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Newsletters Editors
Helen
and
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Well here we go again after a two months rest. Wilma and I enjoyed our vacation very much, and hope that all you T.V. Sisters did the same. The two months off really did my leg a lot of good. The Dr. found he could not operate as my cartledge right under the knee cap is completely rotted away. so I'll just have to make the best of it, and rest when I can.

It was nice to see all the familiar faces again, looking their best in this hot weather. We kept the iar conditioning on so it helped to keep their powder dry.

Those who braved the hot weather were, Dennie & Jo from Peekskill, Louise, Evelyn, & Laura from Conn., Darlene & Elizabeth from Syracuse, it was a first time for Elizabeth, a G. G. of Darlene's, and she looked like she really enjoyed her visit. Andrea & Janice from N. Y., Pamela & Joel from Albany, Billie from Vermont, June from Averill Park, Caroline from Troy, Crystal from Menands, Joan from Colonie, Gloria and her G. G. Lenna came all the way from Ohio, and Alice from Albany.

Gloria and Lenna made their way here from Ohio, a rather long trip, but to them it was worth it, as they enjoy themselves when they can meet our lovely group of T. V. Sisters. Lenna tells me she enjoys seeing our group because the atmosphere is friendly and warm, besides being able to talk to the other wives here. It makes for a better marriage between a T. V. and his wife if she is able to talk with others about the lives of our T. V. husbands. Gloria and Lenna will try to get a group going in Ohio one that would be similiar to ours. I wish them lots of luck , as I'm sure Gloria and Lenna would make good leaders, such as Wilma and Myself. They are a friendly, warm couple.

Gloria brought some slides with her which we enjoyed looking at. They sure do wear some gorgeous costumes, and some of the T. V. were more like a woman than some real woman are.

This was some of our entertainment for the evening , as our own Miss Crystal had such a good vacation, she really forgot to get her own script ready. Well Crystal we'll forgive you this time, but lets see if you can give us a real humdinger show for Sept. Of course some of our other gals could work up some entertainment, but I guess they enjoy Crystal so much that they let her do all the entertaining.

Seems like all the gals were taking pictures Sat., bulbs were flashing one after the other. I don't know what Kodac would do without all these T. V. 's taking pictures.

Lets see the pictures next time around gals. I'll see you on next page.

Price of food was a problem

With food prices so high and beef unobtainable it posed a problem for as to what I could serve them. After a night of shopping I came up with Ham as my main dish. With the ham I served AuGratin Potatoes, green bean caserole in Mushroom-cheese sauce, home grown sliced tomatoes, with pickles and apple sauce. For coffee i had Boston Creme Pie. Then along came Joan and she brought twp large watermelons, were they ever sweet and juicy. Thanks again Joan, we really enjoyed them. The meal was not bad this month , but what they will get next month, will be a surprise.

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Something in the line of fine knowledge

This is a true story

With us tonight we had Alice, who at one time was a male, married with 3 children. Tonight she came as Alice. her story about her change was a very interesting and entertaining topic. I know I myself enjoyed listening to her as well as the other wives. I will try to relate toyou as much as I can remember and hope you will be pleased.

First, Alice was married to a woman who would put up with his desire to cross dress, just so long as she had him for her husband. For him this was not enough as his desire was getting stronger for him to be a woman. They eventually got a divorce, with him getting custody of the girls. In business for himself, he was able to keep occupied, working days and playing cards at night. Even this was not enough, so he made all his preparations for becoming a female. He went to a Psychiatrist for what ever help he could give him, then he began getting his credit cards in order as a female. His biggest task was to make sure he had a job lined up that he would be able to make a living at. Being he was in the siding and roofing business, he thought he would make a good sales lady in aluminum siding being he already knew the business. His next thoughts were to be an electrolycist (I think I spelled it right). After every thing was in readiness he started to live as a woman for about a year. In this time he learned all the art of makeup, how to walk as a woman, how to sit, the use of his hands as a woman would do, even down to the chores of shopping cooking, doing the dishes and in general all the house work . After all this he was ready for the operation. I for one could say he turned out to be a great lady, petite, friendly , warm, humerous. Alice told us quite a few stories of her experiences with men , when she was living as a woman for a year. Alice was asked a lot of questions by the wives of T. V.'s here Sat., one question that was upper most in most of our minds was how did she handle the situation of telling her children about her change. As of now her girls are living with an Aunt, and when Alice goes to see her the children think she is a nice girl. Alice feels when the right moment comes she will just bring the whole thing out in the open. I am sure Alice will be able to shower her girls with all the love and happiness that she has found since she became a woman. There is no way you could tell that Alice at one time was a man, as to my eyes she looks the complete woman. She is really enjoying her life playing golf, going bowling with the girls, and no one the wiser. In time to come when her children know of her change, she can spend more time with them as Alice than she was able to as a male. She can regulate her work as to give her more free time. Oh yes, Alice now is an electrolicist, and doing good at her work.

Alice, if you should read this I only hope I have done justice relating your visit with us Sat. to all our wonderful sisters out in T. V. land who were not able to come. Will be looking foward to seeing you again, I was very pleased to have you as a guest.

Alice told me she is writing a book which should be a best seller. Look for it Girls later in one of our newsletters.

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Hey Sue: What are you trying to do steal my stuff, by landing in the hospital. Dear girl you better take care of that high blood pressure, and sugar count. We certainly wish to see you and Betty soon. So take care You Hear.

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What's this I hear Pam & Joel bought a farm: Maybe some day we can have an old fashion Barn dance, like the turkey in the straw. Want to tell me more you two gals.

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Suits Him Fine!

The wealthy woman was anxiously awaiting the butler's arrival. As soon as he entered the room, she said: " You know why I called you, Humohrey; will you please remove my dress?" " Yes, miss," said Humphrey. " Now, take off my slip, my brassiere, my panties, and my stockings." " Yes, miss, " When he had finished removing the clothes, he said. " Will there be anything else, miss? "
" Yes, Humphrey, one thing more. Don't ever let me catch you wearing my clothes again! "

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Mrs. Dennie D. of Peekskill, N. Y. is expert on eggs. She asks, " How much are your best White jumbos? " "89 cents a dozen," says the store clerk.
" How much are your brown eggs? " " 59 cents a dozen. " " How much are your cracked eggs? " " 29 cents a dozen." She says, " Do me a favor, and crack a dozen of your best white jumbos."

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Mrs Lenna L. of Ohio had a pain in her leg so she went to see her doctor, and he said, " How old are you? " She said, " I'm 82 years old." He explained, " Your problem is very simple: you happen to be getting a little old." She said, "Wait a minute, the other leg on the other side is the same age, and it dosen't bother me at all."

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Do hope you all enjoy reading this newsletter as much as I do putting it together. See you all next month God Bless. Stay Healthy. Happy and content

Hi You Dolls;

We hope that you all had a great summer and perhaps found a way to enjoy a "femme" week or two along the vacation trail. Helen and I had three wounderfullweeks on our Island. We hated to come home. As you can see by the picture Helen had a pretty busy time keeping our home in top shape.

This last gathering had a very nice turnout , with 21 TV's presant.

All members must have received a list of other members listed under A&B, that wish to meet and correspond with other members. Drop them a line and get to know one another inperson. I am now working on C,D, &E.

XXXX

L E T T E R S F R O M O U R R E A D E R S

Dera Wilma;

WHY I CROSS DRESS: As a transexual rather than a transvestite, I cross dress because I feel natural as a female, and I always think of myself as playing a part during the time I am appearing as a male.

Leagally, of course I am a male because of my genital charcteristics, but there is presently nothing I can do about changing that. My wife is aware of the situation and is not happy about it, but tolerates my dual life as long as I keep it "out of sight". To this end, I maintain separate quarters in a near by town where I reside as my female self. I had medical consultation a few years ago and I then came face to face with reality. I was not just a transvestite rather a transexual. I started taking female hormones and developed something of a figure. I hope that the Albany T. V. I. C. keeps up it's service and help to make it easier for TV's and TS's to keep faith with themselves.

Diana Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dear Wilma:

Would you please put my letter in your T.V. I. C. newsletter. This letter is for those TV's who think Alcholism is not a serious problem. Well I found out it really is. It starts with being depressed, that's the first stage- nobody loves them- they say things that they would not say when they are sober. They are unable to hold their heads up high and say look out world you don't owe me a living

I have tried A. A. But?? being a T. V. I am unable to tell them what is really bothering me. A. A. is a wonderful organization and I would strongly recomend it to any one who is not a T. V. So for those of you who are T. V's and drin more than you should PLEASE seek help before it is to late. For me unfortunately it is to late. My nerves are shot, I no longer have respect for myself, the people where I work no longer have respect for me as I cannot tell the truth any more.

Plus I now have a police record because of alcholism. So please before you reach for the bottle: if you have a drinking problem , reach for the pen instead and write to Mr. W. M. Thordsen, 1104 B'way., Albany, N. Y. 12204 or write to Mr. James Howell, P.O. Box 276, Spencer, N. C. 28159. If they cannot help you they will put you in touch with the right people. They are not miracle workers- they are TV's like you and me who understand.

To be helped: first you must want to be helped, and second you must appeal for the help needed, and not to be ashamed to ask for this help if you need it. There are Judges, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, people of all walks of life who have this same problem. PLEASE before it is to late for you, write for help. Ask your Doctor what happens from extensive drinking. He will tell you. For me I now have a Liver problem from my heavy drinking, But! If I can help someone out there it was worth writing this letter to Wilma. Sincerely Russell [redacted]

P.O.Box 7
Greece Branch Rochester
N. Y. 14616

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Dear Helen & Wilma:

I am still going over my desk and I came across issue 18 of your newsletter I want you to know I read every word of each of your newsletters and feel that it is the cheepest $ 3.00 spent in the world of Transvestism.

I very much loved the article about th TS in your # 18 issue. I feel a lot like that person and hope to be in her place some day.

The joke on page 6 about the race track was something else. I have laughed several times when I think about it. Keep up the great work it is people like yourself that makes the life for alot of TV'S and TS'S a little more tolerable.

Very sincerely Karen [redacted]

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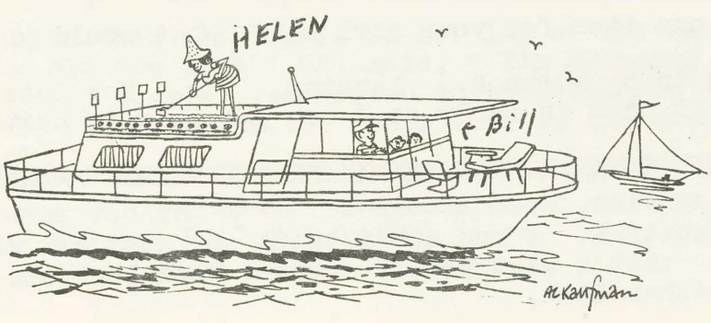
As you know Helen and I had a nice vacation, when I asked her to take a boat ride she said: " I can't go unless I take my garden with me ". So as you can see I put the garden on my Yacht. We took the ride together, the three of us. Helen and I and her garden.



Confessions Of An Eonist

Psychiatrists have not yet unraveled the secrets of an unusual deviation - the uncontrollable urge to wear the clothing of the opposite sex.

By "Laura"

As I pen these lines, I am dressed in black, high heeled shoes, black nylon stockings, round garters, pink rayon panties brief style with elastic legs, a pink bra of nylon and lace, and a pink half-slip of nylon tricot, trimmed with lace.

But I am neither a woman nor a female impersonator. I am what is called an Eonist, a male transvestite who delights in wearing the clothing of the opposite sex.

Why am I an Eonist and how did I become one? Eonism may have several causes and there are various theories offered to explain difficult cases. I probably do not know the full cause of my own case, not knowing the hidden wishes or strivings of my unconscious mind.

Transvestism is as old as fashions in clothing. Yet it is only comparativly recently that it has received the critical attention of a few medical and psychological scientists. Psychiatrists have differing views on the subject, and they are not often successful in the cases they treat.

Because of this, and because I experience no guilt feelings, I have never consulted a psychiatrist. Knowing that literature and information along this line is not easily acquired , I have been persuaded to give a description of my "secret" life.

I am positive that I was not kept in girl's clothing more than other infants, and that I was not forced to wear them at any time as a form of punishment.

I have no recollection of incidents that might be connected with my Eonism, prior to the age of fifteen. As far as I am aware, it all began around this time. I recall that while searching for something one day, I started looking through the dresser of my half-sister, who was twelve. Suddenly, as I came across underwear and several pairs of pink panties. I felt intensely fasinated. Touching them gave me a thrill. A strange, but strong desire came over me to see what it would be like to wear such garments.

In contrast to the roughness and heaviness of masculine clothing, the gentle, clinging feel of the panties was very pleasant.

A number of times afterwards, when left alone in the house, I repeated this experience. For the next few years I also secretly wore stockings and slips belonging to my step-mother. Because of fear of discovery, I confined myself to a few minutes of pleasure derived from wearing her garments. Furtivly, I enjoyed the sight of them when they were hung to dry in the bathroom, or on the outdoor clothesline.

I am still attracted to lingerie on clotheslines, but have no urge to steal them. To attract me, these garments must be beautiful, and small or medium in size. Large, plain, or severely tailored items hold little or no interest for me. They must be new, or they may have been worn provided the wearer was pretty and fastidious.

I do not recall having at that time any sexual thoughts directed to my sister or mother, although both have been, and are, very attractive. The Fascination resided in the garments themselves.

Also, at no time do I remember ever entertaining the idea that a woman's life was preferable to that of a man's. I always considered a man's life easier and was glad that I was a male.

When I was nineteen, I began living alone. Being more independent, I began to purchase women's underthings. Whenever I could, I studied lingerie advertisements, and even bought fashion magazines for that purpose.

The subject became almost an obsession. I have always been attracted to the female sex, but they were most appealing to me when they were clad in lovely underthings. To this day, bathing suits and scanty theatrical costumes exert little or no sex appeal for me.

When I "paraded" before the mirror, it was only to see how the garments appeared on me, and to see the garments in different views. My face is ordinary, and as I have always been underweight, I cannot regard myself as handsome. I do not look into the mirror because of physical self-love and therefore do not belive there is any narcissm to speak of in my case.

The wearing of feminine underthings had always been done in private, after working Hours. Gradually I added other articles to my collection- nylons, garter belts, and self-slips. In later years (from twenty-five onwards) the practice extended to include panty girdles, full length slips, bras, skirts, sheath dresses, and tight belts. In the last six years (I am now in my thirties) I have rarely worn masculine underware. When away from home, I usually wear panties or bloomers under my male attire.

continued on page 6

I have never appeared in public fully dressed in women's clothing, but I wish that I could. I would like to attend Halloween or masquerade parties "dressed up" but never have. I would like to be able to give the illusion of a woman, but my heavy growth of hair, sharp features, and mustache, make any attempts somewhat feeble. I do not have a wig, but intend to have one. Because of lack of time and freedom, I rarely use makeup.

I'd like to be able to share my practice in the company of other understanding Eonists, but have never had an opportunity to do so. Of course, I envision such an association to be of individuals who are trustworthy and non-homosexual.

When I buy feminine clothing I still retain a man's self-consciousness, but I do not have the shyness I once had. As a rule, I find salesladies helpful. They seem to recognize the fact that some men do buy such items for gifts. I believe that my cross-dressing provides an outlet for the "feminine side" of my nature.

I have wondered what it is like to be a woman, with the focus, however, on the wearing of her attire, and on the caring for a small child as a mother would. I have thought how it would be to have female sex organs and to experiment the female sex role. However, this is the limit of such imaginative excursions. While I have wondered about these things, I have never had an actual desire for them.

Physically I am definitely male. As far as I know, I have no conspicuous feminine mannerisms. I have never been attracted to my own male sex. Like many men, I have been approached on the street by homosexuals a few times in the past, but I have no interest whatsoever in their activities.

My sex urge toward women is strong and their beauty captivates me physically and aesthetically. I am not highly aggressive and I am highly emotional. Though I have high mechanical aptitude, I have no interest in tinkering with machinery. Sports or athletics fail to interest me, but at the same time so do housekeeping, cooking, sewing, and the like. My main interests include art, painting, literature, and psychology.

My Eonism is restricted to wearing women's garb. I am not a trans-sexual. I do not have an overwhelming desire to live as much as possible the life of a woman. I do not wish an operation to change my sex- which I realize is an impossibility. I wish to retain my male characteristics and to continue having heterosexual relations. The female genitals do not repel me, as happens to certain transvestites.

No one knows of my love for dainty, feminine clothes, but I wish I could find someone who would understand. I would like a wife who is feminine, intelligent, and broad-minded enough to know that a male can still be a male, even though he appreciates the more artistic and more sensible clothing she wears.

However, though I hope to marry again (having been divorced) I do not expect to find such a woman. It is hardly to be expected that a woman would understand, in view of the way society is presently organized and in view of the early indoctrination girls have as to what is "masculine," "feminine," "normal," "abnormal," and what the sexes are to expect from each other.

Three or four times I have discarded my feminine effects with the intention of ending my Eonism. But each time, shortly afterwards, the urge returned as strong as ever. Now I accept myself. I no longer suppress these urges, but try to satisfy them as freely and efficiently as I can. I do not give thought to being "cured". If I remarry, most likely I will continue my dual life, unknown to my wife, and perhaps to a lesser degree.

I think what a person wears is his own business as long as he doesn't harm himself or others. I see no harm in it as long as it is kept in check.

Many men favor sport shirts, or silk underwear. Having such preferences does not mean that they are sick or abnormal. And because some men go further and prefer the outer or under garments which are worn by women, does not mean that they must be sick or abnormal, either.

In my opinion men's fashions could stand a revolution- a change to lighter materials, the abandonment of the stupid tie, more color, and underclothing as beautiful and variable as women's. I think it is unfair that women can openly go about in male attire, but that men cannot wear any female attire openly, if they wish.

I believe in individuality and in doing my own thinking. When I can, I wear what I please. I am neither proud nor ashamed, but merely accept my Eonism.

Edit. note. This story was copied from the July 1959 issue of sexolgy. hope that you find it interesting.