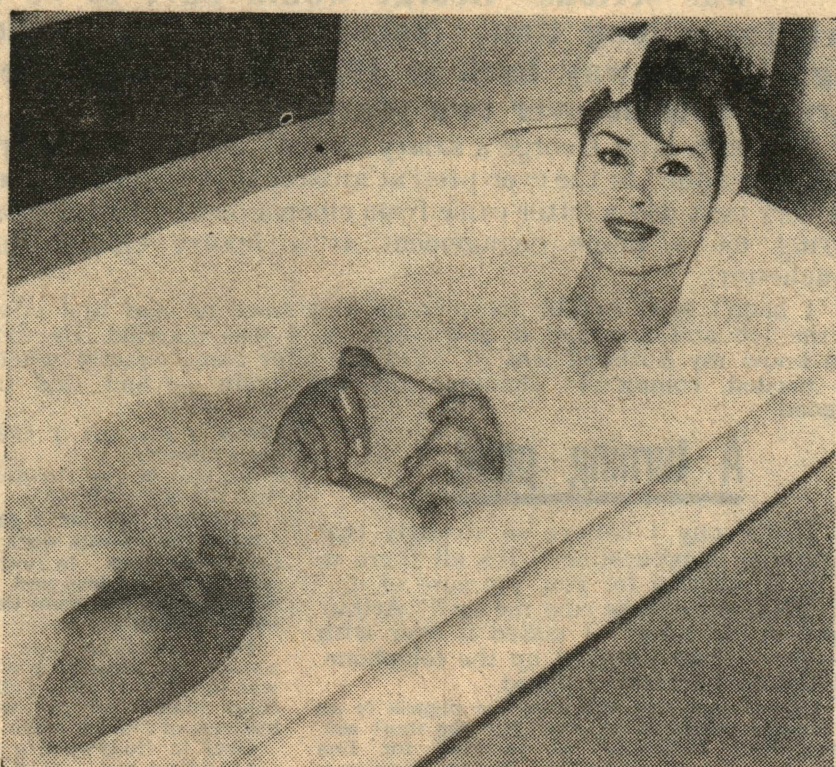


MY STRANGE LIFE

By APRIL ASHLEY

WORLD



APRIL IN THE FOAM . . . A BUBBLE BATH FOR BEAUTY



APRIL IN LONDON . . . TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY IN A LONDON CLUB WHERE SHE IS APPEARING IN CABARET.

became involved in a hideous ceremony.

I acted as witness at the register office wedding in London of two people of the twilight world.

The bride, who openly admitted she had no time for men, was on probation for soliciting. For her the wedding meant only the automatic end of the probation order.

The bridegroom was a youth for whom women held no attraction whatsoever.

He would have lost a small inheritance if he had not married before his 21st birthday.

The other witness of this travesty of a marriage was a far-gone drug addict, who not long before had figured in a sensational court case.

In the street on the way to

the register office I saw her jab a hypodermic needle into herself through her clothes.

And she gave herself another injection while the ceremony was being performed.

Afterwards we all went for a drink. Then the bride and bridegroom went their separate ways. And as far as I know they have never set eyes on each other from that day to this.

Now I was going downhill fast. I had lost all pretensions to manhood. I let myself be swept along on a wave of evil that seemed, to my muddled mind, to be carrying me away from the ridicule and scorn of so many normal people.

I moved to a house in Earls Court that was occupied

almost exclusively by pervers, drug addicts criminals and drunks.

There, night after night, grotesque parties were held. Men dressed as women. Women dressed as men. Reefer cigarettes and hypodermic syringes being passed around. Nearly everyone drunk or drugged by midnight.

One of the saddest sights I've ever seen was a boy of 23 there. He was a main-liner; a drug addict so far gone that he had to inject direct into his arteries.

Wild dances

He used to tie his arm with cord or elastic in desperate attempts to make the veins stand out. But he had punctured himself so often that they would not swell at all.

Hour after hour he would sit in a daze, just nodding his head and clicking his fingers to the rhythm of jazz, oblivious to the chaos all around him.

He did not live long. Sometimes a crowd of us used to move over to the nearby apartment of a coloured man who always seemed to have plenty of money.

It was in a stuffy and always dimly lit basement.

There more reefer would be handed around and, egged on by our host, we would go into wild sensuous dances to exotic jungle music.

Then one day, quite suddenly, I came to my senses. For the first time in many weeks I thought seriously about what was happening to me.

The horror, the wastefulness and the dreadful sadness of it all suddenly dawned.

I decided to escape. In the early Summer I travelled to Jersey and got a job as a waiter-barman at the Corbiere Hotel, Corbiere.

It was quiet and restful after London. I spent a lot of time on my own. Walking along the shore and out in the country. Reading. And just thinking

Happier

Suddenly I was calm. I felt happier than ever before. I think that must have been the point at which I began to realise that, in my mind, I had been a woman all along.

But there were so many trials ahead before I became a woman in my body, too.

One day, wearing jeans and a sweater, I strolled into a coffee bar in St. Helier and there met a very handsome, clean-cut Jewish boy. Quite a different type from my London "friends."

I knew he thought I was a young girl. And I could see he found me attractive. I was flattered, fascinated—and appalled.

For days I lived a terrible lie. We went for long walks together. We sat on the rocks for hours, scarcely talking but very happy.

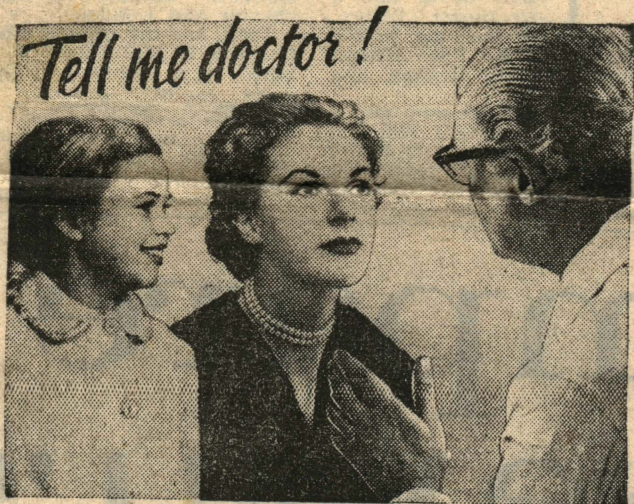
Finally, of course, I had to tell him.

At the end of the Summer there was no more work for me in Jersey so I went back to London. But I hated it.

I kept to myself as much as possible, leading a quiet life. And at the first sign of Spring I set out for Jersey again.

It was lovely to be back, but not quite the same.

For one thing, I could no longer romp carefree on the beach. By now my bust had developed so much that I attracted wide-eyed attention



"Why do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and, above all, must keep them hygienic.

"There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children.

A kinder soap,
a better soap



Wright's

COAL TAR SOAP

The Golden Tablet in Bath and Toilet sizes
Awarded the Certificate of Hygienic Merit for more than 50 years.

CITY of PLYMOUTH
LOANS OF £500 & UPWARDS INVITED
6 1/2% for 2 to 5 years
TRUSTEE SECURITY NO EXPENSES
Details from: City Treasurer,
Room 11 N, The Guildhall, Plymouth.

come in June to
MARGATE
WESTBROOK BIRCHINGTON
CLIFTONVILLE WESTGATE
Wonderful weather—lots to do. Carnival 23—30 June.
Send 6d. P.O. for guide to Dept. 69 Information, Margate.
... and come by train

STILL UNDECIDED!! Then make it BRIGHTON

For 148-page colour guide send 1/- (P.O.) to:
Information Office, 159, Royal York Buildings, Brighton

THE RESORT THAT HAS EVERYTHING

Enjoy
your
children

WHA
TO

She's go
Because
Because
children