

EXTRA TVIC JOURNAL EXTRA

V O L . 6 N O . 5 9 N O V E M B E R 1 9 1 9 7 7

PRES: William M. [redacted] MEMBERSHIP NEWSLETTER EDITORS
Albany, New York \$ 1 2 P E R Y E A R Helen and Wilma [redacted]
PHONE: [redacted]

Hi Everybody:

Another month gone by, with all the girls having a great time. Some new faces in the crowd and were certainly welcomed by all. I talked for awhile with Grace from Michigan in the kitchen and enjoyed it.

Later in the kitchen I was able to talk to Julia from Ohio, she was telling me about the small group they have started and seems to be panning out fine. I am glad all these gals are trying to form groups so that all the closet queens can come out in the open. I know when we opened the club here it certainly made a difference for a lot of the girls who didn't have understanding wives whom they could confide in about their desire to cross dress. Some after they had been here awhile were able to convince their wives that if they would only come to one meeting they would see for themselves that there is nothing wrong done and that their husbands are not perverts. I could see some of the expressions on the wives faces after they would be in the house say one hour, they begin to relax and laugh along with the crowd.

Kathy, Paula's G.G. said to me this past week that her home life is so much more relaxed and happier since she has become one of us. Believe me when Kathy first came here she was so nervous she had to be helped out to the meeting room. Now she is like an old veteran. Glad we were able to make Kathy feel comfortable

The girls who made the meeting this month were: Jean, Peru, N.Y., Kathy Syracuse, N.Y., Elanda, Rome, N.Y., Dennie, Peekskill, N.Y., Joan, Colonie, N.Y. Winnie, Windy, Joan, Schenectady, N.Y., Jo Ann, Glens Falls, N.Y., Sharon, Flushing, N.Y., Crystal, Barbara, Lynn, Menands, N.Y., John, Hudson, N.Y. Helen, Wilma, Arlene, Albany, N.Y., Jenny, Bayshore, L. I., Grace, Swartz Creek, Mich. Julia, Akron, Ohio., Michelle Ann, Somerville, Mass., Paula, Kathy, Lanesboro, Mass., Gloria, Dena, Pittsfield, Mass., Cynthia, Norwalk, Conn., Rene, Stratford, Conn., Sharon, Heightstown, N.J., Ruth, Monrirel, Canada, Linda, Peggy, West Hill, Canada.

I wish I had the room to describe the dress modes of all these lovely girls, they really all look so good. It's a great pleasure for me to know them all.

For the girls I made Baked ham, Au gratin Potatoes, Green Bean creole, Cole slaw, rutabaga, apple sauce, cottage cheese, pickles, bread, butter. For desert we had a big rum birthday cake for Michelle Ann. Elanda made a birthday cake for Michhele Ann too. The girls went thru two loaves of bread that Peggy from Canada made, and also a fruit cake. It seems like tonight we had all kinds of goodies.

Thanks Peggy and Elanda. It was nice of you to think of the girls. Wilma and I took Michelle Ann out for a Birthday Dinner on Sunday with her girl Dennie. Quite a twosome. Enjoyable day for all. I wonder Michelle, do you feel any older?

Symantha: When you read this I do hope you accept my apology, I didn't realize how I had worded my paragraph.

O.K. Kathy, what happened in room 302? It all began when Michelle Ann and Dennie came down Sunday and said what a night, shaking their heads, but would not tell what went on., just that Dennie said that she laughed so hard she almost wet her drawers. So Kathy, Telegraph, telephone, telMichelle Ann, didn't and wouldn't tell a thing. When you read this Kathy, write us the dope on room 302.

Old home week here Sat. for some of the Girls, seems that we had Five gals here that originally hailed from London, England. It was fun to listen to them talk, tell jokes, and laugh hardy and relaxed. (Winnie, Ruth, Paula, Kathy, Lynn.) Lynn was Barbara's G.G. by the way she was a very pleasant girl, and am glad she able to feel at ease after awhile.

We will be looking foward to all you girls at the Xmas Party, we will have a Grab-bag, and some fun games. So untill the party on the 12/10/77 be good, be happy, stay healthy.

I'll say thanks for all the Kitchen help I got from all the girls. Be seeing you all some time soon.

All my love to all.

Love Helen

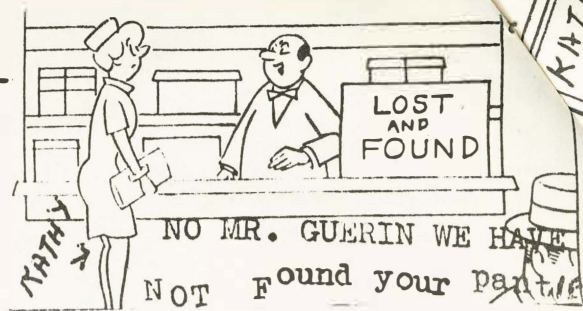
When people ask me where I'm going on my vacation this year, I tell them I'm staying home. That starts more interesting discussions than any trip I've ever taken.

My uncle was in the hospital for a week. It was only supposed to be for one day, but he ate the food by mistake.



New York Know  
its Time to  
DRESS

The Expressway Adventure  
by  
Priscilla [REDACTED]



My trip meter showed almost exactly one thousand miles, as I turned into the motel driveway in Arkansas. Funny how I was not very tired, until I saw that sign and decided to spend the night.

I was on my way to St. Louis, and why I chose to go this way, I'll never know. The quick meal, I enjoyed, but was more interested in a good shower and a good night's sleep. So, after the shower, I donned one of my lovely nylon nities and slept peacefully until the desk clerk awakened me the next morning.

And so, I awakened, very much refreshed, had a quick shave, ate breakfast, and checked out for the final leg of my journey. I headed the '70 model, fire-engine red Chrysler (which now had over 90,000 miles on her) in the direction of St. Louis-- and whatever.

How this company, whatever and whoever it was, got my name, I do not know, but the letter seemed very interesting and urged me to be in St. Louis for an interview. Since I did not have a job---over-educated, they told me on most of my job interviews--- it seemed like a good gamble.

As I drove on into Missouri, my thoughts were all jumbled up, like--- I had cut my long hair off for this interview and if I did not get the job, I would have to resort to a wig for some time. What could this company be like, one that I had never heard of before, How did they get my name, what was their interest in me??????

After I filled my tank with gas, and figuring that I had enough to get me to my destination, I pulled off to the side of the Expressway and slipped off my pants and socks, leaving me dressed in only my shirt, panties, and panty-hose (which I had put on at the motel under my men's clothing. I slipped into a skirt and high heel shoes, for the rest of the drive to St. Louis. Thus attired, feminine from the waist down and male from the waist up, I sure did not break any of the speed laws, you can bet.

Now, this is ugly, and I admit it, but when I drive attired this way, I always keep in the left lane, which forces the faster cars and trucks to go on the right side. They do not like it, I know, but the view that the truck drivers get of the short skirt and nylon clad knees make it worth their effort, and all truck drivers cast a glance into the cars they are passing.

So, right after I had go by Portageville, this one truck driver came up behind me rather fast. He swung over to the right lane and I could feel him eye-balling my legs as he passed. I could see him looking back in his rear view mirror. He went on out o f my sight.

I had gone about 15 miles when I saw a truck off the Expressway, similar to one that had passed me. I noticed that right after I passed this truck, it pulled off and back into the Expressway. Soon, it caught up with me and I had this feeling, once again, that the driver was doing some overtime looking. As the truck pulled out ahead of me, the driver stuck his ~~out~~ hand out the window and motioned me over to the right side.

Being an adventuresome type person, and armed with a .32, I placed my car behind his truck and thus we progressed for several miles. I saw his right turn blinker go on and again the arm out the window, motioning me to turn right. It was a rest stop and I did not think that there would be too much danger if I went into one of these, for there are generally a lot of people in one of these .

We pulled to a stop and I sat there as he got out of his cab. I saw a very pleasant looking man climb down and approach me. The closer he came, the more apprehensive I became, and I suddenly had a desire to gun my motor and take off. But, now, it was too late for that action, he was in the path of my exit.

The door of the car was locked and I rolled the window down enough to carry on conversation, but not enough for a hand to get through.

Evidently, he had been thinking very much about what he was going to say, for he began to speak, rapidly, as though he wanted to get his talk over, before he lost his nerve.



# From Our Presidents Pen.....



## OUR NEXT TWO GATHERINGS.

December 10th & Jan. 21st

The December party will be our yearly Christmas Grab Bag Party.

Everyone who wants to play in the grab bag game must bring a feminine gift of at least \$5 no more. Please make it something nice, something you would like to receive yourself. Who knows you just might get your own gift back. NOW this is NOT a must. It is just for those who wish to play in the grab bag game. Others can look on and watch the fun. Wives also invited in the game. This game takes from one to two hours to play depending on the amount of players in the game. Many of you have seen this game in action. So all you lovely ladies get out your lovely party gown and pretty up for Santa. Also do not forget to bring your cameras and get your pictures.

## Welcome New Members

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of 5 new members this month.

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| R. P. BUFFALO N.Y.               | R. J. NEW YORK N.Y.       |
| J.D. WAISANEN, [redacted]        | NORTH OXFORD, MASS. 01537 |
| LORETTA [redacted], P.O.B. 1161, | DEL MAR, CALIF. 92014     |
| C.M. NICHOLS, P.O.B. 734,        | JAMESTOWN N.Y. 14701      |

We all here at TVIC hope to see you in the coming months in person at one of our parties. All you members out there drop them a note to say hello and welcome to TVIC.

## B O O K S

New books have arrived. Send for list #5. ~~XX~~ They can be had 10 for \$11 as long as they last. All these books our about TVism.

## Happy Birthday Girls

- |                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| DEC. 11 DIANE W [redacted]   | It is always nice to receive a birthday or wedding Anversery card. So anyone who may have been omitted please let me know the day you was born. |
| DEC. 14 PHILLIS C [redacted] |   |
| DEC. 31 FRAN G [redacted]    |   |

## S P E C I A L T H A N K S D E P A R T M E N T

- MICHELLE ANN [redacted], BOX 320, somerville, mass. 02144 For printing up over 200 group pic [redacted] that were sent out in the October Journal. dollars
- C.M. NICHOL, Box 734, Jamestown, N.Y. 14701, For the extra ~~ELANOR~~ sent inn.
- Paul [redacted], Box 706, Lake george, N.Y. 12845 and E.M. QRYGN, IND, IND. For the extra books donated to the TVIC library.
- J.H.PORTER, [redacted], Los Angles, Calif. 90025 For the extra Stamps.

LET yourself be heard! Send articles, comments, and opinions to be put in the TVIC Journal. Just state it for printing and how you desire it signod. You may have your mailing name and address included if you so wish.

## DO YOU WISH TO HELP TVIC ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA?

I would suggest this ad placed in your local paper with our return address:

TRANVESTITES ARE FINDING PEACE, JOY, FRIENDSHIP, ASSISTANCE THROUGHT AN EFFECTIVE PROGRAM CALLED T.V.I.C. CONTACT T.V.I.C. POB 4021, DEPT [redacted], ALBANY, NEW YORK 12204.

Where the blank in dept is in the adress you can put in the first and last letter of your name and when I receive a letter from this add I will know who put it in the paper. Also it could bring out tvs in the closet in your town, city and state. As I receive these letters I will let you know the results

THATS IT FOR THIS MONTH . SEE YOU ALL AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

# Letters to the editor

A MAN IS HAPPILY MARRIED IF  
HIS WIFE IS BOSS BUT DOESN'T  
KNOW IT.

AN OPTIMIST IS A GIRL WHO  
MISTAKES A BULGE FOR A  
CURVE.

FANTASIA FAIR 77 -- Provincetown, Mass., October 14-23. By Ms. Winnie [REDACTED]

After its third successful year, Fantasia Fair has become well established as "the" annual event for TV's in the East. This year was marked by higher attendance - about 50 participants stayed all week, plus 20 more on the weekends. And, for the first time, it attracted ladies from outside of the USA and Canada - Vicky from Mexico and Angela, an English gal living in Switzerland (who took home the "Best Dressed" award after retrieving her things from a Customs warehouse in Boston!). To make room for the crowd, the Ocean's Inn and several other hostelryes were added to the Crown & Anchor and Hargood House, familiar to us from previous years of hospitality.

A dedicated steering committee coordinated by Nancy Ledins kept the program running smoothly. Denise put in much hard work to publish an informational booklet for the Fairgoers and also Femme Fare, a daily newsletter that somehow appeared under our doors during the wee hours (was it delivered by a Good Fair-y?). Ariadne Kane of the Outreach Foundation remained in the position of co-coordinator (the problems she had to face in 75 would have driven anybody co-co!), and many others pitched in to help behind the scenes. Too bad there wasn't a Weather Girl among them - or was Elanda teaching the Rain Dance in her morning classes? Only two of the days were sunny and clear. The volleyball game had to be converted into a pool tournament, and outdoor activities such as bicycle rides and the beach-buggy tour suffered from dampened enthusiasm. Fortunately, there were plenty of things to do indoors and keep our spirits up.

The first Saturday began with a very comprehensive orientation session, invaluable to newcomers, followed in the afternoon by April Adams who demonstrated the clothing and makeup which she had available throughout the duration of the Fair. In the evening, after cocktails, we split into two groups (so many of us!) for a "dressy" dinner at a couple of the fine restaurants in P-town. To cap it off, dancing at the Pied Piper (one of my favorite spots) and late-late snacks at Ari's apartment. After Sunday brunch at the Clambake (our friend Joy always treats us special), a free afternoon and a just-between-us-girls "anecdote night" - such as "something funny happened on the way to Betsy's party!".

The fashion-beauty course began bright and early on Monday morning, and continued through Friday under the able guidance of Paula and Elanda, repeating their performance of last year. Paula brought her box of goodies and went through all her old tricks, plus some new ones - there is always something to be learned in the world of feminine fakery. This year, all sessions were held in the cozy atmosphere of the Post Office Cafe.

Monday evening introduced a new feature at a new location for the Fair - a poolside cocktail party at the Provincetown Inn. This is a large modern place, unfortunately at the edge of town, with a fabulous huge indoor pool. Now, swimming pools plus girls equals bathing beauty contests, and our group was no exception to this equation! All three finalists were members of our Albany Club, beginning a string of awards carried off by Wilma's Wonder-Women.

Diane came all the way from California to MC Tuesday night's Costume and Talent Show in the Back Room of the C&A, following a scrumptious buffet supper served by the Clambake. All the performers put their hearts into their acts, including the rather ambitious venture of lip-sync to opera(!) - a scene from Aida. The judges had difficulty in selecting the winners, but Paula deservedly took top honors ("I Enjoy Being a Girl") and three of our Albany gals also received kudos - Elanda (for dancing, of course!), Cynthia (I didn't know she could twirl a baton!) and Michelle Ann for one of those frothy, frilly costumes she sews.

More serious matters were the main focus of the next day's program - a symposium to describe "our thing" to any of the public who were interested, held at the Unitarian-Universalist Church. Virginia Prince, Ariadne Kane and Nancy Ledins were the featured speakers - all represented our feelings with great lucidity and fielded questions from the floor. Immediately afterwards, a supper prepared by Irene and her helpers was served in the church and attended by a large crowd. Hopefully, another dent was made in the barrier of ignorance surrounding the TV "para-culture".

Thursday evening continued the custom of previous years, being the occasion for the Awards Banquet, where noteworthy participants and friends of Fantasia Fair are given recognition. Once again, our TVIC gals made a strong showing - Michelle Ann, Ms. Congeniality; Sharon, Ms. Femininity; and Winnie (me!) Ms. Fantasia Fair 77, an honor I most appreciate. The Ms. Cinderella award, given to a newcomer whose femme personality blooms forth during the Fair, was received by Jackie. Incidentally, Ms. Cinderella of 1976, Mary Ellen, returned as a new woman (and more slender); she served as hostess in the Hospitality Suite during the Fair.

It was back to the Back Room on Friday night, for another buffet by Joy. After dinner, a parade of models (drilled in the afternoon by a stern Betsy) presented the Annual FF Fashion Show. Nancy announced the chic casual and formal outfits shown by the girls. During the intermission, winners of the FF raffle (for the benefit of Outreach) were drawn and the lucky ones received their prizes, many graciously donated by friends of the Fair. In its three years, the Fashion Show has been a popular event. (See P. 5)

Fantasia Fair 77 (continued)

The final Saturday brought out the sunshine (at last!) as well as an influx of weekend Fair-goers who joined the week-long participants in enjoying the outdoors. Another demonstration by April and Michael in the afternoon at the P.O. Cafe. Then, the ladies of the Fair were given preferred seating in the Back Room for the Karl Houston show "All that Glitters...is Not Girls", which was good entertainment for all. Next, a return

visit to the Provincetown Inn for the last formal dinner, a chance to wear our fanciest evening gowns. A few speeches, judging of the best gowns, and the Fair was almost over. However, this evening was also the occasion for the Annual C&A Drag Ball, and a number of our girls braved the crowd to enter the competition. Sharon and Paula took home elegant trophies, though the top spot went to a local TV.

After-hours parties went on through the night, and a bleary-eyed bunch of guys showed up for the Sunday brunch, where the magic coach of feminine finery turned back into a pumpkin. It was really too nice a day to be leaving P-town - but we'll be back again next year, October 13-22. Mark your calendars in pink ink, ladies!

PS. Dream, the West Coast counterpart of FF, was not held this year - simply because Marilyn (who does most of the work) needed a break to catch up on other things. But she has announced that Dream will return to the Oregon Coast, September 9-16, 1978. Dream has a rather different flavor from Fantasia Fair, but is just as much fun. Go to BOTH!

When a wife really loves her husband, he can make her do anything she wants to do.

Dear Wilma:

Have a little time at long last to answer many letters that pile up...and ran across your personal note which you slipped into a copy of the magazine back at the end of March, when I renewed.

You may recall that you took the occasion to bitch a bit about how few reciprocated the work and effort it takes to run a club like yours. I can sympathize with you mightily--it's always that way. Always there is one person who does all the worrying, takes all the problems, and off whom everyone free-loads! All clubs run that way--not just tv ones--and they exist as long as the chief victim wants to keep on working and being the Good One.

You have played the Good One for twenty years as you wrote--and you have certainly been wonderful at it. I have never attended a gathering at your place, but I have kept up with you all the way and wished it were practical for me to do so. But it just is not practical to make a weekend trip these days like that--and I have no great interest in fulling ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ dressing and being wigged and passing. My interest is there, but much milder.

You have met, you wrote, 5000 tvs. I believe it. And you have found only 100 worth while or willing to help pitch in. That's about the way it is. I have not met that many--I have met perhaps several hundred--and my recollections is that never before in my life have I ever dipped in such a pool of self-pity, secret misery, and disastrous lives. One has to be sympathetic because one always knows that it could have been you--but so many! So many! My wife shares this feeling--we have always found our tv contacts and friends kind people but always such wells of disaster! I think back and I would say that perhaps I have met a dozen real friends, two dozen who could have been, and actually about five who remain good friends over and above the tv angle. Five good people for a lifetime... Trouble is that they live everywhere but where I am! Fiona in Australia is still a wonder. Barbara Jean in Los Angeles is still one of my best friends and we always visit. Joanne in Long Beach: solid as a rock. Alga in ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Dublin--a real blaze of fire. We managed to visit Alga last year ansx she threw a little party of Irish tvs one evening for us. Nice lasses--but then aren't they all--on the surface! But then there are one ones you lose and think would have been good to keep....

So it goes.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in enclosing a photo now and then. Brings them to life. Are you still into bondage, or were you?

( CONT, P. 6 )



Marricd.



Engaged.



In Love.

Alimony is like buying oats for a dead horse

( continued from p. 5 )

Things have changed amazingly since you and I first become involved -- now cross-dressing and all that is openly discussed and the Gay world makes a thing out of it. Yet from TVIC I see that the old real closet tv world remains as it is, untouched, and getting a big kick out of keeping things under wraps. I think that is part of our thing. The Gays as the saying goes, they do protest too much. You sent a photo of someone, I think it was Wilma, in a night gown, Now that is what I mean by the true tvs thoughts, I think you understand.

There's a faint possibility that my wife and I will be driving upstate some time in August. If you are home, we may ring, Depends. It would be interesting to say hello.

You had a member in Poultney, Vermont, whom I had corresponded with...and ~~we~~ met once near his home. I know he attended a couple of your gatherings... but is he still on your list or has he dropped entirely out?

My regards to Helen...she must be a tower of strength.

Cordially, Don [REDACTED]. Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Helen & Wilma.

The enclosed photo came with the last issue of my Journal. I am concerned, and if possible would like to meet her. No address given. Of course I suppose she will be away out of my area.

Through your Journal Grace B., Flint Mich. and I have been in contact. Enjoying her letters very much. Hope to meet in the near future.

Oh yes and about Helen and Michell Ann having their ears pierced. That is a subject that has, as far back as I can remember always had a fascination for me. How, even when I was in grade school I longed to be a woman like my teacher, especially her pierced earrings. That's the only kind ~~if~~ they wore then. In my early teens I learned how the piercing process worked and unknown to any one I pierced my own. Left the thread in clipping it off at the surface. No one ever knew. Later after they healed I pulled a light pink yarn in and clipping it also. Then in secret I would put in rings, was on cloud 9, Now I wear the small studs almost continuously, people do not seem to notice.

When dressed I like the large hoop type. Afraid to wear them as my maleself.

So Helen, just reading about your going to have yours done kind of turns me on. And the way the piercing is done to day there is very little pain. Not so the way I did it. Was so determined though that it didn't matter.

Still enjoy your publication. Wondering if I might you at Fantasia Fair, hope so. With Love Clare.

H.C. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] RICHMOND, IND. 47374.

Dear Helen & Wilma.

I want to thank you for making my life a little happier by receiving your monthly Journal. I only wish that sometime in the near future I could attend one of your wonderful parties.

Shiela who now lives here in Vegas, has told me so much about them, all good.

I thought I was going to be able to make it to Providencic this year but ended up in Hawaii on busines.

But on the brighter side no less then seven eastern TVIC girls visited Vegas and it was nice meeting them. It really made my life brighter and give me a chance to dress and be my femme self more often than ever before.

One of these days I hope there will be TV organizations all over, so a TV can call a number and make contacts.

Wilma, thangs again for everything. Hope to see you next year. Terrie.

TERRY [REDACTED], P.O.B. 4116, N. LOS VEGES, NEV. 89030

Dear Helen & Wilma:

Your TVIC Journals are so good, I've been reading them over and over. Very good selections in them. Even though I can't get to your partys, it's just great to hear you both still carrying on with such spirit.

I have talked about the cruelty of sex-change operations. Well I've done something just as foolish, wish I would advise on one to try. I was curious. So easy to change ones sex, ~~was~~ it? All right, why not go back-wards then, to what nature made us originally, - why wouldnt that be just as easy? I'DE find out. Doctors severly advised against it - I had taken STRONG estrogen hormonal treatments for nearly a life time. I SUDDENLY stopped, all at once. Drs. said this was dangers, - I found ONE doctor, who had treated her own glands, who would go along with me in this experiment, but there has to be regular check ups every two weeks - and ~~toxxhexrexxnlar~~ sometimes wonder if it was worth it. I was born an androgen, thin and muscular, like a boy, but WANTING to be a lady! One day I told my doctor I didn't LIKE the effects the giving up of hormones had on my body, my skin, and it was giving pains I'de never had before. Every WEEK my blood pressure went UP, and I was loosing POUNDS? My WHOLE metabolism had changed. "You are never satisfied, - do you KNOW what you WANT?" As I was ~~in~~ leaving the office, I answered, with my hand on the door nob, "Does ANY TV know what he or she WANTS, when they are sashaying back and forth from man to woman, as I've been doing, and can't stay one thing or the other? I doubt it. At anyrate, I will NOT become "Madam Bardina", again, nor "Jackanorea", the bearded

(Continued on page 7)

(continued from page 6)

lady of the circus." I gave the doctor a quick nod, and closed the door, the doctor had just STARED across the desk at me. At home I have Three cages of fancyrats I raised myself. I experimented on these rats with different diets. One, a hermaphrodite rat, "Bronzie", I was particularly careful of. I finally got the right diet for me, to get my weight where I wanted it. Then no pills, I got my blood pressure lowered by ~~my~~ one of my breaths, which I teach for different things. So you see, doctors DON'T know EVERYTHING, one must work with ones self TOO. Of course I still keep in with this doctor who is an endocrinologist. If I had my life to live over again as an androgen, I would NEVER take a HORMONE, not one! I'M trying to undo it all now, WITHOUT losing CUFFIES, the hormones gave me. Also since giving UP the hormones I have a STRONGER sex drive. I would THINK it would be the other way around, but not so.

Love to you both Leslie  
 LESLIE G. [REDACTED], [REDACTED], BOSTON, MASS. 02115 (apt 6)

( continued from page 2 )

"Look," he said, "I just had to talk to you for a minute. I do not mean to hurt your feelings, or anything like that, but when I passed your car, back down the road a way, I just glanced at the window and saw a pretty pair of legs sticking out from under a skirt. Then, after passing, I checked the rear view mirror and was surprised to see a man's face looking at me. I pulled off the road to let you pass again, and then I passed you again, just to be sure of what I saw the first time. Are you really a man?"

To this, I replied, "Yes, I am. I like to drive dressed like this and I do not think that it is anybodies business how I dress".

"Well, I do not think it is, either", he said, "And I am not down grading you for it. Look at this", and he reached down to get a fold of his trouser leg and, after looking in several directions to see if anyone else might be watching, pulled up one leg to expose a nylon clad leg of his own.

"I, too, like to wear feminine type clothing", he went on, "and I thought that I was the only one in the world that did, outside of some Female Impersonators that I have seen in some shows around the country where I have traveled. Are you a Female Impersonator? "

"No, I just like this for my own enjoyment!"

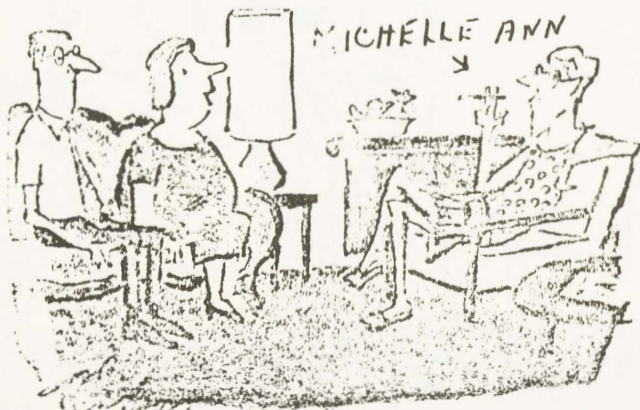
"Look, I would like to talk to you some more about all of this, but I am behind schedule now, so I must get back on the road. My home base is in St. Louis and my trip schedule is for me to be on the road two weeks and home one week. If I give you my card, with my address, would you write me? I noticed that your license plate is from another state far away from here."

"Yes, I would be happy to write you in the future", I told him, as I accepted the offered card through the window. I did not feel the need to tell him, at that time that I might be living in the St. Louis area before long, depending on the outcome of my approaching interview.

I did notice that his step, back to his cab, had a much lighter jaunt than the ones that brought him to my car. I did not tell him, either, that I knew several others like us, but I knew that I would in the future.

As he kicked his big rig into life again, I sat there in my car and thought about this little surprise in my life and, as he disappeared down the Expressway, I wondered what other surprises might be in store for me in St. Louis.

(To be continued)



"Son, your father and I think it's time we had a little chat."



"Well, it's not exactly the diagnosis I had in mind, but I guess it'll have to do."

# San Francisco Chronicle Sex-Change Teacher Files Huge Claim

Steve Dain, the Emeryville physical education teacher who was Doris Richards before undergoing a sex change operation, slapped a \$17 million claim yesterday on the Emery Unified School District and several of its officials.

Dain charged invasion of privacy, false arrest, malicious prosecution, emotional distress, violation of due process, bad faith and actions preventing future employment.

Specifically named in the claim are Superintendent Lewis J. Stommel, Rita Dixon, Dean of Women at Emery High School where Dain was a tenured teacher, Dennis Campbell, boys physical education instructor and "other persons whose identities are unknown" who made remarks Dain said humiliated him and caused him anguish.

The claim will be formally presented to the district trustees at their January 13 meeting.

If rejected, the claim probably will become the basis for a lawsuit, said Larry Sleizer, Dain's attorney.

Dain, who as Doris Richards taught at Emery High for ten years, was suspended for immoral conduct on October 15. Two weeks earlier Superintendent Stommel

made a citizen's arrest when Dain appeared at Emery High to attend an orientation meeting.

Stommel's charges of "wilful disturbance" against Dain subsequently were dismissed in Oakland Piedmont Municipal court.

An administrative hearing on Dain's status as a tenured teacher is scheduled to be held Monday in the state building here.

## Reprinted from The Berkeley Barb **'The Greatest "Drag Queen" Of Them All**

Hatshepsut (according to the National Geographic magazine), also known as Hatasu and Hapshepsowe, was an early Egyptian queen who assumed the role, title, power and attire normally reserved for a male pharaoh, wore a false beard, had statues made of her depicting her as a male and forced (by decree) all of Egypt to refer to her as a male.

Interestingly enough, Egypt had a rare period of peace during Hat's reign, and she spent the money erecting rather fabulous temples, including a funerary temple at Dier el-Bahri, described by some archaeologists as "ancient Egypt's finest architectural triumph."

After her death, her male successors attempted to obliterate all trace of her existence, building walls around her temples and covering up her statues and stelae with facades, etc.

## Sex Changes Now Tax Deductible?

Barb

Transsexuals and many other people are elated over a recent Internal Revenue Service (IRS) ruling making cosmetic surgery fully tax-deductible.

In a case involving a face lift, the IRS said that surgery or treatment affecting any portion of the body counts as a legitimate medical deduction even if a doctor didn't find it necessary.

This is being interpreted to mean that breast implants, sex-change operations (costing up to \$20,000), nose jobs and other forms of cosmetic surgery are probably tax-deductible and in effect would cost nothing to the person who obtains them.

An upsurge in sex-change operations is being predicted as a result of the IRS ruling.

## Silicone Pours Into The Black Market

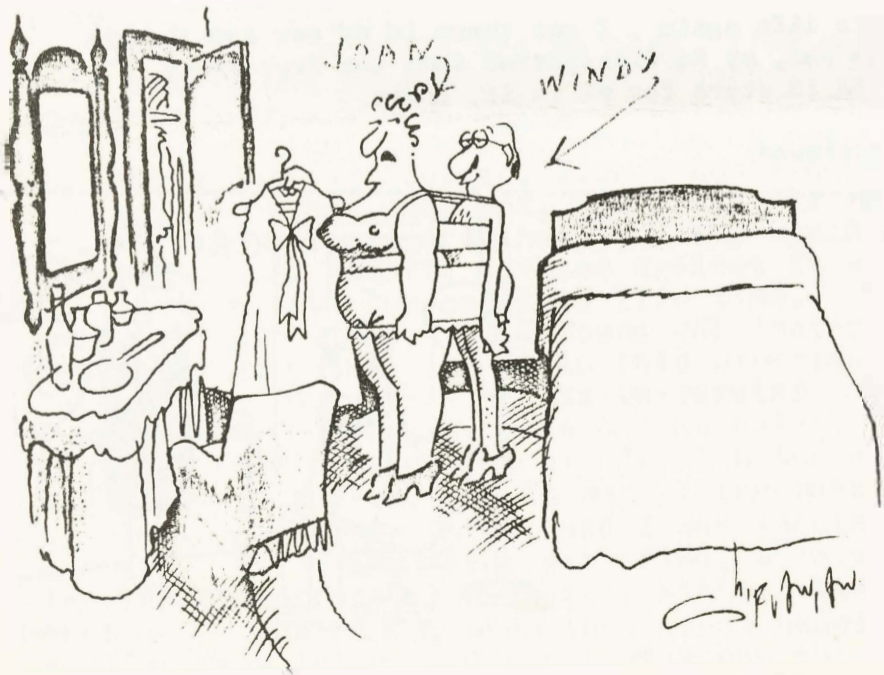
BARB

Medical-grade silicone is becoming a blackmarket item, according to reports heard from transsexuals. Now available only to a few doctors licensed by the Food and Drug Administration, medical-grade silicone is used to cosmetically change breasts, cheeks, lips and other parts of the body.

Industrial grade silicone is readily available and is considered to be quite dangerous, possibly even fatal, if used for such purposes. Since medical silicone is now restricted and is in great demand, it is reported that shipments of it are being hijacked or stolen from ports of entry and eventually find their way to doctors.



Some great philosopher said about divorce—I forget the philosopher's name—in fact I forgot what he said—but I say—divorce is useless. You get married for lack of judgment—you get divorced for lack of patience—then you remarry for lack of memory.



"Really, dear, I have no objections to your wearing my underthings, but, please, not while I'm in them."



"Honestly, if you're going to wear necklaces, I wish you'd buy your own!"