

Now ex-PC is choir mistress

By ALAN WHITTAKER

A BOY SCOUT who became a soldier, then a policeman, is now a mini-skirted choirmistress. And this morning Malcolm Grant, now known as Linda, will be at the organ of a Methodist church.

"I don't suppose there's another choir mistress in the world with my background," 31-year-old Miss Grant told me.

BEFORE

As Malcolm Grant serving in the Regular Army and looking as rugged as any soldier while he does some digging. But after three years in the Forces he still longed to be a woman.

In the most amazing sex-change ever recorded the former rugged infantryman and London Bobby has become a tall, dark-haired and attractive woman who dresses fashionably in a fur coat, mini-skirt and high-heeled shoes.

Every inch the typical secretary, in fact, which is how she now makes her living.

"None of my friends or the girls in the London music publisher's office where I work knows of my past, but it was bound to come out sometime," said Miss Grant.

Then she told me of her extraordinary life. She said:

I was a very shy sort of boy. I had to force myself to get interested in the things boys are normally interested in. I was much more attrac-

ted to the way of life of little girls. I envied them.

At the age of four or five I can remember quite clearly wishing I was a girl. I didn't feel right as a boy.

I remember finding that other boys knew far more about building houses with bricks, motor cars and trains than I did. I would have far rather played with dolls.

When I was 13 or 14, I joined the Boy Scouts to overcome my inner tendencies, but I couldn't keep it up for more than six months.

OUTSIDER

One Scout camp was enough for me, I felt so out of things.

Nearly all my friends were getting interested in girls, but I wasn't; at any rate, not in the same way as the others.

I just regarded them as what I would like to be. I coveted everything connected with girlhood.

When a girl came to school wearing a new dress I longed to try it on. I had one or two items of girl's

clothing which I kept hidden at home and when the opportunity arose I would dress up and pretend I was a girl.

I even had make-up, powder and lipstick.

There was no sexual feeling, it was simply a fantasy which helped me to feel normal.

I shall never forget the end-of-school dance. Most of the boys enjoyed dancing and to be close to girls.

I enjoyed it in an entirely different way. It was stimulating to mingle with girls and I thought how wonderful it must be for them.

When I was 17 I decided to join the regular Army because I was interested in music and wanted to be a bandsman. I was accepted and reported for training.

I received my kit and a number, 23250803, but the thing that took my fancy was a sweet little bunch of flowers issued by the stores.

It was worn with the cap badge of the regiment and I used to wash mine in soap flakes every night.

The first game of football in the Army was awful. I kept hoping the ball would never come my way.

After the match the boys gave me a new name—Mary.

I heard one of them say I should have been a woman. It was like music to my ears.

My parents did not know of my feminine tendencies at this time. During my weekends at home, when my parents were out, I would dress in women's clothing. I had a feeling of peace when dressed as a woman.

Once, after weekend leave, I travelled on the train to Dover dressed as a woman. I was horrified when some of the soldiers I knew got in the same compartment and started chatting me up.

When the train reached Folkestone I went to the lavatory to change, but a crowd of soldiers packed the corridor.

FAILED

They would have thought it odd if a woman went into the lavatory and a soldier popped out.

I walked back to the camp toying with the idea of presenting myself at the guardroom as a woman hoping to get discharged.

But when I reached the camp there was no one on guard so I changed back into uniform.

I served for three years in the Army and it failed to make a man of me.

Back in Civvy Street I joined the Metropolitan police force in 1960. I passed the various exams and the medical inspection and was eventually posted to Battersea and Lavender Hill.

There were plenty of criminals in the "manor," some "roughs," drunks, prostitutes and traffic problems.

NO ARRESTS

But my notebook was empty for weeks. I arrested no one. Still, the police manual stressed that my job was to fight crime by being seen on the beat.

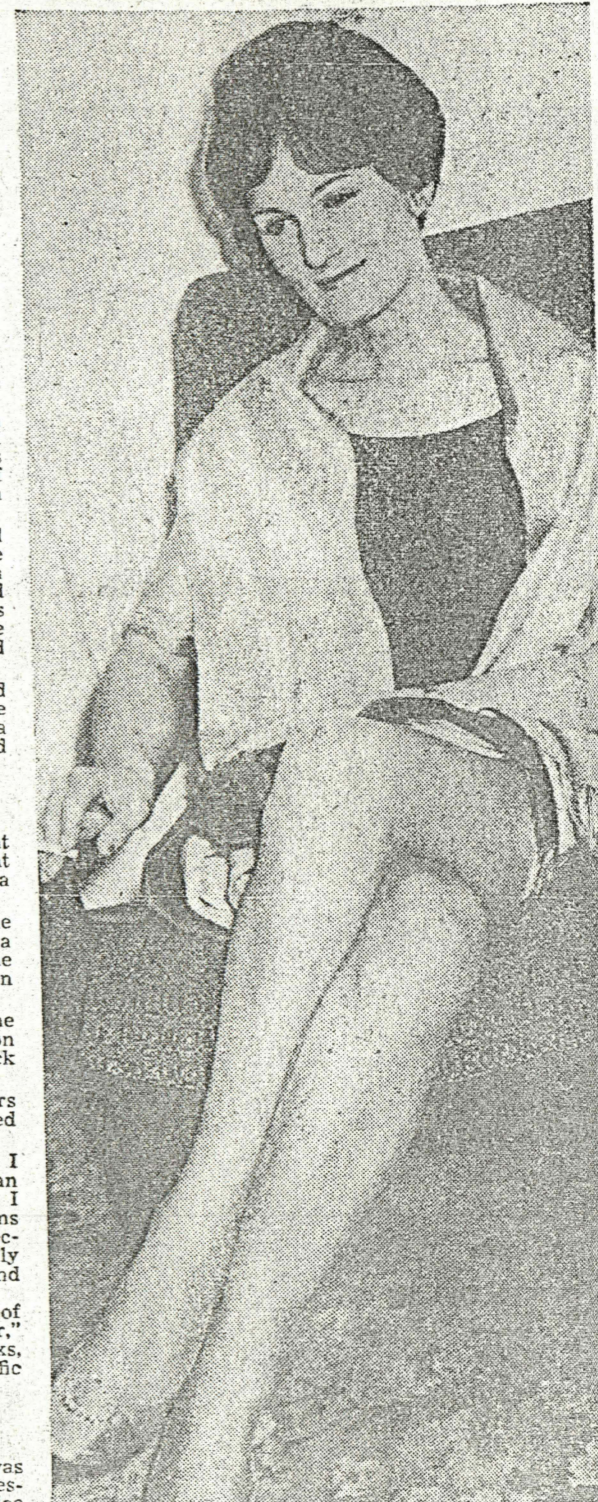
I made certain people saw me, though at times I would have liked to have hidden away somewhere quiet.

Miss Grant left the police in 1962 after serving 18 months.

"I left of my own accord and they were sorry to see me go," she said.

"I had tried the Army and the police, both very masculine jobs, to try to fight my feminine tendencies. Both failed. There was only one thing left for me."

The ex-PC saw specialists in London. They began treatment in 1962. In 1965



AFTER As Linda Grant, the attractive choir mistress who works as an office secretary

he had an operation in London and another followed in 1967.

Today Linda Grant is accepted as a woman. Hundreds of people in pubs and clubs in London have seen her cabaret act in which she plays about 20 musical instruments, including the tuba.

She also appears at orchestral concerts. Miss Grant's mother told me: "We've got used to having a daughter now and everything has worked out fine, although we were very upset at first."

"My husband was very grumpy about it to begin with."

"After Linda had the operation, she came home and we explained to the neighbours what had happened. They were marvelous."

This morning Miss Grant will be sitting in her usual place at the organ of a church in Watford, Herts, and wondering just how people will react now that her secret is out.

"They are good people and I feel sure they will understand," she said.



He was soon to become the second most powerful man in Nazi Germany

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