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PRESIDENT: W [redacted] 12204

NEWSLETTERS EDITORS
HELEN

Phone: [redacted] and WILMA [redacted]

A sad hello to all my T.V. sisters from my Hospital bed. Sorry the monthly gathering had to be cancelled, but I just had to have my feet taken care of. I know a lot of you look forward to coming here to meet all your sister T. V. 's, I'll try to make it up to you.

Billie G. from Vermont, I hope you will accept my apology for not being home to get your call, but things happened so fast, I didn't have time to do much phoning. When I am back on my feet I sure will go shopping with you.

Now I wish to express my thanks for the many of you who have sent me get well cards and letters, which brought me pleasure just reading them. I felt you all about me, even though I was not able to touch you.

I am sure that if Wilma could have done the marketing and cleaning up, and prepared the meal she certainly would have had the gathering.

As I look out the window here in the hospital, I have a beautiful view. The sun shining brightly, a clear sky, a soft breeze blowing, I close my eyes and pictures of all my T.V. sisters dance thru my mind with their dresses softly swirling about their prettily stocking legs, their hair down to their shoulders softly swaying in the breeze.

Sorry , Mr. Buchanan that I spoiled your turn to come and meet some new T. V. friends. I was looking forward to meeting you myself. Maybe you can come down some night and we can sit and chat together.

I have no gathering to write about this month, no pretty dressed girls to talk about, no food menu, so alas I'll have to make this my one official sheet for the newsletter this month.

I'll let Wilma fill in with some jokes and short sayings.

For now I'll say bye, and God Bless you all for thinking about me at this time. Untill Aug. be good and enjoy your summer, so you will be refreshed come

Aug. *****

Conjecture '73

Tall blonde beauty passing by.
Shoulder length hair and heels
so-o-o high. Could I guess,
or would I fail: Is it
female, or is it
male.

After 20 years as a female, Robert now seeks a new life

NEW YORK: Robert is a slight but well built 26 year old man with a deep resonant voice and eyes that flash with intelligence. He spent more than 20 years of his life as a confused and unhappy female. Now he is trying to build a new life for himself as a male. He decided to tell his story to help those who may feel as he once did.

"Since I was 5 years old, I knew I wanted to be a boy. I liked to play ball, ride horses and shoot rifles. I couldn't have cared less about dolls. As I got older, I had crushes on other girls all the time. But all I ever felt towards boys was jealousy.

"I had no understanding about what I was-I had never heard of transsexuals. At 15, I was thrown out of High School- they accused me of being a lesbian and gave me a medical discharge. It was then that I started wearing boys clothes.

"At 17, as an experiment, I had sex with a man, but it didn't do anything for me, and I decided I must be homosexual, although I never really felt comfortable in a homosexual crowd. By then I had made several suicide attempts and been through three mental hospitals, but nothing changed.

"At 20, I made a protected stab at normalcy- I married a man who I knew was a homosexual. This solved problems with my family, but I was miserable. I was dressing as a female, and I couldn't stand to look at myself in the mirror. The marriage was never consummated, and after a year and a half, we got divorced.

"Immediately, I went back to men's clothes, and I began taking hormone shots-testosterone, which I got illegally. This eased my tension somewhat, and my voice deepened.

But I still had a problem. I wanted the sex-change surgery and I couldn't get it. I had no money and Johns Hopkins had a waiting list a milelong. I worked for a while as a male impersonator, but I wasn't earning enough to save anything.

"Although socially I was accepted as a male every-where, I had no identification and I couldn't get a job. Finally, I got a job where they didn't care, but then they assigned me to the female locker room. The other women were not exactly happy about that. "I had rather large breasts-32C-and had to strap them down all the time. I could never take my shirt off, no matter how hot it got, and I would never go to the beach or pool.

"I started going with a girl. She encouraged me to come here (to down state) to see Dr. Jones, and after a week of tests I was approved for surgery-their first case. "Now, I have a new body, a new birth certificate and a draft card-one of the few Americans who's proud of it. I let my sideburns grow, but I could never wear high heeled shoes. These are things I've always associated with being feminine.

"My family has been fantastic. Everyone has accepted my surgery very well. And I can deal much better with them now. " I still have the same girlfriend and in a few years, when I get settled, we hope to get married.

"For awhile, I just want to spend time experiencing being. I'm still getting used to my identity and learning to feel comfortable with other people. I keep having to tell myself, "It doesn't show, it's not written on my forehead." "Physically, it's a different life. I am accepted and can function as a male in society without being stomped to death. But emotionally, there's no difference. I've always been a male, as far back as I can remember."

This piece of news was sent to us by Billie G. from Vermont. Thanks Billie.



Say Dennie; is jo taking your hormones by mistake.

Sudden Stop:

Terry, being late for work, ran out of her apartment and forgot to put on her panties. She ran to the corner and waited for the bus. As she waited, a gust of wind blew her skirt up just as the bus was arriving. The bus driver jammed on his brakes. The passengers tumbled on each other. A passenger asked the driver, "A pothole? "

The driver said, "You saw it too?"

WATCH IT !

The mother was shocked. Her little daughter madly went on a housecleaning spree. She swept and dusted and put all things in place.

" What's the matter? You're not sick are you?"
"Oh, no Mam. I just don't want to get into trouble. I just read in the paper that two ladies were put in jail for running a disorderly house."

Till Aug. Bye, keep well and God Bless you all.

G I R L S O F T H E M O N T H

First row top ^R to ^L Barbie S., Shemectady N.Y., Janice, N.Y.C., N.Y.
 Billy G., Vermont., Christal S., Menands, N.Y., Caroline B., Troy N.Y.
 Kay, Conn., Barbara B. Colonie N.Y.
 Second row; Pamela N. Albany N.Y. Joyce C. N.J. June S. Averill Pk. N.Y.
 Louise M. Conn. LaVerne C. Clay N.Y. Susane G. Ont. CANADA. Cindy Bromx N.Y.
 Thied Row: Andrea Mont Vernon N.Y. Pauline Albany N.Y. Laura Sharon Conn.
 Jean, Rochester N.Y. - Michell, Glens Falls N.Y.
 Forth Row: Wilma, Albany N.Y. - Terrie, Glens Falls N.Y. - Sharon, N.J.



B I R T H D A Y S - J U L Y :

July 3 Jean A. Rochester N.Y. - July 8, Jamie M. Greensboro N. C.
July 12 Laurane M. N.Y.C. N.Y. - July 16, Debbie Lee R., Fullerton Calif.
July 21 Barbra B., Albany N.Y. - July 21 , Barbra F., N.Y.C. N. Y.
July 29 Michell B., Albany N.Y.

B I R T H D A Y S - A U G U S T :

Aug. 2 Terry L., Glens Falls N.Y. - Aug. 12 Pauline L., San Jose Calif.
Aug. 14 Fredrica R., Brooklyn N.Y. - Aug 15 Billy G., Windsor Vermont.
Aug 18 Terri T. Fort Laurdale Fla. - Aug 21 Daphne L., Burlington Calif.
Aug. 24 Rhonda J., Charlotte N.C. - Aug. 24 Bobie O., Aberdeen Md.
Aug. 26 Frances C., Cambridge Mass. - Aug. 26 Rennee R., Claredon Hills Ill.
Aug. 28 Charlene B., Cudahy Wic. - Aug 30 Joel B., Albany N.Y

Helen and Wilma

Are thinking of you on your own special day, sending so many good wishes your way- hoping your happy and full of good cheer, not just on your Birthday but all through the year.

A N N I V E R S A R Y ' S

July 6 Louise and Dianna S. West Hyannesport Mass.
July 19 Sue and Betty B. Rochester N.Y.
Aug. 19 Jamie and Jane M. Greensboro N.C.

Helen and Wilma

Making special wishes and sending them your way to bring you both much happiness on your Anniversary Day - Hoping the coming year will turn out really great - And you nice folks will always have much cause to celebrate.

N E W M E M B E R S :

Pauline S., Albany N.Y. Susan G., Longuevil Ont. Canada
Maxine A., Schenectady N.Y. Dennesie B., Toronto Ont. Canada
Michell B., Albany N.Y.

N E W S U B C R I B E R S :

Jon S. Sappington Mo.

Q U E S T I O N O F T H E M O N T H :

What bad habits would you want other TV's to break?

Dear Wilma;

In reply to the Question of the month in the April issue.

No! I would not think the 'forbidden fruit' phenomom would apply to me for, in the first instance, I enjoy the that feminine feeling along with pretty clothes.

Free to 'operate' openly??? But of course I would welcome the freedom and serurity (if I may so consider) of being able to drive, walk'n shop with no fear of 'situations'.

I would not welcome a situation of the so called 'freedom' wich would permit grotesque, objectionable or bothersome individuals to harass or embar-ass- straights or other cross dreaaers!

How I have practiced to present myself in the most 'acceptable'manner in dress and deportment --- !

Fear I shall never be sure of the perfection I so strive for --- !

Well Wilma and Helen - It's a reply no matter how stupid !!!

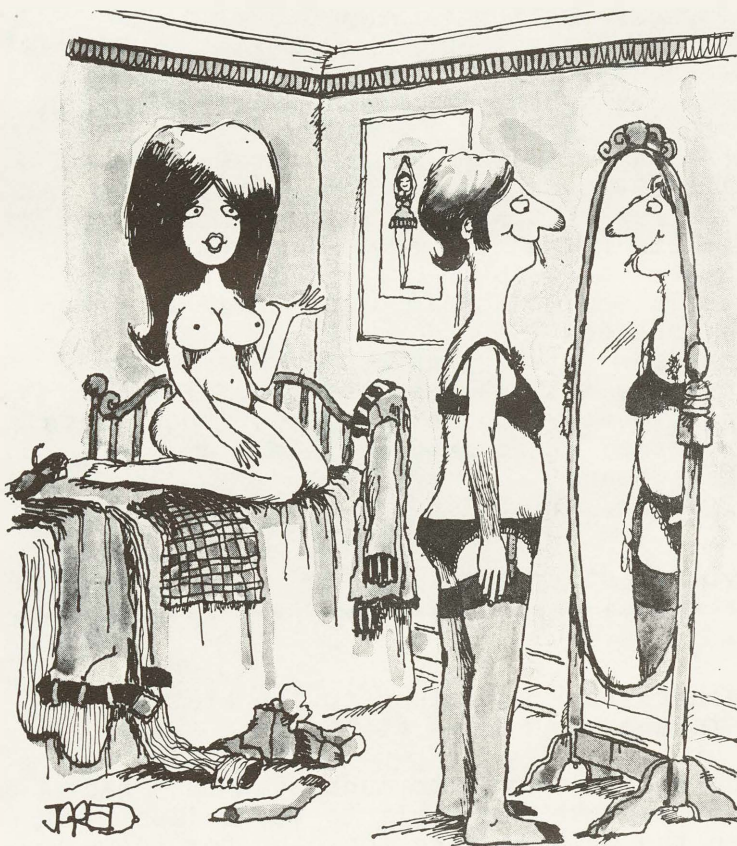
J E A N E . P L A T S B U R G N . Y .

Scribbled On Toilet Walls:

Our aim is cleanliness. Your aim will help.
A man may be famous, great as can be. But even the grearest always has to pee.
A cross-eyed pee-er named ,Al. Alwaye peed in the wrong urinal. His friends jumped aside, and creid with hurt pride: "It ain't tight to pee on a pal!"
Prevent colds. Zip up your fly.
Employees must wash their hands even if its a dry run.
A kind-hearted guy was trying to help his fellow man when he wrote: "Stand a little closer, the next guy may be barefoot."

P A R T T W O O F
F E M A L E S I N M A L E B O D I E S

I will spare the reader details of the operation itself. Only after it was over did I realize the immensity of the project I had undertaken! The doctor of course was right in warning me of the risk. No untrained individual could perform such surgery, particularly on himself, without serious care, emergency hospitalization become necessary to save my life.



"Gee, Harold, when you said you wanted to get into my pants. . ."

Let nobody ever try to imitate me. When I was well enough to do so, I visited my physician again. Now that the first step was accomplished, he had no difficulty finding a surgeon who did not hesitate to complete the remaining surgery and plastic work.

I subsequently relocated myself in a different part of the United States. The period of readjustment was not an easy one. Visualize if you can, spending half a lifetime as a member of one sex; wearing its clothes, speaking its language, having its habits, in short, being a man. But almost overnight you must learn the new role of being a woman! You have no time to lose as you do not want to appear a freak, so you learn new habits and a new way of life as fast as you can.

How well I remember being fitted for my first brassiere, but purchasing my first girdle, trying on my first high heels. Weeks actually passed before I ventured into a ladies powder room. It is not easy to shed lifetime habits. I had to overcome the deeply ingrained feeling of not belonging.

I remember sitting in a street car, my eyes glued to the pages of an open book, imagining that all passengers were eyeing me suspiciously. What a relief, when mustering sufficient courage to sneak an upward glance, I found everyone preoccupied with his own problems.

I remember the sinking feeling when someone cast a second look at me, being fully convinced that they had "guessed", when perhaps if it was a man, it was just a natural reaction, or if it was a woman, a second glance at my dress.

I recall my first experience when asking directions from a police officer: My voice in those days was still quite low and he had his back to me while I addressed him. When he turned around he was obviously shocked! I never made that mistake again. Nowadays I never address a person unless he or she actually sees me first. Although my voice is considerably softer than it used to be, I strictly adhere to this rule.

I remember when an airline employee addressed me as "Lady". I wasn't used to this term, when applied to me, as yet, and I turned around to see whom he was addressing. I never made this mistake, either.

My first "wolf whistle" and my first attempt in rejecting a "pickup" still are fresh in my mind. Neither my appearance in open court for the purpose of a legal name change nor my efforts to secure a new birth certificate and a new social security card could be considered pleasant.

It is interesting to note that the fear-tinged gratification I experienced by wearing female clothing has completely vanished. A deep feeling of satisfaction and contentment has taken its place. The fear of detection by family or authorities is gone and the knowledge that I now belong to my rightful sex and enjoy all its "advantages" is most satisfying.

I have made it a point to avoid publicity and I have succeeded in doing so; lack of privacy or the loss of my peace of mind would be too great a price to pay for possible financial gains.

Still, I had to earn a living and I chose the difficult path of rebuilding my career. I had not dared to hope that I might be able to work at my own profession, and was prepared to ditch a lifetime of experience and knowledge and try a different field even though this might entail considerable study.

To my great surprise I found myself accepted as a woman, in a field that is generally dominated by men. I also find that I am considerably better at my work than I formerly was.

This can be attributed to the fact that I now have a clear mind, free from fear of the future, a mind not cluttered with day dreams and wishful thinking, a mind that can be used for objective thinking and gainful purpose.

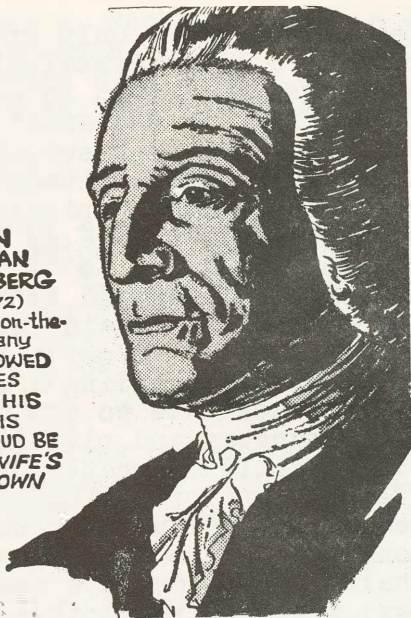
I wish to point out that surgery has not made me a mouse-like introvert; I did not become meek or shy. I do not make people believe that I am afraid of mice or the like, for I am not. I do not speak in a falsetto voice, I act like myself; for better or for worse, I am myself and that's what I want to be.

I do not hesitate to admit that I am aggressive and ambitious in business-many women are. Socially I strive to be interesting and charming and above all a lady. At the risk of sounding conceited, I must state that at social get-togethers men frequently converse with me rather than with other women in the room. This gives me great satisfaction. I attribute it to the fact that men are intrigued by a woman who can speak their language on any subject.

Those few friends who know my past have accepted me without reservation, fully and unconditionally. Those who do not know, have never guessed my secret. To them I am just another woman.

***** T H E E N D *****

DR. JOHANN CHRISTIAN SENCENBERG (1707-1772) of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany WHO WAS WIDOWED THREE TIMES DIRECTED IN HIS WILL THAT HIS BURIAL SHROUD BE HIS FIRST WIFE'S WEDDING GOWN



Please let me know if you like this type of story should I find others to print.

GETTING HIGH

Miss Jones, an old maid school teacher, took her class to the state fair. She asked the kids if they would like to see the horses at the race track.

"Yes!" they all shouted.

Unfortunately, at the track, the kids excitement was too much that they had to go to the toilet. It was easy for her to take the girls to the ladies room, but the boys had difficulties because the urinals were too high for them.

Miss Jones, hearing their problems, looked around very carefully to make sure that nobody was watching, and she went into the john and lifted each little boy up to make. After lifting a few, she came to one who was very heavy.

"My goddness!" she said straining to lift him, "are you in the fourth grade?"

"No, lady, I'm riding lighting in the third.

Dear Wilma

I want to say something in regards to your March question. Have you ever been arrested. I probably could write a book about the times I have but I will try and keep it short. The first time was back several years ago and I was arrested for making an illegal left turn. To make a long story short I was taken to jail and lost probably the best job I ever had.

The second time I was arrested meeting a friend at a restaurant. They wanted to arrest me on a prostitution but since they had no case they went through my purse and arrested me for: Impersonation, Theft, and possession of Dangerous drugs. The judge dropped the impersonation charge because he said I looked like a woman. But the state had to continue the theft charges and drug charges. The theft charges were because I had a girlfriends wallet with me and I would not tell them where they could get in touch with her. The drug charges were because I had hormones with me. I even had the perscription in the inside of the bottle but the detective took it out and through it away in front of me. Through EEF I got the best attorney in this area and beat both charges but it cost me \$500.00. The last time the policeman asked me for my drivers licence and gave me the ticket and never asked if I was male or female. Eventhough I had on a skirt and boots and my own hair done.

I hope times are changing with the law. It seems like they are here in Chicago.

Miss Karen [redacted], P.O.Box 45, Lansing, Illinois 60438.

NO GATHERING OR PAPER IN JULY: NEXT GATHERING AUG. 18th., SEPT. 15th., OCT. 20th

Please, again may I implore you to please let us know that you are coming. It is so difficult for Helen and I to plan the day and meal when we have no idea whether there will be ten or thirty. So please let us know of your coming at least four days in advance. THANK YOU.

Have a nice summer and keep your powder dry.

W I L M A