EXTRA **TVIC JOURNAL** EXTRA

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Albany, New York
PHONE: [redacted]

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NEWSLETTER EDITORS
Helen
and
Wilma [redacted]

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HiGirls:

It was a warm night here last night and we had sixteen here to visit with one another. The gas situation made it rough for some to take a chance and make the trip. We couldn't say yes or no about being able to get gas. A few of the girls who came had an extra tank of gas in the trunk of their car. We missed all the girls who we usually see here month after month, and of the girls who don't make it here on regular basis we missed you too. I do hope the problem with the gas dosen't last too long, as it would be hard on some of the T.V. Sisters who want to come but have too far to travel.

The girls who came last night were: Connie and Alice from Gulf Breeze, Fla., Cynthia and Sonya from Norwalk, Conn., Isabel and Leslie from Wilton, Conn., Michelle Ann and Dennie from Somerville, Mass., Elanda from Rome, N.Y. Jean from Peru, N.Y., Ruth from Montreal Que, Canada, Joan from Colonie, N.Y. Janice from Middlesex, N.J., Susan from Albany, N. Y., Wilma and I. It was a nice quiet night and the girls were able to talk with one another as they sat at the bar. Connie and Alice showed some film of the T.V.'s who attended the party at their place, Elanda who is one of our girls was in some of the film clips. The girls looked like they were having a good time, and the swimming pool in the picture sure looked inviting. Thank you Connie and Alice for taking the time to show the girls the film.

For the girls I made, Roast Beef, mashed potatoes, corn, asparagus, apple sauce, anti-pasto salad, gravy, rolls and butter, cake and coffee. The girls must have been hungry as they cleaned up all the plates, and this makes me feel good knowing time spent in the kitchen was not wasted.

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I want to thank all the girls for my Birthday cards I received, it is a pleasure to know all you girls that come here, and of course those who I haven't had the opportunity to meet but did talk to on the phone, maybe some day we will meet.

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To Gail and Joan: sorry Joan will have to go back into the closet untill Gails son gets a job and his own place to stay. I know it will be hard but keep your chin up Joan, time will pass quickly. We'll be seeing you soon.

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Sorry to hear of Dee Dee not in fit condition, seems the Dr. found she has a pinched nerve and can't do any traveling too far from Home. All the girls miss you Dee Dee and your lovely Wife Vi. Sent you a message with Sonya and Cynthia as to the date for you both to come up on the Island and relax and enjoy yourself. The date is Aug. 11 and 12. Let us know if you can make it by then.

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Summer will be a long hot stretch, so girls where ever you go be careful not to get too much sunburn when you go to the beach in your swimsuits. Travel carefully avoid trouble especially when you are dressed and in some part of the country that you do not know of their laws about transvestites. Some places you can go around freely and others be careful.

I am looking fo ward to a good summer on the Island visiting with some of the girls who will make a trip up to visit.

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I want to take this time to say thanks to all the wives and the T.V.'s who have given me help in the kitchen both bringing the food out to the table and then for the clean up job they did in the kitchen which made it easier for me that I didn't have to stay up late after every one was gone to clean up. All I can say is that I think we have one of the best groups of T.V.'s from all over who somehow manage to get here and become one of our members. We run a good clean club, because we want to help the wives of T.V.'S to better understand that they have nothing to fear or be ashamed of because their husband wants to cross dress. Most T.V.'s want their wives to accept them and their second form of living. It makes it so much easier when it comes time for them to come to a meeting not to have to make up a story as to why they won't be home for the week end.

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It comes to about that time on my sheet that I must say good night to all my friends and do hope to see you all in September, God willing. God Bless you all and do have a good summer . If your in our neighborhood give us a call as we would love to visit with you if we should be home.

Love to all

HELEN

WILMA'S VIEWS

Sometime ago at a poletical rally I was talking to a municipal judge. Our discussion was on crossdressing and transexualism. In responce to my direct inquary about harassment of pre - operative transexuals by police, he shared his observations and his opinions.

The judge has pereodically delt with transvestites and with pre-operative transexuals in his court. The charges against these persons were not related to the wearing of female attire. Most arrests have ivariable acoured late at night on the basis of suspicious behavior, usually relating to prostition or a crossdresser going into a ladies room in a public place.

The judge doubts that police would arrest a person in female attire in circumstances of "normal behavior" in daylight hours. In fact, he states that in many cases the police may not know whether someone in female attire is a man or women. He further contends that unless the individual is behaving in a suspicious manner -- the police probably would not give much attention to the person.

Of cource, although the judge is an enlightened rather human man, he may not know all sides of all stories. But he speakes from direct experience.

Recommendations: DO NOT appear in drag in any notorious areas, particularly at night. DO NOT behave in a suspicious manner which will attract the attention of police. DO NOT engage in gage in prostitusion or in solicetation in public.

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Thank you ever so much of the fantastic response for your letters. I am getting far more letters that I can possibly print in one issue, but they will be making some issue soon. And please I welcome any sort of discussion on any subject related to transvestism. If there is anyone who disagrees with the things I write or any other member writes and knows more about a subject then I or they do, I would love to hear from you. It is very nice to have the pro and con of a discussion. Also if you have any other items that you would like to contribute to the readers please write me.

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A male TV usually is a very insecure person who has not had sincere love and afection and therefor creates of himself a female counterpart upon which to shower his love and affection. It is really a narcisstic manifestation,a love of one's own self to produce a feeling of warmth and security.

Sometimes, one's female self predomenates over the male self and the TV leans toward the stronger of the two. If the female counterpart becomes extremely compulsive the TV strongly desires to become a transexual and change over to a female physically as well as mentally.

I beleive if you are a TV who must dress and your wife does not know it than I suggest you tell her. Everbody is different so each wife will take the news that her husband is a TV in a different way and I can not make a guess how yours will take the news. Carring a secret in ones heart is a rough burden and can destroy your pease of mind and leave you isolated and alone in a world full of good people who wont to help. If your wife really loves you she will understand. Life is too short to waste any of it by being unhappy so tell your Mrs. of your secret longing and if she is your wife in more than name only she will understand. I am sure she has some hidden desires she would like to tell you also and many married couples have lived many many years together without really talking to each other. As you all know many wives come to our TV parties and they come trying to understand about there husbands, and anyone of them can tell you it was well worth the trip, talk and understand.

I beleive that the bigest problem between a TV and his wife is that he does not show enough of his masculine side.

I'm sure that a wife can love both sides of a TV, the masculine and the Femmine side.

Also the wife doesnot want to be in compation with the other women all the time but if she knows that the masculine man is under all that make-up she has no fears.

So how about trying to be that super masculine man when not dressed. I know that it will work because that is what has helped Helen and I and many more couples we have met.

When the cop caught the couple in the parked car, and the fellow said they were necking, the cop told him to put his neck back in his pants and shove off.

* * *

Know what the cops call teen age delinquents they pick up in bawdy houses? Brothel sprouts!

* * *

Last night my girl friend and I had an argument . . . . she doesn't like the way I feel about her.

* * *

Confucius say: Girl who use bust developer try to make mountain out of molehill.

M E E T I N G S :

Junes party was the closing of another very good year. We had present for the ten gatherings 233 members and 61 wives. Due to the gas shortage our june gathering was a little short of last years. This year we had only 16 present --last year we had 31. I do hopethat by September the gas shortage will let up. If not I will have to make a change inour party dates. Somthing like one party every other month till things ease up/ but I will be putting out the Journal very month so keep your letters coming in. As it now stands these are the next two party dates. S E P . 1 5 th & O C T . 2 0 th .

N E W M E M B E R S :

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of one new member.

J A N I C E M . M I D D L E S E X N E W J E R S E Y

H A P P Y B I R T H D A Y G I R L S :

Being that there will not be any Journal for July & August I am listing the Birthdays for the next three months.

J U L Y

3. Bill A[redacted]
8. Bob S[redacted]
25. Paul D[redacted]

A U G U S T

1. Robert R[redacted]
2. Jeanitte D[redacted]
3. Linda B[redacted]
7. J. waisonen
10. Hans M[redacted]
10. F. Eaton
15. Thomas D[redacted].
15. Winton [redacted]
24. Rhonda [redacted]
24. Wayne M[redacted]
26. Viola W[redacted]
31. Cynthia M[redacted]
24. Windy G[redacted].

S E P T E M B E R

9. Jack M[redacted]
21. Gail E[redacted]
26 Joyce C[redacted]
30. Karen L[redacted]

W E D D I N G A N N I V E R S E R Y S :

July 31 Mr. & mrs Andrea G[redacted]
Sept. 21 Mr. & mrs. W. [redacted]

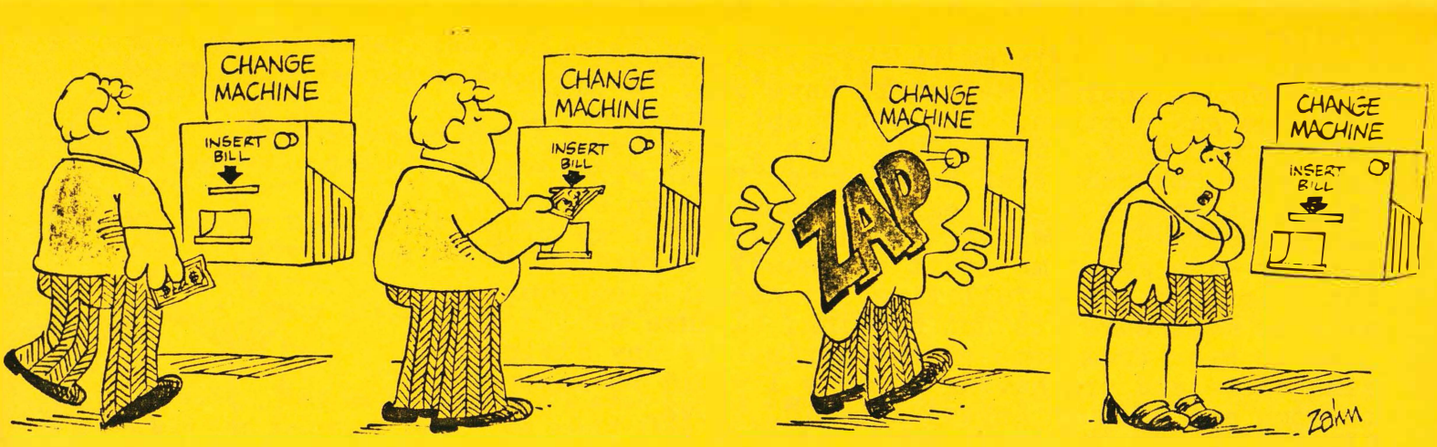
N E W S :

Reported by Crossroads Chapter: Just in case you are not a regular reader of PLAYBOY, their Mat 1979 issue features an interview with a tranxexual, Wendy (formerly Walter) Carlos, a pioneer of synthesizer music. PLAYBOY bills the interview as "one of the most dramatic interviews we've published".

Reported by Dear Abby: Sussie in Spokane found a pair of silk panties in her husbands pickup truck and would like to meet the chick who's fooling around with him.

What makes her so sure it's a chick? Mabe it's a rooster. Susie's husband could be macho-straignt when he's with her, but a tranvestite who enjoyes fondling feminine underthings now and then, either alone or in the company of another rooster. -- JOE IN CHESTER.

Dear Joe; Rooster or chick -- it's a fowl situation.



Dear Wilma:

I thought you should know a little bit more about me and my past. Yes, I made to wear dresses and diapers while I was growing up. I Will give you a few examples and times.

I can rember one Easter. My sister and I had matching Easter outfits. I remember getting up Easter morning with wet diapers on. "I was not allowed to use the toilet". I found my easter basket. The family was going out for breakfest. Everybody was dressed to go except me. "I still had on my wet diapers". My pairents called me in their room at the time I really didn't think I would have to go through this. Anyway off came the wet diapers, and on went the dry diapers. Next went on a pair of white nylons and plastic pants. By this time I know they ment this to be the way I was to dress for the day. My mother put a slip on me, then my Easter dress. My hair was fixed up to look like a girl. I was ready to go, when my mother told me to look in the mirra at my self. I really looked pretty in my Easter outfit. I can rember if I even moved wrong my diapers would show. I spent the hole day looking like this.

While I was growing up, living with my family I never knew from day to day weather I would wear men's or womens clothes. A few of my parents dear friends knew about this. I can remenber one time our family and some dear friends were going to the zoo. The day before we were going, I did something wrong. I was once again made to wear a dress and diapers. My mother's friend came over to the house and saw me washing the supper dishes, she said; I was pretty and I was the only baby girl she had ever seen that could do dishes. Between her and my mother teasing me I was crying so bad that they decided the baby wanted a bottle, and that was what I was made to drink. I was 8 years old at the time. They decided between the two I was going to the zoo as a girl. For the next few days I was made to wear diapers under my pants to school. These are just a few examples of many that I had to go through. I am now 28 years old. the only difference is now I have to dress my-self. I go out maybe once or twice a year dressed. The last time my wife andI traveled to another town. "My wife is very understanding" I left town with a dress on, and no mens clothes at all, just womans. The drive was about 130 miles one way. I don't think my heart never did beat a normal beat the hole trip. After arriving and getting a motel room I decided I wanted a coke. So I went to the machine in my dress and got one. On my way back to the room I ran into four maids. They walked by me like they couldn't tell I was really a man. I felt so good that one could tell I was really a man. That night I put on a real nice dress and we went out to dinner. My wife ordered feo me and once again no-one noticed. By this time I wasreally fellin good, so we went to a movie house. I went up to the window and bought two tickets and gave them to the door man. I was on cloud nine. We went in and sat down. I took off my coat and started to watch the movie. When I sat down it was my wife on my left and nobody on my right. About ten min. later two teenagers (boys) sat down next to me. To add to the problem I had on a simi short dresson. I froze dead still for a moment. Ilooked down at my leggs and with my luck my slip wasshowing. I tried to with-out being noticed to pull my dress down a little to cover my slip up. The guy noticed mr doing this, he turned to his friend and said; this girl next to me is pretty, and has nice looking legs. He managed to bump my legg with his hand and moved my dress so that my slip was once again showing. He said he was sorry, and I said nothing. I covered up my slip once again. After the movie we went back to the motel room. Then I decided to take a walk. As my luck would have it a man started to follow me. He did his best to talk to me but I went into our motel romm. I got undressed and removed my make-up and put on my nighty and went to bed. The next morning it was raining so we decided to go home early. I asked my wife to buy me some mens clothes. She said NO. So I put on my make-up and another dress. We packed the car and we were ready to go. My wife told me to drive, I started to drive when I noticed we had to have gas. I pulled into the gas station. The attendent came over to fill up our tank. He said fill-it , I noded my head yes. He came over to wash our front window and he was stairinfg at my leggs. I looked down at my leggs and my slip was showing again. After getting home my wife asked me if it was easy? I said; NO. But I learned its a full time job checking on your slip to make sure its not showing. I sure would like to hear from some of the girls. If any living simi close and are having a party I would be happy to come and help in anyway I could. Love.

CINDY S[redacted], SPARKS, NEV.

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* * *

I saw the beautiful Taj Mahal in India . . . the greatest erection a man has ever had for a woman since the beginning of time.

"That old college try isn't bad!"

Incident at the Grill
by
Anon.

The Postman left two interesting things in my mailbox. One was a dividend check (from one of my investments), and an envelope from New Albany. I decided to go to the bank and deposit the check, do my grocery shopping, pick up a fresh supply of Scotch, then come back to my apartment, get dressed in the appropriate attire, and then read Wilma's latest Journal.

I was just about ready to leave when there came a knock on my door. It was one of my next door neighbors, who handed me a package. "Joe", he said, "this came for you yesterday afternoon, but I did not get a chance to get it to you before now". I thanked him for getting my package for me, and noted, as I laid it on the table, that it had been mailed from one of the Providences, called Tennessee.

Starting for the door, once again, I was delayed by the ringing of the phone. Expecting a call from one of my clients, I answered it.

But, it was not the client, but a pleasant male voice , identifying himself as being a person of whom I had heard (from several people), long admired, but had never met.

"Joe", he said, "I, and my wife, will be in your city tomorrow afternoon and night and we would like to visit with you, if we may". I did not have any prior plans for that afternoon, or night, so I invited them to come on over, and to spend the night, if they wished. So, now my grocery shopping plans were changed. I found that I needed to shop for three, rather than one.

As I drove to the store, I thought about what would be good for our dinner and I settled on a real Steak Dinner. This would give me the opportunity to try out my new grill that I had gotten as a Christmas Present.

So, with the trip to the bank, store, and a side trip to one of the local female clothing shoppe's behind me, I returned to my apartment. I put away the groceries, Scotch (minus one Jigger), and donned my latest purchase-----a very pretty green dress, then settled down to my mail. The package contained certain additions to my make-up dresser and I read the Journal twice, just in case I missed something the first time.

The next morning, I busied myself in getting the apartment ready for company. When I thought it would pass inspection, I took a shower, and got myself dressed in my most comfortable clothes. I spent more time than usual on my make-up, and I was feeling really great when my visitiors arrived. We spent quite a bit of time in getting acquainted and I found them to be just as I had been informed by my friends that had met this couple.

I had told them, when they arrived, that they were about to be subjected to one of my "Famous" Steaks, so when the dinner hour approached, I went outside to my patio and started the fire under my new grill.

I got the steaks outof the ice box and went out to put them on the grill. Little did I think about all of the brilliant coating of paint on the silly thing going up in the smokeand causing my neighbors to think that something was on fire. But, as I put the steaks on the grill, I looked around and my neighbors were looking over my fence---to see what was burning.

I WAS DISCOVERED!!!!!!!!!

No one said a word, but they withdrew as soon as they determined that there was no real fire. I was disturbed, tho', for being exposed to my neighbors, but I did not let this feeling interfere with my enjoyment of the evening.

As usual, when TV's meet, the time passed very fast and we talked until the wee hours of the morning. Needless to say, we slept late and had a late breakfast.

After they left, I wondered what I would, or could, say to my neighbors about my mode of dress when they looked over the fence, but I did not see them for several days.

This was bought to a halt by my accepting a UPS package for them. When I determined that they were at home, I took the package over to them.

They thanked me for getting their package, and as I turned to leave their door, Vic called me back.

"Joe", he said, "let us know when you cook steaks again, or better still, we will buy the steaks and let you cook them. We would like to have another look at what we saw". And, with that, he softly shut the door.

This story, again, is based on some fact----some fiction. <u>YOU</u> figure out which is which!!!

Wednesday, 6 June 1979

Dear Anna-Maria, Briggitte, and Wilma:

It is a very sad chore I have to do to tell you of the death of one of our dearest friends.....I can't even write properly as I try to tell you all about it.

Joanne died last Saturday, 2 June, 1979, at age 80....Joanne [redacted] was her full name.

I had the pleasure of knowing Joanne since 1964, when we got together by mail through Wilma's group of the FPE.

She became one of my closest friends over the years, and spent many months as a guest in our home here in Honolulu, and I have spent a lot of time in Joanne's home in Long Beach, California, when I was visiting there.

Joanne was supposed to make her annual visit to us last November, but called to say she had been ordered into the hospital (she called it "the body shop," with her usual sense of humor) When I telephoned, she said she wanted to see the slides of our two-month trip on the trains of Europe, but couldn't make it over here due to illness.....So I packed up myslides and flew over to see Joanne and show her the slides, all 1,200 of them. I thought at that time that she had little time left to live.

But when I got there, she was in great shape, and we went about a lot, and I brought my sister and her husband down to see Joanne's movies of her Hawaii trips.....it was a very pleasant trip overall and we spent a week together while Joanne's sister went back home to Yuma, Arizona to get her clothes, etc...

When I had to come home, we still kept writing to each other, and I had a slight hope that the chemotherapy treatment she was undergoing might prove successful, although I knew that other friends had not been able to beat it.....

Joanne had a cancer in her groin away back in 1966, and treatment then cured it.....this new outbreak of the same disease struck her in several new spots, and when treatment had little effect, and I called her just two weeks ago, she said "I'm afraid my days are numbered."

I tried to use consoling words, but what can one say in such moments?

On Saturday afternoon, Joanne's sister Helen telephoned my sister in L.A. and she in turn rang me up with the sad news. I called the house for several days, but didn't find anyone home until Tuesday, when I talked with both the sister and an older brother who has visited Joanne here in Honolulu in the past.

They told me that Jo had finally agreed to go back to the hospital as there was a problem with breathing; but apparently Jo died on the way there.

The funeral is today, but I was unable to get over there to attend.

Joanne was one of the sweetest persons I have ever known, and my whole family will miss him/her as much as I will!

My best wishes to you all,

From Kathy W., Honolulu, Hi.

Kathy

Dear Wilma:

Since I do so much writing at work I detest letter writing. However the letter from Delores C. in your may 19th 1979 issue has finnlly moved me to take pen in hand.

I deny that Ariadne Kane is a spokesperson for me. I seriously doubt that she is a spokes person for more than a very small minority of TVs. I challange both she and or any of her advocates to furnish statisically valid data to desprove my statment.

There is no doubt about what drives Ariadne, It is prestige and money. The two go hand in hand and one begets the other.

In my opinion there is no doubt that FFI is a rip off. I can see no reason for the cost per day in P-Town off season to exceed the cost per-day in Washington D.C. in the height of the convention season at a truly international

(continue on page 7)

J O A N H

"I'm okay, how are you and the kids enjoying your vacation."

(continued from page 6)

convention.

I certainly cannot support Ariadne although I intend to attend F F I , I suggest all persons intending to attend F F I 79 write to "the Managers", Crown & Anchor, 291 Commercial St., Provincetown, Ma., 02657, or such other place as you prefer, and make your own room reservations. I do mot object to the 50 dollars registration fee but I do consider the rest a rip-off.

If Ariadne's affairs are only break - even I must argue that such is merely an example of mismanagement and not her generosity towards us. I challange her to produce certified audits and names of those who recieved payments, reimbersements, cost fee attendance or what ever. I am sure she will not. There is far too much fat in the overhead and she knows it.

Incidentally I resent the constant reference to us as members of a "paraaculture," While I recognize that such coining of new woeds is part of Huckstering the grant agencies out of money I feel it is demeaning.

I also resent the statment that we need Ariadne. I don't think we do. Granted she did a great service putting on F F I the first year. But once the location was found and the dates known I think you could have raised as many attendees through your news letter. J O A N H . , C O L O N I E ,N.Y.

Dear Wilma:

Just a short note to relate an incident that happened to me the other evening. As hot as its been the last couple of days I decided to go for a ride after I got all prettied up - a real pretty dress, heels, panty hose, bright red nails - I mean done up right to the hilt. Any way in the caurse ofevents I stopped to put gas in the car. I asked the attendent, Who was probably no more than 18, for $3.00 of regular. My dress was above my knees and as he started to pump the gas I was runnomg my nails up and down my upper leg as I love the feel of my panty hose. I never thought that such a thing would ever happen to me - but he was so busy looking at my stoching legs that he totally forgot the gas and fillrd the tank completely. He only charged me the $3.00 and said it was his fault that he had forgotten I only asked for $3.00

I guess theres one young gas station attendant in Johnstown that thinks I'm all female with not bad legs. I'm proud of the fact that I passed as a girl and I enjoyed every minute of it and think I always will.

F R A N C E S L . F O N D A , N . Y .

Dear Wilma:

One thing that gripes me about some TVs is that some of them don't have the sense te wear long sleeve tops or dresses. Lets face it we are ultra-fem our arms are that of a male, hairy and masculon. I have seen TVs with sleevless dresses who look like dock workers in drag. I myself have slender arms and not too hairy but I wear long sleeves tops. I was once read by some kid one day. I asked them how they knew. It was my arms. And I was wearing three - quarter length sleeves. If anyone can read a TV, it is a kid. Another thing is any TV happy with his adam's apple?

THEDA B., WINDSOR, VT.

Dear Wilma:

Because of being a TV, I am twice divorced, but being what I am, it is my whole life. My parents think that if I am ever arrested I will be a discrace to the family, etc. But I just have to do it. I can't stand to wear mens attire. If I am ever arrested I will probably get locked up..Can you give me some advice? Where can I get a permit to dress in public? I do not whish to go to any bar for a gaytime.RUTH B.,TULSA,OKL

Dear Ruth: I am truly sorry that being a Tv has caused you so many marital problems I whish that I could tell you where too get such a permit. I know that some doctors give pre op transexuals letters to cover there dressing. The law governing female impersoation in public vary from city to city. You can make your own I.D. card, which simply states - "I am a malehetero-sexual transvestite. Ienjoy dressing as a woman for personal reasons. And am subject to no special previlages under the law." Have a small photo of yourself dressed and one of your male self and then have it plastic coated.

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* * *

The newly-weds didn't light the cookstove for two weeks . . . they slid down the bannister to warm up their supper.

* * *

"Me 'Strange Bird', son of Flying Eagle!"

Champ ski girl who became a man plans to start family

Renate and Erik Schinegger: They say they have the perfect marriage and now want kids.

A FORMER woman ski champion who underwent a sex change operation nine years ago says he and his wife are now planning to have children.

His wife is so happy with their marriage that she says: "I can't honestly think of any man I would rather have."

Erik Schinegger, 28, and his wife Renate, 21, are already building two children's room at their dream home in St. Urban, Austria.

And the doctor who performed his sex change operation has assured the skier he is capable of having children.

The couple say they have the perfect marriage.

"I wanted an understanding husband who at the same time would be an understanding lover," Renate said. "I've found both in Erik. Otherwise I never would have married him.

"He has an unbelievable feeling for everything. Even when there is a fight, he's never insensitive. And he has a marvelous empathy for a woman.

"He is a man with such strong will power that he will achieve everything and anything he sets out to do. Everything he does, turns out well."

Erik, formerly Erika Schinegger, underwent the sex change operation in 1968 after flunking the sex test at the Winter Olympics in Grenoble.

The test revealed that the 19-year-old Austrian ski sensation had more male chromosomes than female.

People told the skier to "go somewhere where no one knows you and begin a new life," Erik said. "But you can't run away from yourself."

So on June 8, 1968, Erika Schinegger became Erik Schinegger.

"It took me two years before I learned not to pay any attention to the mocking gossip behind my back," Erik said. "I wanted to prove to myself and everyone else that I, also as a man, was the best skier in the world."

Before the operation: Erika was a champion woman skier.

Erik trained for six months, began competing, and outraced such champions as Franz Klammer and David Zwilling.

But on the Austrian National Men's Team there was no place for the champion.

"They did everything they could to keep me out and succeeded," Erik said. Erk then opened a restaurant and boarding house at St. Urban. He rebuilt a dance hall and wine house and launched a ski resort near town.

"I've worked day and night to build this new life," said Erik. "Now I'm okay. but I needed a great deal of energy to come through all this."

Erika, third from right, with other women skiers at Grenoble Olympics.

Settlement Reached in Sex Suit

SAN FRANCISCO — An out-of-court settlement has been reached in the Julie Phillips sex change lawsuit and the doctor involved in the case has been arrested.

Phillips had filed a $7 million lawsuit against plastic surgeon John Brown and James Spence, a former associate of Brown's, asserting that sex-change surgery had left the plaintiff neither a him nor a her.

Shortly after Superior Court Judge William Mullins approved the settlement following 3½ days of testimony, Brown was arrested and jailed on a complaint by the state Department of Consumer Affairs on 12 counts out of Los Angeles of issuing a prescription without a license and three warrants for traffic citations.

Advertisement: Try SIP, the new soft drink that can't be spelled backwards.

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One thing she had in common with Cleopatra —she had the loveliest asp in town.

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Honeymoon song: It Takes Two to Bango.

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Sex-change policeman back as lady cop

A SURGEON who performed a sex change operation on a Washington policeman says she will now become just as good a woman officer.

The rare surgery which turned Ormus Davenport into a woman, now called Bonnie Davenport, presented senior police officers in the nation's capital with an astonishing dilemma.

But they reached their decision to reinstate the 35-year-old officer after rigorous physical and psychological tests.

Bonnie Davenport, who had waited anxiously for the police chiefs' decision, said she was "overjoyed" by their return-to-work verdict.

"I expect there will be some initial adjustment problems and a certain amount of peer pressure from some fellow officers," she said.

"I'm just going to have to roll with the punches, she said jokingly."

One man in no doubt that Bonnie Davenport can readjust is Dr. Stanley Biber, a general surgeon at Mount San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado, who performed the operation.

"I think she has all the attributes to be an excellent officer," he said. "This was not a sudden decision on her part.

Dr. Biber, who has performed about 350 similar "conversions" said the operation had been a total success. "It was a gender conversion she had been carefully thinking about for two years,"

Bonnie, widowed and with three children, paid between $6,000 and $7,000 for the hormone treatment, counseling, the operation and post-operation care.

She had worked in the police force for eight years, winning recognition for undercover work.

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Old Generals never die . . . . just their privates.

* * *

When her divorce came through, it made her feel like a new man.

* * *

"I've got a new wife, but I can't get her housebroke. Every time we start to undress, she runs out and gets in the back seat of the car."

* * *

Love thy neighbor all through the day,
But first make sure her husband's away!