

V O L . 9 N O . 8 6 (E S T A B L I S H E D 1 9 5 4) S e p t e m b e r 2 0 1 9 8 0

PRES: William M. Thordsen
1104 Broadway
Albany, New York
PHONE: (518) 434-8806

M E M B E R S H I P

\$ 1 7 P E R Y E A R

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Helen

and

Wilma Thordsen

Hi Girls:

Well summer is over hope you all had a pleasant summer. Wilma and I enjoy ours. I was under the weather about the past month, my one leg is going bad on me that the Dr. had it in a brace for the past month and is giving me an injection in the knee for now so that I don't have to have an operation for now. We were so happy to see so many girls here for the Sept. meeting. Had seven new faces here this month. Carole one of the new ones had a double coming out of the closet as Wed. Pricells and Eileen had her to a meeting in Poughkeepsie and then again last night she was up here in Albany, she was a very happy T.V. being able to meet with so many of her sisters. This is what we like to see, these T.V.'s coming out of the closet and being able to enjoy themselves.

Was anything wrong DeeDee and Vi that you didn't make the meeting? Cynthia and Sonya you too we looked for you a good part of the evening, as you had said you would see us. I do hope nothing serious happened.

Our best wishes to Rachel on her new job that she will be starting as a woman. Had a nice talk with Rachel and the work she is doing on counseling the girls who are going in for the operation and then after the operation, which I am sure will be a big help to the girls as it is a rough road ahead. ~~For the~~

Next month our wonderful gal entertainer Crystal will be here to entertain the girls with her Dear Letters. Anyone else who would like to do some entertaining don't be bashful step right up, the girls enjoy hearing all.

Today Wilma and I celebrate our 33rd. Anniversary. Our relationship is so much stronger as we understand what each of us wants and does. I am truly a happier person knowing that I was able to understand her needs to dress in a feminine manner and bring us closer together with no hidden secrets between us. Finding pictures of Wilma so long ago, and being able to discuss the situation openly, we have found a closeness to each other which we really didn't have before. This is why I say to all married women of T.V.'s try to see their side of life and I'm sure in time you will find the same happiness that I have.

Life is so short for you to have disagreements and worry what your neighbors will think if they find out what you do. Think- do they pay your bills, or put food on you table. No, so do what will please you both and make for a healthier, happy harmonious life together.

The girls here last night were: Michelle Ann and Dennie from Somerville, Mass., Kathy and Rachel from Camilius, N.Y., Francis from Henrietta, N.Y., Lee from Niagra Falls, N.Y., Veronica from Warsaw, N.Y., Elanda from Rome, N.Y., Sharon from Heightstown, N.J., Karen from Clifton Park, N.Y., Valerie from Latham, N.Y., Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Crystal from ~~Menands~~, N.Y., Gordon and Angela from Castleton, N.Y., Pricilla and Eileen from Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Carole from Richmond Hill, N.Y., Diana, Nancy, Muria from Stenford N.Y. (Do hope we have the right town for these three) ~~Wilma and I~~.

This was a lovely group here to start the fall season off.

The Menu for tonight was:

Baked ham, mashed potatoes, buttered beets, creamed beans, corn, cole slaw, sliced tomatoes, rolls braed and butter, cake and coffee.

For now I will say Good night and stay healthy and happy.

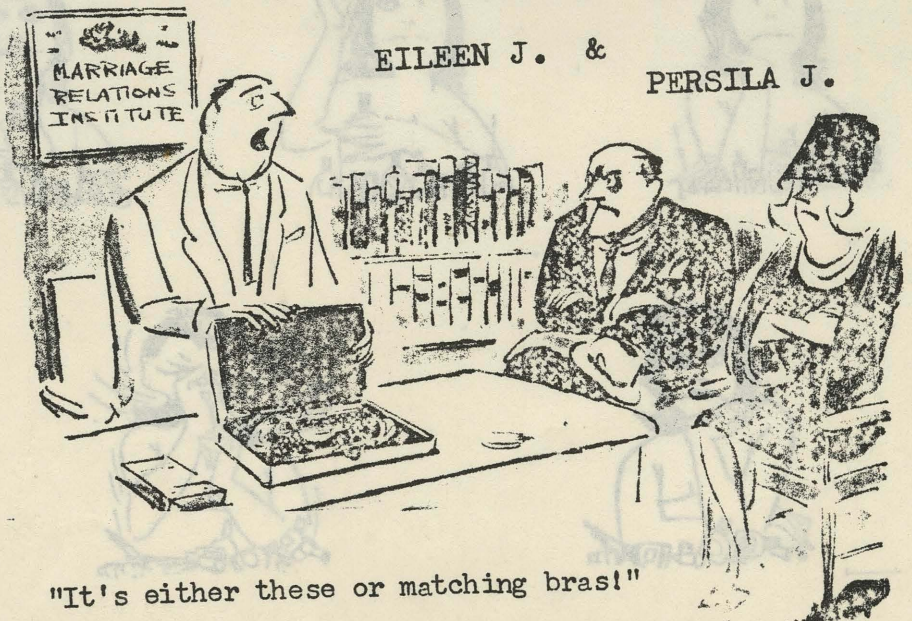
God Bless you all.

Love Helen.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

At the last party Sept. 20th one of you girls left a black Velvet Jacket.

Please let me know who you are and I will hold it or mail it to you.



"It's either these or matching bras!"

WILMA'S VIEWS

SHIRTS VS. TROUSERS BY ART BUCHWALD

It appears from all the fashion reports and magazines that women are going to be wearing pants this year. Not just slacks or pedal pushers or pajamas, but real pants. The pants suit for women has come into its own and the question about who wears the pants in the family is no longer very funny.

Where will it all end?

The first man to actually wear a skirt in public was Horace Gringsby an advertising executive, who on Oct. 20, 1976, showed-up at his office in one, half as a joke and half as a protest gesture because all the women in his office were wearing pants.

After everyone had their laugh and made their snide remarks, curiosity got the better of a few of the men in the office and one asked, "How does it feel?" "Quite comfortable," Horace admitted. "Your legs have much more freedom and it's a lot cooler than pants." The following week several of the men started wearing skirts and the agency was getting a name for itself.

But then some smart aleck cop arrested Horace and charged him with impersonating a woman. Horace who had played center on the Yale football team, took the case to the Supreme Court who in a historic 5-4 ruling said there was nothing wrong with a man's wearing a skirt as long as he didn't yell fire in a crowd theater.

Pretty soon skirts for men were being featured in Esquire, Playboy magazine and Men's wear Daily. The college male students bought skirt and sweater sets, the Brooks Brothers crowd went for navy blue and slate gray skirt suits, and on the West Coast the surfers started wearing miniskirts over their bathing suits.

But while the change was welcome, something still didn't look right. Then someone realized that men's shoes didn't look good with skirts, so a shoe company in Chicago introduced high heels to go with the new outfits. This made all the difference and in no time at all, men were wearing high heels to go with their skirts.

One of the complaints though was that in winter the men's legs got cold. So a men's hosiery manufacturer put out a line of nylon stockings with a garter belt attached to mens shorts.

While the lower half now looked very attractive, most men felt they could dress up the upper half of their outfits. A few started wearing necklaces, some put on bracelets, and still others started wearing earrings.

The jewelry didn't look too good against short hair, so many men started to let their hair grow below their shoulders, if this wasn't possible they wore wigs.

Men were spending fortunes on hairdressers and also cosmetics; first rouge and then lipstick, and finally nail polish.

As the emphasis on men's clothes and appearance become greater, more and more department stores turned over their space to them, and millions of dollars of advertising budgets were switched to the male market. The Paris designers and the Seventh Avenue manufacturers gave up making female clothes as there was no money in it.

In the short span of ten years it become a man's world. And what happened to the women during that period? They kept walking around in pants and nobody ever bothered to look at them again!!

(The above article appeared on August 6, 1966 as a feature of syndicated columnist ART BUCHWALD.)



PARTY DATES

T V I C : Holds its parties on the third Saturday of every month. The next three party dates are OCTOBER 18th.....NOVEMBER 15th.....DECEMBER 20th,..... December 20th will be our ninth CHRISTMAS PARTY. This is always a great affair and we always have a good attendance. So please let us know as early as you can if you will be coming as we have room for 30 people. ~~people~~ only.

NEW MEMBERS

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of a new member this month.

G L E N D A J A L B U Q U E R Q U E ... N E W M E X I C O

BIRTHDAY'S

OCT. 2	Barbara H [REDACTED]	OCT. 21	Samantha T [REDACTED]
" 3	Henry h [REDACTED]	" 27	Milton E [REDACTED]
" 6	Fred Hi [REDACTED]	" 28	Eben B [REDACTED]
" 8	Charles WI [REDACTED]	28	William T [REDACTED]
2 16	Paul R [REDACTED]	29	William P [REDACTED]

Helen AND Wilma wishall you people the best of luck and happiness in all the years to come.

A N E V E R S E R Y S

OCT. 8 Douglas Watson (Mr & Mrs)... Mr. & Mrs. Paul Gallagher.....Oct. 15

Helen and I wish you a very happy aneversery and that you see many years of happiness together.

SPECIAL THANKS

We all must give special thanks to Michell Ann Bolis for the nice work and time that she put in to make our NEW 1980 members directory. All members who attended the September party has received a copy. Any member who would like to receive a copy by first class mail please send 30¢ in stamps or cash.

I want to thank all the members who sent in all those lovely pictures for our club album. Also for the cartoons and news articals.

OSSI-Gay Inn 358 west 30th street New York City , N.Y. Phone 212-695-5393 TVs welcomed in full dress. It is an excellent place to go, clean & friendly.

TEMTATION CLUB - 2090-Jerecho Turnpike-East Hampton Sta-N.Y. 11746. This is another excellent place to go dressed . All TVs welcomed..

DEAR ABBY: Is it against the law for a husband and wife to appear in public restaurants, shopping, etc.-the hisband dressed as a woman, and the wife dressed as a man???? Paul and I are both normal in every sense of the word. It all started this way: I am ~~XX~~ 5 foot 11, and Paul is 5 foot 5. We are as compatible as two people can be, but we have always felt somewhat conspicuous in public. For that reason, I stoped wearing heels. One day I bought some womens wedgie shoes in Pauls size and gave them to him. He tried them on, found them to be very comfortable and was delighted with the extra hight they provided. After wearing these wedgies a few times, he wanted another pair. Now he refuses to wear anything else. Just for fun, I put some makeup on him and got him a womans wig, and we went to dinner that way. We loved it! Then I started to dress like a man, and now we do it all the time. I assure you we are sexually normal. My husband dresses as a man for work. We switch roles for fun only when we go out. Someone told me that this is against the law. Is it?? J.J.

ELANDA M. & KAREN G.



Dear J.J.: What is legal in one community may be illegal in another. In some places cross-dressing is considered masquerading or deliberately attempting to conceal ones identity, which could be against the law. Plat it safe and consult a local lawyer. "All I have is my boy credit card!"

 A WHITE MALE/FEMALE DISCOVERS THE FULL MEANING OF DISCRIMINATION

More and more these days we hear laments over "reverse discrimination." It's a seductive but deceptive catch phrase, born of misunderstanding. Only those who have been on the receiving end of discrimination as blacks have been for so long in this country, can appreciate its devastating impact....

During the past month or so I've had the opportunity to experience real bigotry. Perhaps that fact that since I'm both white and male, my recital of what happened will make the ordeal of discrimination more comprehensible to all those white males now contesting affirmative-action programs---which is one reason I now sit by my typewriter.

Three years ago I was in deep trouble, even close to suicide. My career as a magazine writer had slipped away and I watched it do so, uncaring. My wife was leaving me, my child was a stranger, and I had no friends. I was a physical wreck, almost 50 lbs. overweight. I felt totally alienated from society, and spent most of my time playing the piano, badly.

At last I got some help from a good psychologist. The problem he uncovered wasn't new to me; I'd struggled with it during childhood, but thought it was safely buried. It wasn't. My problem is that I have the body of a man and yet have long identified with women. Being a psychological transsexual was tearing me apart.

Merely understanding and accepting my condition was difficult enough--it required many hours of counseling. But dealing with it in my everyday life was something else. Since there's no cure for transsexuality, a person who ignores it does so at a great peril, for he will go through life disoriented and fragmented, neither really male nor really female.

A wiser course, if he has the fortitude, is to accept the challenge of changing his body, and all that implies, to match the state of mind. This involves thousands of dollars in medical fees, all kinds of pain and physical hazards, endless hours of work--all for highly uncertain results. So my choice wasn't easy, but I finally decided to risk a slim chance rather than none at all. My goal was to become accepted by society as a woman.

It took me two years to get back to a functioning level. I lost 50 lbs., picked up a few credits that I needed for a college degree, and worked at odd jobs. Finally I landed a permanent position, my first in eight years.

You can imagine how much the job meant to me. It symbolized basic survival and afforded me the means to pay off some of the debts I'd accumulated, as well as to finance my future surgery. But beyond the monetary values, the job gave me the sense of being back in society, on my way up instead of down.

The position, as a technical writer, was well within my abilities. Even so, I worked like a demon staying late evenings and coming in on Saturdays. In just a couple of months I'd gained a reputation throughout the company as competent and conscientious. I also made a lot of friends--something quite new for me--and felt secure.

I neither advertised my ambivalent sexual identity nor went out of my way to conceal it. Company policy was the males at my level wore dress shirts and ties everyday and, since I was hired as a male, I adhered to that policy. Nevertheless, I wore my hair a little fluffier than did most of my male colleagues, and I carried a camera bag that served as a purse--a sort of token of my real self.

I told several coworkers whom I regarded as friends about what I was going through. My feeling was that, if I did a good job, my personal psychological problem shouldn't be of any concern to the company. True, a few associates might have assumed that I was gay but, since I spent more of my free time with women than with men and still looked decidedly masculine--- too much so, for my taste---I'm sure that most people saw nothing out of the ordinary about me.

The day before Thanksgiving, however, the head of my department called me into his office. Mr Black, as I'll call him, said there was a "rumor" that I was a transsexual and was taking hormones. He asked if this was true. Seeing no reason to lie, I said yes.

We talked for about 15 minutes, then Mr. Black said, "You'll have to be terminated." He gave me two ways I could go. If I cut my hair, left my camera back at home and maintained "a very low profile," I could have 3 weeks notice. Otherwise I'd be fired at once.

I went home in shock, and spent a terrible night. My future looked bleak. How would I ever find another job? How would I manage financially? I was thrown into despair, yet buzzing around in my head was something that Mr. Black had said: "You are a good writer. I wouldn't care whether you were a man or a woman, but the company can not accept your being neither." That gave me a small ray of hope: Within a year, once I was clearly a woman, perhaps things would be all right. However, Mr. Black had been so complimentary about my work that I was genuinely puzzled about what had impelled him to let me go. It was a conundrum I'd often heard black people talk about: Something bad happens to you, but you can never find out who's really responsible.

My anger finally dissolved in tears of frustration. Since I knew that my money was running low, I decided to accept the offer of 3 weeks notice in

(continue on page 5)

(continued from page 4)

spite of the obnoxious condition that I cut my hair, abandon my camera bag and keep "a low profile."

As yet, I am not very feminine in appearance, and so I cherish the few things that suggest the real me. My fluffy hair was one of these. The sight of it lying on the beautyshop floor brought tears. Thinking about the millions of blacks who have straightened and greased their hair in an effort to appear acceptable to the white world. I wonder how they'd managed to survive the humiliation.

The following Monday was the worst of all those awful days. Charlie, my immediate supervisor, was someone I'd been friendly with, since we had common interests and beliefs, and he'd extravagantly praised my work.

When I came in that Monday, however, Charlie told me in the nastiest possible way that he was "making some new rules." From then on, he said, there'd be no smoking in the office, and he ordered me to keep ~~my~~ my cigarettes and lighter in my pocket. Picking up my ashtray from my desk, he tossed it into the wastebasket.

A little later I asked Charlie what was going on. That brought on a loud, five-minute diatribe. Using gutter language, he told me I was going to be a freak, accused me of abandoning my family, and said a lot of other things too painful to recount.

Every transsexual lives with the possibility of becoming a freak, but to be reminded of that in an office full of people--well, it struck me dumb. After Charlie left the room, I sat at my desk in tears---the third time in three days.

During the next 3 weeks I finished my pending projects and tried to find another job by sending out resumes. Meanwhile, none of my coworkers reacted like Charlie. Indeed, one of them---a colleague who'd always seemed so ~~man~~ macho---expressed shock that the company was discharging me. He said that one of his brothers was gay, so he had some feeling for what I was going through. The secretary for our group, Diane also expressed sympathy. She was the first person at the office whom I'd told about myself, and on my last day she brought me a Christmas present, but what I particularly was that she used my chosen female name on the card.

At last, contrary to all my fears, I found another job. It is only temporary, but at least I can stop worrying about the next months rent.

At my first day at this new job, I did not whisper a word about my transsexuality or about the surgery that I would eventually undergo. In fact, I tried to look macho enough to pass for a truck driver. But I am still taking hormones, and soon I won't be able to hide my emerging sexual identity, any more than a black man can change the color of his skin.

And so, as you can imagine, I am filled with apprehension about the new year. Nevertheless, despite everything, I remain hopeful that the new ~~me~~ Ronny Taylor will eventually be accepted on my own terms--as a reasonable attractive woman whose prospects are reasonably pleasing. Then every thing will have been worth itRONNY TAYLOR.....

Dear Wilma:

I became involved into woman's clothes when I was severely punished for misbehaving when I was 16. To remind me of my mischievousness, my father insisted that I put on a pair of silk bloomers right in front of everybody, including the family maid. When my family was away for a weekend, I was left alone at home with the maid who saw to it that I was kept in the bloomers. Once I sneaked off searched for some of my own boy's clothes and only found some of my sister's silk underpants. It felt soft to the touch. I decided to put them on. Gradually I began searching for other ladies garments, and today, I just love wearing blue silk bloomers, thigh length silken stockings, a muff elbow length, red velvet opera-type gloves. I may even wear a heavenly green crepe dress, ermin shoulder wrap or when the weather is very cold, a blue mouton fur coat. I dare go out only when it is very late and then confined myself to deserted streets. I had my ears pierced and wear silver-hooped rings, or simple pearl earrings. I think I am an expert at make-up. I find woman's clothing a glamorous, dazzling world that could never be acquired in men's garments. So I would say that is how I became a TV.

GLORIA G...AUSTIN..TEXAS...

ED: NOTE: I would like to receive more letters on how you become a TV. I'm sure all are members would like to read them. O.K. Now all you have to do is send me your letters. WILMA.

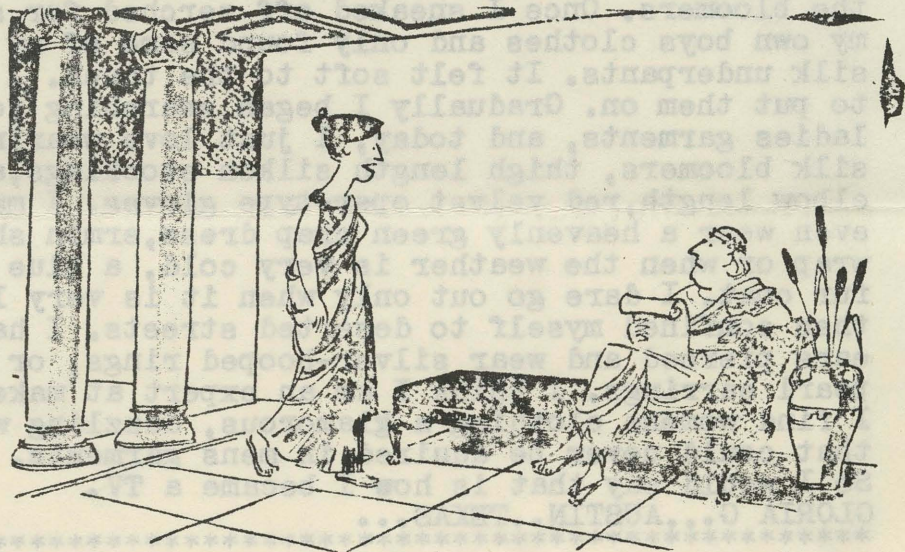


"Now that football is over, we can get back to doing our thing, John!"

Dear Wilma:

In reply to your letter asking how and when i started to dress... I first enjoyed dressing when I was 16 yrs. old. I was in High School and when I could, I'd try on any feminine garments I could find in the house. This was a few, short, flirting moments but I soon knew that this joy I received from women's cloths was the joy I wanted more than anything else... After I got out of the service I knew I had to dress as soon as possible. I had suppressed muself as long as I could. Now I wanted to be a girl... I began to get clothing I enjyied most and gradually I started collecting articles which would make me as happy and contented as I wanted to be. Ifirst went to a lingerie ahop and purchased some very sexy panties. The pleasure of shopping is great as well as all women know. Anyway, I bought the panties, bra and hose. The shoes, wig, make up, etc. came latter. Soon I had a complete, tho small ward-rob... My first trip out was on a Sunday afternoon to a shopping center. I just wanted to browse, and feel the wind rippling across my nylons covered legs: I began early in the morning shaving all the hair off my legs and face. I bathed in acented bath oil and was soon ready to prepare myself. First, I pulled on a pair of sheer, pale blue panties over my hips. They clung to my hips so tightly and smoothly. It was most pleasurable. Then I put on my gatter belt and sat on the edge of the bed to pull om my nylons over my smooth legs. As I slipped my feet into my 3 inch heels, I know the pleasure of a well turn on femine leg. The bra, blouse and dangling earrings top off with a long, black wig completes the outfit. The frosty pink lipstick showed brightly as I checked myself in the mirror... I drove to the Shopping Center and truly enjoyed the male stares I received as I stopped for the lights. It's a real compliment to be attractive and noticed. As I parked and got out of the car to go window shopping I was really scared of all the people but I knew I really wanted to go on. As I walked from store to store I heard my Clicking heels as I took short feminine steps and the coolness of the wind whipping around my legs brought new, exciting joy to me. Soon I was feeling much at more at ease and began to just enjoy my freedom of being out and being accepted. I got thirsty and stoped at a lounge there for a drink. When I went in and sat down, I felt all the people there were staring at me but probably only because I was a woman alone. I really didn't want the day to end. I thou-ght about the experience I had this day and I'll hold this memory of my first trip and the joy of being a girl forever... As I stated earlier I am new at dressing and experiance is the best teacher. I dress as much as possible at home. The outfits vary from dress to skirts and blouses. I am never without a soft sexy bekini panties on at work or at play. To be able to wear a feminine soft nighty to bed at night and walkaround the house in a satin lounge outfit is a joy. Its the need for self realization and experssion that drives me to find joy and happiness I desire... As I close this letter I call for all TV's to honor themselves. To have dignity and learn about transvestism and women. I've asked for help in cross-dressing. Not to stop but to be able to express myself better whaile doing so. It's this joy and pleasure in the feminine side of life that makes life so exciting. I do hope the joy & of being a girl continyes for myself and all who desire it. Love ,Charlot, Memphis, Tenn

VERONIC L.



"Gee Dad, all the other guys are wearing micro-minis!"

"Doctor...can a guy take too much estrogen?"

NEWSJUDGE TELLS MEDICAID TO PAY FOR SEX-CHANGE.

FORT DODGE, IOWA (UPI). A federal judge has ruled the Iowa medicaid program must pay for a sex change operation because the male patient had been raised as a female and could not function as a male, a lawyer said Tuesday.

U.S. District Judge Donald O'Brien ruled last week the Medical program must pay for such operations when the procedure is "medically necessary".

Mark Schaffner, a lawyer representing Verna Pinneke, 37, said Miss Pinneke was raised by a grandmother and dressed as a female, and by his teens knew he was a transexual. Schaffner argued the operation was "absolutely needed to maintain a person in functional capacity."

O'Brien agreed and ordered the Iowa Medicaid program to pay more than \$3,000 in medical bills and \$500 in damages to Miss Pinneke, formerly of Clear Lake, Iowa, and now living in Trinidad, Colo. She had sought \$10,000 in damages.

Shaffner said the judge "basically recognized and interpreted the Social Security Act—specifically the Medicaid provision—that it covers surgery which is necessary."

"The Court is saying the state cannot differentiate between people based on their operation or illness," he said. "If such an operation is necessary, it's something they should be entitled to have."

JUST A WOLF IN GIRLS ATTIRE:

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. (AP). A curvaceous young person, provocatively dressed, who gave the name of Sophi Bowman, of Syracuse, was picked up by a policewoman at 42nd st. and Broadway at 2 a.m. today and spent the night at the House of the Good Sheppard for Girls, 236 E. 15th st.

It was not until a routine Health Department examination took place this afternoon that astonished officials discovered the young person was not Sophie Bowman, of Syracuse, at all; but Herbert Duschene, 17, of Rochester.

By this time the attractive curves had disappeared. They turned out to be rags which had been stuffed here and there in his chic ensemble.

When Herbert was picked up he was surrounded by a crowd of interested soldiers and sailors.

He told police the clothes were his mother's and that he found a pocket-book containing Sophie Bowman's address and #23 outside a theater in Syracuse.

SCHOOLBOY KILLS SELF IN GLENDALE: 15 YEAR OLD FOUND HANGING, DRESSED IN WOMAN'S CLOTHING. N.Y. (AP)

A 15 year old Glendale schoolboy...dressed in woman's clothing was found dead yesterday, hanging from a bannister in his home.

He was Gustave Kemnah of 71-41 Central Ave. His body was discovered at 6 P.M. by his uncle, Charles Wilcome.

A clothesline had been tied around his neck and attached to the bannister of the stairs between the first and second floor. Young Kemnah and his Mother, Elizabeth, lived with the Wilcomes.

His mother who was divorced from her husband six years ago, was unable to tell police why her son killed himself. He was a good student at Queens Vocational High School, where he studied printing, she said. She told detectives that Gustave's pet dog had been poisoned two weeks ago, but that the boy had not seemed too despondent about it. Mrs. Kemnah was also unable to explain why the boy dressed in girl's clothing to kill himself.

POLICE UNWIG YOUTH POSING AS U.S. ARMY NURSE:

Philadelphia, Pa. (UP)... A youth who said he was Herbert Duschene, 17, Rochester, N.Y. today faced a larceny charge by Philadelphia police and investigation by Army authorities following his arrest on a downtown street while in the uniform of a captain in the Army Nurse's Corps.... Det. Lieut. Charles Brown said Duschene was taken into custody on suspicion of stealing a wrist-watch from a locker at the women's recreation room in the Broad street railroad station.... Brown said Duschene's masquerade was uncovered during questioning at city hall when he noticed brown hair showing at the nap of the youth's neck. Brown tugged at the nurse's black hair and found it was a wig.. Police said Duschene told them he was under suspended sentence in Rochester for being a runaway, and sought to evade detection by wearing a nurse's uniform.

WOMAN RESENTS HUSBAND GAEBED IN FEMALE DRESS:

Chicago, Ill. (AP)... A young wife told a judge her husband likes to step out while dressed as a woman.... He looked very handsome she said, but he had a bigger wardrobe of women's clothes than I did.... Mrs. Lueninghofer, 30, asked and got a divorce on cruelty charges, from Mr Lueninghofer, 44, a mechanic.. She told Judge Sabath that he struck her when she refused to go with him to movies and taverns while he was all dolled up.

Tamara Talking Sex in Burlesk Dad of 2

(Special to THE NEWS)

Sacramento, Calif., July 28.—Tamara Adel Rees Courtland, the former para-trooper who shucked off her masculinity and now is a bride of five days, has been lecturing in a burlesque theatre here on how to change sex, it was revealed today.

Tamara, born Robert Egan Rees 31 years ago, has been appearing three times nightly at the Alameda Theatre here, sandwiched in between stripteasers and baggy-pants comics.

She Does Not Strip

Her discourses, a 20-minute discussion of "straight psychology," are delivered while she promenades on the stage in filmy, feminine gowns. She does not strip.

Two weeks after she first began explaining to Sacramento audiences what it means to lose manhood voluntarily under the surgeon's knife, Tamara suddenly disappeared from view for four days. THE NEWS disclosed exclusively yesterday the reason for her absence—she had eloped with James E. Courtland 3d.

Courtland, a native of Charlotte, N. C., and recently a hairdresser at a Hollywood movie studio, was accompanying Tamara on her personal appearance tour.

Romance Develops

"Jim was not supposed to be in love with Tamara," said Mrs. Irene Litman in Hollywood. "He was supposed to go along as her hairdresser, to be her right-hand man and to take care of her generally."

Despite the surprise of Mrs. Litman, Tamara's closest intimate and ghostwriter of her forthcoming autobiography, "His Life and Mine"—romance came to the couple soon after the tour started.

They were wed in Reno last Saturday in Methodist ceremonies which no one, least of all the Rev. Stephen Thomas, who united them, found "unusual."

Bride Back at Work

Courtland, 30, a widower and father of two children, then brought his bride back to Sacramento. She returned to the stage last night.

Unlike Christine Jorgensen, her more celebrated "sister" in sex changing, Tamara was finding it more difficult to cash in on what she called "a tragic mistake of nature." She reportedly was playing the Alameda for



Tamara and her husband, James Courtland, pick up her costume backstage at burlesque theatre.

NEWS ON THE AIR

TELEVISION—WPIX—Channel 11

7:00 p. m.—Three Star News

10:45 p. m.—Tomorrow's News

RADIO—WNEW—Dial 1130

"News Around the Clock"—at half past every hour.

peanuts. Christine got a fat \$5,000 a week to appear in New York's Latin Quarter in January, 1954.

Today, Tamara and her dark, curly-haired consort took a flying trip to Oakland. She was to deliver two more straight psychology lectures in the San Francisco Bay city and visit a psychiatrist.

Earlier, Tamara shattered a legend which she started last fall when she returned from Holland, where the sex-change operations had been performed. She said then she had been married and

fathered two children. Today she said:

"I insist emphatically I never was the father of any child." (Other picture page 1.)

According to the Los Angeles physician who first gave psychiatric treatment to Tamara Rees before her sex transformation, the new bride will never be able to have children.

"She is not equipped with the internal organs which would enable her to bear a child," Dr. Leonard S. Krause, in New York on vacation, told THE NEWS yesterday.

Dr. Krause said that he had heard from Tamara a few months ago and that she had told him about her plans and that he had taken them "with a grain of salt."

"However, I'm not surprised that she married," he said. "This is a sort of self-advertising that is of value to her. This sort of person likes public acclaim and this is one way to get it."

Dad of 2 Could Now Be Their Mom

London, March 5

(Reuters).—A British wartime

fighter pilot, father of two children has changed into an attractive,

blonde woman—a complete woman—

Doctors said it may be the most complete sex transformation in medical history.

Until 1951 the pilot was Bob Cowell, 33, son of Maj. Gen. Sir Ernest Cowell, an honorary surgeon to the late King George VI and President Eisenhower's wartime director of medical services in North Africa.

Bob Is Now Betty.

Now the ex-pilot is Roberta Elizabeth Cowell—Betty to her friends. Doctors said Cowell, now "somewhere in France," is a sophisticated woman who has completely readjusted herself to her new life.

The doctors said a change from male to female—much rarer than the reverse—has seldom, if ever, taken place late in life, and that they knew of no previous case where the change has occurred in a man already the father of two children, girls aged 10 and 12.

Cowell's marriage came to an end in 1952—a year after the transformation.

Photographs of Cowell at a time when he was a well-known racing driver show him as a clean-cut, alert young man. Today, as Roberta Cowell she has blonde hair cascading to her shoulders. She uses make-up freely and wears jewelry.

Change Birth Certificate.

At Somerset House, London, the original birth certificate has been altered. Now it has been endorsed: "for 'boy' read 'girl.' Corrected on May 17, 1951, by me, Philip J. Stevens, superintendent registrar, on production of statutory declaration made by Dorothy Elizabeth Cowell and Charles Eugene Dusseau." (Dr. Charles Dusseau is a Canadian.)

Old friends of Cowell said today that he became aware of physical and mental changes taking place in him by 1948. He consulted eminent doctors, who told him his body showed prominent feminine characteristics, developing at an unusually advanced age.

He gave up car racing, abandoned his old friends. He underwent hormone treatment to hasten the change. Plastic surgery came next. A series of operations at a London hospital completed the transformation over the next three years.

A panel of doctors examined Cowell eventually and decided: "The patient is definitely not a man. . . . she is undoubtedly a woman."

Sheehy Arrested as He-She Wears 7 Skirts, Admits Molesting Women

By HAROLD ISRAEL and EDWIN WILCOX

A frail and flustered packer for a pharmaceutical firm admitted to police last week that he is the wolf in she's clothing who for several weeks has masqueraded in feminine frills and molested women after dark in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan.

Police said Harold Sheehy, 38, of 631 W. 207th St., wore pancake makeup, a red bandanna scarf, and seven (count 'em) skirts, when he was picked up on a telephone tip from a puzzled cleric who reported seeing a man dressed as a woman.

At the Wadsworth Ave. station the Casanova in crinolines and lace was identified by four women, all married, as the mascaraed masher who hugged and squeezed them in the vicinity of 207th St. and Isham Park in the past month.

In no case, police said, were the women actually attacked, though several said they were thrown to the ground and their clothing torn in struggling

with the counterfeit Salome. Sheehy, quoted by police as saying he wore seven skirts at once so he could escape identification by removing one after molesting a victim, was at a loss to explain his behavior.

Until the uptown cleric called to tell of Sheehy's switch to skirts and passion for pancake, police and husbands of several of the victims had searched unsuccessfully for the lover-boy in lipstick. Seven hours after the tip-off, Sheehy was nabbed on the way to his home.

Booked on charges of attempted rape, felonious assault and impersonating a female, Sheehy will be arraigned in Felony Court.

Furniture Store Ad: "For Father's Day, Re-member Father With an Occasional Piece."