

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

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FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE



ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION



HOW MEN BECOME FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

"FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE"

Now available are volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 on "Female Impersonators On Parade," which explain in detail the art of female impersonation or cross-dressing by men by the amateur and professional female impersonators themselves. You will have to have a very keen eye when looking at the "girls" for the men look more like girls than real girls do. Volume One contains 31 actual photographs, volume Two contains 45 real photos and volume Three contains 35 actual photos of glamour girls who are men. These books sell for \$3.75 each volume plus 20¢ for postage.

"LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS"

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

"THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION"

reveals the secrets of how men become female impersonators and contains 32 actual photographs of men in "girls" attire. "The art of Female Impersonation" reveals the inner secrets of how men are transformed into girls with the aid of wigs, falsies, cosmetics and corsets. You will meet four pleasant young men who will let you peek behind the scenes as they make up for their amazing transformation into four lavishly gowned "women."

You see this all happen in 32 actual photographs as they create the changes from flat-chested men into the utmost in femininity. They tell how they became female impersonators - see the tricks they use to fool the public and how they effect cleavage. Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 available at \$3.75 each plus 20¢ postage.

NUTRIX CO. Dept. J, 35 Montgomery St., Jersey City 2, N. J.

VOLUME NUMBER SIX

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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

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

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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Sirs:

I am a rather attractive male of 30 years of age, who lives alone in an apartment. I am rather small, only 5 feet, 6 inches tall and I weigh 135 pounds. I've often been told that I have a very nice figure for my age. I hope your readers agree.

The first time that I ever wore a feminine piece of attire occurred when I was sixteen years old. My fourteen year old sister, Linda, had been invited to a beach party but did not have a date to go with, so she asked me if I would like to go along with her.

I jumped at the chance. My sister, Linda, is a very beautiful girl and she looked more like a nineteen year old girl than one of fourteen at the time.

After one weinie roast on the beach, someone suggested that we all go swimming in the lake. It was about 10 o'clock at night. I had never learned how to swim, so I tried to get out of it by saying that I had forgotten to bring my swimming trunks. My sister hurriedly changed into her tight-fitting bikini. As she tossed her street clothes to the blanket, her silken pin-ruffled panties lay exposed.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Somehow I could not resist picking them up and, as I did, Linda got an idea. "Why don't you use my panties as a pair of swimming trunks, Jackie? They'll fit you," she exclaimed.

This suggestion seemed to me like a silly one at that time, but once it had been made I did not stand a chance. The entire group, boys and girls alike, insisted that I should join them in the swimming.

Three of the older, huskier boys took me aside to help me change into my sister's panties. One of the boys then picked me right up in his arms like a baby and carried me back to the waiting group.

As I stood there in my sister's fluffy silk panties, I got wolf whistles from all. I even heard one girl say, "Isn't he the cutest thing?"

Well, after that I discovered for myself how wonderful a male can feel when he is encased in soft silk. Now that I am older, however, I am no longer so shy and meek as I was at sixteen. In fact, I think that I am quite dominant and female now. But then, I think that you can see that in my photos.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

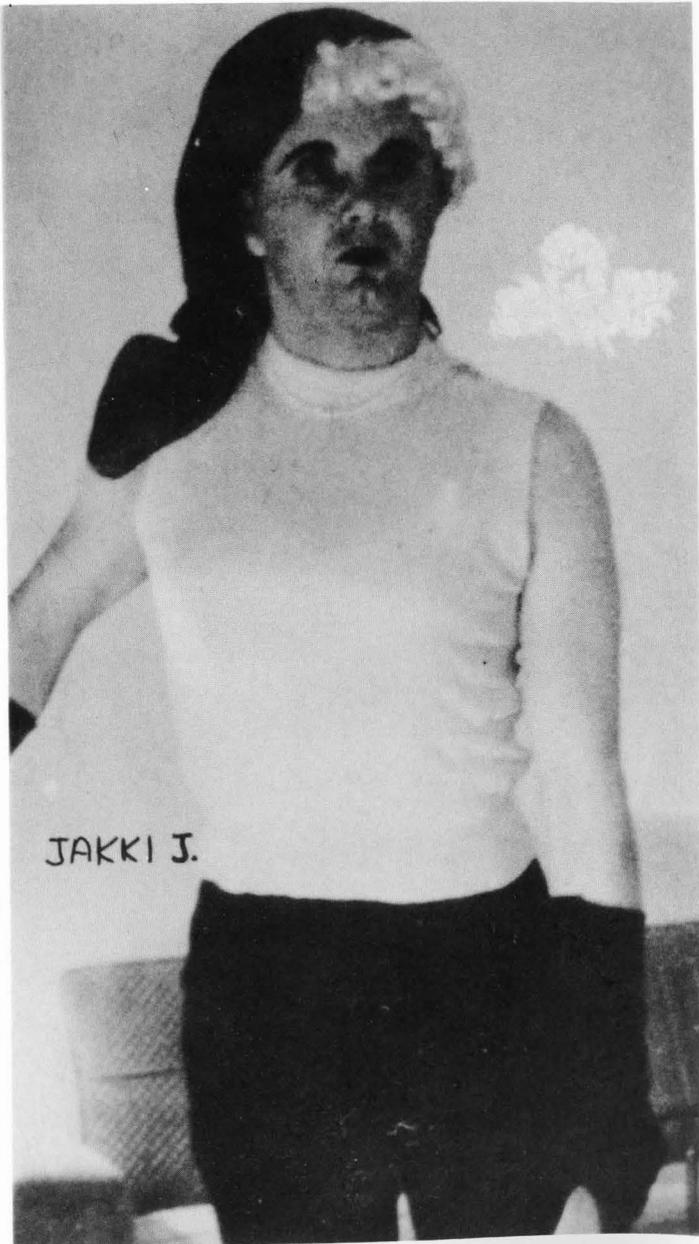
I now enjoy dressing in feminine clothes every single chance I can get. I recently shaved all of the hair off my chest, tummy and under my arms, so that I would make a more attractive "young lady." I hope that you will approve of my selection and will publish some of my photos. Please ???

I love to wear jet black nylons because they look very sexy and because they hide the hair on my legs rather well. I think that black nylons look even more exciting when they are worn under a pair of tight-fitting toreador pants like I'm wearing in one of my photos.

Also, I hope that you don't mind the poses I am sending you for publication, as I am only an amateur. Well, it's just about my bed time now and I have still got to get into my nightie and polish my toenails, so I had better come to a close.

I hope that my photos will bring much pleasure to your readers. If any of them care to write to me, you have my permission to send them my name and address.

Sincerely yours,
"JAKKI J."



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

It is really very hard for me to write this letter, because nobody really knows the other me.

First of all, I weigh 325 lbs. and stand 6 feet, 2 inches -- rather big for a woman! I enjoy wearing female clothes and dress up every chance I get--when I am alone. Nobody has ever seen me dressed up like that, except at Halloween parties.

I have always wanted to be a female impersonator but have no talent and no shape to be one. I enjoy very much the feeling of frilly pieces of cloth on me and tight-fitting corsets, which are hard to get in size 54. In fact, all my clothes are hard to find and have to be made to order for me.

Whenever I am alone and nobody is home, I get out my small amount of female clothes and dress up--corset, silk stockings, slips, dress, and high heel shoes which are size 12-D. I make up and try to pluck my eyebrows a little, as well as shave my legs. But it is hard when you have to hide something that you enjoy. Why can't society let us do the things we enjoy doing, such as cross-dressing, as long as we do not





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make a public nuisance of ourselves?

I enjoy your books because in this town they have no shows anywhere, no clubs or anything where I could go and talk to or see female impersonators. I cannot get to the big cities and thus I miss seeing professional female impersonators in person.

I know I can never be an impersonator or do what I want, but my desire to wear female clothes grows great at times and my dreams can never come true. If the people here knew my desires, I would be ridiculed and ostracized. There is nowhere to turn in this town.

I do enjoy one thing. A friend of mine owns a beauty shop and she does my hair for me. She has taught me many make-up ideas. Also, I have learned many helpful hints from your "Art of Female Impersonation" books, so please keep on publishing them. I, for one, will purchase every different volume you put out on female impersonation.

Enclosed are a few rough pictures of me which you may use, but please use the name of Nickie on them.

Sincerely,
"NICKIE K."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

Enclosed are some Polaroids of this "gal" dressing and dressed in drag. You are very welcome to use them in your "Letters From Female Impersonators" periodicals, if the quality and contrast of these photos are O. K.

Your paperback series on impersonators is an answer to a "maiden's" prayer and is a tasteful and well-handled presentation of a much maligned subject. Those of us who enjoy the freedom of this art form certainly wish you continued success, if only from the selfish view point of using you as a sounding board and source of information.

As a service to your readers, could you get together a directory of clubs, annual parties or masquerades, and other spots where a display of amateur talent is welcome? I would gladly pay a nominal fee for a publication of this type and I am sure many of your other readers would also.

Now to introduce my alter-ego, "Rikki". She's just past 40 (claims to be 21 at times), happily married to a wonderful person who enjoys the dual role of wife and sister, admits to



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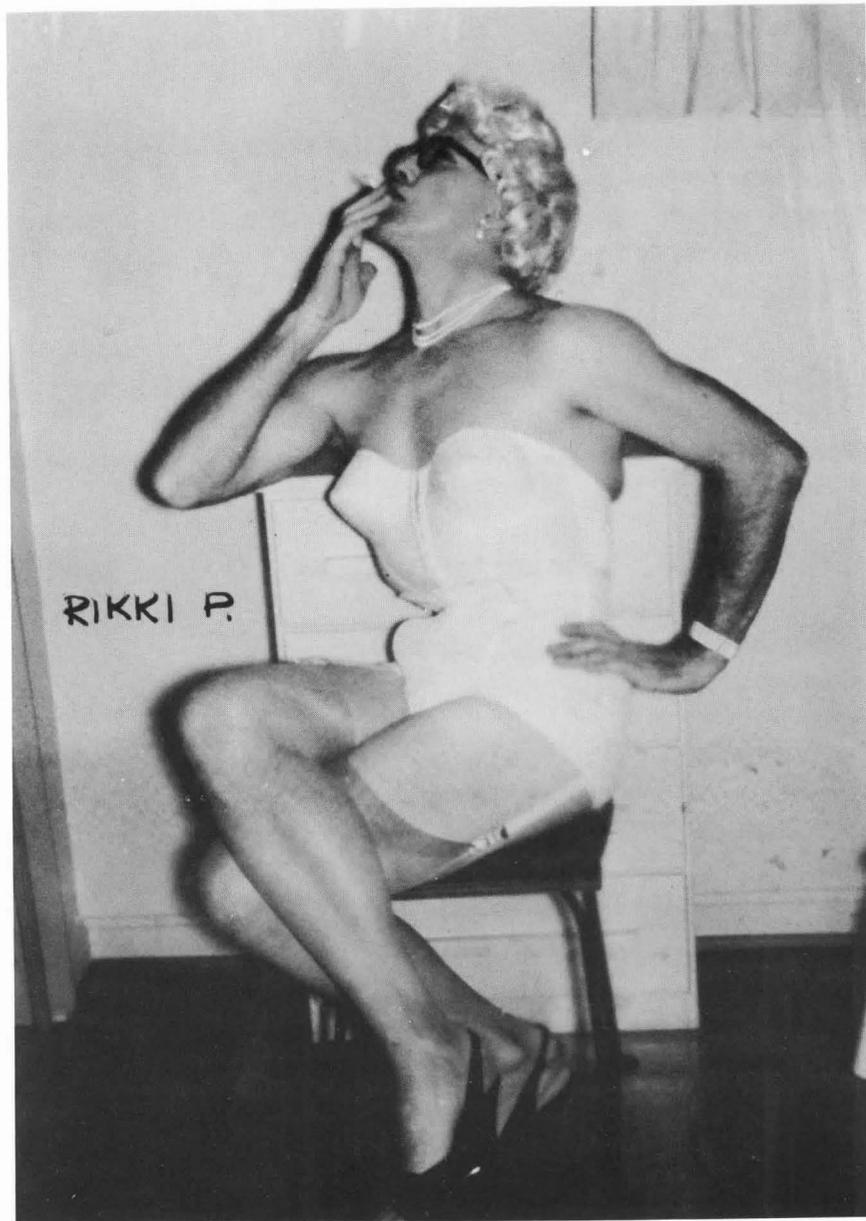
having three swell children, and gets as much fun out of being a tough business man during the day, as she does dressmaking and dressing up in the evenings.

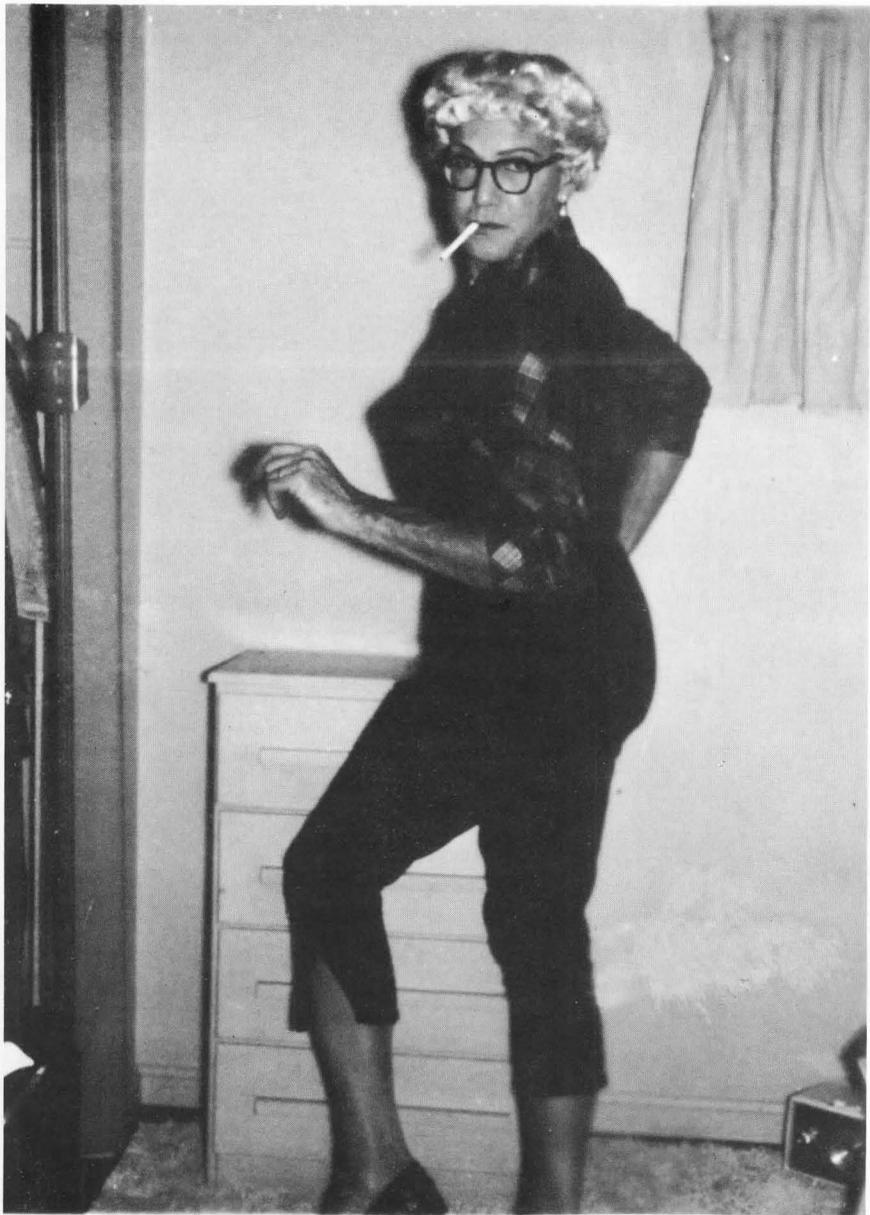
My photos show the nylon waist cincher with cute lace panties and garters attached, and the foam cupped long line bra, that are the underpinnings for a 41-30-42 figure. My wife is quite sympathetic with my desires and she helps me in selecting my female wardrobe. This is a great help to me.

Although my dress size is 20 tall and needs no alteration, I have found that a wider variety of designs and materials is open to the girl who learns to use her wife's sewing machine. The strapless gown shown is one made on a commercial pattern.

The fitted bodice is navy brocade and it is boned. The attached skirt is ice blue taffeta, self-lined, and worn over a blue net bouffant petticoat. This outfit also includes a stole of the brocade and fingerless long gloves of the taffeta.

Also shown is a white chiffon gown that was made by combining the best features of two patterns. It is fully lined with acetate taffeta





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and is supported by a gathered waist taffeta underskirt and a net bustle. This is a soft, floating gown. The whispering slither of the underskirts, as "Rikki" crosses ny nylon-clad knees, is out of this world.

My only regret is that I am forced to use cheaper quality wigs because of the high prices charged by wig makers. However, make-up and hair-does are not too great a problem when a wife or sister teaches the little tricks and wiles which can make a woman stand out without looking like a show horse.

Jewelry and accessories are better understated than overapplied. I hope your readers get a good kick out of viewing my photos in female attire as I did in posing for them. It was quite a thrill for me to put on feminine garments in place of my regular male clothing and have my pictures taken.

In closing, I wish to you continued commercial success. If you should use my photographs, I will appreciate receiving a copy of the publication in which they will be printed.

Very truly yours,
"RIKKI P."

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Associate Editor:

Where I live, they are so narrow-minded about femme mimics that they do not even have them here at the night clubs any more. On top of that, I don't drink, so I feel I am not welcome at the cafes.

I can still remember when I was a young boy how I wanted to go and see the femme mimics of that day, but being a small boy, I never got there. The professional female impersonators used to play at the local theatre. I wish they would have vaudeville now so I could at least see femme mimics perform at a vaudeville house.

I am a transvestite but did not have the courage up to now to let you use my pictures because of fear that someone will get hold of one of the publications and in my narrow-minded town I would never be able to even hold my job, which is not much but which I have held since I left high school.

I live with my brother and have to dress and live as a woman when he is not around, which is not so good, except when he goes to Florida for two to three months. Then I dress



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and live as a woman in the privacy of my home. Of course, I am very careful so the neighbors do not see me except when I am at work.

I would rather stay home and dress and live as a woman than do anything else. That is what I do and I have a wonderful time just dressing up. If I could only find a barber who would leave my hair as long as possible, I would be able to comb it into a short woman's hair-do, which is really more satisfactory for me than a wig, since I always have to be ready to make a quick change back to my male clothes and appearance.

I buy most of my female clothes from a mail-order house but order some things by mail occasionally from the local department stores here. I am 5 feet, 10 inches, and I weigh about 165 lbs.

I wear 10AA high heel pumps, size 18 to 20 dresses, so that gives you an idea of my size. I get quite a kick out of purchasing gifts of dainty lingerie for my "sister." The clerks are always very nice and helpful in suggesting the latest styles. If I were a professional impersonator, I would let my hair grow out like Jackie Hayes and have my eyes plucked



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permanently but leading a double life like most of us amateurs, I have to be careful about doing things like plucking my eyebrows too much and shaving my arms.

Did you see the article in the newspapers a while back about Coccinelle, a top Paris model and entertainer, who was formerly a man but had the operation which gives her the right to live as a woman? If I had the courage to do that (have the operation), I would not worry about getting married, as Coccinelle did with her manager. Being able to live as a woman would be good enough for me.

Of course, at my age and being so timid, I am happy to be able to live and dress as a woman as much as I do, but I wish I had some friends in my town to talk with and visit. There are probably people like myself in my vicinity but how to get to know them and the ones who are really transvestites and not policemen, is the same problem most of us transvestites have.

Do you know whether Jean Areless, who played both the male and female parts in "Homicidal" is a male or female? Don't you think he's a male?

Sincerely,
CAROL H.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Sir:

I have just finished reading "Letters From Female Impersonators" and enjoyed it greatly, since I am also a lover of female attire. However, I had to laugh at some of the letters. Most of the "girls" mentioned the trouble they had getting girls' clothes to fit them.

They feel bad. I am 6' 2" tall and weigh 190 lbs. Can you imagine the trouble I have! Everything I buy is too small, needless to say. However, I have found that a 38B bra, large size panties and slips will fit me.

I would like to buy a dress and I think I could fit into a size 18 but so far all I have is a skirt and a frilly blouse that is too tight. Since I was a little boy I have wanted to wear girls' clothes. Unfortunately, I had no sister, so I had to wear my mother's clothes, which are much too small for me now.

So I had to buy my own bras, panties, slips, stockings and now high heels. What a time I had getting them - size 12-1/2! I am a true transvestite, not a homosexual. I date a beautiful girl, but I would never tell her about my desires because she would break up with me, I am sure.



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I am twenty-six years old and first started wearing girls' clothes at about 5 years. Fortunately, I have never been caught and no one knows about my secret desires yet. For all these years I have looked at girls and I have idolized them.

Unfortunately, when I am dressed up as a girl I am not so pretty. I am much too heavy and tall but I imagine to myself that I am a beautiful girl.

I love the feel of my nylon panties, my lace bra and stockings. I love to wear makeup but I very seldom do because I live with my parents and you can imagine my difficulties and frustration. However, if any of the girls want to know more about how to wear makeup, I would suggest that they buy women's magazines, such as Harper's Bazaar and Glamour. These are very helpful.

I guess I will be frustrated forever, and I don't know what I'll do when I get married. I could never tell my wife but somehow I will have to try and dress up every once in a while in order to satisfy my hidden desires. What else could I do. Do you or any of your readers have any suggestions?



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I get very mad when I see a girl who does not know how to dress for she is so fortunate to be a female and she abuses the privilege. It is a shame that we males, who want to be females and are not. This should not have been so!

I marvel at the way some of the boys look so beautiful as "girls" in your various publications and I wish I could have been so lucky, also.

In order for me to live a normal life, I am considering going to a psychiatrist, however, I am told that they do not want to be bothered with us. Is that true? Maybe you or some of your readers can give me this information.

I have no idea what gives me these desires to dress as a female, but I have them. I am very lonely and think that if I were to be transformed into a female, that my life would be much happier. But with my heavy bulk, this is not possible and I wonder how many others of your readers are in the same predicament as I am.

Sincerely,
SANDY S.

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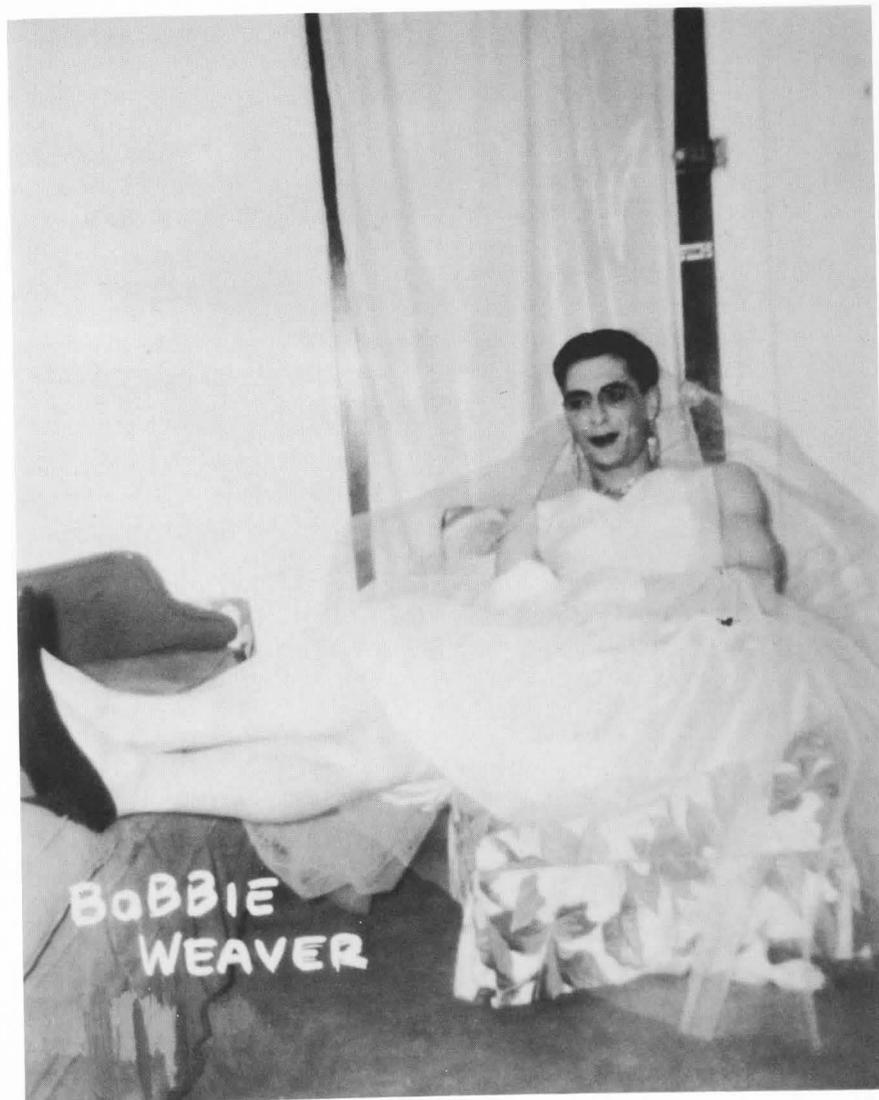
Dear Editor:

I first started reading your books through a friend of mine about six or seven months ago. I really enjoy seeing boys transformed into beautiful girls.

I am a transvestite myself and I am writing this letter dressed in a black satin bra, a pair of brief panties, with a waist cincher, with six garters holding up my sheer black nylons. My nylons are bought in a special store by my sister, because I wear a size 12 extra long.

My measurements are as follows: I have a 40 D chest, 25" waist and 40" hips. I have an astounding figure when dressed as a woman. About six years ago, my sister and I were having a game in which the loser would have to do what the other told him or her to do. I lost the game and my sister went into her room and got some of her garments and brought them out.

She told me to put these clothes on. At first I refused, but after some arguing I gave in. When I started to dress I did not know what I was doing, so my sister helped me to get dressed. When I was finished, she put make-up on me.





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The make-up consisted of foundation, lipstick, rouge, eye shadow, mascara and eye pencil. After all this was applied on me, she gave me a pair of her four inch high heel shoes to wear.

After all this was done, my sister looked me over and said that I looked like a beautiful woman. This all happened six years ago, when I was 16 years old, and to this day I love to dress in women's garments because they feel so cool and soft.

I now have a blonde wig and every once in a while, my sister comes over to my apartment and we both walk around in our undergarments like two girls. All the girls accept me as one of them.

After reading your books, I think the prettiest transvestite is Sharon Blakely. He really makes a beautiful girl.

I would like to see my letter in one of your books and if you would like to print it, you hereby have my permission to do so.

Sincerely,
BOBBIE WEAVER.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

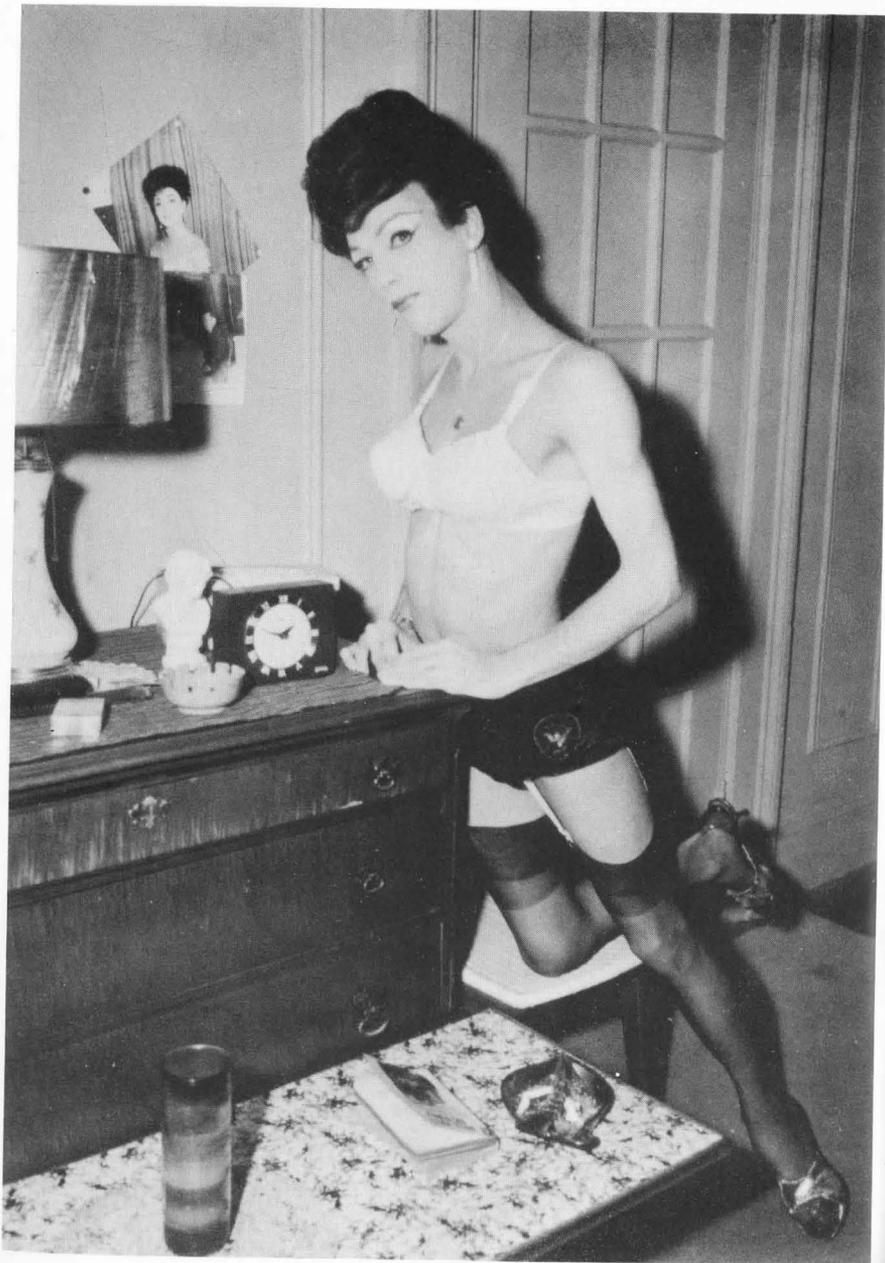
I am a transvestite and in my own way am happy to say so. This is not a new fling for me nor is it just a momentary means of outlet. I have been one of the "girls" for quite a few years, as I will explain later.

I sincerely feel that it would be wonderful if some sort of club could be formed, whereby it would be possible for us transvestites to correspond with one another and possibly arrange to meet one another. Naturally, I should like to meet and talk with some of the girls, so that we could exchange information as to methods used to accomplish our ends and in this way we can help each other.

Now I feel that somewhat of a description of myself is in order. As a male, I stand 5' 7" tall in my stocking feet, weigh just a shade over 135 pounds stripped. I am nearing twentyfive years of age, have brown hair kept in a crew cut and have blue eyes.

My body is very white, due to the use of creams and oils, which also kept my body flesh soft and smooth. I keep my legs free of hair and paint my toenails at all times.





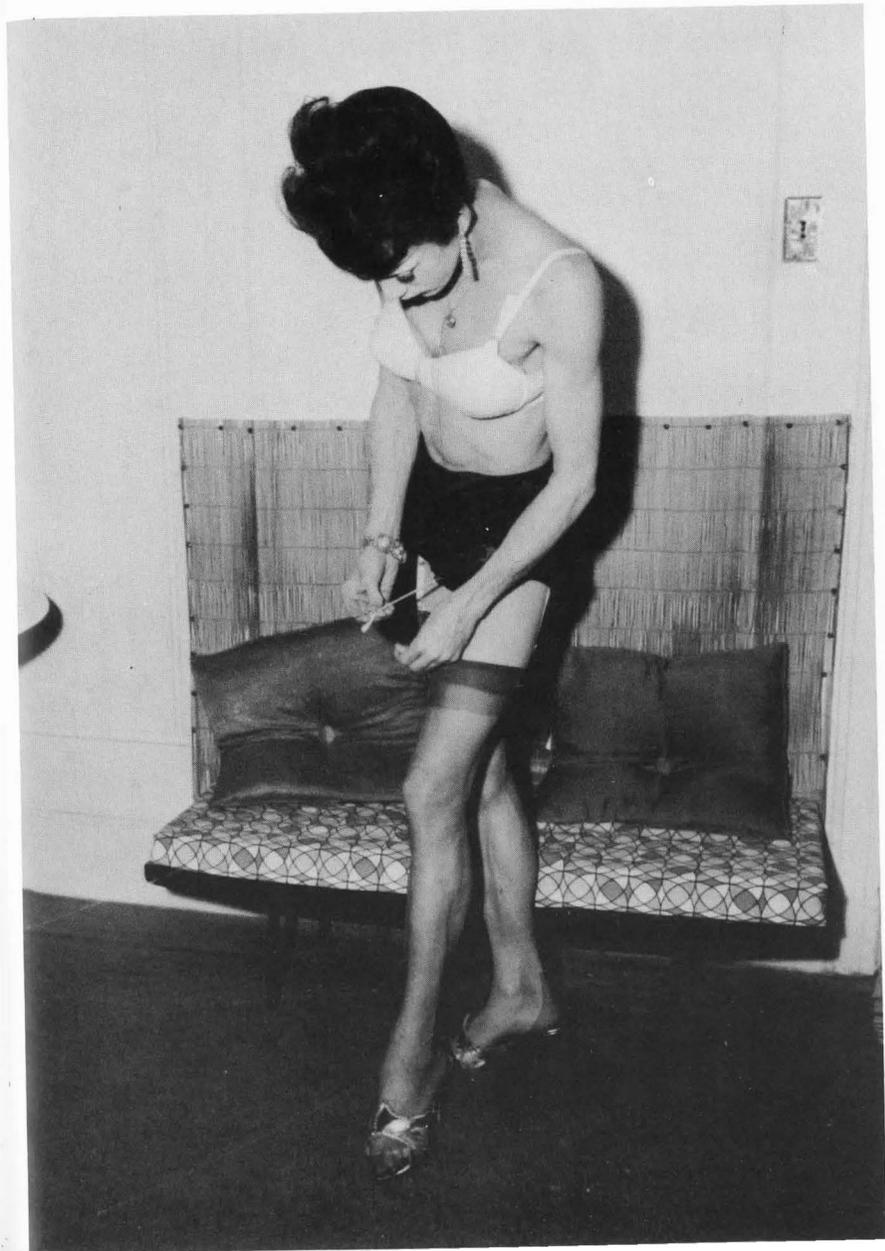
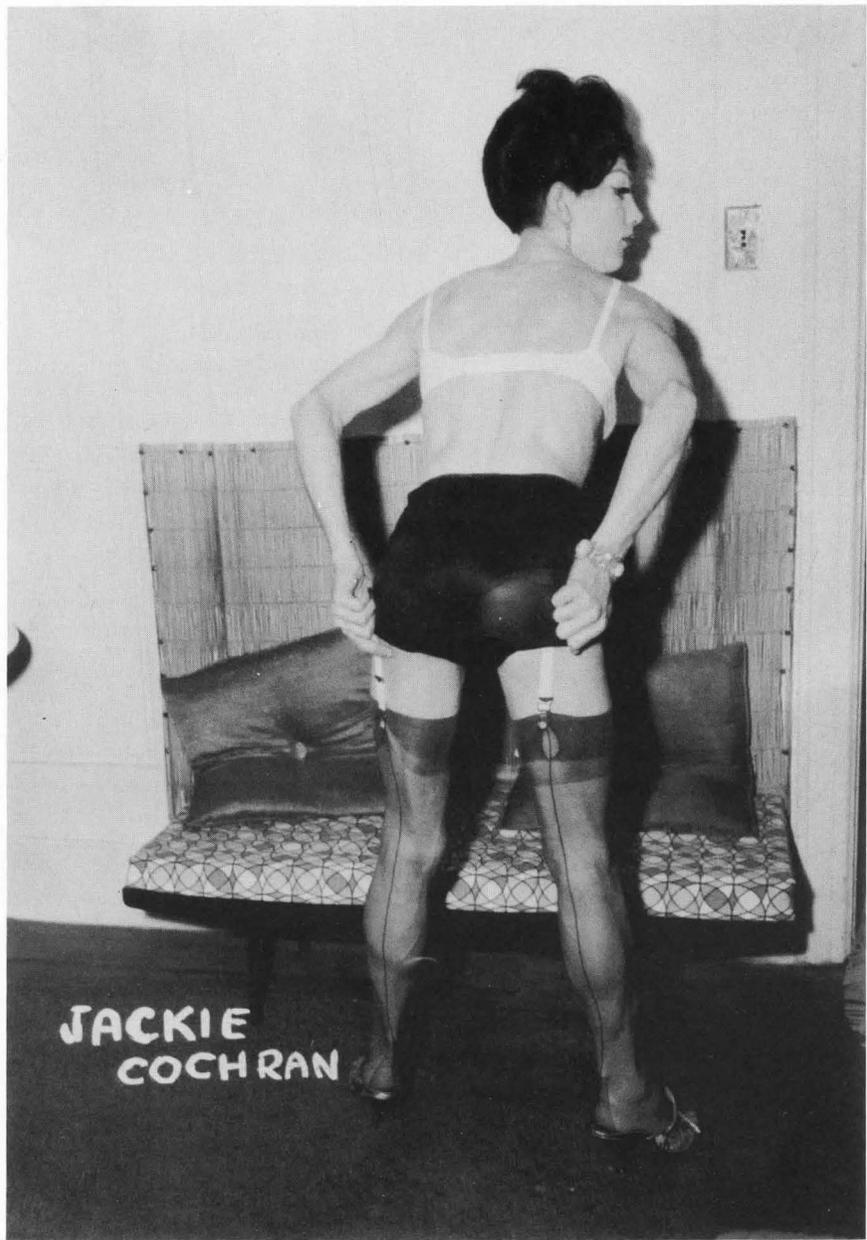
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Due to my work, I cannot keep my eyebrows plucked and arched to a radical shape, but I do keep them controlled so that they make up very well. My features are not delicate, but with the aid of the proper makeup, they very easily take on an appealing feminine look.

My male body, which I dislike very much, measures 35" bust, 29" waist and 32" hips. Many years ago, before I was out of my teens, I answered the desire within myself to make up my face with cosmetics and wear the soft, lovely clothing of a female.

When first I felt the soft warmth of silk and lace against my body, I knew that I should have been created a girl. This feeling has grown steadily within me during the past years and I am not happy except when I shed the manly clothes I must wear for work and don the fineries of womanhood.

I have accumulated a large and varied female wardrobe and I add to this constantly. I have a good annual income and no family ties, so that cosmetics and jewelry and such are not concealed in my home but are prominently arranged in my closets and drawers. I have all the privacy I want.



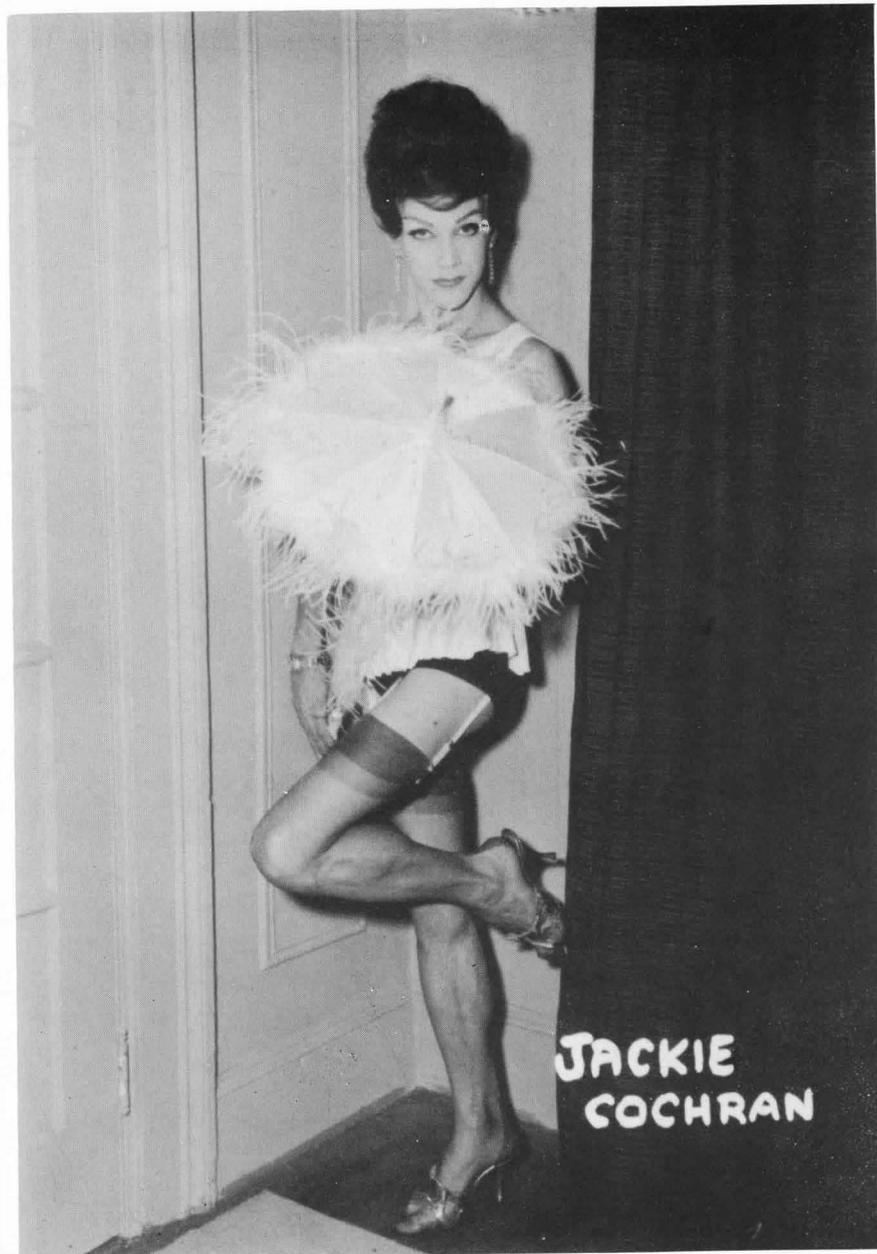
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

As I write the rough draft of this letter, which I will type later on, I am sitting in my very feminine bedroom, at my dressing table, where I have applied a very good Hormone Cream to my face and throat. My wig, which is of good quality human hair, is tied back with a pale blue ribbon, which matches the dainty silken nightgown and robe which covers me.

I have sewn pockets into the bosom of the nightgown, into which I insert soft foam rubber falsies. My feet are slipped into blue furry mules to complete my attire.

I have previously bathed lingeringly in sweet scented water of such warmth that it will keep my pores open long enough for the cream and oil, with which I have covered my body, to penetrate keep and make my body smooth and soft.

Soon I shall slip into my bed, which is made up of pastel yellow silk sheets and pillow covers. There I shall sleep contentedly, dreaming feminine dreams. In the morning when I awaken, I shall spend my Saturday busying myself with the chores of keeping house, while clad in the proper female attire and going about my household duties like a woman.



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For cleaning the house, I usually wear my dainty undergarments and a slack and blouse outfit, as well as anklets and soft leather flats. These Saturday chores usually take about two and a half hours. When the house is cleaned, I will phone the grocer and have my order delivered to my home.

Then I will work an hour or so in my garden, enjoying the fresh and invigorating air and sunshine. You see, I live quite alone in a small four-room house in an urban district and do not have any neighbors closeby to interfere with my plans.

I am outside quite a bit of the time and have even ventured into the small town close by and shopped at some of the stores while dressed as I so dearly love to dress. No one seemed to realize who I was, but my heart was beating so fast that in my imagination, it sounded louder than a drum being hit in a jazz band, from fear of being stopped and my deceit disclosed.

Later in the afternoon, about the time the grocery boy delivers the order, I will again dally in a warm bath of scented water and treat my body with fragrant soap applications. Following the tubbing, I will rub my body down



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with Body Lotion, which I allow to soak in well. Dusting Powder and spicy Cologne will be applied next to give me the sweet feminine odor that I love so well. I will then apply the basic makeup to my face and don my wig, in preparation for putting on the clothes I will wear the rest of the day and evening.

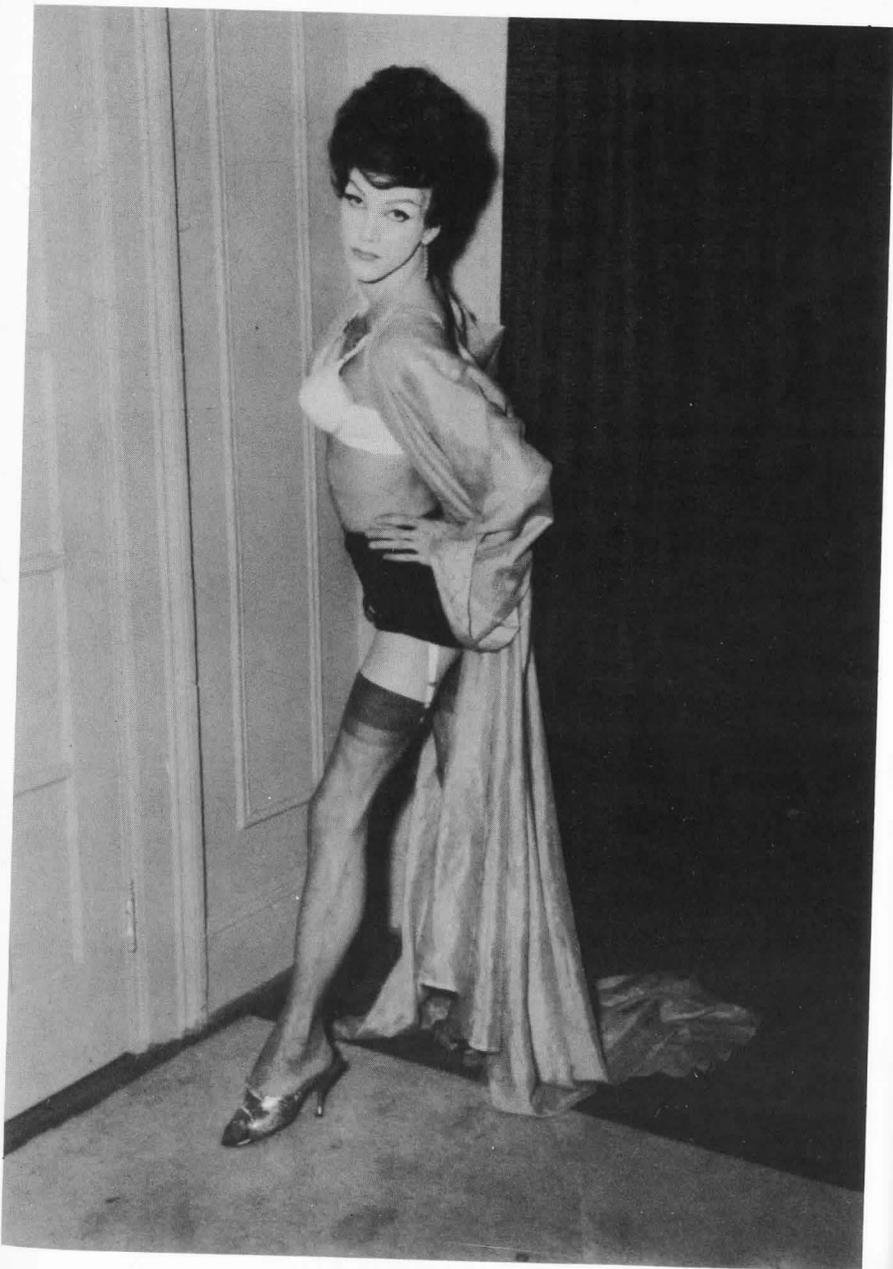
Let me describe for you the outfit which I have selected for tomorrow afternoon. A delicate colored garter belt goes about my waist, helping to pull my stomach flat and enhance the swell of my hips.

For my brassiere, I have selected a willowy white silk and lace affair with shoulder straps and inflatable inserts to fill out the 38-C cup which seems to suit me best.

My panties will be a saucy pair of white silk and lace briefs which will match my bra. A white silk half slip, with gay colored lace on the hem, will complete my undergarments.

Next, I will sheath my white shaven legs in dark brown seamed hose, size 9-1/2 long. On my feet I will wear casual open-toed and heeled brown and white pumps, with a comfortable three inch heel, which are my favorites.





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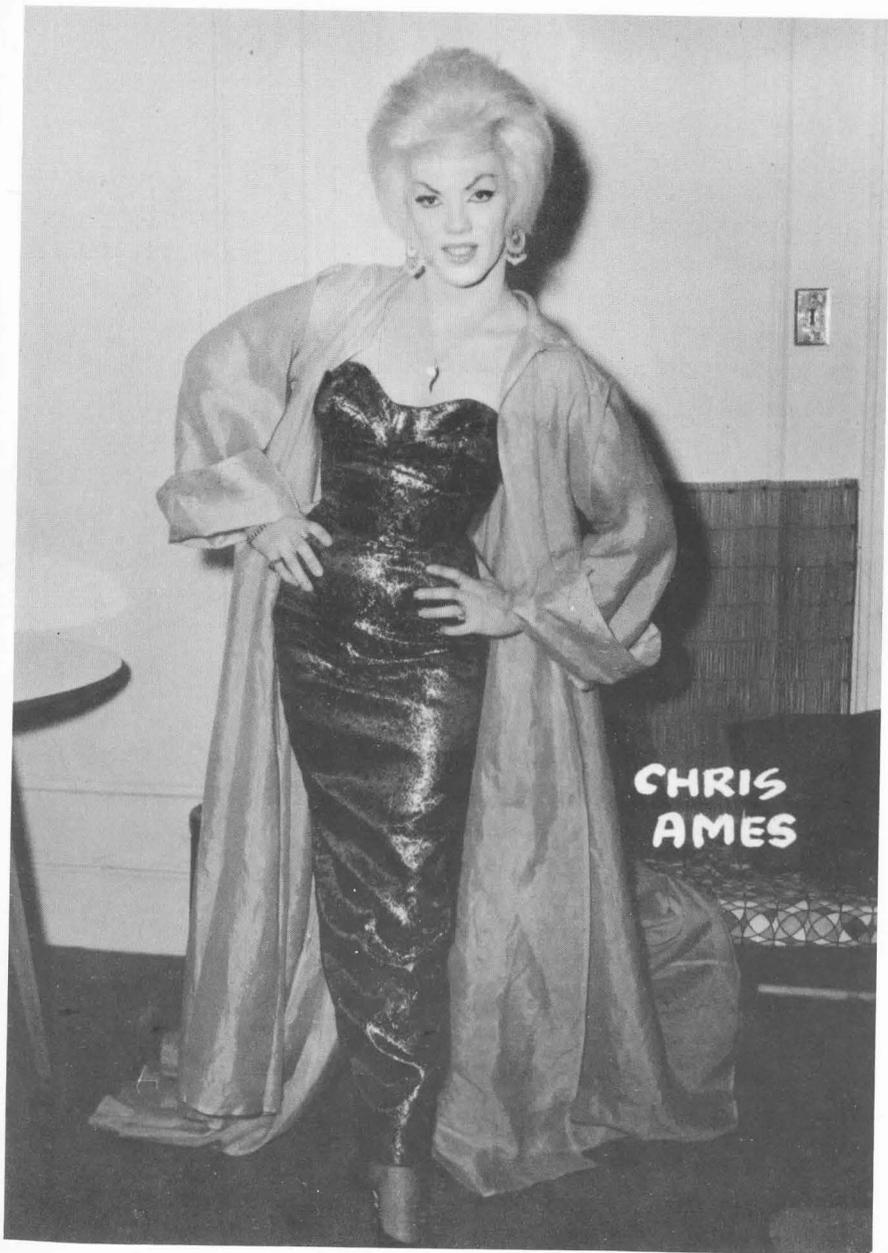
A transparent white blouse, size 38, with long sleeves and full buttoned front and a brown gabardine full pleated skirt will complete my dress. Face powder, rouge, mascara and lipstick will comprise my makeup and the proper jewelry will make the transformation complete. This is my Saturday routine and I look forward to it every week, since it gives me such great pleasure. I expect to turn professional soon.

Now, I would like to ask you, how can some of the other "girls" who wish to meet their counterpart sisters arrange to meet each other, without possibly encountering interference from the authorities or perhaps being blackmailed on the threat of their deception being made public?

I am quite sure that if members of such an organization can get together, we would be able to change the public's opinion of female impersonators into a more favorable one, for the benefit of those who have similar tastes. Can you be of any help to us in this respect?

Awaiting the answer to my question, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
JACKIE COCHRAN.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

After reading your wonderful books on female impersonation, I have really found what I have been looking for a good many years. I have been cross-dressing for about 15 years and for the past three years I have been going out into the streets dressed in silks and satins.

I have three wigs, a complete wardrobe of skirts, panties, slippers and high heels. I like tight taffeta skirts with taffeta slippers or flared skirts with a lot of under-slippers. Many times, I have gotten into my car dressed as a young girl.

I cross-dress because I like the feel of silk and taffeta against my body. I like high heels because they give me a girlish look. I have passed as a girl many times. I like to get dressed in women's clothes and just walk around after dark. I get the feeling of the wind blowing under my soft clothes.

I enjoy very much the wonderful feeling of wearing silk and taffeta clothing of a woman. Also, I have been taking hormones and can see the difference. I hope I will be able to meet someone like myself some day so we can discuss our common problems.





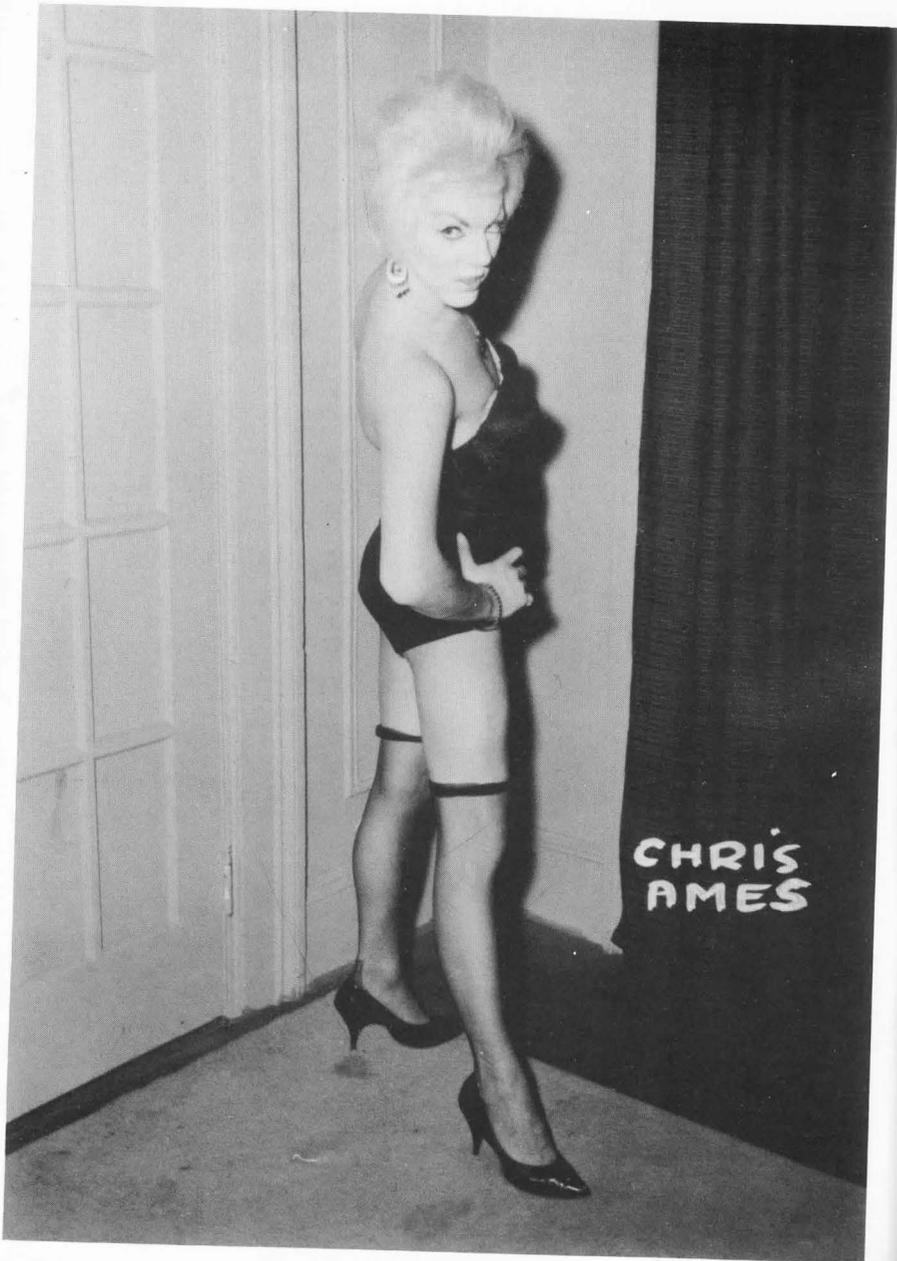
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

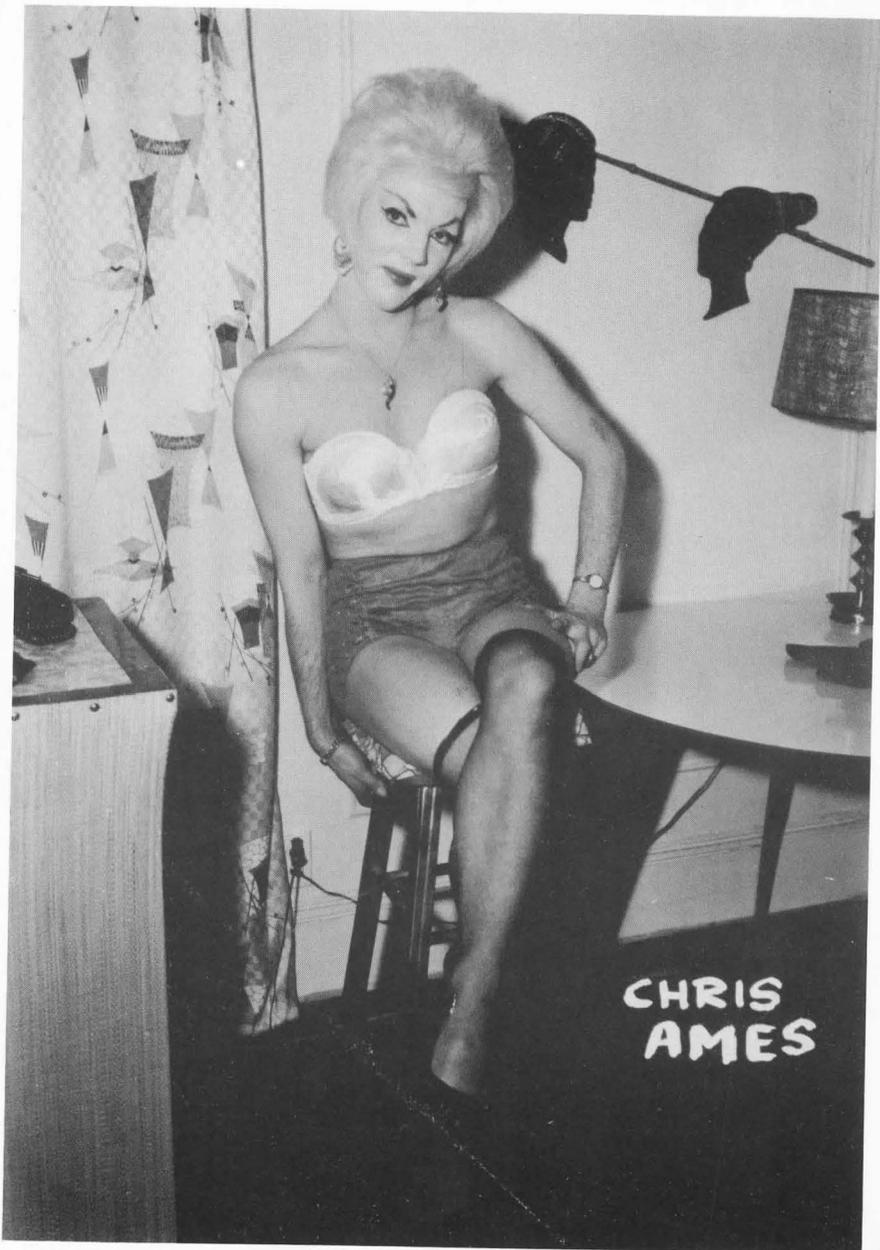
One of the main reasons why I turned professional is because I wanted to meet and mingle with others who have similar desires to mine. I hate to wear masculine clothes and as soon as I get off the streets and away from public view, I quickly don soft clinging nylon lace panties and satin bra.

Having acted like a girl for so long has made me disgusted with wearing male apparel. I am now 24 years old and have loved dressing up as a girl ever since I was a small boy. Even though my change of appearance is on the outside and superficial, I prefer living as a woman.

I like to frequent the department stores in the city and select pretty underthings, nice frilly petticoats and dresses. By showing my police identification card indicating that I am an entertainer, I am able to obtain a professional discount, which saves me a lot of money.

By wearing rolled stockings with an elastic garter to hold them up, I find that I avoid many runs and snags which used to ruin my nylons because of the strain and tautness of the garter belt. While working in the show, I use mesh stockings to save wear and tear, as regular nylons cannot stand up long under the stress and strain while performing on stage.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Having been a professional femme mimic for only a short period of time, I am greatly thrilled at being able to walk upon the stage and deceive the public into thinking that I am a female. It has always been my fondest wish to become for all purposes a female and by working in a night club, playing a girl, I am able to achieve this purpose.

The many changes of feminine clothing made during the performances also help make life as a professional female impersonator worthwhile. Although the starting salary is quite small and most of my salary goes towards purchases of wigs, make-up accessories and taxi fares, still the satisfaction of being able to wear feminine clothes most of the time makes it a most enjoyable profession for me.

I am studying voice now and I hope to become a featured singer in the show when my somewhat husky voice is trained and polished up a little more. I have adopted the stage name of Chris Ames and hope that the readers of your Nutrix publications will come to see me at the night club whenever they see my name advertised in the newspapers and I will be glad to meet them too.

Sincerely,
CHRIS AMES.

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