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MEMBERSHIP

\$ 1 5 PER YEAR

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Helen and Wilma Thordsen

Hi All:

Round and round we go when we stop no one knows, right now the idea of holding meetings elsewhere sounds good to Wilma and I. Most of the girls seem to be pleased to be able to meet at the other locations and still carry on as we do here. The rules will be the same, (ladies at all times).

Frances is ready to hold one of the gatherings around Rochester and maybe Jean and Sally of Binghamton might come up with something in the future.

It will make it easier for Wilma and I when I retire and do some of the traveling we have been talking about. Knowing that the girls we have to come to know and enjoy will still be able to enjoy the company of their sisters whom they have found when they became a member of T.V.I.C., which was formed nine years ago. This group has helped these girls to come out of the closet and enjoy life as it was meant to be for them. Some were fortunate to be able to get to bring their wives here to see what went on and in some way bring an understanding between them and make for a better life. For some it was not an easy thing to do knowing that one false move could throw all their dreams down the drain. For some it was a hard decision to make, should I tell my wife or should I continue to smother my feelings till some time later. Wilma and I were glad to be able to let the girls come out of the closet and come here to dress and enjoy the company of the other sisters. Being part of this group has brought Wilma and I many friends whom we shall cherish for a long time. We have been able to visit with some in their homes and hope to visit with some of the others who have given us an invitation to visit with them when we do our traveling. We will be happy if things work out that Michelle Ann and Dennie of Boston and Frances of Henrietta and possibly Jean and Sally will hold meetings for the girls, and in this way we will not be abandoning the girls.

Jean and Sally stopped here Sunday before going home and we had coffee and talked for a while and Jean was telling us about a Mardi- Gras they have in Binghamton in Feb., this would be a change of pace for all of us. Think about it girls. We will keep you informed as time goes along, when Sally and Jean know more about it. It will be a costume affair, so we all will have plenty of time to plan on a costume.

The girls who made the meeting last night were: Dennie and Michell Ann from Somerville, Mass., Vi and Dee Dee from Hartford, Conn., Jean and Sally from Binghamton, N.Y., Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Renee from Stratford, Conn., Winnie from Schenectady, N.Y., Rachel from Rochester, N.Y., Frances from Henrietta, N.Y., Kathy from Camilus, N.Y., Crystal from Menands, N.Y., Sue from Albany, N.Y., Wilma and I. These girls didn't let a strong wind and snow drifts stop them from coming for an evening of fun.

The meal I made for the girls was: Roast fresh ham, mashed potatoes, beans, beets, cole slaw, apple sauce, stuffed eggs, baked cauliflower, rolls and cake and coffee.

Missed all the girls who couldn't make the meeting, do hope to see some of those friendly faces soon.

Kathy: Whats this I hear you said something about air conditioning in the month of May in Boston.

Last night for some reason every body was picking on Kathy, and it sure sounded from the laughter that they were really enjoying themselves. I am glad Kathy has broad shoulders and was a good sport and laughed right along with the girls.

I am happy to say that every thing went along fine this evening and I want to thank the girls for their help in the kitchen, serving and then the cleaning up. It is a good feeling to know that I can count on these nice people to help and truly make all these meetings a great success.

God Bless you all and keep you happy safe and healthy till we meet again. Keep happy and keep your powder dry untill we meet again in April.

Love to all
Helen

W I L M A ' S V I E W S :

A great part of the TV drive is what he considers "femininity" and the process of emulating his findings. The TV discovers certain femmetraits and emotions within himself and sets about to bring out these things and develop a self-acceptable femme being. In doing his thing, he is aware of most of the differences between men and woman and sorts of prides himself on studying and noticing as many of the antonyms in gender. Observation is a great teacher and girls are fun to look at regardless of the motives involved, TV8s are really quite expert in this art. From time to time other experts draw some conclusions about the differences, so let's see what some of their findings are in this most interesting field of study. Here is a run-down of some of the basic distinctions, other than the obvious physical appearances.

Starting in infancy girls mature earlier and faster than boys, and baby boys are more subject to infection. So boys are weaker to start with. As she grows up, a womans general body muscle strength doesn't match that of a mans. A womans skeletal structure, proportion and size lead her to a more passive life, compared to that of the active male. The distaff figure is padded so she is comfortable when sitting. In contrast, a man is top-heavy, with his maximum weight around his chest and shoulders; hence hes built for action.

Physically, a mans hands and legs are proportionately larger than a womans. A woman commands greater skills in tasks that need fine muscle control; such as crocheting. Her five senses are more acute; her sight is usually sharp. While a manxx picks up low notes readily, a womans hearing is often keener, and in a higher frequency of ranges-wich might account for those frequent headaches. Her sharp sense of taste and smell are probably developed traits. So called feminine intution may be attributed to more acutely attuned senses.

Though a mans brain is slightly heavier than that of a woman, there is no tangible difference in I.Q. And when it comes to the charge that women constantly change their minds-thats untrue, according to researchers. Women take longer to make up their minds, but once they have formed opinions, they stick to them. According to surveys made at Northwestern Univ. Dr. F. Robinson men change their minds two to three times as often as women.

Ever watch the way a womwn throws a ball? Shes clumsy because the carry-ing angle of the female arm is out of wack for a good overhand toss. The arms of the average woman are more bent at the elbow than a mans, wich results in a stiff, downward motion. Also, a womans legs are often built inthe same bent angle as her arms. Mens legs are straighter, like theit arms, so they can run straight and faster. As women run, they throw their legs in an arch. They also have a harder time with balabce and are more prone to tumbles.

Other scientists have observed that woman are higher in anxiety than men and that women have greater inner turmoil, feel greater rage and tend to be more fearful.

Though a mans vocal cords are longer and thicker than a womans, she apparently gets in ~~not~~ only the last word, but the first one too. Girl babies tend to talk a little earlier than boys and to utter words more comprehensively to their parents. Studing children in the same social brackets, psychol-ists find that little girls use longer sentences than little boys.

Psychologically, women appear to have an inward type of mind, creating imaginative worlds. They look at life personally translating everything into what it means to them. Men are less sensitive to criticism and dont have a great need for reassurance and security. In the opinion of Dr. M. Critchley, wellknown Britch authority, men are less sensitive to pain.

Socially, a man is more likely to be gregarious, but his counterpart is more restless. As only a housewife she thinks her role lachs prestige and glamour. She is also exposed to group pressures, PTAs, civic groups and the like. In her multiple role as a mother, shopper, cook, housekeeper and nurse, she meets fru-strations and anxieties. Her husbands frustrations and worries are usually tied to his work, the masculine mystique of success.

(ED) I am firmly convinced that the greatest single lasting attraction of the TV to femininity is the general role that it represents to him and the fact that no matter how similar it may appear at times, the working wife, etc., this feminine role is a such an oposite end of the pole from the masculine role, that this difference forms the basis of the gender attraction to the TV. It may not be glamorous to women, but to the TV who has to bring home the pay check week after week and play the role of manhood, wich is utterly ridiculous at times, the womans world becomes more than an attraction...a needed relief from much of the bunk of his daily life. This needed change can form a compulsion and the girl clothes he desires to wear is merely a prerequisite to entering this most attractive world of relief and more inward type of life. The TV doesnt necessarily hate himself or his masculine way of life, but given the proper disposition to TVism he will never find a better or more lasting way to be at peace with himself and enjoy being a total person. He will always be overly attracted to his view of the feminine. With the current haircuts and clothing being worn by some youths, maybe it's hard to tell the difference between the sexes. You can bet your bottom dollar that psychologically and physiologically, they will never be the same.

An effective treatment for dry skin is to apply regular sweet (coffee) cream, leave it on until dry, and then rinse throughly.

PARTY DATES:

Our future party dates for 1980 will be held on April 19th, May 17th, June 21st, Sept 20th, Oct 18th (to be held in the Rochester area), Nov. 15th (to be held in the ~~Rochester~~ Boston area, and Dec. 20th The Christmas Party to be held in Albany, N.Y.

We now have the green light go ahead for the party May 17th in Somerville, Mass. Just 10 miles north of Boston. This party will have to be held down to 25 people. As of April 19th we have 14 reservations for the May 17th party. All members and their wives who wish to attend this party will have to send in a \$5 deposit to me here in Albany by May 10th. As soon as I have received the 25 reservations for this party the books will be closed. There is no deposit for parties held here in Albany, but I do have to ask for a deposit for all parties held in other States or Cities. I can not expect to have a host put out over \$100. and only half show up.

NEW MEMBERS:

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of six new members this month.
 Dominique D....Longuevil....Canada....Rebeca R.....Marlow.....Okla.....
 Charlotte B...New Palestine..Ind.....Louise M.....Waterberry.Conn.....
 Lee A.....Togus.....Main....Dianna S.....Buffalo.... N.Y.....

It is nice to have all you girls with us, and we hope that you will be able to attend many of our future parties and meet some of these wonderful people.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GIRLS:

April....1....H.S.La F.....April....6....Jane W.....
 April....4....David F.....April....13...Vincent D.....

HAPPY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY:

M R. & Mrs. Paul Ratchford....

SPECIAL THANKS DEPARTMENT:

TO Gordon E... and Ellen S... for the extra \$ sent in for first class poatage.
 Any member who would like to receive their Journal by first class mail - just send in the extra \$2.

TO Rachel A.. and Charlotte B.. for the news articals sent in for the Journal.
TO Renee C... Jenneffer P...Helen C... and Susan R. for the photographs sent in for the Club album.

NEWS:

PRISONER'S DRESS IN DRAG FOR COURT: Windsor - Ont. - Canada (C P)
 Police and court officials here will not permit men to appear in provincial court wearing skirts. They told a mini - skirted, male prisoner he would have to change into pants for his court apperance on a robbery charge. The problem arose when police arrested what they thought was a blond female and two males suspected for two purse snatchings. However, futher investegation of matrons and constable at police headquarters disclosed the suspected female was a male. The suspect was arraigned in court and then allowed to change back into his miniskirted, police said.

FAMED ATTORNEY, M. BELLI & S. SOLADAY, are representing Julie Phillips in her lawsuit against Dr. John Brown and his associate, James Spence. Browns medica license was revoked in 1977 but continued to practice medecine in Mexico. Ms Phillips is asking for \$2million general damages and \$5 million punitive damages for her alleged suffering. She told a reporter, "I don't know where I belong in the straight life. It is not the money; I want peace of mind!" The suit accuses Brown of violating medical standards, employing his patrients as medical assistants and performing sex-change operation "on demand" without psychological or psychiatric evaluations.

TRANSEXUAL SURGERY: Do transexuals benfit from sex-change surgery? Not accord- ing to John Hopkins Hospital studt, which is the first to compare a group treat- ed surgically with those who did not have the sex-change operation. The study shows on significant defference in successful life adjustment between the 2 groups of transexuals-persons who feel trapped in a body of the wrong sex desire to assume the role of the opposite sex. Dr.J. Meyer, who headed the investigation, asserts that surgery is no more beneficial than the simple pas- sage of time or the patients partecipation in a psychotherapeutic program with a shilled therapist. The study found there seems to be a period in the lives of transexuals when they actuely want surgery. But if the time passes without surgery, the desire becomes less intense and they often go on to a fair adjust- ment to life. According to Meyer, surgery does not cure what is essentially a psycheatric disturbance and it does not demonstrablr rehabilitate the patient.

 HELP! WOMAN TRAPPED IN MAN'S BODY

This ad was placed in a New York City newspaper not as a joke, but by a person in torment. The person was a transexual, born a man but convinced he was really a woman. Thousands of people each year are treated for this condition. Here is the story of one individual's unique search for identity. BY PAMELA BUJARSKI-GREEN (PAMELA is a freelance writer whose articles appeared in many magazines.) (This story is reprinted in part from Family Circle May 15, 1979.)

"Help!" the message read. "Woman trapped in man's body!" It was the kind of ad most people don't bother to read, the raving of a crackpot, perhaps, printed on a bottom inside page of a New York City newspaper.

Such bizarre pleas usually go unnoticed in a large cosmopolitan city, where haste and oversight are the staples of life. Yet a woman named Cicely took time to read and then answer the startling ad. When she met the person who had placed it, she said, "there's a name for people like us. We're transsexuals." Thus she touched upon the painful details of a syndrome that had nearly wrecked her life and was threatening to destroy the life of the frightened man she was sitting with, the man who wrote the ad. Born anatomically male, both had become convinced they were female. Cicely had already sought help to change her body—step her companion could barely contemplate at that time.

Thinking back to these events, they seem almost like a dream now to Diane Johnson, the plump blonde wife of an insurance salesman. But the dream was a nightmare that she lived through. "It's still strange and spooky to me," she says, "but these are facts I must accept. I, a woman, had to live half my lifetime as a man."

Diane began life as Daniel Johnson in 1924, a son born to Hank Johnson, a midwestern lawyer, and his wife, Lavinia. Daniel seemed a normal, healthy boy on the surface, but his feelings were always at war with his anatomy: He knew he was male but he wanted to be female. He was afflicted by gender dysphoria, a confusion as to what sex an individual really is.

In the beginning, Daniel, was an apparently normal child, growing up happily in a prosperous household. Then, when he was nine years old, the first disturbing events occurred. One evening his father's law partner, Henry Steele, and his wife, Leslie, arrived for dinner. Daniel was so overwhelmed by the sight of the beautiful Mrs. Steel that he rushed upstairs to his room in uncontrollable terror. And just a few weeks later, he developed another compulsion: Whenever his mother was away, he "borrowed" an article of her clothing. With it draped around him, he felt safe. Daniel's horrified parents could never understand or alter their son's unusual behavior.

Otherwise, family life went on normally, Daniel and his parents went on camping and fishing trips. In the cellar, his father built Dan a little workbench next to his own. He was proud of his boy, who had the markings of a track star.

At 14, Daniel was devastated by his father's death. The next few years were rough financially. He attended the town's one prep school on a "scholarship" fund set up by anonymous friends of his father, while his mother tried to make a living as an executive with a pencil manufacturing firm. He was never very close to her, but they got along well. With his male peers, athletics were the key.

Girls were a problem. He wasn't much attracted to them, and one evening at a dance, he suddenly realized why: What he felt for the girl in his arms wasn't lust, the emotion the other boys swore by, but envy—and it was tinged with the kind of terror he'd felt looking at Mrs. Steel. The words "crazy, insane" began to echo through him from that moment on.

After high school Daniel joined the Officer Training Corps of the Marines, hoping they would make a man of him. But the experience was one long debacle. He felt like an outcast among the other recruits, who did not accept him even though he outraced, outswam and outjumped them. He became a little unhinged, afraid that in some weird way he was broadcasting his deepest secret. He made an appointment with the camp psychiatrist, but told him nothing of his "crazy, insane" feelings. Eventually the doctor sent him along to the commandant, a burly career officer who thundered, "You are not a man!" It was one of the worst moments in Daniel's life.

As for Daniel, after the war he drifted, first to Chicago to work as a copywriter, then to a large Eastern city to design boxes for a packaging firm. Rather than spend time thinking about himself, he tried to lose himself in activity, and he found the perfect medium: politics.

At a local political club he met Sarah, a woman nine years older than himself. Like many other transsexuals, Daniel was able to have sexual relations, provided he fantasized that he was the woman. Sarah wanted to marry, so Daniel agreed, and her urgings, they tried to have a family. Many fruitless months later the couple learned Daniel was hypogonadal, that is, his body produced too little testosterone, and he was sterile. They adopted a son, Matthew. Sarah came to regret the marriage. "You're not man enough," she charged. "You act like a woman." Daniel couldn't respond to what he thought was true, so he buried the hurt.

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Nevertheless, he kept trying to please his wife. To be a real man he left copywriting and got a job in a machine shop. As the years passed, he felt "right" only when he was alone and able to hide in an article of feminine clothing, as he had done in his childhood. But this was no childhood quirk. Daniel was so convinced he was a freak, a grotesque, that he was afraid to examine and deal with his own problem.

He was sliding toward disaster. Slowly the conviction grew that his son Matthew would be better off if his father were dead. Taking a hunting rifle to the cellar one bright Saturday afternoon, he crouched in the shadows and pulled the trigger. By the time the ambulance came, the young blond man in his early 30's was nearly dead. In the hospital, Daniel refused to tell his doctors why he'd done it because he was afraid of being institutionalized—the fate of some transsexuals in the past.

His marriage to Sarah shattered, Daniel moved to New York City. During the next few months, he tried to pull himself together, but that proved impossible. On the outside he was a carefully crafted personality, but on the inside there seemed to be another individual fighting for a place in the world, almost as if he possessed several personalities.

Daniel "began to feel like twins," a development that horrified and frightened him. He decided he'd better find a psychiatrist. But even a stint with a behaviorist failed to relieve his anxiety. In his desperation, and to save off almost certain suicide, he placed his newspaper ad. From Cecily, who answered it, came the name of a doctor in Brooklyn, Leo Wollman, who specialized in helping people like Daniel. On a Monday in December 1968, he saw Dr. Wollman for the first time. Just three days later, on a Thursday, he was notified that hormone therapy, in preparation for sex reassignment, could begin.

Diane counts this as the moment of her real birth. Although she looked like Daniel for a short time thereafter, "he" had gratefully withdrawn.

When Dr. Wollman began standard hormone treatment, which suppresses the male hormone and increases the female, Daniel's body responded dramatically: it was almost completely feminized within three months. The contours of the face changed, the hair grew longer, musculature diminished, planes curved and genitals atrophied. Diane was delighted, "I didn't have to learn to be a woman, I already was one. All I had to do was change my style."

Three months after hormone therapy began, Diane felt she was ready for the next step: sex-reassignment surgery. She chose to forgo what John Hopkins Dr. Money calls "The two-Year Real-Life Test." During this interval, a patient proves under professional supervision, that he or she can live, earn a living and thrive as a member of the opposite sex. The candidate for surgery is finally examined by a Gender Identity Committee of plastic surgeon, gynecologist, endocrinologist, urologist, psychiatrist, psychologist. They don't want to make a mistake, since sex-reassignment surgery is permanent.

While Diane thinks such a waiting period and testing are generally good and necessary, in her case she ignored them. She was 43 years old and didn't want to waste another minute of her life. "It was arrogant of me," she says, "but I was lucky; it worked."

On July 7, 1969, in Casablanca, Morocco, Dr. Georges Borou reassigned her anatomy to conform to her gender identity. "It was really an anticlimax," she concedes, "and also a little like reincarnation."

Life for Diane since then has been mainly good. She was fortunate with her surgery, suffering minimal pain and only a minor urinary-tract infection. Three months after she returned home, she got a good job as the advertising manager of a housewares manufacturer in New Jersey. She changed her driver's license and passport by changing her name. Her home state issued a new birth certificate, and because "Daniel" had arranged to give Diane power of attorney she was able to transfer property titles. As far as the world knew, she had never been anything other than an attractive blonde woman in her 40's with light blue eyes and an infectious smile.

Diane soon began to date. Some reassigned transsexuals are reported to be promiscuous, others completely asexual, but Diane thinks she was about normal for a woman her age. Diane fell in love with an attractive widower she met on a business lunch. She now comments that she doesn't think the relationship would have ever worked, but when he asked her to marry him, she felt she should tell him about her medical history. He was stunned. Several days later he told Diane, "I just can't accept this I'm sorry."

That's when she asked herself, "Just what is real—the life I live now, or the other one?" By the time she met Ed, a bachelor in his 40's, she'd made up her mind not to discuss the subject again. They liked to swim; they discovered classical music together; and in March 1971, with only Ed's family present, they got married. Because of their ages, the subject of children never came up. Diane was happy at last. Ed wanted her the way a man wants a woman—he took care of her, and she took care of him.

None of the cracks showed until three years later, when one of Diane's co-workers met a former colleague of Daniel's. "I want you to know it doesn't matter to me," the associate told her, but word spread and soon the rest of the office was stopping by her desk to say the same thing. Gratifying as it was to hear, the fear grew within her: What if Ed found out?

For months Diane was depressed by the thought that if he did, Ed would sure

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ly end the marriage, the ultimate blow to her hard-won femininity. Shortly after their fourth wedding anniversary, "I decided that Ed would either leave or we'd weather this, but I had to tell the truth." Her husband literally shook when she quietly told him her secret one Sunday afternoon; That she couldn't help having been born with what she considered a birth defect, and that she'd survived it. For three weeks they simply didn't speak. Then after he'd turned to her one night, I knew we would be all right, says Diane.

And they have been like any married couple, they have conflicts. "But there is love," she says. "Ed is not a tower of strength-and I don't need one-but I can lean on him, and I do." Both husband and wife are independent people, and Diane has no time for the other male-to-female transsexuals she reads about who, she feels, feign weakness. "That's playing games," she says. "I am stronger now than Daniel ever was. He had the problems-I don't."

Diane has never lost any of her mechanical ability. They both have a fanatic's interest in stereo equipment, but they have separate hobbies too.

Diane expects that her life is much like any other working woman's. She is in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment, happy when men open doors for her, but happier still to earn an equal salary (hers is about \$20,000 a year).

If there is one strain, it is that the couple cannot talk about the life Diane lived before she went to Casablanca. And if she has one sorrow, it is that she could not bear children. But other women have had to face being childless, too," she muses. She has seen Mathew occasionally, since he's grown up, and last year she and Ed attended his wedding.

Diane knows that she is fortunate to have lived through her experience and kept her sanity. "It's been 10 years and now all of this should be old hat," she says, but it isn't. "There are still moments of complete euphoria. I wake up some days and feel it's wonderful to be alive. I'm settled now, but I still count my blessings."

(ED: This is something new I'm trying out. If you like this type of reporting let me know and i will try and find more true life stories. WILMA)

Dear Wilma:

I am a 26 year old male. When I say male, I mean in the Physical sense of the word. Deep down I know I am a woman.

For 12 years I have struggled with my sexuality. I have been married twice. My first wife could not handle it, but my present wife says she understands and will support any decision I make.

I have decided I want a sex change operation, but I don't know how to go about it. We live in a small Canadian city and the only information I have about such surgery is what I have read in the papers. Can you tell me where to go?.....JACJ A.....CANADA.....

Dear Jack:

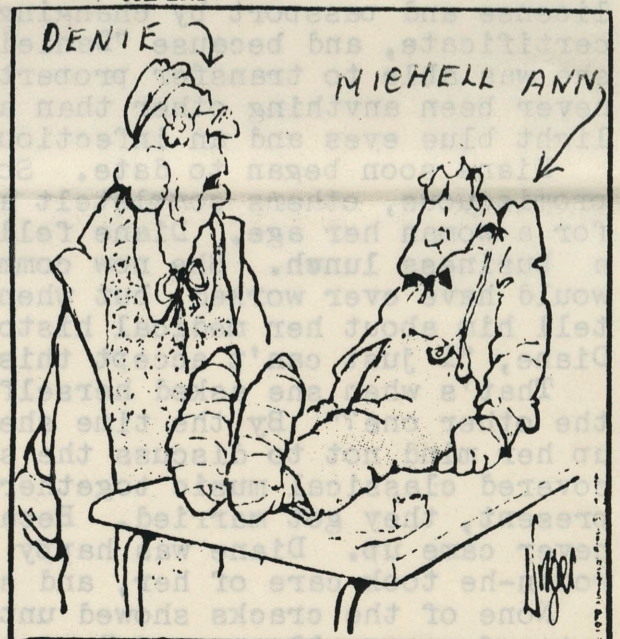
A sex change operation is not like having your tonsils out. Before this type of surgery, the patient undergoes a period of psychiatric counseling-some times several years, and many months of hormone therapy. Because a sex change often creates more problems in an individual than it solves, few doctors will go ahead with surgery unless they're convinced it is best for the patient.

Discus your wishes with your doctor and ask him to recommend a specialist whom you can consult for details. Keep in mind that sexchange surgery in not always the right salution. And it's irreversible.

Michelle Ann B. was sentenced to jail for 60 days at the beginning of the planting season, even though his entire income depended on getting his potatoes planted. Dennie his wife wrote him saying, "Do you expect me to plant the potatoes all by my self?" He replied, "Whatever you do, don't dig up that south field. Thats where the money is hidden," A week later his wife wrote back; Somebody must be reading your mail. Some men came and dug up the whole south field. What do I do now?" He replied, PLANT THE POTATOES

SWEET & SOUR HAIR REMOVAL: According to a recent issue of Family Health Magazine, an ancient Lebanese hair removal technique is not only effective in removing unwanted hair, the skin left behind is "soft and smooth, not to mention sweet." The ingredients for this "waxing" technique are simply sugar & lemon juice. The sugar is heated with the juice untill it caramelizes and then is worked into a sticky ball and used to whisk the hair away.

Open meetings 7 to 11 pm Tues & sat. at TIFFANY CLUB, [redacted]



"I told you those 6 inch heels were too much for you to handle."

When Physician Changed Her Sex



After he officially became a man.



Dr. Ewan Forbes-Semphill before change.



—United Press Telephoto.

George Merlino Sanchez, 26, shown in a Corpus Christi, Tex., jail after he told authorities he posed as the "wife" of an Air Force sergeant and collected allotments totaling \$2500. Sanchez will be sentenced on his plea of guilty to two counts of inducing S/Sergt. Ronald M. Carpenter to making fraudulent claims on the Government. Sergt. Carpenter was under arrest in California.

The most recent widely-known case of sex change was announced in England when Dr. Elizabeth Forbes-Semphill of Kildrummy, Scotland, who had practiced medicine as a woman for

20 years, startled her noble family by announcing she had become a man. To underscore the point Dr. Forbes-Semphill, who took the name of Ewan, married his housekeeper. In the case of

the doctor, the change was gradual over a period of years. The diminution of the female sexual characteristics and assertion of the male tendencies was finally completed by an operation.



'Lure' in Suspected Mugging Is a Man in Woman's Garb

Detectives Otto Bauer and William J. Kearney have had many strange adventures hunting the muggers of Harlem, but at 4:10 a. m. today they had their strangest. And it happened in Brooklyn. Detective Bauer at the wheel, Detective Kearney crouched behind, their police car was stopped by a pretty young Negro girl in fashionable two-piece tweed suit,

black silk waist and high-heeled, toeless shoes. She suggested a tryst in the basement at 840 Myrtle Ave., and Detective Bauer accepted.

His sidekick, chaperoning from a discreet distance, broke in just as the woman demanded money. They took her to the Gates Ave. Precinct, charged with prostitution and then had a matron examine her.

It turned out that Hazel Roberts, 31, really was Ray Wood Jackson. Hazel-Ray will be arraigned in Bridge Plaza Court, Brooklyn, charged with masquerading as a woman, and three Brooklyn victims of muggers will try to identify him in his makeup and two-piece tweed suit.

Teacher Arrested As Impersonator

Scott McLean, 33, and married, who lives in Poughkeepsie and teaches dramatics at Vassar College, was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Frederick L. Strong in Jefferson Market Court today following his arrest last night while wearing feminine clothing.

McLean was arrested on a disorderly conduct charge while he was talking to two sailors at 45th St. and Sixth Ave. He insisted his impersonation was "just a rag."

Getup Gets Checked Out.

It's a woman's world. That's the opinion of Dale Upton, 34, foto left and right. Upton, who pleaded guilty to a bad check charge in Ann Arbor, Mich., says he posed as a female (foto left) because "it made check passing easier." Judge ordered him to get his hair cut and dress as a man should. That's Upton (foto right) after complying with the judge's edict.

(Associated Press Wirefoto)

Mork 'Siss boom bahs' for Denver

WHAT'S A GROWN man doing dressed up as a cheerleader? Don't worry. That's no ordinary man — it's Robin Williams! Only the zany Mork from Ork can get away with such antics. He's not the most beautiful member of the Denver



Broncos Pony Express cheerleader squad — not by a long shot — but fans at Mile High Stadium had a whole lot to cheer about. The Broncos handily beat the New England Patriots 45 to 10 that afternoon.

Comic DAVY KARR played a nurse in a comedy routine at a benefit show in Ft. Lee and still in the nurse's grab, he drove to his home nearby. There was a crash, and DAVY was flung against the steering wheel. What saved him was the fact he was still wearing the bra, stuffed with sponge rubber falsies. (if RALPH NADER heres about this , all men will have to wear a bra while driving. Ha)

Entomologist Dr. R. Thornhill discovered that male scorpion flies sometimes assume the role of transvestites to steal food from other males to present as their own courtship gifts to females. The transvestite succeed in mating more often than the ordinary males. (what else are the transvestites going to be blamed for.)

A TV, a most beautiful lass, Decided to step up in class, applied for employment in a house of enjoyment, where they threw her right out oh her ****!

COP WHO UNDERWENT SEX CHANGE ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THE FORCE



CHESTER COLLINS
His name's now Mary.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. (AP) — The city police superintendent says an officer who underwent a sex change operation is entitled to return to the police department in about two weeks as a woman.

Chester Collins, a 13-year veteran of the police force, plans to return to his job as Mary Collins.

He underwent a sex change operation June 13 at Boulevard Hospital in New York City because of "an inborn imbalance of hormones." She said last week she had had an "overwhelming desire" to be a woman.

Collins is a 37-year-old divorced father of two and a Navy veteran of the Vietnam war.

Police Superintendent Joseph A. Walsh said "Collins has been an excellent police officer." He said the former patrolman would be assigned temporarily to a clerical job in headquarters.

The name Chester Collins has already been replaced by Mary Collins on a driver's license and Social Security records.

Collins underwent extensive psychological evaluations and was declared mentally fit by two psychiatrists.

There was a tv named Loretta who was dressed in a swetta 3 reasons she had, staying warm, but the other 2 are BETTER.

Boy told to dress like teammates

THORNDIKE, Maine (AP) — High school senior James Bean was wearing traditionally male clothing to play on a traditionally female athletic team until the local school directors got wind of it.

Now he's going to have to wear a skirt, or a "kilt," like the girls who make up the rest of the Mount View High School varsity field hockey team.

Bean, who has yet to play a varsity game because this is his first year on the team, was accepted by his female coach, his teammates and his classmates. But he dislikes the attention that followed the school board's decision this week.

"What I wear isn't important," the soft-spoken Bean told a reporter Thursday. "I just want to be left alone and play field hockey."

"It was inevitable that a boy would try out for field hockey, sooner or later. I just happened to be the one," he added.

At its meeting Monday, the school board, without a formal vote, decided Bean must wear a kilt because it is part of the team uniform. The coach had told Bean he could wear shorts.

The coach, Margaret Prior, said normally she would not accept a senior who is a first-year player on the hockey team. But she said she "didn't want a hassle" over sex discrimination charges.

Bean said he tried out because he simply "liked the sport."

BANGOR (ME) DAILY NEWS 9/22/79

