

ACME

NO. 7

FEMALE

MIMICS

FOR THE ADULT READER

Price \$1.50



THE WORLD'S FOREMOST

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



FEMALE MIMICS

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Front Cover:

Color Insert: HANS CRYSTAL

Back Cover:

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**Add A Touch
Of Spice
And You Have**

**GINGER
HALLIDAY**

**A Flavor-filled
Dish**



A MAN-SIZED PORTRAIT SHOWS GINGER SANS MAKE-UP AND WIG . . . DURING HIS OFF-STAGE HOURS, GINGER LIKES TO PAINT AND SWIM. HE ALSO DOES PART TIME INTERIOR DECORATING.





ADD A HONEY-BLONDE WIG . . . A FEW TOUCHES OF MAKE-UP AND A SMART BASIC BLACK DRESS. SET OFF WITH A GOLD CHAIN NECKLACE AND THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE! GINGER BELIEVES THAT WHEN IT COMES TO MIMICRY. "ANYONE, WITH A LITTLE IMAGINATION CAN DO IT," HE CLAIMS. HOWEVER, FOR PROFESSIONAL PRESENTATION IT TAKES HARD, HARD WORK!





Ginger is a fabulous dancer and singer. He studied for several years, and at the suggestion of a good friend went to a theatrical audition. Glamorously dressed, he fooled the backers of the show and won a small part. From there Ginger went on to club dates on both coasts.





Gene Bibeau

DIAL FM FOR FUN

By Leda Crane

"Set your FM dial for 34.5 for the best in radio listening. Remember, it's FM for fun . . . be treated to the latest in swinging music on Station FIMP . . . music to wake up to or go to sleep by, folks . . ."

Riki rolled over on a well-oiled tummy and flipped the switch on the transistor.

Music to go to sleep by, my eye. Why go to sleep in the middle of a gorgeous afternoon on a sun drenched, deserted beach?

"Aw . . . did you have to turn it off, Miss? I sure was enjoyin' that there purty music!" A tall well-built youth arose from the grassy dunes some 30 feet away and approached the startled Riki, who hastily covered up with a towel.

"Sorry if I scared you, Ma'am." With long strides he came closer and sank down in the sand beside Riki. "I've been laying back there in the tall grass, just listening to yore radio and lookin at you. You sure are purty, Ma'am."

His broad smile was engaging and Riki grinned back, inspite of a fleeting annoyance at having the beautiful solitude so rudely broken.

On an impulse, Riki pushed the transistor toward him. "Here. Why don't you borrow it for awhile? I'm sick of the darn thing."

He shook his head and his blond curls fell down over his tanned brow. "Oh no Ma'am. Thank you kindly, but I couldn't do that. Anyways, I'd rather just set here close to you. You SURE are purty, I wanta tell you!"

Riki pulled the towel closer to cover the wide expanses of rosy flesh between the top and bottom of an extremely scanty bikini. Obviously this guy was a real hick who just didn't know any better. His Southern drawl was a give-away. He probably didn't even know that this kind of a pass might get him a slap in the face from most girls.

But then, Riki wasn't most girls! *Not by a long shot.* It might be fun to lead this square on a little. Just for kicks. With a coy glance, Riki let the towel slip down to expose part of one sun-tinted swell of flesh.



"You haven't had much experience with girls, have you, Mister?" Riki's voice was a low, husky purr. Five carefully enamelled little toes crept out from a towel, followed by a slender ankle and smoothly tanned calf.

"N - n - no Ma'am. I ain't." He blushed furiously, eyes glued to the curvy leg. "How could you tell, Ma'am?"

Riki fell back on the sand, letting the towel droop to one side — and causing the youth to turn even redder. "Because you're so frank. If you knew anything about women, you'd know better than to tell them the truth." The round toes pointed. "Hand me those shoes over there, will you?"

The boy groped in the sand and withdrew two sandals with lacy straw vamps and tall wooden spike heels. He stared at them in awe. "Gosh. Ma'am. Do you really wear these here purty things?"

"Of course. You may put them on for me, big boy." Riki smiled down at his still scarlet face. This was fun, teasing like a typical flirt. But it had better not go too far. This one really was a 'big boy'. As big as a full-back. It wouldn't do to get him *too* excited. But Riki had to admit that for such a muscle-man, his touch was as gentle as a woman's.

He slipped the spike heeled sandals onto Riki's dainty feet like an expert shoe salesman.

"What's your name, big boy? We might as well get acquainted as long as you plan to stay."

"Uh . . . that is my name ma'am. Big Boy. I thought maybe you just knew it, the way you said it. Course that's not my real name. But it's what everybody back home calls me." Big Boy's huge fingers gently massaged the dainty instep and worked their way up Riki's firm calf.

"Hey! Cut that out!" Riki sat up quickly and jabbed one spiked heel into his thigh. It seemed to have little effect — he was wearing thick faded denims. The hand continued its upward journey and was soon caressing one dimpled knee. Before Riki could squirm away, the mate to the hand was stroking the mate to the knee.

A tremor of terror went thru Riki's body. This had to be handled carefully. "Stop it! If you don't, you'll be sorry, believe me!" Riki's voice rose to a shrill pitch.

Big Boy moved closer, obviously unperturbed by his victim's panic. In fact, it seemed to amuse him. He

leaned close and grinned down into Riki's upturned face.

"You ain't had much experience with men, have you honey?" His tone mocked Riki's previous remarks.

He wrapped one huge hand around Riki's throat and with the other began to knead the flat belly. He sniffed Riki's long auburn tresses. "Don't be afraid, honey," he breathed in Riki's ear. "I won't hurt you. Not as long as you keep quiet and don't try to get away!"

The game would soon be over and Riki knew it. "Let — me — go — you — big — ape! I'm — not — what — you — think —" The words came out haltingly as the fingers around Riki's neck tightened.

"I told you not to worry, honey," Big Boy whispered gruffly. "I'm not gonna rape you or anything like that. You're so PURTY I just wanta touch you. That's all."

Tears of fright and helplessness rolled down Riki's cheeks and one false eyelash loosened. It fell onto Big Boy's hand. He chuckled and blew it off into the sand. "You city gals sure do wear some silly things. First time I ever saw pasted-on eyelashes!"

"That's — not — all — that — fake —" Riki gasped.

Big Boy's strangle-hold relaxed. "Wal, don't be embarrassed, honey. I reckon everybody has secrets. Even me. He put his mouth close to Riki's ear again. "Wanna know my secret, honey?"

Riki nodded dumbly. Anything to keep him from going further with whatever he had in mind.

His breath was hot on the nape of Riki's slender neck. Beads of sweat dripped from his bronzed cheeks. "You'll never believe this, honey, but I swear it's the truth. You see, I'm really a GIRL."

Big Boy let Riki go. The limp, bikini-clad form fell back onto the sandy towel. Big Boy was shaking with spasm of laughter. "He" slapped his muscular thighs in great glee.

Riki started, wide-eyed. "I don't believe it!"

"Well, honey, it's the truth," Big Boy muttered, becoming suddenly serious. "All my life, people called me 'Big Boy' — but I'm sure enough a girl. Got two young uns to prove it."

Riki continued to stare in amazement. "Then why — why did you put on this act and scare me half out of my mind? You're not — you're not — well, you know?" The terror began to show in Riki's mascara streaked eyes again.

Big Boy chuckled. "You mean some kind of freak? No, honey. I'm really sorry I made you upset. It's a long story, if you wanta hear it."

Riki pulled out a cigarette and offered the pack to Big Boy. "Please, *do* tell all. I'm more interested than you could know!"

Big Boy took the proffered weed and lit it, slowly puffing. "Wal, it all started after Joe, my husband, went and got himself killed drivin' my pick-up truck. Guess some folks might say our life was a mite peculiar, but it suited us just fine. And back home nobody seemed to care. Just took us for granted.

"You see, honey, cause I'm such a big strappin critter and Joe was a kinda skinny runt of a fella, we sorta switched places."

Riki frowned, puzzled. "I don't get it. But first, I'm *still* not convinced you're really a woman!"

"Wal since there's just us gals here, I'll show you, honey." Big Boy's clear blue eyes swept the deserted beach. The half burned weed was cast aside. The strong sinewy hands jerked at the faded denim shirt, baring two perfectly formed, tho somewhat small, breasts!

It was Riki's turn to blush. "Please — button your shirt. Now I believe you!"

Grinning, Big Boy slipped the button back into place. "As I was sayin, me an Joe did the opposite of most couples. That is, he stayed home mostly and minded the kids, cleaned up round the farm, cooked. Darn tasty meals, too.

"I ran the farm, bossed the hired help. We had a right nice vegetable farm and raised chickens, too. I usta take the produce into the farmer's market every day in the pick-up truck. You gettin bored, honey?"

Riki blew out a spiral of cigarette smoke, smiling faintly. "No, Big Boy. I'm not bored. Not at all. In fact, I'm downright fascinated. Please, continue!"

Big Boy's eyes became misty. "Then, one day I was taken sick with the measles. Caught it from Junior. So Joe, he up and takes the pick-up truck to the market. Joe never could drive so good."

She wiped her eyes on her rolled-up sleeve." Next thing I knew, I was standin' by pore Joe's grave, my face all covered with measles spots. Nobody in that whole town came to the funeral — cause of my spots."

Riki leaned across the towel and patted Big Boy's sturdy thigh. "I'm sorry. You don't have to tell me the

(Continued on Page 63)

**DONNA MAE...
A CHESS CHAMP
WHO PLAYS THE
GAME OF MIME,
TOO!**





DONNA



MAE





Dona is a serious student of the game of chess, and has become so good that he may soon enter into professional competition. As a hobby, Dona spends time perfecting the art of being a mimic . . . he has an extensive and lovely wardrobe — as you can see from these pictures! Dona is particularly fond of hats and unusual stockings. Many of his theatrical friends have urged him to go into show business, but Dona doesn't want to at the moment. He feels that what he does is fun and enjoyable, and realizes that he would have to work long, hard hours if he were to go on the stage.

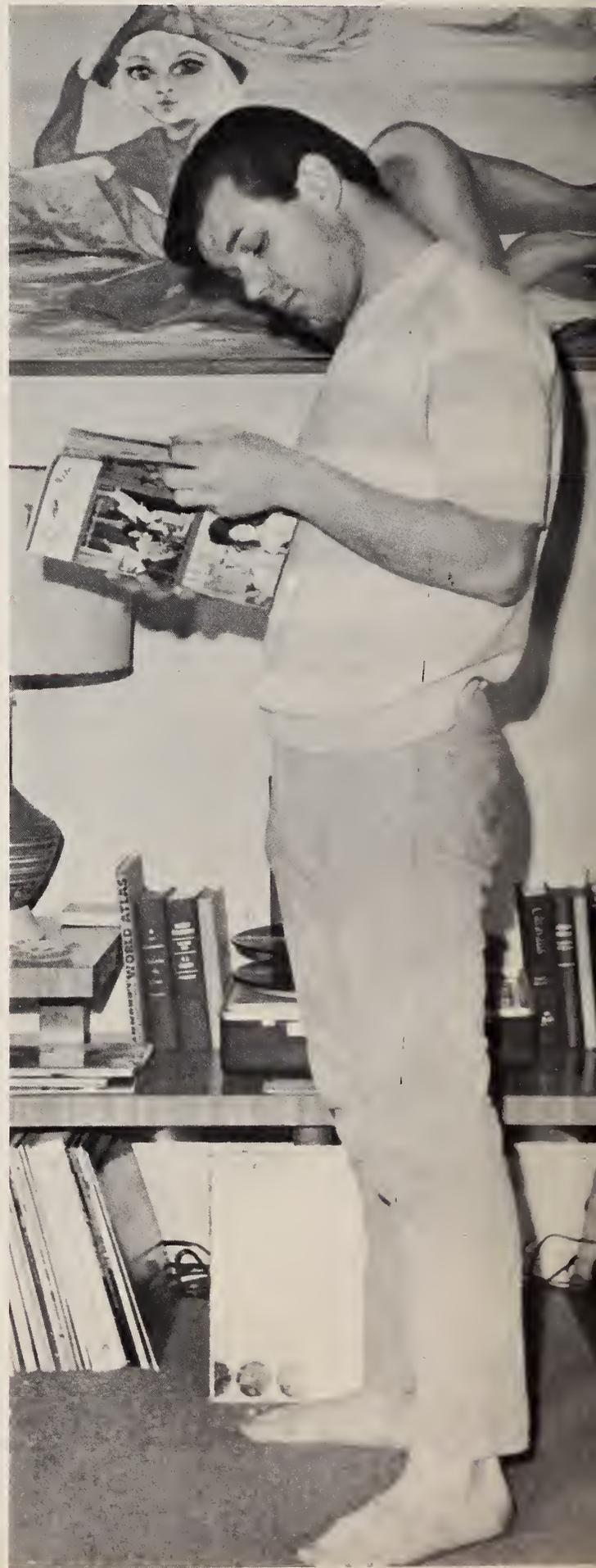






**'Mischelle'
A SERIOUS
STUDENT
OF MAKE-UP
AND
HAIR STYLING
PUTS HIS KNOWLEDGE
TO GOOD USE . . .**

Mischelle is an expert when it comes to all phases of feminine beauty. He has studied the techniques of hair styling and make-up — AND from these poses you can see how he has mastered them. At the age of 23, Mischelle has a long and great career ahead!





A CLOSE-UP
VIEW OF THE
ART OF MAKING UP . . .



'Mischelle'

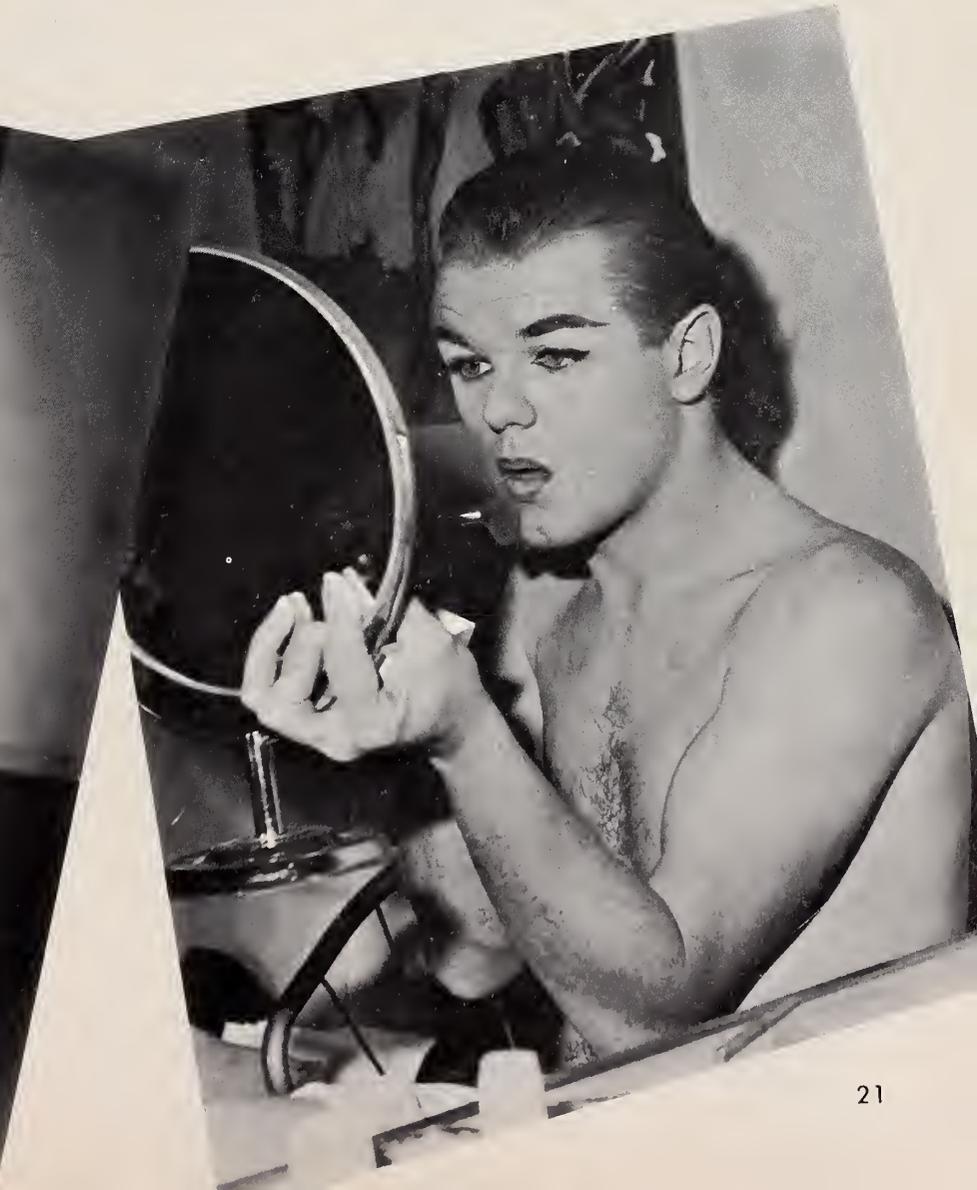
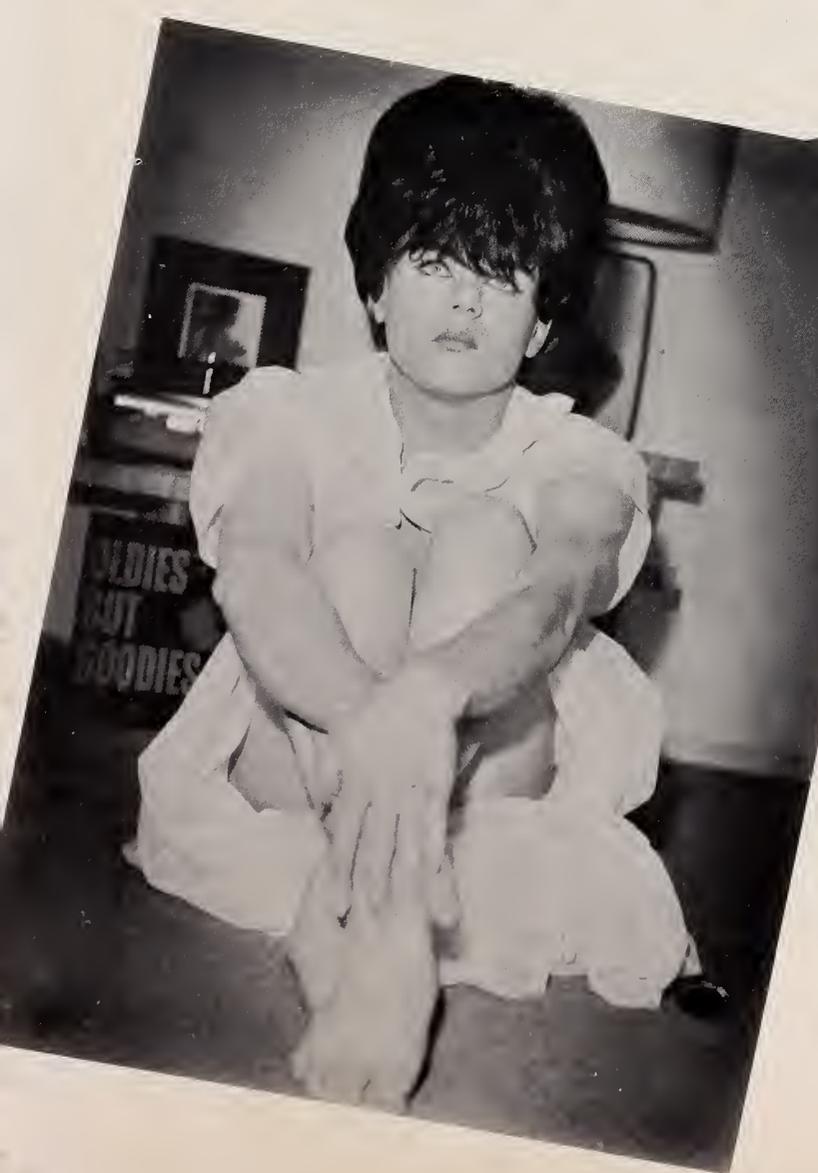
MISCHELLE realized a long time ago that you just don't put on a dress, and dab some make-up here and there if you desire to be professional! The study of photographs and motion picture stars gave Mischelle some valuable tips. He also reads every fashion magazine he could get a hold of, and copied attitudes and poses. However, he cautions, "Make sure you don't copy everything you see, whether you like it or not. Make sure that what you do is comfortable for you . . . It doesn't pay to try and look chic and sophisticated if you are the casual, out-of-doors type." Mischelle believes that many beginners over-do what they do. "It's better to establish your own identity first," he says.



**LUCKILY FOR MISHELLE HE IS EQUALLY COMFORTABLE IN SEVERE, HIGH-FASHION
AS HE IS IN A SWEATER AND SKIRT . . . HENCE HE ALWAYS APPEARS NATURAL!**











Whoop It Up!
It's Famous Mardi
Gras Time In
New Orleans

BAUBLES . . . BANGLES . . . BEADS . . . EVERYTHING GOES AT 'MARDI GRAS.' On the day before the beginning of the Lenten season, New Orleans is bursting at the seams. The city is one of the few places left in the world where the fantastic 'Mardi Gras' really comes to life!





AT 'MARDI GRAS'.



THE OUTLANDISH AND THE CHIC BLEND IN A TOPSY-TURVY CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE





Boys and Girls . . . Men and Women . . . People from all walks of life start planning costumes far in advance. Along with the people of New Orleans are the thousands who come from everywhere to make merry! At the height of the celebration it's hard to tell the boys from the girls—but it's all in good clean fun AND every body has a real "ball." From dusk till dawn there's dancing, flowing wine, fun-filled parades and parties galore!

TWO WONDERFUL EXAMPLES OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE AT GAY, MAD 'MARDI GRAS'



**82 CLUB
STAR
HANS CRYSTAL
SAILS AWAY
FOR A
PERMANENT
CHANGE**





Hans Crystal's pixish face, and curvy figure are familiar to many, many fans. As one of the star performers in New York's fabulous 82 Club, Hans has developed a tremendous following. Physical attributes have made him a standout BUT Hans' beauty is more than skin deep!





HANS



CRYSTAL





Hans is a true artist, who hasn't relied on lovely looks—he has worked and perfected his talents to a fine standard. As a result his appearances provide top-rate fun for all!





HANS IS GOING THROUGH AN IMPORTANT CHANGE! AFTER YEARS AND YEARS OF THINKING AND PLANNING, HE HAS DECIDED TO TAKE AN ALL IMPORTANT STEP. SEVERAL MONTHS AGO HE BEGAN HORMONE TREATMENTS IN PREPARATION FOR A MEDICAL CHANGE TO BEING A WOMAN. INTENSIVE PSYCHIATRIC CARE FOLLOWED, AND NOW HANS IS IN EUROPE UNDERGOING THE FINAL OPERATIONS! WHEN HE RETURNS TO HIS FANS AND FRIENDS, HANS WILL BE LEGALLY A WOMAN. HIS FELLOW PERFORMERS HAVE ENCOURAGED HIM ALONG THE WAY, AND WHEN HANS RETURNS WE PREDICT THAT AUDIENCES AND FRIENDS WILL BE THRILLED WITH THE RESULTS!



IF YOU THINK HANS IS A KNOCK-OUT IN BLACK-AND-WHITE JUST WAIT TILL YOU TURN THE PAGE!







At Home

With

JINX
AUSTIN

Jinx believes in BREVITY and gets
to the point fast in little fashions.





The Personification of Impersonation!







JINX



AUSTIN



Because Jinx has naturally dark hair, he wanted to have a wig made in complete contrast.

Here are the results—platinum blonde, fashioned of the finest European human hair.





*Annual L. A.
Get-to-gether*

*"Hat And Wig
Festival"*

*For the Pros
and Novices*

"Hat And Wig Festival"





SNAPPED OFF GUARD! TWO LOVELY MODELS SHOW SURPRISE AS OUR CAMERAMAN CLICKS AWAY. THE ANNUAL EVENT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CLOSED AFFAIR, BUT THIS YEAR ARRANGEMENTS ALLOWED 'FEMALE MIMICS' TO BE ON HAND . . .





UP TO THIS YEAR THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL EMPHASIZED HATS . . . HOWEVER, NOW THAT WIGS ARE THE BIG NEWS IN FASHION, THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP HAVE SPENT LOTS OF TIME AND MONEY IN PERFECTING HAIR-DOS! AMONG THE PARTICIPANTS ARE HOUSEWIVES (AND THEIR HUSBANDS), DANCERS, MODELS, SINGERS AND JUST PLAIN FOLK. CAN YOU TELL WHO IS WHO? OR WHICH IS WHICH?



THE WINNER! THIS YEAR'S TOP ENTRY WON IN THE WIG CATEGORY. HIS NAME IS GEORGE . . . NOTICE THE SUPERB MAKE-UP TECHNIQUE; THE FINE, SIMPLE HAIR STYLING . . .





... La Rey...:

Drama Student With

A Double Chance To

Reach Star Billing

On His Way To

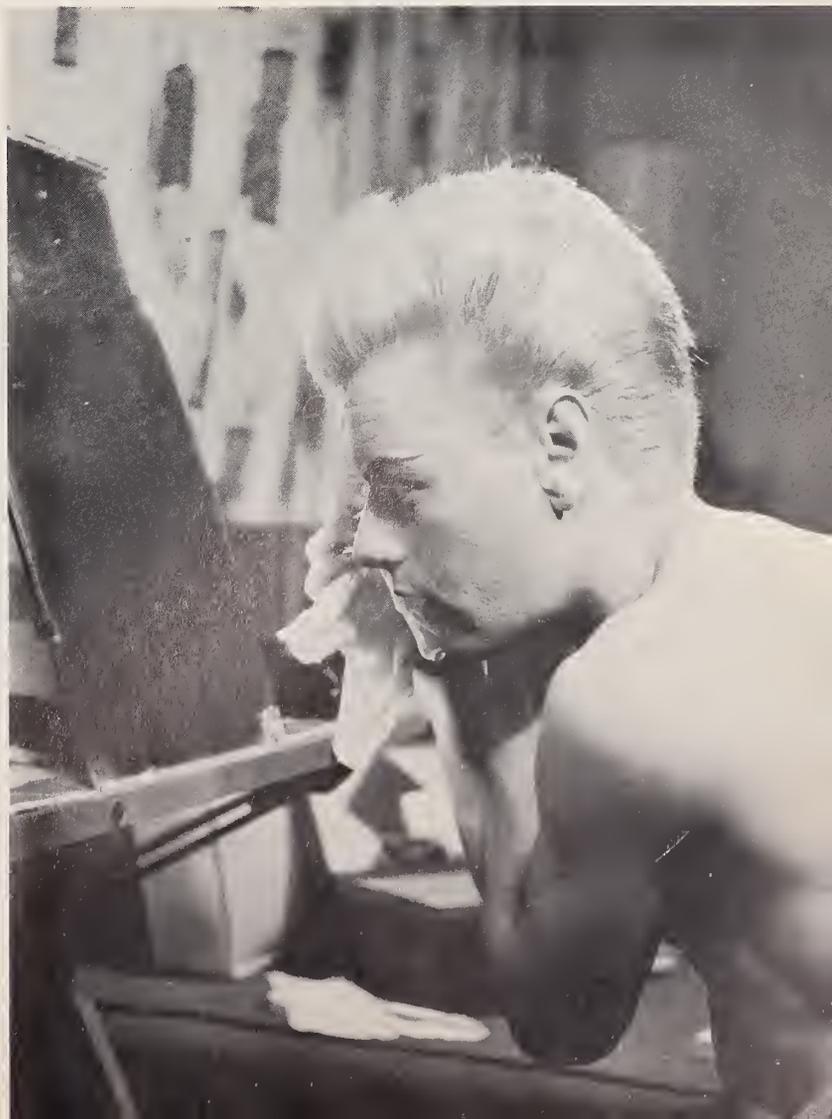
World Fame!



“La Rey” is a senior in a leading university where he is studying in the school’s fine drama department!



“VERSATILITY,” that’s the key word in La Rey’s vocabulary! **“I believe,”** he told us, **“that a performer should be able to project several images —not that he should know a little about many things BUT he should know plenty about a few.”** Day after day, La Rey works long, hard hours in the pursuit of a dramatic career. He is also in the **“A Class”** when it comes to being a mimic. As a mimic his chances are doubled . . . in major productions he has been able to play female roles (in the tradition of Shakespeare’s day), as well as male romantic leads. Next year, after graduation, La Rey is going to come to New York for work.







'Versatility'—La Rey looking like a debutante or a bathing beauty!



La Rey loves sweaters of all kinds, and has an extensive wardrobe of stockings, evening gowns, skirts, and fashion dresses. He also has a blonde wig (shown) and a black one . . .



**America's Answer To
Coccinelle™**

**WINDY STARR...
California Glamour
Guy**





We're speechless! Overwhelmed! Windy is the most . . . AND we welcome him to the world of glamorous mimicry—we will watch his rise to fame with passionate interest!



AS THE BOY NEXT DOOR...

TERRIFIC

FROM ANY ANGLE... PERFECT



IN A GOWN...
DIVINE!

Windy comes by his superlative looks naturally—his father is a romantic-type actor in motion pictures, and his mother was a Hollywood glamour gal during the 40s. Windy is only 19 years old, and we just know that he has years and years of fame ahead!

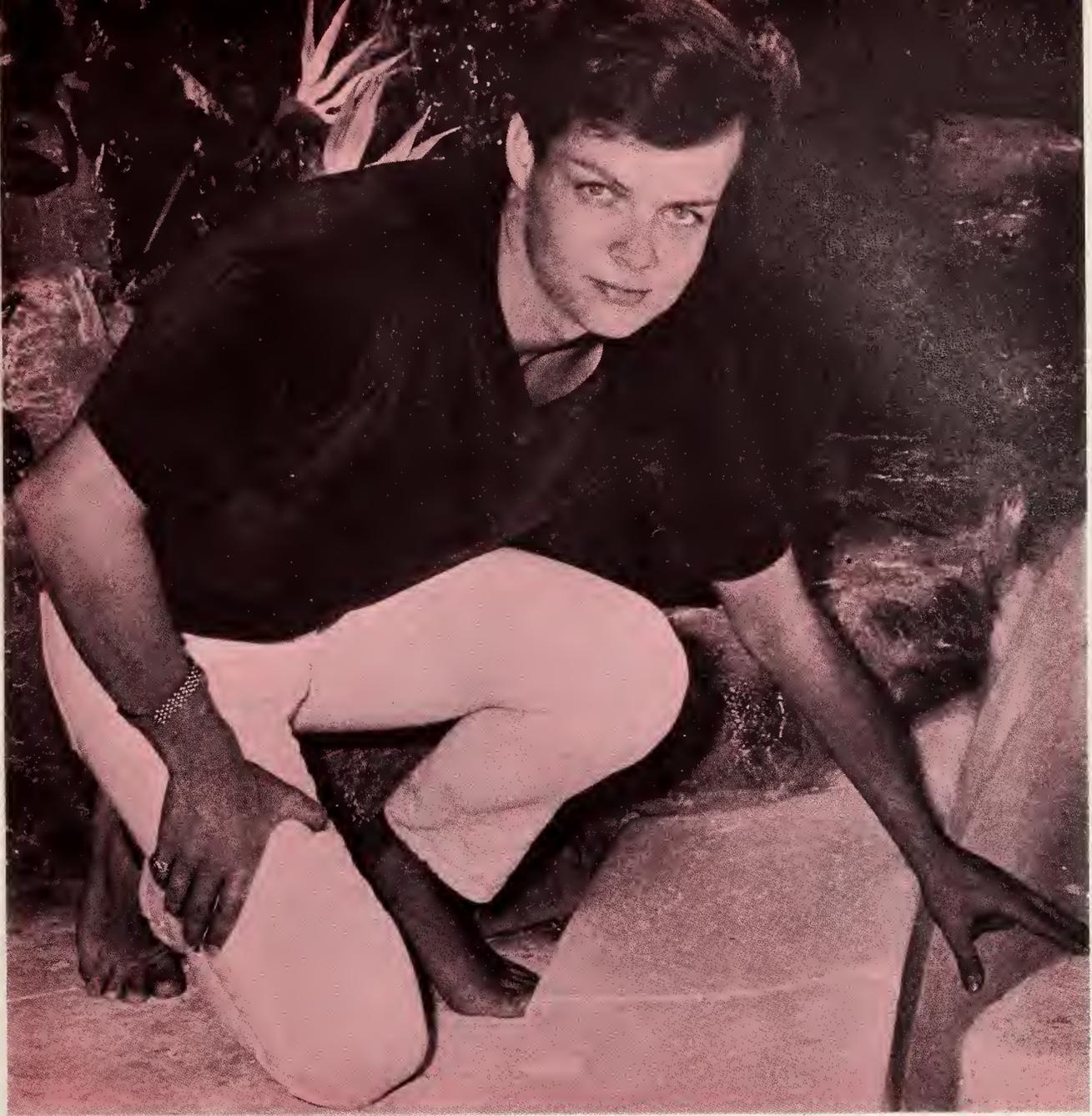




LUCKILY WINDY CAN WEAR HIS MOTHER'S CLOTHES . . . A BIG HELP WHEN IT COMES TO GLAMOUR!







Windy lives in a plush, lush home, complete with swimming pools and tennis courts. The major Hollywood studios are nearby, and several of them have offered Windy a contract. However, his parents want him to finish college first — then there'll be plenty of time to hit the bright lights . . . In the meantime, Windy works at his art whenever he has the time!





DIAL FM FOR FUN

(Continued from Page 10)

rest if you don't want to."

Big Boy managed a small grin. "Aw, you're sweet, honey. Somehow — don't take this wrong, now — somehow, you kinda remind me of my Joe. He was, wal, gentle like you."

Riki's voice was husky with strange compassion. "Thank you, Big Boy. That's a true compliment."

"Wal, the rest of my story is purty short. After Joe died, everything went wrong. The 'surance folks wouldn't pay for the truck, cause the accident was his fault. He'd run over a prize cow belongin to a right nasty neighbor down the road apiece. That neighbor sued me for just about all our savins to pay for that cow. Then, I got complicashuns from the measles spots and went to the hospital. Had to hire a nurse for the younguns. The hired hands stole everything they could tote and took off. To top it all, we had a drought and the vegetables died, and a brush fire burned down the whole place. We was lucky to get out alive."

Riki was close to tears, too. Silly — but true. This corn story could be heard any afternoon on soapbox TV. So why should a sophisticated, glamorous "critter" like Riki Rousseau be affected by this hillbillie's sad tale?

Riki's buddies back at the Club FM would snicker if they knew. The Star of the Big City's most publicized niterie, the doll who wowed 'em every evening with torchy songs and slinky gowns — the fabulous Riki R — close to tears over a yokel's sob story? Ridiculous! Maybe . . .

But true! Riki felt a genuine throb of pity — and something more, perhaps, for this gorgeous hunk of humanity's sad plight. Funny, but Riki had begun to think of Big Boy as *gorgeous*. In spite of the revelation that "he" was really a "she." Or — perhaps *because* of it?

Thoughtfully, Riki ground out the cigarette in the sand. Maybe the fabulous Riki R was in need of a psychiatrist! "Please finish your story, Big Boy. I really do want to know how you ended up — *here*."

"Wal, it just goes to show you that, like my Mama usta say, things look darkest before the dawn. Just when I was 'bout ready to turn myself over to the relief board and put Junior and Janie in the orphan home, everything got better!"

Big Boy grinned and pushed a shock of corn-silk yellow hair out of her eyes. "It was real crazy, ma'am. You probably won't believe what happened!"

Riki grinned back into the whole-set blue eyes. "I'll believe it. After this day I'd believe *anything*. Now c'mon and finish the story, for heaven's sake!"

"I'm just not the kind that let's things get me down, ma'am. So, stead of takin rat poison or somethin, I just took the young uns by the hand and walked 3 miles to town and sat us down in the ice cream parlor. Back home we got a right fancy Main Street. Peabody's Ice Cream Parlor is real elegant. Expensive, too. Costs close to two dollars just to get banana splits for three.

"So, I sets us down and orders the works. Figgered I'd blow the last dime. Warn't nothin that'd do us any good for payin off the mortgage on the farm or buildin a new house, anyways.

"Wal, there's this here City Slicker setting at the counter, lookin bored. Drinkin COFFEE, of all things. *Coffee*, when you can order a delicious ice cream soda for the same price.

"I mentioned that to the young uns, in a kinda whisper. Fore I could stop her, that little devil Janie runs over to this City fella and says, 'My Momma thinks you're crazy, Mister. Cause you got *coffee*, when you coulda got a super duper ice cream soda for the same price!'"

"This City fella pats Janie on the head and looks over at me. He kinda stars. 'Your *Momma* said that, little girl?' he says. 'Where's your *Momma*? You mean your *Papa*, don't you?'"

"Janie shakes her curls and her little cheeks have dimples. She looks most purty as you, ma'am. 'That's my *Momma*.' she says, and points

(Continued on Page 68)

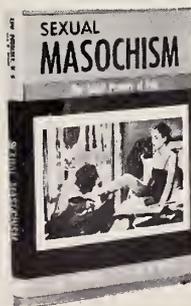
SEXUAL SADISM

by Dr. Edw. Podolsky & Carlson Wade

Published 1961. 176 pp. including 18 full pages of photos and drawings. Library bound. \$7.00

This book is the first authentic work which is devoted exclusively to the interrelation between the sexual urge and the sadistic impulse. Includes many case histories.

Contents: Sadism—Its Many Faces; Sadism and the Sexual Libido; King of the Sadists; Strange Flagellation Cults; Sadism Around the World; The Weapons and Methods of a Sadist; and more.



SEXUAL MASOCHISM

by Dr. Edw. Podolsky & Carlson Wade

Published 1961. 176 pp. including 17 full pages of photos and drawings. Library bound. \$7.00

Every important aspect of the sexual abnormality of masochism and its influence of the libido is presented in this volume. Includes case histories.

Contents: The Nature of Masochism; The Pleasures of Pain; The Worship of the Whip; Sexual Problems of the Masochist; Masochism: Its Many Faces; The Secret Life of the Masochist; and more.

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1733 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y. Dept. G I

From Our Mail Box

FROM A STAR!

Dear Editors,

My show is going great guns, and we are appearing throughout the country with great success. We've added new routines, and a few new members to the cast.

As always we appreciate any mention you give us. Many people have come back after our shows to tell us they have seen us in your publication.

All of us wait for your issues, and enjoy the articles and fine photography. I'll try to keep in touch when I have the time.

As Always,
Jene Chandler

Dear Sirs:

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

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

Most Respectfully,
"Daiquari St. John"



"DAIQUIRI ST. JOHN"



MR. JENE CHANDLER



"DAIQUIRI ST. JOHN"



Dear Sirs,

As always I enjoy every issue of Female Mimics, and I want to thank you, in particular, for issue No. 6 and the wonderful coverage you gave me. It's really amazing how you turn out such a superior product, month after month. Your writing, layouts and photos are superb.

I am very busy, and doing some wonderful productions. Looking forward to future issue . . .

Yours truly,
Randy Taylor
New York City

EXOTIC FASHIONS

Bizarre... Unusual... Outré

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
by

Tana & Mara
Louise & Gaye
.....

Exotic Fashions in
ELASTICIZED Satin-Lastex
and in LEATHER
for
STAGE and MASQUERADE

Designed for CONNOISSEURS - CATALOG: \$2.00



Tana & Mara
P. O. Box 673
Radio City Station
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

J. O.

Long Beach, Calif.

P.S. Since your first issue I have not missed a single copy.

(We found your letter and photos extremely interesting, and we know our readers will agree. Since your letter was written we have presented most of the stars you asked for, and by now we imagine you have the copies. With each issue we will be showing more and more of your favorites.—Ed.)

ARMED FORCES MIMIC

Gentlemen:

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

Bunny

APO N. Y., N. Y.

(It's always great to hear from our guys in service . . . we appreciate what you are giving up to protect our country and wish you the best of luck. Your picture is great, thank for sending it.—Ed.)

Dear Female Mimics,

I have been reading "FEMALE MIMICS" and find it very, very interesting. I am a professional and work with such stars as Ricky Renee, Coccinelle, Capucine, Bambi, Zambella, Leslie Caroll, and Joe Baker.

I appeared at Le Carrousel de Paris for many months, and am now enjoying appearances in some West Berlin, Germany clubs.

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

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

Mitsou

West Berlin, Germany

(Glad to hear from you 'Mitsou' and doubly glad we have room to print your picture. Please let us hear from you more often.—Ed.)



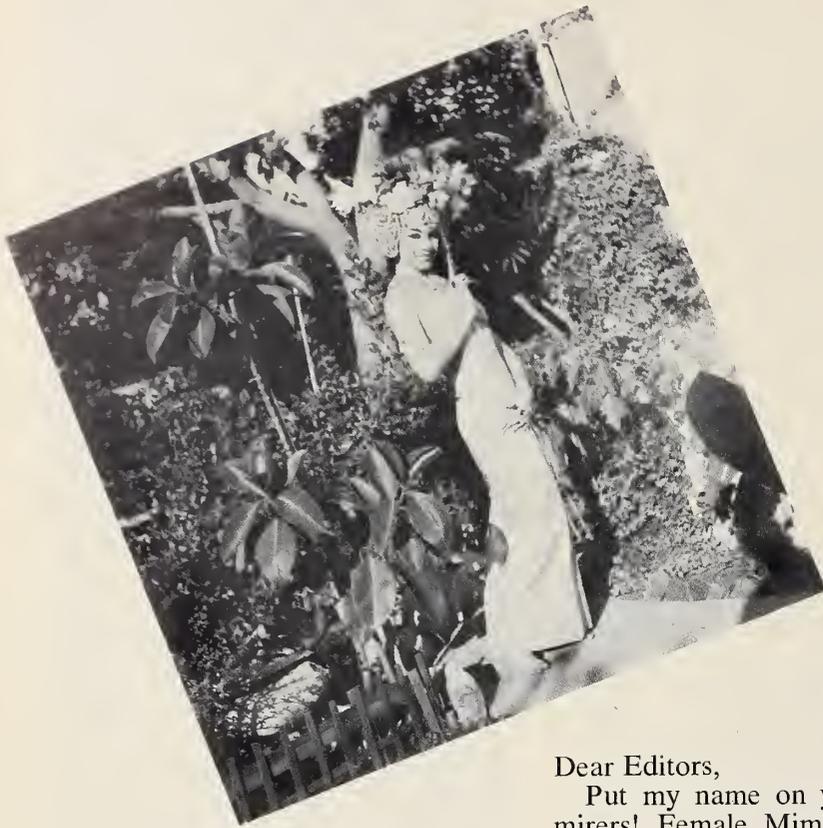
BUNNY



MITSOU



From Our Mail Box



J.O.



Dear Editors,

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

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

Sincerely,
Hilmar
New York City

HILMAR

HILMAR



From Our Mail Box

FROM A CANADIAN FRIEND

Hi There,

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

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

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

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

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

Please excuse my writing and spelling because I am French.

'Peaches'

Ottawa, Canada

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

Dear Sirs,

I thank you for the wonderful coverage you have given me in "Female Mimics." I have been very busy doing shows and concerts for the past several months, and have been meaning to write you.

Thought you might like to print one of my latest photos for your readers—also I send kindest greetings to all who have helped make my career so rewarding.

Looking forward to future issues!

Truly,

Minette

Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.



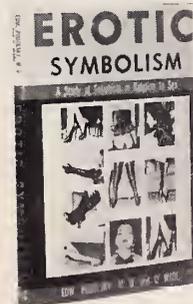
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at me. This gentleman takes Janie by the hand and brings her over to our table.

"Sir," he says, "You'd better straighten out this young lady about your — ah — who you are. She thinks you're her *Momna*."

"I sat up straight and stuck my chest out. 'I *am* her Momma, suh,' I told him. Wal, ma'am, that's how I got here."

Riki's look was more puzzled than ever. "But — you still haven't told me. What did this 'city fella' have to do with your getting here?"

"Oh, I almost forgot the best part," Big Boy began to laugh loudly again. "You wouldn't believe it! This man, he offered me *one hundred dollars a week* just to come to the Big City and pretend I'm a man! Imagine that, if you can! So — he paid for everything. A camp for Junior and Janie, a room for me in the city, our bus fare up here, all of it — he said he's a talent scout for that there radio station you had on. Station FIMP. All I hafta do is sing a song at this here cafe he's got, once a nite. And some nites — guess what? I'll be on the radio!"

Riki sat up straight as an arrow, eyes blazing, auburn hair flying in the ocean breeze. "Was that radio talent scout short and bald?"

Big Boy nodded yes.

"Was he wearing a loud checked jacket?" Big Boy nodded. "And smoking a big black cigar?" Another nod.

Riki's voice rose to a shrill angry pitch. "That s —! Was his name Marty?"

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Big Boy nodded again.
 "Now, I'll tell you the rest!" Riki's voice and eyes were all but shooting sparks. "Marty, that great kind wonderful benefactor — sent you out here to the beach today. Right? Right! I'll bet I can even quote his parting words. Wanna bet?"

Big Boy shook her head, not comprehending.

"Well, I'll tell you anyway!" In Riki's angry outburst, the towel had fallen aside, forgotten.

Big Boy stared, bug-eyed with admiration, at Riki's curvy slender body. Riki leaned forward, unaware that the scanty bikini top had slipped and that one pink foam rubber false was spilling out, dangling precariously on the bit of colorful cloth.

"Here what that louse Marty told you: he said 'put on the clothes of the opposite sex and get out there on the beach. Pretend you're a woman (in your case he probably said pretend you're a man. When you said suppose someone comes along, he said, 'Great! See if you can fool them!' Right? Isn't that what he said?"

Big Boy scratched her head in bewilderment. "Right, ma'am, but — how did you know? Are you a gypsy fortune teller?"

Riki giggled. "No. Nothing like that. I'm just a guy who works for station FIMP and club FM. And Marty."

With a defiant swoop Riki pulled off the bra and the auburn wig and the one remaining false eyelash. He wiped away the mascara and lipstick with the edge of the beach towel and extended a slim hand to Big Boy.

"Looks like we're going to be co-workers, gorgeous. May as well be friends, too!"



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Big Boy's grin became the widest ever. "That's fine by me, ma'am — er — suh — er — buddy?" He covered the dainty hand with his own tremendous one.

Riki jumped to his feet with a lithe grace. "Just call me Riki, Big Boy . . . now that I think of it, that Marty might not be such a louse after all!"

"He knew I was lonely. He always kept telling me he was gonna find me a partner — one I might even hitch up with permanently. That sly rascal! He probably planned this whole thing!"

With unspoken consent, the professional female impersonator and novice male mimic gathered up Riki's beach paraphernalia, and hand in hand walked towards the dunes. Back to civilization. spurts of sound from the transistor drifted across the deepening shadows of sand and surf. "Don't forget, folks, set your radio for Station FIMP — remember, dial FM for FUNnnnn . . .

THE END

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