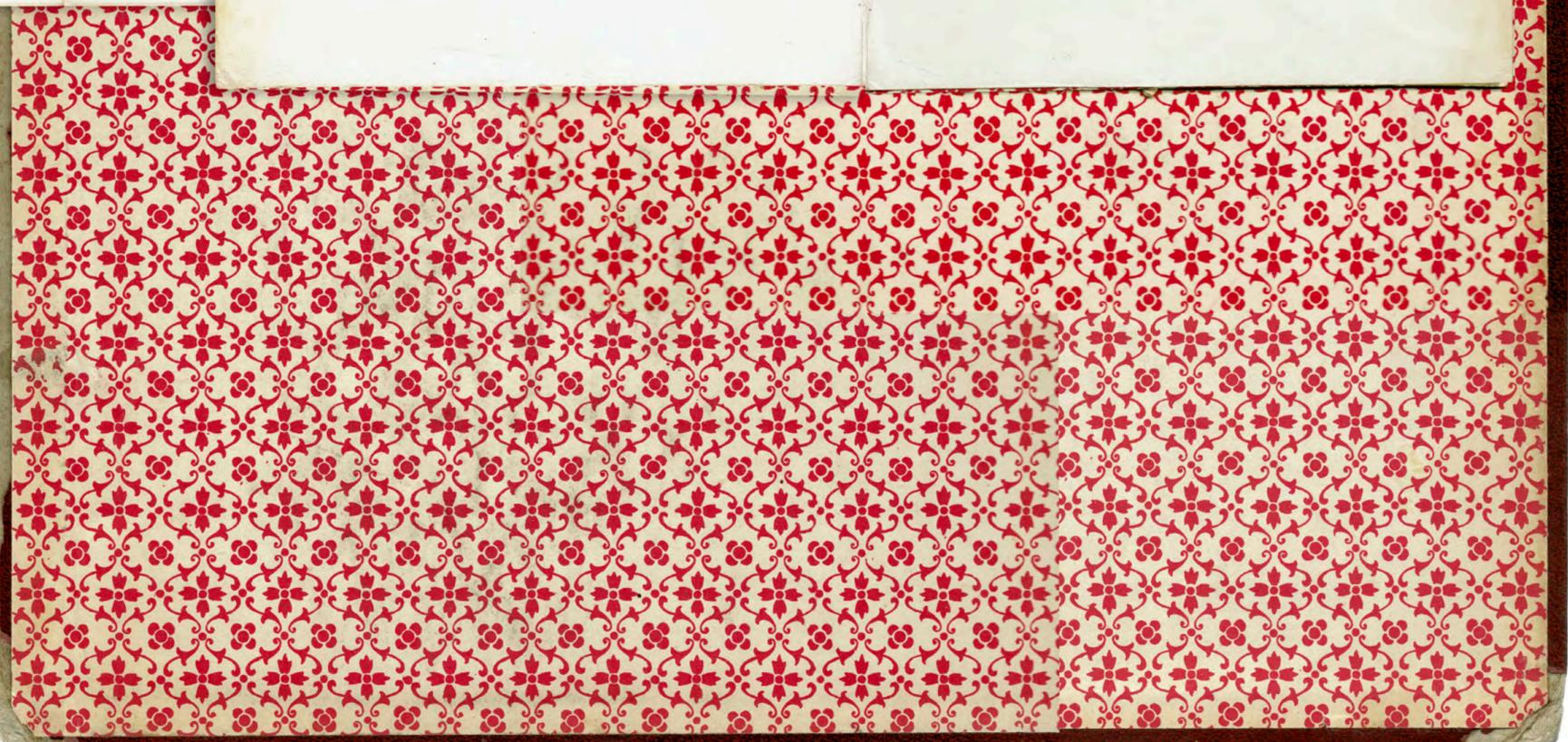
.....**Taken 20 Years AGO!**
(**STILL WANT TO BE MY VALENTINE?**)

NOT A
NOT U
NOT D
NOT M
NOT B
NOT T

NOT A
NOT A
R



*Love
Always*







JEANETTE



SUSANNA



EDITH SUSANNA DOREEN



SUSANNA DIANE EDITH SANDY

SUSANNA



#3



4-AT-J



GENVIEVE







#3



#2



#6



#2

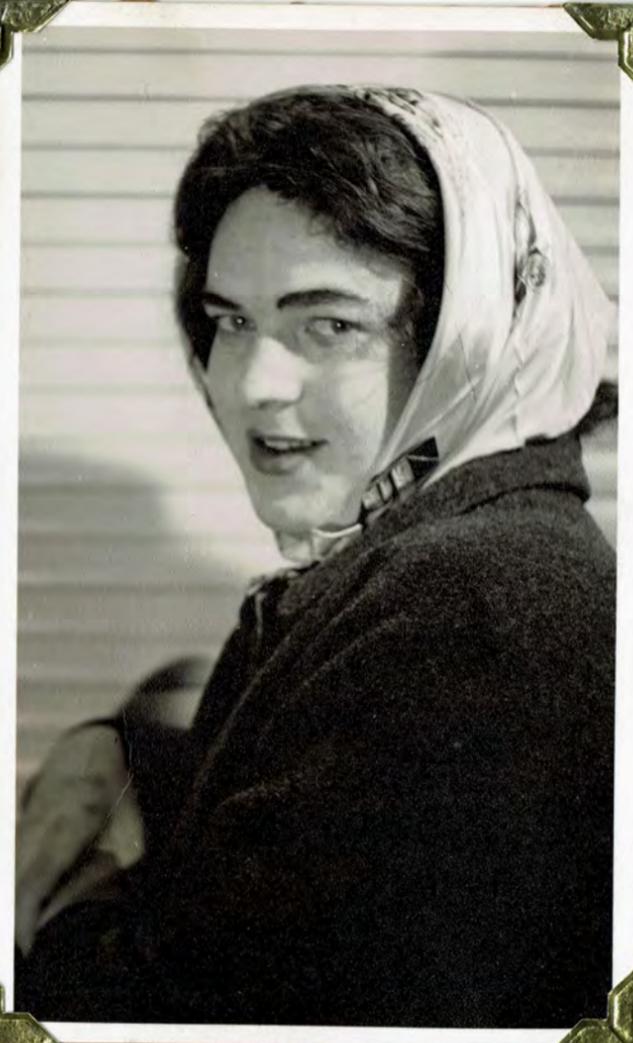


#1



ANITA





JOAN

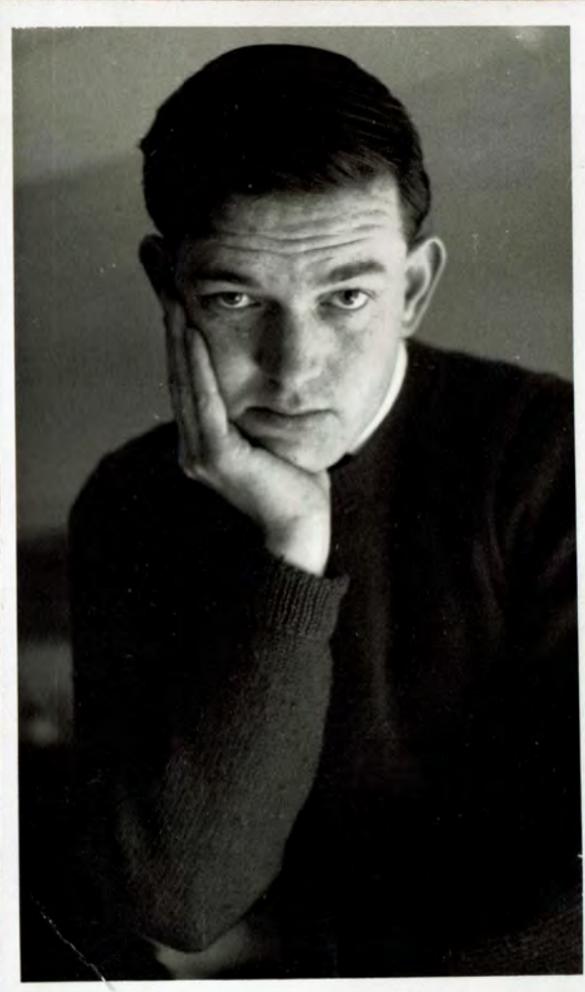


MANIE IRENE BEATRICE EDITH



IRENE





JACQUELINE DENISE

Merry Christmas '68
Esenia

Merry Christmas
Happy New Year
Ilona '62



RITA RIVA



RAE GORDON



FRANKIE GORDON
TERRY ALLEN



TONI MONROE

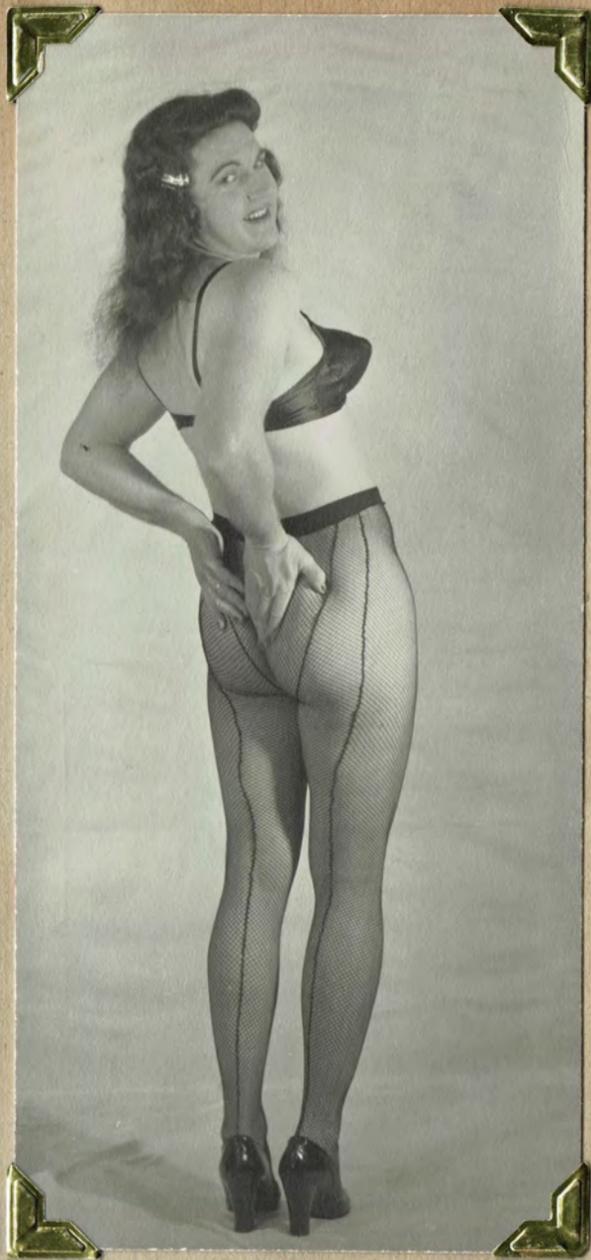


FRANKIE BENNETT



FRANKIE
RAE
TONI
RITA
BRYNA







ANITA



ANITA



ANITA



ANITA RAE



LEE



LEE KAREN
HALLOWEEN-1961



ANITA GLORIA SUSANNA





ROBIN



FELICITAS



GAIL



AUDREY



EDDY



EDITH SUSANNA



EDITH EDEN





GIGI LAURENCE







GIGI

VICKIE



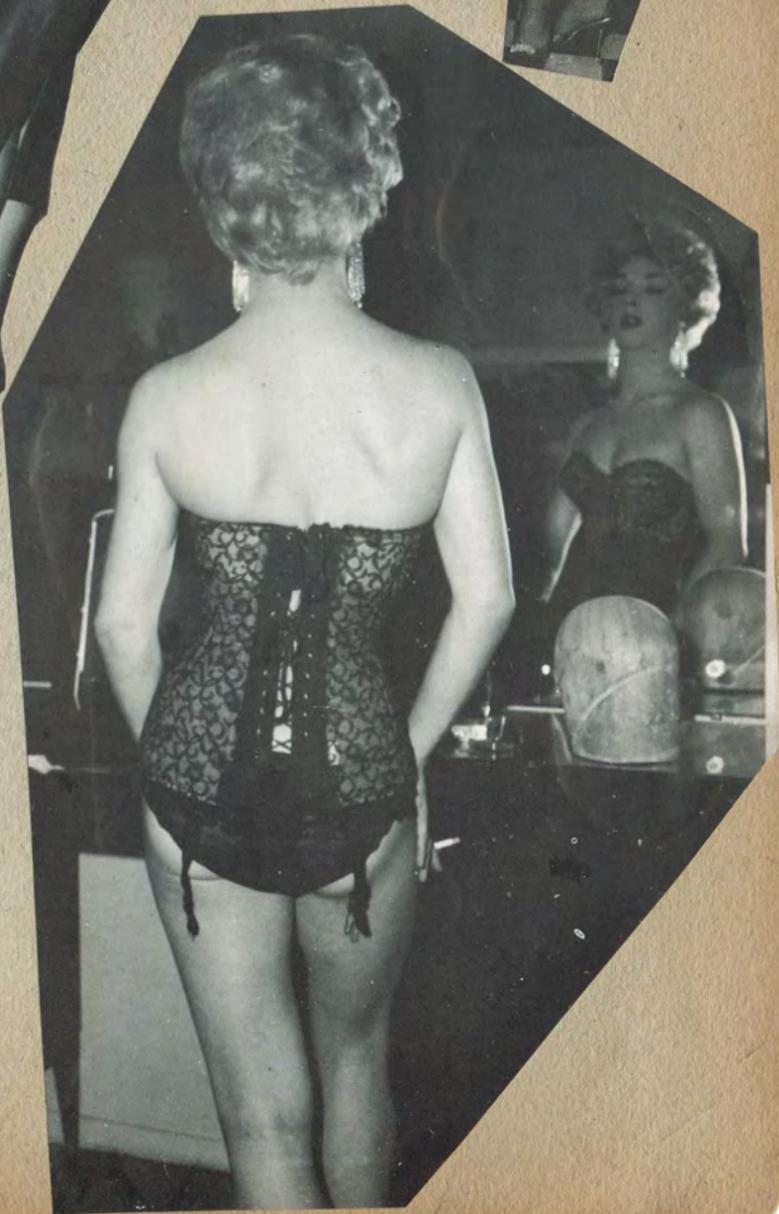
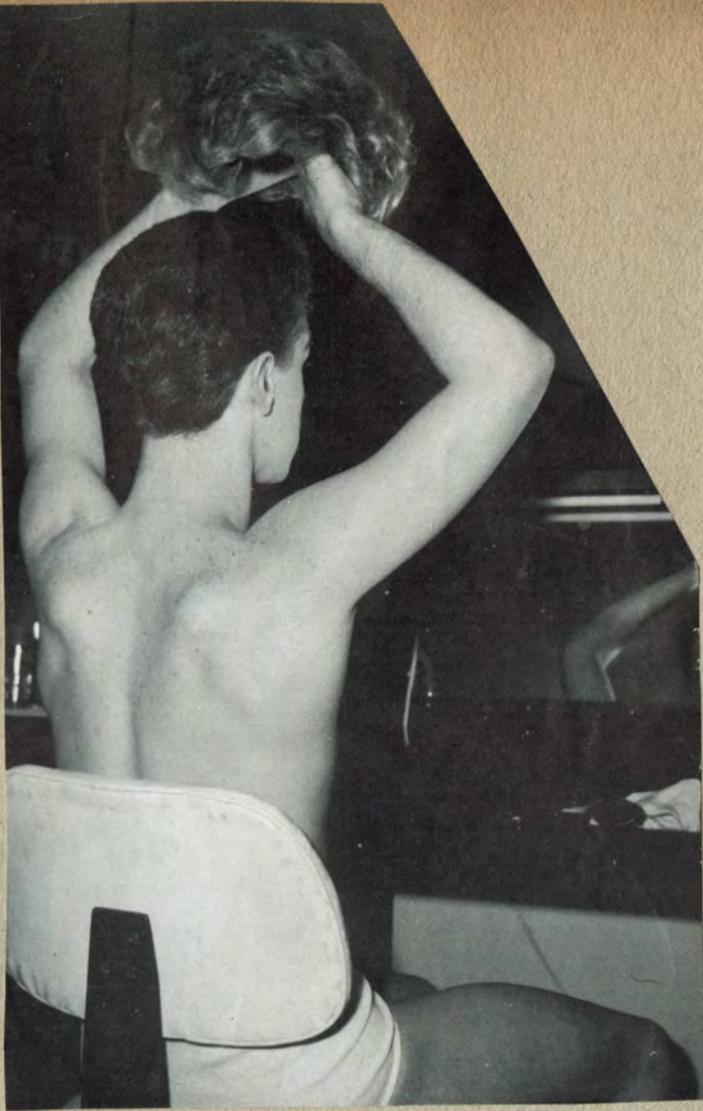
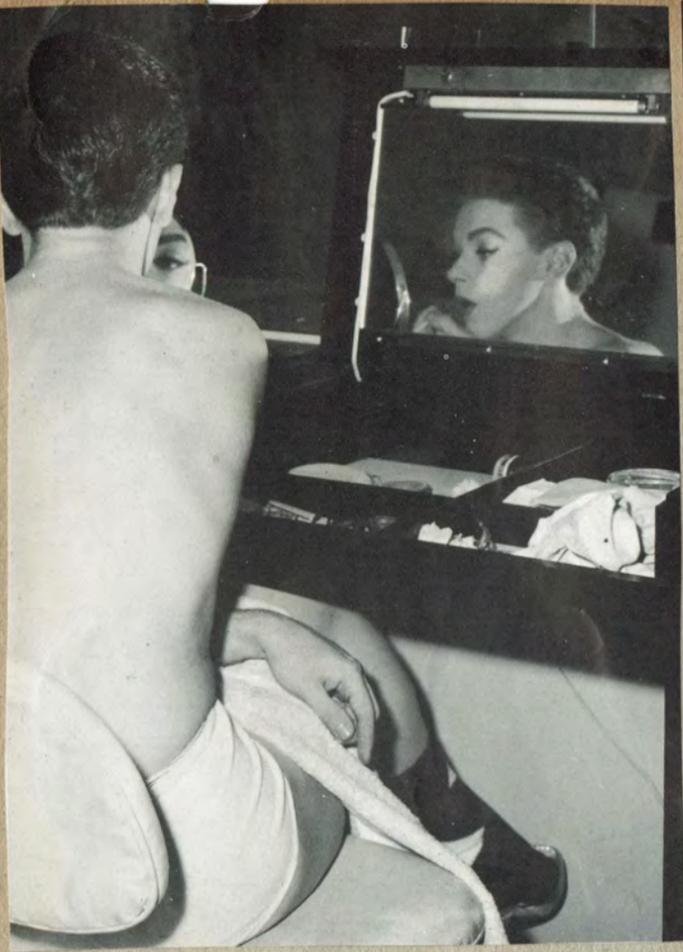


GIGI





Laurie
Allen







LAURIE

JAN
RICHARDS

VICKIE

JAN

VICKIE

LAURIE





JAN

GIGI

VICKIE



JAN

GIGI

VICKIE

LAURIE

LAURIE

VICKIE

JAN

GIGI





JAN

VICKIE



JAN

JAN



JAN

JAN
VICKIE



VICKIE



JAN VICKIE



JAN

TERRY



JAN

VICKIE



JAN

VICKIE



LYNNE

TERRY



TERRY
NOEL



Mr. Terry Noel



LYNNE

TERRY



TERRY

LYNNE

CHICKIE



LYNNE
ROBERTS





VICKIE

VICKIE

TERRY

JAN

CHICKIE

TERRY

LYNNE

JAN

LYNNE

JAN

VICKIE

TERRY

LYNNE

CHICKIE

LYNNE ROBERTS



LYNNE

TERRY

JAN

CHICKIE



VICKIE



VICKIE





TERRY

GEORGINA



R. K.



SHARON

SHARON
BLAKELY





BOBBETTE



CHICKIE



CHICKIE



CHICKIE RAMOS



BOBBETTE



BOBBIE
PARIS



BOBBIE
PARIS



EDIE





SHIRLEE



GINGER JAMES



BOBBETTE

EDIE

BOBBETTE



BOBBETTE

EDIE



EDIE

photos



MITZI

TINA



MITZI





BOBBIE

MITZI



BOBBIE

TINA



BOBBIE



BOBBIE



MITZI



MITZI

BOBBIE



DEE ANN

PAULA B

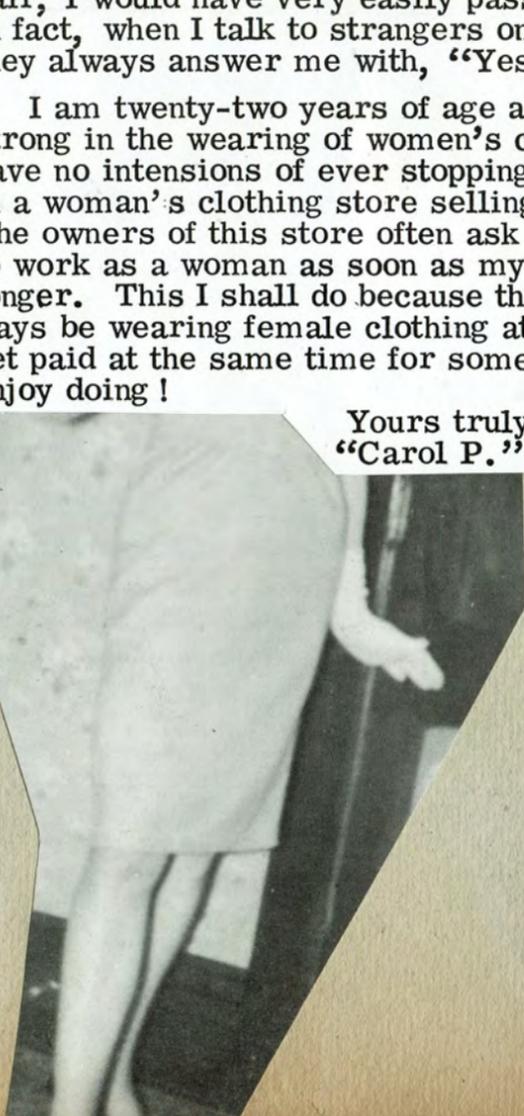
I don't know if you want this information or not, but just in case. I first started wearing girls' clothes when I was very young--I would say at about the age of eleven or twelve.

It was something which I enjoyed very much. My sister would loan me her clothes whenever I wanted to wear them. She would even buy me female clothing for presents. As a matter of fact, she still does!

When I was in high school, I was the only male cheer leader. A lot of my friends said that if they did not know me and if I had long hair, I would have very easily passed for a girl. In fact, when I talk to strangers on the telephone, they always answer me with, "Yes, Mam."

I am twenty-two years of age and still going strong in the wearing of women's clothing. I have no intensions of ever stopping. I work in a woman's clothing store selling dresses. The owners of this store often ask me to come to work as a woman as soon as my hair grows longer. This I shall do because then I shall always be wearing female clothing at work and get paid at the same time for something I really enjoy doing!

Yours truly,
"Carol P."









BOBBIE LINDIE
BETSY T



VERONICA

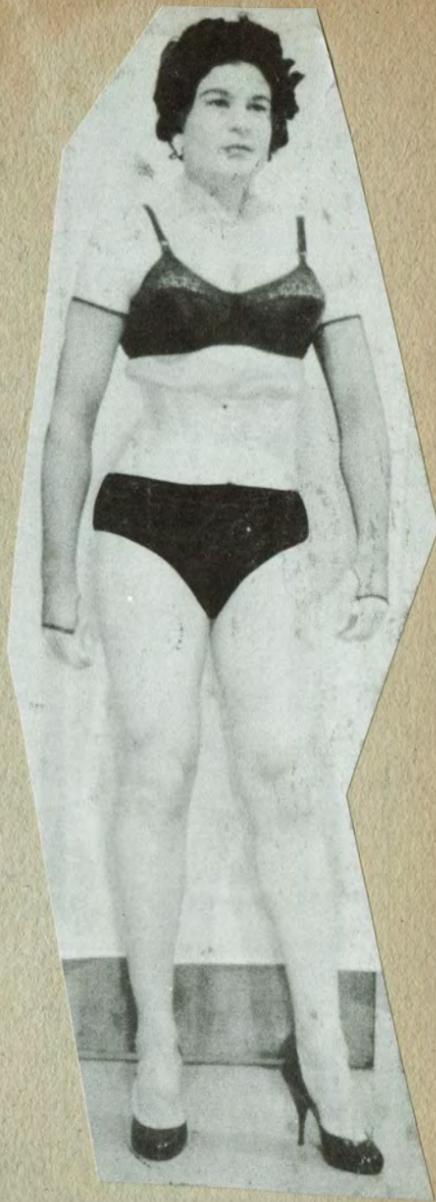


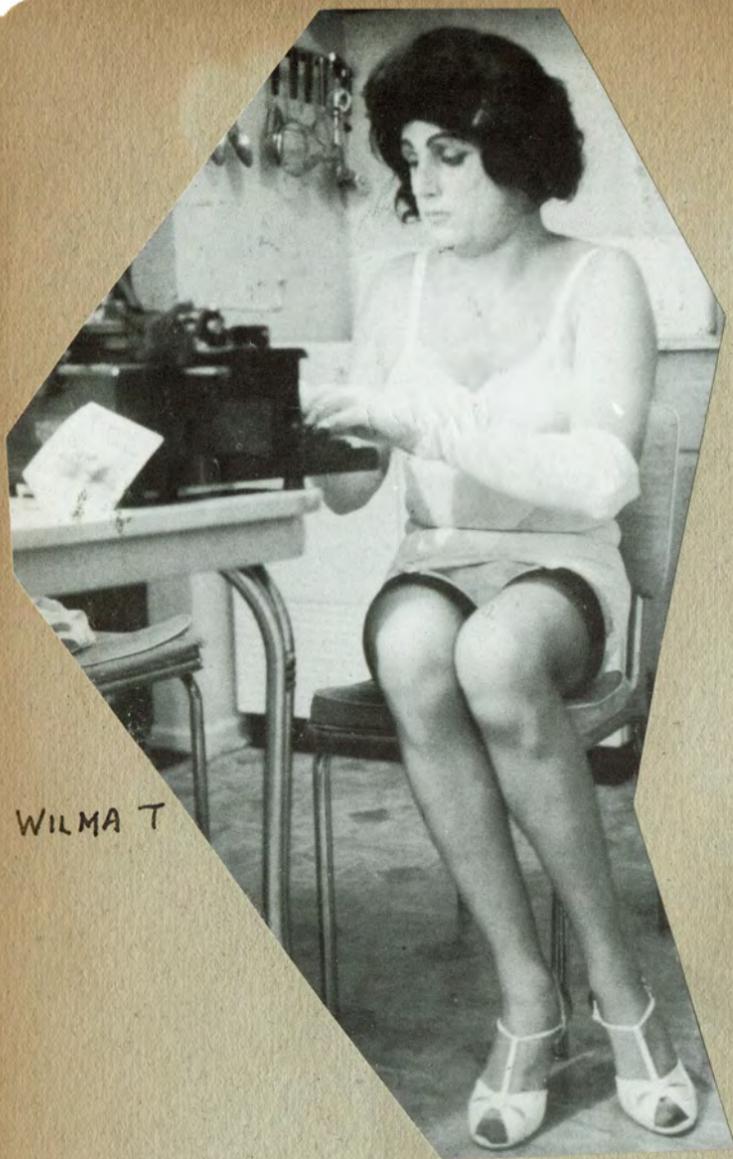
VERONICA





VERONICA





WILMA T



WILMA T



JOYCE J



GAY DAWN



GAY



JEAN R
JOBNA





MITZI

TINA



TINA

MITZI



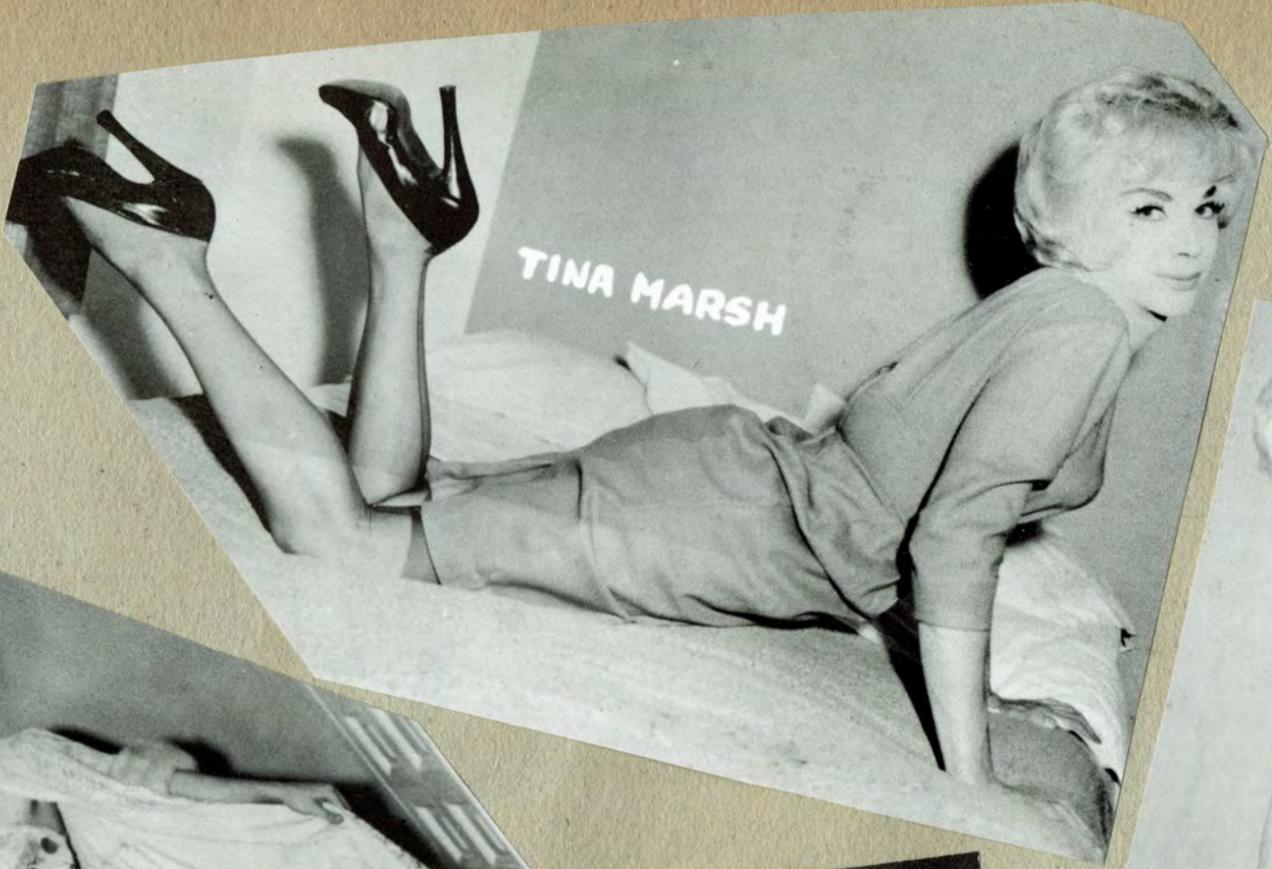
TINA MARSH



MITZI

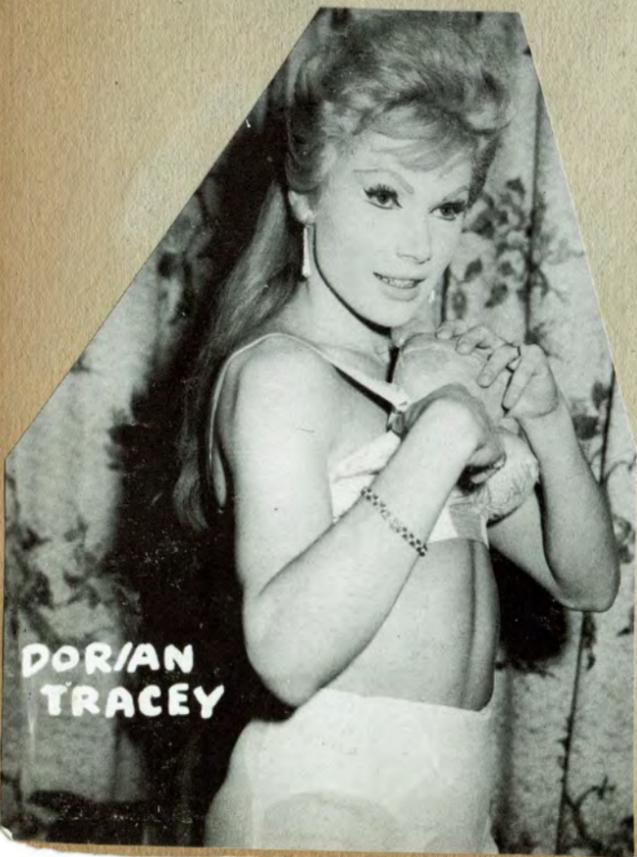
TINA





Mr. Johnny Marsh







VALARIE



DORE



DORE
D'AR



VAL



VALERIE KAYE

TY



VALERIE TINA DORIAN DORE



D O R E

TINA TINA DORIAN



D O R E
D'AR



TY

D O R E

D O R I A N

V A L



TY
B E N N E T T



JANIS P.



NORMA C



SYLVIA



SYLVIA





PAT ADDIE JACKIE



PAT DARES



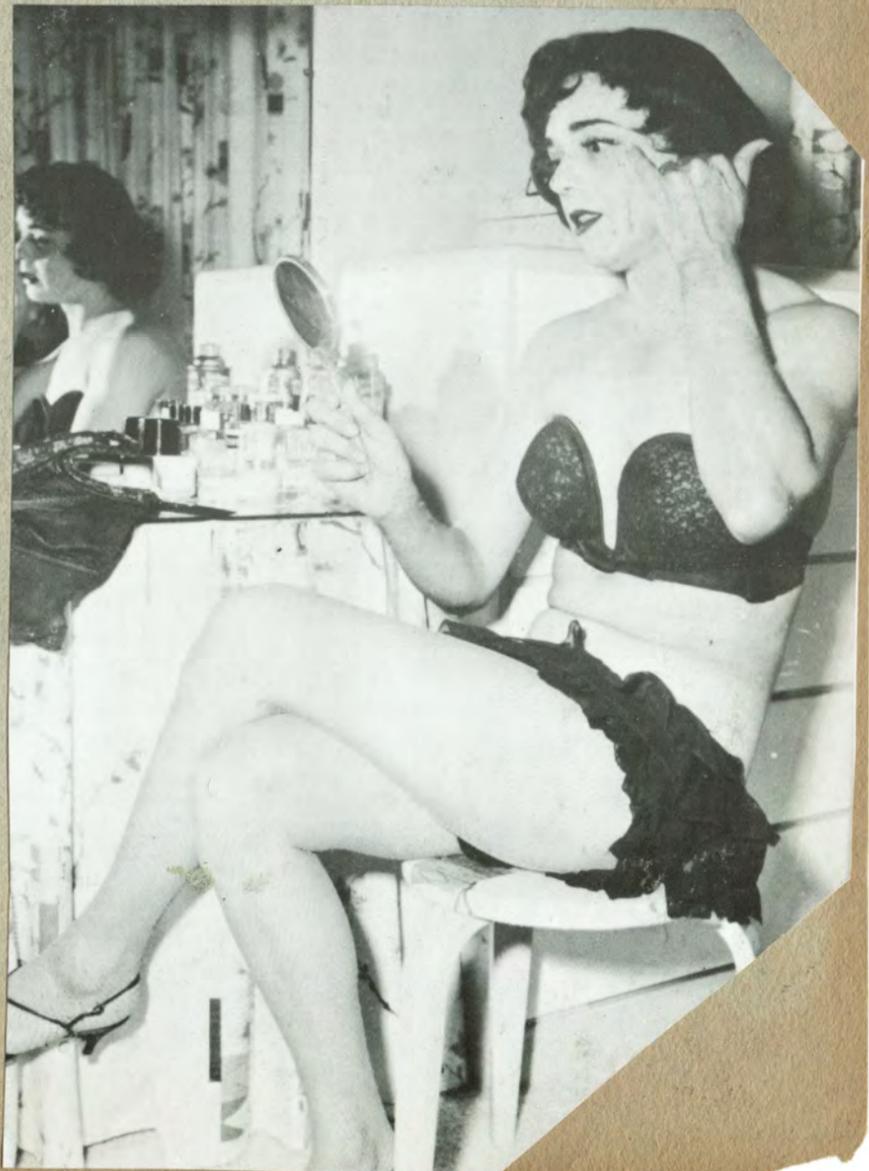
JACKIE



JACKIE ADDIE



JACKIE JACKSON





ADDIE
ADAMS



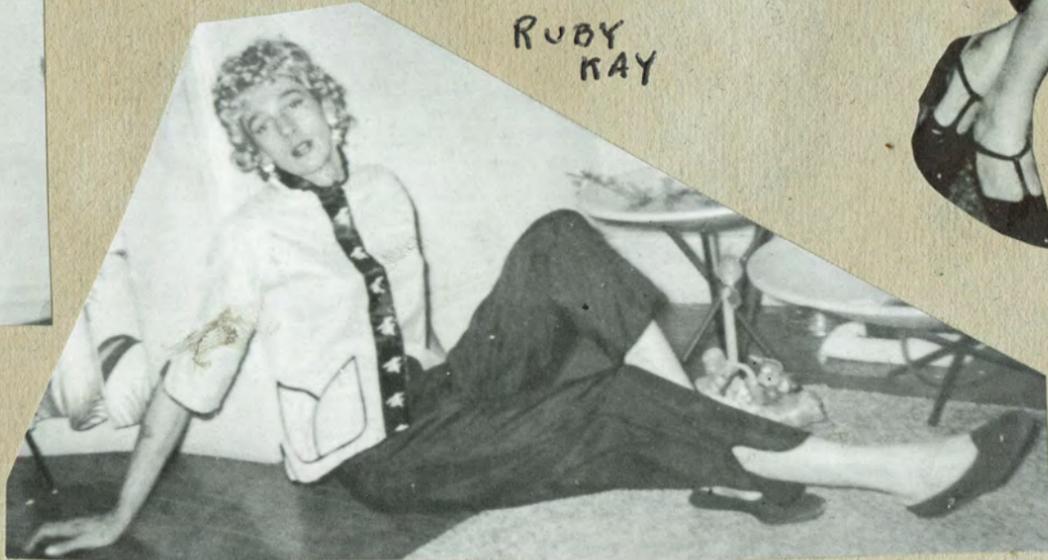


CAROLINE
&
STELLA
CHARLOTTE



CAROL
ANN B

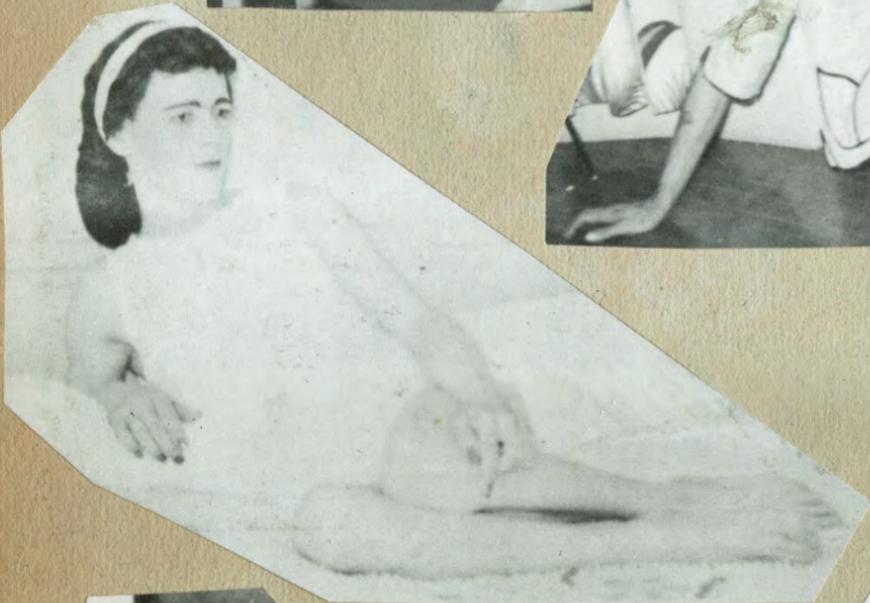




RUBY
RAY



BRENDA



NETTIE



LYNNE



NETTIE



JO
ROSEMARY
TU-16



MARILYN
LANER



THIS BEAUTIFUL GAL WAS REALLY A MAN

She appeared to be one of the most beautiful girls ever to be arrested by Montreal police. The face was piquantly attractive under a stylish Italian boy haircut. A white linen blouse and silk skirt set off a well-rounded figure and shapely legs.

The charge was participating in the attempted hold-up of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, 2395 St. Catherine St. East.

The teller, Nicole Turcotte, had been impressed when the pretty, fashionably-dressed customer had entered the bank. She was equally impressed by the substantial pistol pointing at her. Nicole quickly handed over nearly \$1000.

With the money clutched in her hand, the lady called to her accomplice. A "nice-looking" young fellow stood guard at the door with his hands in his pockets, making motions as if a gun was concealed.

BOARDED BUS
Moving fast, both the girl and the young man scuttled out of the bank. Several bank employees saw the pair board a No. 15 St. Catherine St. bus, and called the cops.

Police caught up with both a short time later.

At the jail, as they were being booked, one of the attendant police started to detect a distinct bass quality in the voice of the beautiful prisoner.

The Editor, "Justice Weekly".
Dear Sir,

I send you this letter and I will be very glad if you publish it. I am the mother of a "she-boy" who is 17 years old. I have a most wonderful life with this darling and I want to tell you about some of the experiences I have had with my son. I am sure that many of your readers will be interested in what I have to say.

My husband died one year after our son was born. I inherited a little fortune. I live alone with my son in a spacious house. When he was 3 years old, I noticed that he had great feminine tendencies.

He used to play only with little girls. He had their manners and his face was not masculine at all. At that time, thinking that his feminine tendencies would pass, I bought him some dolls so that he could play with his little friends. I also used to put some nail polish on his fingernails.

QUEER PAIR
Caron admitted that he had lived with Serge St. Martin, 20, of 2485 St. Zotique St., as a girl for several years. He was reluctant to shed his feminine finery for the regular attire of men in jail—denims and a shirt.

He told police Serge was his "girl friend."

Police charged that the couple had been guilty of a series of hold-ups, using the same technique in all of them.

Andre, posing successfully as a pretty, well-to-do girl, would scout a likely looking bank or store as a customer and then "hold the joint up with a gun" as soon as there were few customers around.

The courageous bank teller ruined their racket.

I said: "It is a boy!"
She said: "What? That creature is a boy!"
I said yes and I told her that his name was "Sophia".
She said: "Sophia! For a boy?"

He continued to wear cutex the following years. Wherever we went, everybody was surprised to see a boy with cutex on his nails. "Sophia" always had his fingernails painted but he was wearing boy's clothes.

One day, when "she" was 14, "she" arrived at home with some boys. And "she" told me that "she" had bought a girdle, several pairs of panties, brassieres, 2 crinolines, nylon stockings, high heel-shoes, a dress and cosmetics . . . all that for "her"!!!

I told "her" to dress like a girl to see what "she" would look like in the feminine clothes. "She" dressed and oh! how divine "she" looked! "She" had panties, a girdle, a bra, stockings, a crinoline, red high heel shoes and a red dress. "She" had cutex, lipstick, rouge, mascara, perfume, a string, big earrings and bracelets! As "her" hair was quite long, she looked exactly like a girl.

That night I went to the movies and to a restaurant with "Sophia" (dressed as a girl).

Since that night, "Sophia" has always had girl's clothes. "She" comes with me to fashion shows, to the hairdresser, etc. My son lives like a girl and how happy we both are!

Actually "she" is now wearing pink panties, a pretty corsetette, stockings, 3 (yes three!) crinolines, pink heel shoes and a very large (indeed) pink dress. "She" has cutex, lipstick, rouge, mascara, perfume, earrings, a big string and bracelets. "She" is divine! We are going to a party. There will be only women and . . . "Sophia".

"She" walks, talks and behaves just like a girl. And "she" is so happy!

I am very glad to be the mother of such a divine "she-boy" and I hope that other mothers of "she-boys" will write to you about their experiences with their lovely "daughters".

Thank you very much and I hope that you will publish my letter.

"Mother of 'she-boy'."

Man Dons Skirt, Hangs Self

BILOXI, Miss. (AP)—A 49-year old lumber was found hanged in his home Tuesday, dressed in woman's clothes and wearing makeup and jewelry.

A coroner's jury ruled Burt Hurley hanged himself with a rope. His hands were tied in front of him by a cord, smeared with lipstick.

Coroner Frank Hightower said Hurley wore a purple skirt and white blouse and a purple ribbon around his hair. Jewelry he wore included beads, ear rings and a bracelet. He had on lipstick and his finger nails were painted red. This was the first time Hurley had been seen in feminine clothing.

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

An almost unbelievable letter was received by the "LETTERS" columnist of a Parisian weekly. Here are the most important excerpts from it:

"At the age of seventeen I became involved with a girl friend who was ten years older than I. In order to avoid a scandal while at the same time keeping me as her lover, she suggested that I disguise myself in women's clothing. Thus we could continue to see each other without arousing suspicions.

"I was reluctant but since I loved her so much I finally agreed . . . Decked out in female clothing I slowly began to acquire the gestures and mannerisms of a woman. When I went out with my mistress no one even suspected I was a young man.

"Outside of my relationship with my girl friend (which was quite normal) I began living like a woman and even took over some household duties. This has now been going on for ten years and by now I'm considered an attractive and much sought after woman. Many men have started flirting with me; some have even asked for my hand in marriage! . . .

"By now I've become so accustomed

to living like a woman that it would be hard to revert back to the clothes of my own sex. My mistress says I'm not harming anyone and that if I now switched back to the way I used to live it would mean the end of our happiness. What shall I do?

The answer: "A situation that has been going on for ten years can continue for another ten, I imagine. It's a very unusual mode of life but it is true you are not exactly harming anyone.

"Since so many women wear pants nowadays, I suppose a man may wear skirts if he so desires. However I don't understand the practical details of your existence. What about your military service? And don't you go to work? I suppose that your mistress is keeping you. What about your family? Aren't they amazed at the way you live? If you've never had to show your identification papers to anyone you must indeed have had luck on your side.

"At any rate your letter proves that even in this day and age some incredible situations continue to exist. Those who are intrigued by mystery and fantasy will indeed be interested in your case."

The Amazing Dilemma Of Kenneth Johnson

TWO days ago 25-year-old Kenneth Johnson, spruce in grey flannels and sports coat, walked out of Wormwood Scrubs Prison to face with the help of specialists a fantastic dilemma. Shall he continue his life as a man or as a woman?

Most of his adult life, in fact, has been spent as a woman—in an amazing four-year masquerade that once led Kenneth to the altar as a bridesmaid and twice fooled the police.

In a fact-is-stranger-than-fiction episode his masquerade reached its climax when he found himself sent in a Black Maria to Holloway, the women's prison, and then despatched some hours later to Brixton as a man.

Here, in his own words, is the astonishing story of his double life.

By Kenneth Johnson Himself

It is a strange story. It is a story of uncertainty—the terrible, deep, basic uncertainty of not knowing whether I was born to be a man or a woman.

Most of his adult life, in fact, has been spent as a woman—in an amazing four-year masquerade that once led Kenneth to the altar as a bridesmaid and twice fooled the police.

Rows At Home And I Go Dancing As A Girl

I never knew my parents. My mother abandoned me and I was taken in by foster-parents as a baby. On my birth certificate are the names Kenneth Paul and the sex "Male." I went to two schools, both run by nuns, and at first I was a normal, healthy boy.

Then I began to show traces of femininity. I preferred mixing with the girls at school. I would watch football matches but never joined in. I liked dolls better than catapults.

At 13 or 14 my voice broke and sounded as deep as those of other boys. My mother was forever nagging me to more masculine. Finally the rows over this became too much for me and I left home for lodgings in Cricklewood. I was 16.

Soon afterwards I went out in public as a girl for the first time. There was a masquerade dance at Camberwell and a girl I knew lent me some of her clothes to wear. I went in a strapless, off-the-shoulder black lace evening dress, and a wig. I also wore make-up and women's underwear.

Next day I was back at work as a young man in trousers and jacket, but I could not get the memory of that evening out of my mind. I had never felt so relaxed in my life as I did that night and it haunted me.

I began to let my hair grow, but it was too slow for me so I bought a wig. A month later I went out as a woman again. I visited a cinema at Richmond dressed in a black skirt, white jumper, navy blue coat and flat-heeled shoes.

Again I had that wonderful relaxed feeling. It was then I realised something deep and mysterious was taking place within me. I was a normally developed young man yet I only felt really happy when I was dressed as a woman. I pondered to and fro. I thought about it for hours. Then I came to a decision.

I decided to live as a woman. So one day I left my digs at Cricklewood where I had been living as a man and booked in at lodgings in Putney.

My Favourite Outfit

My hair grew to shoulder-length and not a soul ever dreamed I was a man. For years I dressed and thought like a woman. I left my job in London and travelled around the country picking up work where I could find it.

My favourite outfit was a tight black skirt and a jumper of either black or white. My shoes were black, high-heeled, usually with starchy petticoats underneath. At first I went in for loud colours—shocking pinks and blues—but I soon realised I was too flashy and went the opposite way to achieve a more sober effect. After all, I did not want people to notice me too much.

My shoes, usually high-heeled, felt clumsy walking in flat heels after a time. I always wore nylons.

A Foursome Two-Day Trip With Policeman

I could not go to a beauty salon for massage because of my beard. I shaved about once every three days. Often during my travels I shared flats or rooms with girls and had to get up and shave while they were still in bed.

One man fooled by my pose was a London policeman whom I met when I made up a foursome one night with a girl friend. We went to the pictures, had a drink afterwards and got on well.

During the evening, he told me about a motor-cycle trial he was taking part in and asked me if I would like to go along. Just for fun I went. I wore black boots and a skirt with my hair up. The trip lasted two days and we stayed overnight in two single rooms at a hotel.

I was living in London when I acted as bridesmaid for a girl I had met at work. The night before the ceremony I stayed at the bride's home in Teddington and after all the men had gone off to a stag-party I helped the women make a last-minute alteration to one of the dresses. I am quite handy with a needle.

That night I slept in the same bed as one of the women guests. Next morning I carried

out the bridesmaid's traditional role of helping the bride to dress.

I think I should explain one matter at this point. At no time has close proximity to women meant anything to me. No harm was ever suffered by any girl who innocently accepted me as one of her sex. My pose had no evil consequences.

Now I come to the most amazing part of my story—the way I fooled the police and even the wardresses at Holloway Prison into thinking I was a woman.

In The Cell Then To Court Dressed As A Woman

I was living in a flat in Paddington in July, 1956, when some property was missed and I was charged with theft. That night I was confined in a cell at Paddington Green police station in the care of a police matron who had searched me. Next day at Marylebone Court I was remanded in custody for a week.



Kenneth just over six months ago. The shoulder-length hair is his own.

Next day they gave me a man's brown suit but I kept my shoulder-length blonde hair and wore it tied back with a bowditch they gave me. For three days I sewed small-bags but there were too many remarks about my hair among the other prisoners so I was transferred to the hospital.

The morning I went to court I left the prison in men's clothing but on the way in the Black Maria, I changed back into my women's clothes and went in the dock like that. The charges against me were dismissed.

I Told Them So Kathleen Became Kenneth

My next brush with the police led to the six months' sentence I have just served for stealing a wallet. I had gone to Southsea and one day I was arrested because the London police wanted me.

I was charged as a woman, and once again I appeared in court as a woman, my name being given as Kathleen. I was remanded to Holloway Prison but at the last moment I could not face going through it all again. So down in the court cells I told them I was a man.

For ten days I was on remand in Brixton Prison hospital. My hair was still long. This time I went into court in men's clothing but I left my hair up and my hair plaited down. And I now appeared on the charge sheet as Kenneth.

I went to Wormwood Scrubs to serve my sentence and the first thing they did was to order my hair to be cut off.

Now I have just come out and once more I have to face life. But at this time I have more hope of attaining happiness. Arrangements have been made for me to start a course of treatment at once.

For the next few days at least I shall be living as a man. I am to have a long heart-to-heart chat with a specialist. And then I am going to make the biggest decision of my life—the final decision, with no turning back.

I shall have to answer this question—are you, Kenneth Johnson, going to spend the rest of your life as a man or as a woman?

bathrooms, consisting of cubicles with large wooden slats forming grilles in the doors. Inside a cubicle I turned my back to the door, slipped out of the bra and towel and climbed into the bath. After hunkering myself I again put on the bra and towel and my head was then searched by a prison officer for hairpins.

With about five others I then had to line up for the woman doctor's medical examination. One by one, as their names were called, my fellow prisoners went in. When my turn came I walked into the room and realised I could not keep up my deception any longer. I hesitated. I paused for a moment and then I said "I am a man."

It was obvious the doctor did not believe me. She looked at the wardress standing nearby and smiled as if I was joking. So I carried out her instructions to undress, immediately the doctor called in another prison officer and they rushed me into a cell. They gave me back my clothes and I got dressed.

Five hours later a police car containing two men prison officers from Brixton came for me.

HER 'GIRL' PAL (IN SAME) FLAT WAS A MAN...



Daily Sketch Reporter

TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD Jennifer Cameron lived with a man for five months and believed he was a girl.

She told me about 25-year-old Kenneth Johnson last night, after he was jailed for six months for theft.

Waitress Jennifer, who lives in Ashburton-road, Portsmouth, said "she" was posing as a woman.

Johnson used the name

Kathleen Kemp. "Kay" was a waitress, too," she said. "We became great friends right away, and later shared a flat."

"Our interests were the same. So were our measurements except that she wore falsies—and we often borrowed each other's frocks."

"And so many times we shared a bed because friends were staying with us."

"Kay had a lovely wardrobe. Elegant, low-cut dresses, and so on. And nice jewellery, too."

"When she was really dressed up she made me look quite plain. There was certainly nothing mannish about her."

They're Glad to Be Rid of Her—or Him

LONDON, Oct. 15—(AP)—A defendant named STRANGE-Johnson was brought into the Old Bailey Court Tuesday and strange was the word for it. The authorities were unable to decide whether the prisoner was a man or a woman.

With the traditional British genius for compromise, they treated him, or her, as both. Normally a male prisoner stands in the dock flanked by a male warder. A female prisoner is escorted by a female warder.

This one—introduced as Kenneth Strange-Johnson, 31—was flanked by a warder of each sex.

Kenneth, or Kathleen, was charged with keeping a disorderly house. He, or she, pleaded guilty and was fined 30 pounds (\$84).

Prosecutor Maitland Lincoln said the arrest caused all sorts of confusion because Mr. or

Miss Strange-Johnson was biologically a genuine in-between.

First, the police took Kenneth, or Kathleen, to the Brixton Prison for men. Brixton declined to accept him, or her, insisting Kenneth was more female than male.

The police then tried to fob off Kathleen, or Kenneth, on the Holloway Prison for women. Holloway said nothing doing—too much Kenneth in Kathleen.

In court, Kathleen, or Kenneth, was dressed as woman. She, or he, explained that she, or he, planned shortly to undergo an operation which would end the ambiguity once for all.

"I will then be truly a woman."

Miss or Mr. Strange-Johnson then said he, or his, fine and left amid signs of relief from one and all.

PARTY WIGGLE

"At parties Kay often did the Marilyn Monroe wiggle. It was terrific."

"We used to go drinking at some of the best hotels, and Kay had many boy friends. Once she was going steady with a Royal Marine officer."

Jennifer sighed. "I can't believe it even now. There was nothing Kay enjoyed better than pushing out the neighbours' children, and we always said she'd make a wonderful mother."

"Kay wrote to me from remand jail and said: 'The thing which is worrying me most is that they will cut my blonde hair off.'"

"Now I'm saving up for Kay, because when she returns she'll have nothing."

Her last word about Johnson, who was living in Castle-road, Portsmouth, when he was arrested: "I will make sure she has every chance of a fresh start—as a woman."

Kenneth yesterday at Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment in London.

I WOULD like to direct the attention of Mr. Geoffrey Raphael, Magistrate at Marylebone, London, Court, to the following report.

A few days ago, 29-year-old Robin Ashton-Rose, of Russell Gardens Mews, Kensington, stood in court accused of failing to stop after the Rolls-Royce he was driving was involved in an accident.

Ashton-Rose, who was fined £5, appeared in court dressed as a woman, wearing a black two-piece suit, high heels and a blonde wig.

THIS WAS NO MASQUERADE

No one expressed any great surprise at his appearance. It seemed to be regarded as a harmless masquerade... even a joke, albeit in bad taste.

So it is just as well that the court, and also those newspapers who lightly reported the case, should know

by
PATRICK KENT

the truth about Robin Ashton-Rose... THAT HE IS RUNNING A MONSTROUS ESTABLISHMENT OF DEPRAVITY AND VICE IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

Ashton-Rose secures his "customers" through the well-known method of advertising in shop display boards. A typical postcard in Queensway, Bayswater, last week, said:

"Young lady seeks interesting and unusual part-time employment. Phone Miss Lovitt."

A team of "People" investigators rang the number given.

INVESTIGATOR No. 1 reported: A person with a

high-pitched voice answered. The conversation was short and to the point.

"I was invited to call at a house in Russell Gardens Mews for an immoral purpose."

"A platinum blonde wearing a green tweed dress and high-heeled shoes opened the pink-painted front door of a flat above a workshop. I recognised Ashton-Rose, who took me into a small bedroom where he made an immoral suggestion."

FOR SALE—A CHILD OF 16

"When I declined he left the room and reappeared with a young girl. He said she was only 16 and asked me if I was interested in her."

"At this point I made an excuse and left." The investigator also re-

ported that during the 15 minutes he was in the flat Ashton-Rose had 11 'phone calls and gave the address on each occasion.

INVESTIGATOR No. 2 reported: "Ashton-Rose was wearing his hair piled on his head in a very smart fashion when I called."

'BRING PLENTY OF MONEY'

"When I asked him about it he said it was a wig on which he had spent £100."

"He told me that he could easily afford to spend such a sum because business was so good. Besides the mews flat he said he owned a number of other properties."

"When I made an excuse to leave he invited me to a party that night and told me to bring plenty of money as I would meet plenty of young girls."

"At the party I was introduced to a person with a mop of silver-grey hair and who wore a tightly fitting satin dress. This also was a man. He referred to Ashton-Rose as Robina."

"A young woman was also present who referred to Ashton-Rose as 'Madam.'"

"After a number of immoral suggestions had been made I found an opportunity to leave."

Ashton-Rose's present activities are not his first excursion into vice.

IN CATALOGUE OF SHAME

A photograph of him dressed as a woman appeared in the notorious "Ladies' Directory"—a catalogue of prostitutes and evil women—before that publication was banned.

He is obviously prepared to stoop to any depth of degradation to make money.

The fact that it is so easy for him to find "clients" is a disgraceful commentary on modern society.

There is no doubt that Ashton-Rose makes a handsome profit from his sordid business.

Our investigators each paid £3 the moment they entered the flat.

When the girl was introduced, the sum of £15 was demanded.

Judging by the number of phone calls he received while our investigators were

present, Ashton-Rose "entertains" not less than 20 visitors a day.

Assuming that each pays a minimum of £3, the income is considerable.

No wonder Ashton-Rose owns a Rolls-Royce and is seen in an expensive red sports car.

How does he get away with it?

In some ways the law itself is responsible.

It makes it far too easy for the police to enter suspected vice dens or to infiltrate into the circles of the evil men who run them.

Surely it is time that the law was amended so that people like Robin Ashton-Rose could be trapped—and London freed from a monstrous shame.

Then, of course, there is the question of the income tax authorities.

No doubt they will be looking closely into the business that provides Ashton-Rose with his wealth.

'COUNTLESS ROWENA' NO LADY

THE blonde whose Rolls-Royce was in a crash told police: "My name is Countess Rowena de Silva of Greece." But in fact "she" was a man—Robin Ashton-Rose, 29—a court heard yesterday.

This was the story told to the Marylebone magistrate when Ashton-Rose pleaded guilty to giving a false name and address and not stopping after the accident.

Ashton-Rose's Rolls skidded in Baywater-road, London, and collided with a Rover driven by Mr. Anthony Schneider, a traveller. The Rolls drove off. Mr. Schneider gave chase.

When he was questioned Ashton-Rose, still dressed as a woman, told the police that he lived in Uxbridge-street, Kensington.

Later still he went to another police station and told them his correct name and gave his correct address—Russell Gardens-mews, Kensington.

'Dared Not...'

Wearing a black two-piece, high heels and with painted fingers, nails and blonde hair, Ashton-Rose told the court in a cultured voice:

"I dared not disclose that I was a man at the time, or the other driver would have set about me. He was extraordinarily abusive."

"Instead, I gave my name as that of my mother, who is a Countess, and an address that I had only just left."

"When I had collected my thoughts I went to another police station."

Ashton-Rose was fined £5. He refused to comment after the case and drove away in his Rolls with two friends.

Mr. Schneider, of Old Nichol-street, Shoreditch, said: "I was flabbergasted when I learned 'she' was a man. I was completely fooled."



Fair-haired Robin Ashton-Rose, still dressed as a woman, pictured (at the back) after the case yesterday. He was said to have told police he was "Countess Rowena de Silva."

Police Stop 'Her' And Arrest Him

A Springfield man sporting a red woman's wig, lipstick, and eye make-up was charged early Saturday morning with night-walking, police reported.

Thomas Lee, 26, of Springfield, Mass., was arrested about 1:30 a.m. Saturday at Center and Fairmount streets by Vice Squad detectives on routine patrol in the area.

Detective Sgt. John Nieb said Lee was walking "in a female gait" when approached by Nieb and Detective Chester Selmach. Police said he admitted he was impersonating a woman trying to get picked up. Lee told police he came to Hartford from Springfield in the afternoon and had neither money nor a place to stay.

Disguised Man Fined on 2 Counts

A man in woman's clothing picked up last night by Newark police was fined \$60 and costs on a traffic violation and a weapons count today by Magistrate Horace H. Best Sr.

Robert L. Wiest, 26, of 1014 S. Gerald Drive, Birchwood Park, who said he was a mechanic in an Elmsere service station, was spotted driving along E. Delaware Ave. about 2 a.m. by Newark Detective William Brierley.

Brierley and three other officers were looking for suspects in a reported burglary at the E. J. Hollingsworth Co. on North College Avenue.

BRIERLEY told Magistrate Best that when he approached Wiest as the man got out of his car Wiest had just removed a black wig, was wearing a tight sweater and beads over a woman's undergarments, and had pulled on a pair of Army fatigue trousers over a skirt.

Searching Wiest's car, Brierley said he found a nine-millimeter Luger automatic pistol on the front seat under the wig and six complete sets of female clothes scattered throughout the car. He placed a charge of failing to obtain a Delaware driver's license and carrying a concealed deadly weapon.

Wiest, a native of Ashland, Pa., said he had lived here since February.

QUESTIONED BY Magistrate Best as to why he was dressed as he was, Wiest said he didn't know why he had done it. He said he had been doing this for about a year, but had confined himself to his home or to hotel rooms until last night.

Newark police suspect that Wiest may have been using his "disguise" at various times to lure victims to his car and there to use the gun to rob them.

Magistrate Best fined Wiest \$10 for the license charge and \$50 on the weapons count. Wiest paid out.

Because a man likes to wear women's clothes is no reason why a man should have to remain in jail. So decided Magistrate Joseph Addison in Metro Toronto Magistrate's Court in the case of 18-year-old Gary Smart, who appeared in court the week before in high heels, nylon, a blue satin dress, and a blonde bouffant hairdo and was remanded without bail.

On the transvestite's second appearance Smart's locks were shorn and he wore regulation prison issue clothing, blue jeans and a blue shirt.

Again the Crown asked for no bail during remand. But Magistrate Addison declined to go along with that; he allowed bail of \$200 cash or property.

Smart was to appear again

the following Friday, charged with possessing a \$275 blonde wig — one of two wigs and a wiglet worth \$615, all allegedly stolen, and recovered during a police raid on a Halloween party in a downtown tavern.

Here's a Wily Woman—for a While

By Marilyn Gardner

Of The Journal Staff

MICHELE MANNERS is no longer young but with skilled make-up and beautiful—and expensive!—clothes is undeniably handsome. Miss Manners is British and speaks in a low, soft voice with a cultured lilt to it. A fashion design career has led to some truly astonishing adventures, including escaping from the Nazi secret police in Vienna and spending several harrowing weeks in a Paris prison on a charge of spying.

Now, however, things look brighter. Miss Manners is heading for Hollywood and what apparently will be an exciting and profitable new career: Designing clothes for a Hollywood movie studio.

There's only one hitch to the whole thing. Miss Manners is no lady!

In fact, Miss Manners is really gray haired, slightly paunchy Martin D. Hughes, a Park Ridge (Ill.) man who could give the University of Wisconsin Harefoot boys a lesson or two in skilled and subtle character acting. Hughes, married

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Michele Manners, a picture of simple elegance and poised graciousness, rests for a moment before speaking on a career as a fashion designer at the recent annual achievement day program of the Milwaukee County Home Demonstration clubs.

—Journal Photos by Donald Nusbaum



Anything puzzling about this close-up of Miss Manners?

and the father of two boys, has been earning his living in this unusual (to say the least) way for the last 18 years.

He still finds, however, that he is highly entertained at the audience's reaction when they learn they have been fooled completely.

Invariably, he said, there's a shocked gasp as he rips off his gray wig midway through the "lecture." Next comes a pause as the audience figures out what's going on, then shrieks of laughter as "the roof blows off."

No Sleekies Here

The homemakers who attended the annual achievement day program of the Milwaukee County Home Demonstration clubs recently followed the prescribed pattern exactly.

They listened to Miss Manners' account of "her" adventures with great interest, and a few murmurs of appreciation were heard when "she" told of having lunch with Ginger Rogers and talking with Rosalind Russell.

Then, Miss Manners began discussing fashion trends for the coming season. "I have some difficulty describing clothes. I suppose this is because it's rather difficult to describe clothes unless—"

there was a long pause—"unless, and now I shall make a rather strange remark which I shall explain later, unless you are in every sense of the word a woman!" Off came the wig, and the large meeting room became a bedlam of laughter.

"Oh, what a riot!" one woman said.

"And I kept thinking, 'What a wonderful voice!' another said amid her peals of laughter."

"And that dress!" her neighbor exclaimed. "That beautiful dress!"

The remainder of Hughes' program was devoted to an explanation of how he started earning his living by fooling people, plus anecdotes of some of the amusing situations he has found himself in.

Started With Dance

It all began, he said, back in his college days at Washington university in St. Louis, Mo. "The girls staged a leap year dance. Men couldn't come as stags—you had to be asked by someone. Well, a classmate and I wanted to go, but we hadn't been asked."

The so-called friend had a perfect solution. Hughes would dress as a girl, and the two of them could go to the party in fine style. "Why me?" Hughes demanded. "You're shorter," was the answer.

After some discussion, Hughes decided "you only live once and I'd try it." And it worked.

After graduation, Hughes worked as a writer for a St. Louis radio station and later with a commercial photography firm. Then, another friend had an idea.

"Why don't you try making a complete talk as a woman and fool the audience," he suggested. This fellow, Hughes explained, "is one of these idea a minute men. He's in the publicity business now."

His first engagement was before a service club holding a luncheon-meeting at a St. Louis hotel. "I was a scared fellow that day."

One booking followed another until a year later Hughes quit his regular job completely and became a full time speaker and entertainer. "It beats working," he said airily, "but that's my only excuse."

No One Guessed

Actually, those first years meant a lot of hard work, as he perfected the act and worked out several different characters. In addition, he was constantly afraid that people would see through his pretense and the jig would be up.

Now, he's so confident of his disguise that he usually eats lunch or dinner with the group of men or women to whom he will speak, sitting at the head table with the other honored guests and chatting away pleasantly with one and all.

Hughes is insistent that his act not be confused with the kind of female impersonations done in night clubs. "What I do is character acting," he explained. "I play a specific character, not just a female."

Character Demands Elegance

Understatement would seem to be the secret of Hughes' highly successful masquerade. As Michele Manners, for instance, he wears a mink stole, a beautifully cut black dress, a simple black veiled hat, a single strand of white pearls and white gloves, all the epitome of simple elegance.

"This little number," he explained, pointing to the dress, "cost 230 bucks!"

There is no mincing walk, no obvious mimicry of feminine gestures, no falsetto voice. He simply plays the part of a gracious, poised English woman who speaks in a low pitched but "veddy veddy" cultured voice.

What Women Wonder

At the close of his program, Hughes asks for questions from his audience. Here's a sampling of typical questions:

What does your wife think of all this?

"Well, both of us have days when we wish I had a normal job, but on the other hand, there are many advantages, I have a great deal of freedom, and my office is at home. When my older boy gets home from school, it's nothing for me to put on old clothes and go out and play ball with him."

How do you like wearing spike heels?

"This is my first pair, and I really had to learn to walk all over again. I take them off just as soon as I can."

How long does it take you to make up?

"After I finish shaving, about half an hour."

Shaving, incidentally, is one of Hughes' greatest problems. Often he has two performances a day, and this means he shaves twice a day. "Besides, I have to shave so close, and I don't dare cut myself."

Do you try to copy women's gestures?

"In a way, I watch women and study their gestures. My wife says I sometimes watch them too closely."

Trying to keep his hands from looking too conspicuous is perhaps the most difficult of Hughes' masquerade. "I don't have nearly as masculine looking hands as many men do, but they still don't look feminine. I try to keep them together and to keep my gestures light. But, against that black dress, they can look like baseball bats."

What was your hardest audience?

"One time I accepted an engagement, but the man I dealt with wouldn't tell me who the audience was. I got there and found out it was an organization of detectives!"

"I found the chairman and said, 'You expect me to fool 400 detectives?' 'Oh, they're not all detectives,' he answered. 'There are some guests.' 'Oh, I said, 'and who are the guests?' 'Secret service agents,' he answered."

But, as usual, his performance went as planned.

While Hughes is fond of Michele Manners and the other characters he acts, he prefers another program he also does. In this one, called "Madam Chairman," he is forthrightly himself—characterizing different kinds of clubwomen with the help of only a few props.

Although he shies away from too much publicity, Hughes isn't at all afraid that other actors or entertainers will try to copy his act.

"Nobody else is doing it now," he said, "and I don't think anyone will try. It's too hard to do. And, besides, they don't have the nerve to try."



IN NEWARK — Robert L. Wiest stands in police headquarters after his arrest early today on motor vehicle and weapons charges.



But it was only after the surgery that the troubles began, as far as identification was concerned. In the registers of the 18th district of Paris, where she was born in 1931, the name was registered as: Jacques, Charles Fufresnoy. Now her advocate pleads that "Coccinelle is recognized as of female sex and that she can use the Christian names: Jacqueline Charlotte.

Indeed, "Coccinelle" has a lot more proof in her hands. It is a matter of fact that the military service where she was incorporated as a soldier on November 7, 1951 and spent nine days. After that period she was sent back with the following recommendation . . . His physical aspect which is much too effeminated would set a bad example.

Soon after he began his career, already under the stage name of "Coccinelle" became the top female impersonator in Paris. He has worked in every top nightclub in Paris and on the continent.

She was at the top in her career, and it was at that time that he decided to finish the job and really give her all the appearance of a woman. Plastic surgery on the bosom (see next page) and a pert tilted nose was acquired.

She already had a fabulous wardrobe (Dior and Balmain) so it was not necessary to buy very many new clothes for her new life.

"Coccinelle" of course cannot have children, but like any romantic female she is engaged (see photo on following page), and plans to marry very soon.





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(LEFT) Coccinelle answering her fanmail (see photo of her husband-to-be, Francis B. Bonnet.



with Joe DiMaggio



Don't Ever Change, Dear

(UPI Radiotelefot)

Night club performer Coccinelle, 26, is kissed by husband Francis Bonnet after wedding in Paris church. Until operation three years ago, Coccinelle was a man, Jacques Dufresnoys. Some at wedding cheered, others tossed tomatoes.

3/16/62

AN-AT



Paris, March 16 (Reuters)—Curvaceous, blond French night-club performer Coccinelle, a woman for only three years, became a bride today amid a hail of tomatoes from outraged Parisians.

The 26-year-old actress, the former Jacques Dufresnoys, married impresario Francis Bonnet in civil and religious ceremonies at Montmartre town hall and St. John's Church in the same district.

Coccinelle was a well-known female impersonator in Paris nightclubs until three years ago when he became a she in an operation. She now has been recognized as a woman in official records.

Large crowds at the city hall and the church reacted with mixed feelings to the marriage.

Some women from the crowd rushed to kiss the bridegroom, impeccable in a black top hat and gray morning coat.

But others cried "Shame" and pelted the bridal pair's black Cadillac with rotten tomatoes.

Boos, cheers and shouts of "Long live the bride" greeted Coccinelle and her husband after the church ceremony.

Coccinelle, coy and demure in a white satin gown, said after the wedding: "It is the greatest day of my life."



THE girl trying on her wedding veil was once A MAN. Now her name is Jacqueline Dufresnoy. Jacqueline, 26, a dancer in a Paris night club, was officially declared a woman last year after a series of sex-change operations. Now Jacqueline—who was born Jacques Charles Dufresnoy—is to marry 26-year-old Francis Bonnet in Paris on Friday. As a man, Jacqueline impersonated women, using the stage name "Coccinelle." Then, in 1957, a London night-club owner was reported to have offered "Coccinelle" a fabulous sum to appear here. The offer was turned down.

Albert a invité Audrey Hepburn à danser, mais l'actrice pas plus que l'ex-travesti Coccinelle (au premier plan) ne parvinrent à le divertir et à lui faire oublier Paola.



From ROLAND ATKINSON
Paris, Friday

THE striptease dancer who was once a man was married in Paris today.

She is Jacqueline Dufresnoy, 26, who was officially declared a

woman last year after a series of sex-change operations.

Jacqueline—born Jacques Charles Dufresnoy—is pictured at the civil ceremony.

Beside her—bridegroom Francis Bonnet, 26, who is also Jacqueline's manager. "How beautiful she is,"

cried the waiting crowds as Jacqueline—stage name Coccinelle—arrived at the Town Hall in Montmartre, the Paris nightclub quarter.

Pelted

But angry Parisians pelted Jacqueline's bridal car with tomatoes at Montmartre's Church of St. Jean where

the religious ceremony was held. So many parishioners objected to the wedding that no banners were posted.

Jacqueline wore a white satin gown embroidered with pearls and silver threads.

"Don't show my double chin," she told photographers.

The newly-weds said they would like to adopt two children.



KIM AUGUST

Several weeks ago a number of school graduates had taken their dates to New York after the graduation ceremonies. A few dozen of them went to the 82 Club on 4th St. Some of their comments to us were: "Fantastic! Unbelievable! and Amazing!" As an entertainment editor we felt we should see for ourselves.

The show was produced and directed by Kitt Russell, who a few years ago was known as America's number one female impersonator and the logical successor to the famed late Julian Eltinge, who gave many concerts at Carnegie and Town Hall in the early 20th Century. Russell makes use of some 20 impersonators in a cast of about 30. The production proved to be colorful, tuneful and amusing. However as to the theatrical background of the performers and what the future in the profession held for them.

Perfects Illusion

One of the featured performers is Mr. Kim August, whose pictures may be found at the top of this column as he is in real life and as he appears before the patrons of the 82 Club. The transformation is truly amazing. It is even more so when you consider, from his own statement, "away from the Club I look like any ordinary truckdriver!" One, who by the way likes many sports and again as he describes it, "I was really quite good at baseball, especially softball, as a kid." Other sports in which he feels he is better than average include swimming and winter sports.

Wins Talent Contest

Kim's real name is Don Michael Sabad and he is a native

of Flint, Michigan where he was born 26 years ago. As a pre-teenager he fancied himself as a singer and at the age of 13 entered a talent contest in Flint. It was at the time his voice was changing and his debut was a little better than a flop. Disappointed at his showing that night, the realization he would never be more than an ordinary mediocre singer, shattering his dream of being a show business personality left him quite downhearted.

At the time Betty Grable was his favorite actress and a year later he hit upon the idea of re-entering the talent contest, only this time imitating the great Grable. With his grandmother making his costume he not only won the local eliminations but went on to win the State finals. Four years later, after appearing frequently as an amateur in and around Flint, he accepted his first professional engagement at the famed Finocchio's in San Francisco. That lasted six months. He came directly to the 82 and has been there for the past eight years attesting to his popularity with the Club's patrons. Presently in his act he does imitations of Judy Garland and Lena Horne, whom he describes as his favorite female singers at present.

Finocchio's new 1964 musical revue, "Showtimes In New York and San Francisco," is a dazzler, an up-roarious laughfest and an outstanding novelty all rolled into one big fun package. It presents a race for top entertainment achievements of the Broadway of the two cities. Added to this is a fantasy of how things might be in outer space, introducing well known planets as impersonated by members of the cast.

Everything is new about this Lestra LaMonte production, including the gowns created by Li-Kar. New acts and new faces in the cast. Such established Finocchio favorites as Lucian, the popular male Sophie Tucker; double-voiced Elton Paris; Singers Ray DeYoung and LaVerne Cummings have clever new acts. The routines of Dancers Stormy Lee, Kara Montez and Tani DeMolina are outstanding features.

In the comedy line, Francis & Blair, and Jackie Phillips score big in the matter of keeping the people in the proverbial stitches of laughter. Among the new faces in the Finocchio cast is Lee Shaw

Celebrities Attend

Lena, as has a host of show business personalities, been a guest of the Club, but unfortunately August was not in the show that night so he never found out what her reaction would be to his imitation. Speaking of celebrities, when Liz Taylor was filming *Butterfield 8*—the role for which she won the Academy Award—she, along with Eddie Fisher, Eva Gabor, Laurence Harvey, Lucille Ball, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner occupied the first two tables at ringside one night. Other visitors include Judy Garland and Dolores Gray, who has seen the show on several occasions.

Has TV Credit

Last October Kim appeared on the "Playhouse 90" TV show in "The Hiding Place" starring James Mason. He expects that it will be re-run this summer. Presently he is considering cutting an album impersonating some of the well-known female singers.

At a height of 6'1" he has to constantly watch his diet to keep his weight at 160-165 pounds, the most desired poundage to effect the illusion he creates.

His wardrobe which is the envy of most of the women who attend the show (surprisingly most of the patrons are women) is made especially for him by Felix De Massi, well-known dress designer for many of our top women stars. He confides that he wears a size 14, which most women would consider perfect. His wigs are made by Bob Kelly of W. 46th St. who makes wigs for many female stars and you would be startled at the number of women in show business who have wigs made to order for them.

A bachelor, August has several girls he dates on a steady basis, although he doesn't "think" he is serious about any of them. However, the situation could change and he may have one of them hook him yet. After all in his street duds, at 6'1" he is a handsome guy and the girls seem to naturally gravitate towards him.

NEW SHOW A HIT AT FINOCCHIO'S

"Showtimes In New York and San Francisco" is the new 1964 musical revue, produced by Lestra LaMonte, at Finocchio's. Undoubtedly the most lavish production ever offered by Joe Finocchio, this is also the funniest and most novel.

Featured are fabulous new gowns created by Li Kar and a novel fantasy on outer space in which episode well-known planets get into the act with the female impersonators.

Terrific comedy acts are presented by the new team of Francis & Blair and that zany redhead, Jackie Phillips. Lucian stars more brilliantly than ever, particularly with his ad libbing and he im-

itates one of the most gorgeous of all the gowns, a Christmas gift to him from Sophie Tucker, long-time friend, Elton Paris with his funny double-voiced singing and comedy has one of the cleverest acts of his career. Singers Ray DeYoung and LaVerne Cummings have new songs and both sing them in their best soprano voices for which they are famous. Dancers Tempest Lee, Kara Montez and Tani DeMolina offer spectacular new numbers. Among the new stars making a hit in this biggest Finocchio show is Lee Shaw, who is fabulous in his impersonation of fabulous beauties of the Marilyn Monroe type. This is a must-see show for everyone seeking the best in classy, novel entertainment.



VIKI VOGUE



This ravishing beauty, who poses for the alluring fashion photo which made slick fashion magazines, is T. C. Jones, famous female impersonator.



Mr. Gene Avery



MR. VICI VOGUE

MR. MICKEY MARLOW

MR. BILLY DAYE

MR. LYNN ROBERTS

MR. DORI D'OR



JERRY STUART



JERRY STUART



LYNN ROBERTS



LYNN ROBERTS



FREDDY FIGUORA

'Girl' of Many Faces Is Matter Of Wigs and Impersonations

By GAY SIMPSON

What can a wig do for a woman? T. C. Jones, the great female impersonator at the 82 Club, has a fast answer. It can make her what she "ain't."

Using one basic style of wig and with practically a shake of the head, she wears the wig 10 different ways without leaving the stage. The quick impersonations, called The Shorties, are of Mae West, Esther Williams, Marilyn Monroe, Joan Crawford, June Allyson and Deborah Kerr.

NOT THAT he has only one wig. He has a whole wardrobe of them, cut and styled, sometimes even made, by his wife, Connie. If the color isn't right, she tints the hair.

Her knowhow comes from having started on the staff of Miami, Fla., Antoine de Paris

salon and from being the owner of three San Francisco shops until T. C. came along. That was 10 years ago and she's been helping him entertain America ever since.

IT WAS with Mask and Gown which opened on Broadway and then took a 2-year tour across the country that he had a scene as Shakespeare's heroines. Among his impersonations were Betty Davis as Lady MacBeth, Mae West as Ethel Merman as Juliet. Although he has been in 17 Broadway shows, his first impersonations were in 1936 in New Faces.

Not only is T. C. interested in historical fashions but he is a graduate of Carnegie Tech where he majored in costume design and the history of costume.

His costumes are chosen from the masters of fashion design to give the same authenticity as the originals. After he buys the originals, he has them copied in many colors. In Dallas he has a Givenchy black peau de soie and a gold and white brocade suit and a Dior red taffeta evening coat. Characters the mimic has successfully impersonated are Rossini Russell in her Katharine Hepburn type of dress, Katharine Hepburn in a big picture hat, Tallulah Bankhead with her hair swept behind her ear on one side and Louella Parsons with a big, gobby ornament low on one side of her deep cloche and a swooping reversible stole. The net box that he uses to imitate Ruth Etting in "10 Cents a Dance" is a 2-toned \$250-job.

T. C. HAS some ideas also on modern fashions. His pet peeve is against American fabric houses for making fabrics 36 inches wide when they should be 46 to 60 to avoid seams and let the fabric fall and drape in a flowing line.

Mrs. Jones is also addicted to wigs. Her first choice is golden ash blond, softly styled to flatter.



DICK SIMMONS



RICKI RAYMOND



GENE AVERY



G. G. ALLEN



BOB LAKE



"BOYS WILL BE GIRLS" PRODUCTION



CHUNGA OCHOA



JAN BRITTON



MEL THOMAS



DALE ROBERTS



DORI D'OR



TOM HARBIN



JAPANESE PRODUCTION
MR. JERRY STUART MR. LYNN ROBERTS
MR. VICI VOGUE MR. BILLY DAYE
MR. DODDI DANIELS



BOB HOLLOWAY
DODDI DANIELS

JAMES SENN
JOE HELM



SONNY TEAL



FIN OLSEN



FRANK BENNETT



LYNN CARTER



DODI DANIELS



DALE ROBERTS MR. JAMES TAI MR. KIM SIMMONS
GENE AVERY MR. RONNIE MORALES



MICKEY MARLOW



MR. VICI VOGUE MR. DORI D'OR MR. BOB LAKE MR. LYNN ROBERTS
MICKEY MARLOW



MR. KIM AUGUST



RITA del ORO



BETTINA



CAPRICE



FLORENCE



FÉTICHE



KARINA



CLAUDE ANDRÉ



RÉGINE





HULA



LES-LEE



CORA DELLY



MIRIAME



KIKI MOUSTIC



MARIE-GALANTE





LUCRECE Photo by KORUN

MIRKO

LAURENCE

MADIANA

ROMANCE

Dany DAN

BABY MARTELL







JAN CARLOVE





EVEREST



CARLOVE



WANDA



ZAMBELLA







MANNY GARCIA '60



TANYA



See next page.

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25A-AN



