

Our Sorority

ISSUE EIGHTEEN

August, 1988

Table of Contents

Ten Days to Remember	4
Fantasia Fair	
1988 Photo Album	6
"Really, Nurse Banister!" ...	19
How to Expand	
Your Closet	31
Groups	33
Many Little Kindnesses	38
Reading List	45

Fantasia Fair '87 Photo Album Issue



About a decade ago, or so, when we started Our Sorority we wanted a newsletter which would encourage the post box CD to join a local group or attend an event. So we resolved to publish a list of groups and events nationwide. We sent out an appeal letter to our 1100 readers about the US and Canada asking them to let us know about groups in their area. And we became the first community based newsletter to publish a list of the groups in the US and Canada. Unfortunately, there really were not many groups and even fewer events

Now, with a circulation of 3,000 Our Sorority finds over 100 groups in the United States and the world and it is almost possible for a very wealthy CD to go from event to event all year around. (In fact, this year, I planned to go to the Tiffany Spring Fling and the Be All Weekend, but they were so close together that I simply could not get myself, and most importantly my wardrobe turned around that fast.) And to our delight new groups and events are forming each month.

My dear friend Dr. Michelle once said, "The best therapy for a TV is other TVs." And we believe that this is very true. Especially if she is coming out of the closet for the first time. As always, it is our policy to recommend to the post box CD that she join a group and polish

EDITORIAL

her skills before she takes on the world. Cheryl Thompson, therefore, provides several reasons why in her article.

Again, our editor continues her autobiography, Many Little Kindnesses, and Miss Bannister, from Canada, provides us with a charming tale, "Really, Nurse Banister!". We have a lovely letter from England by Jane M. "Ten Days to Remember" and with this letter we add our "Photo Album of Fantasia Fair 1987" by Marriette Pathy-Allen & Renee Chevalier. And, of course, we include our updated list of groups and events.

Our Sorority An Outreach Publication

The HUMAN OUTREACH AND ACHIEVEMENT INSTITUTE is a non-profit organization (501-C3) based at Kenmore Station, POB 368, Boston, MA., 02215. Our Sorority is a 3/annual publication, not an organization, based at POB 11254, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA., 22312.

This newsletter is provided for your information from a mailing list compiled by BETTY ANN LIND and the OUTREACH INSTITUTE. THIS MAILING LIST IS KEPT UNDER STRICT CONTROL AND IS NOT AVAILABLE TO COMMERCIAL FIRMS OR OTHER ORGANIZATIONS FOR DIRECT MAILINGS.

Editor and Publisher
Computer Composition
Assistant Editor
Distribution

Betty Ann Lind
Sandy Machin
Pam Haynes
Sandy Machin

Tell your friends about our publication. And by all means SEND A CONTRIBUTION for your SUBSCRIPTION of \$10.00, please. Make checks payable to the OUTREACH INSTITUTE. Thank you, YOUR EDITOR.

Our Sorority is dedicated to serving the TV/TS/DRAG community with a policy of fair and equal opportunities to all, and without discriminatory policy towards, race, creed, national origin, sexual being, or sexual preference. It is supported by the Outreach Institute and donations by its readership and friends who truly believe that the best therapy for cross-dressers is to meet others who share the "hobby of kings". Our Sorority is copyrighted, 1988, with the understanding that the republication of names, address, phone numbers, and articles used herein is prohibited by law without the written permission of its publisher and editor, Betty Ann Lind. All inquiries should be sent to The Outreach Institute, Attention: Our Sorority, POB 11254, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.

Spec/Labd
9.48 of NTLA
Our Sorority
12/18/00

From the desk of the editor

OUR SORORITY



Betty Ann Lind


DEAREST READER,

In the decade since the first issue of Our Sorority our founders (Linda Walker, Michelle Williams, and I) had planned to create a unique news letter designed to help the Post Box crossdresser to find the then "secret" underground of paracultural support groups, and national events. Our Sorority, was not created to be a House Organ for a particular national social club organization tied to advocating that our readership join that group and not any of "those groups". We felt that our community of interest is bigger than that, and any local group was better than none.

We also believed that we should not charge for Our Sorority. That, through donations, the generosity of our readership was like ours; and Our Sorority could find its way into the lives of the crossdresser new to our community or less fortunate in life. On balance, the fact that we are still publishing must be a testament to the success of that belief!

When we merged with the Outreach Institute we felt that this was the time to improve the quality and content of our little publication. Over the decade we had grown from a few hundred readers to over 3,000. But costs in printing and postage hit our plans with an almost deadly blow. So we calculated that a special readership drive would redress the funds paid for our expansion by the Outreach Institute. As we stated, IF reader support provided sufficient donations we could go to 4 issues a year. To our surprise, many readers donated not only five, but far more, dollars to the "cause". But, unfortunately, we had too many less fortunate readers who: could not, would not or did not support the effort for various reasons. One cynic suggested that since we "forced" our magazine upon our reader he was legally not bound to pay, we were just "suckers". But we simply accept that a minority might think that way, yet we hold our readership in higher esteem. The Outreach Institute still believes as we do and as a result of YOUR generosity to the Outreach Institute's Direct Fund Appeal, we shall publish THREE times in 1988, raise basic donation rate to ten dollars to cover increased costs, seek to improve quality, and find a better way to "market" Our Sorority.

We believe in you. We know that through your generosity Our Sorority will go on to help our new and less fortunate sister to find her way into our community, while providing you with, we trust, the best little magazine in our community.

LOVE, 

This is an article published by the Beaumont Bulletin, Volume 20, No. 1, February 1988. Jane M. has attended two Fairs and is registered for the 1988 Fair.

TEN DAYS TO REMEMBER

by

Jane M.

As Jim stretched out on the plane, his long legs adjusting to yet another position, he reflected on the past ten days of his American holiday.

Rapturous Applause

He remembered parading down the catwalk in her two best outfits - her shiny imitation leather two piece suit and her slinky ruche panelled black jersey dress - to rapturous applause in the fashion show. He remembered how she danced away in the disco every night surrounded by friends and well wishers - it's a good job she'd brought those disco leggings and shiny disco top!

He thought about the meals each evening - the small intimate restaurant dinners in superb settings, often with views of the seafront where she wined and dined in both deep and hilarious discussions with the other girls, and the more formal grand occasions with guest speakers and award presentations, where she could dress up in her best evening outfits, especially her glittering silver strapless gown and shiny black heels.

His thoughts turned to the cocktail parties where she and the other girls would mingle in lively conversation with the people of the town. She had loved being complimented on her appearance, her efforts had indeed been worthwhile.

Was Delighted to See Her Again

He recalled how she enjoyed having her hair set three times during that week and was thrilled that the hairdressers had remembered exactly how she liked it styled from the previous year. Although she was adept at putting on her own make-up she attended the beauty classes every morning to learn new tips. It also gave her an opportunity to wear her daytime tops and skirts. She also enjoyed a facial, make-up and manicure at the salon where Michael was delighted to see her again. She was both appreciative of the warm welcome she continually receives from hoteliers, shopkeepers and bar staff, and amazed at how many had remembered her from last year.

TEN DAYS TO REMEMBER

The outdoor events were memorable too. Going out on the whale watch with the other girls, and being completely accepted in her feminine attire by all on board the boat was great. The whales looked good too! She should have worn a jumper when flying a kite on the beach however. There was a brisk wind that afternoon, unlike the sunshine that prevailed most of the week. Still some of the girls prefer to suffer a bit in order to look good! Attending and being heartily welcomed at the Sunday church service was also again a tremendous and up lifting experience.

Sense of Love and Warmth

The follies night was even better than last year with an excellent variety of entertainment acts from the more adventurous girls. The fantasy ball was enjoyable too - she had thrown together a gypsy peasant girl outfit for the occasion.

Best of all was the sense of love and warmth experienced and shared among the hundred or so girls, the townsfolk and those who had come to offer professional service; largely at their own expense. It was great to meet old friends and new.

The dedicated and exhausting efforts of Betty Ann had made it all possible. She was pleased to see a few more people from Britain this year.

Used to be a Mere Fantasy

Being in a town where Jane was totally welcomed and accepted as Jane used to be a mere fantasy. In Provincetown at the 13th Annual Fantasy Fair it was a reality beyond expectations. Jane was indeed thankful to Helen whose information in the August 1986 Bulletin had first given her information about the Fair.

Jim's reflections were abruptly interrupted as the stewardess served beverages. After tea he thought about where he might go on holiday next year - Europe, the Far East, elsewhere in the States perhaps, or maybe a country holiday in Britain - but there was no contest. Where else could Jane be dressed for ten days while enjoying the shops, bars and restaurants of a welcoming town, try out her best wardrobe at numerous social events, enjoy the beaches, scenery and excursions of a scenic holiday and meet both old and new friends? Yes, Jane would be returning to Provincetown again next year.



Arrival



Girls at Roomers Inn

**Fantasia Fair
1988
Photo Album**

Photo's By
Mariette Pathy Allen
and Renee Chevalier

Layout by Sandy Machin



Early Arrivals at the
Welcome Cockital Party



The Panel Passes in
P'town



Getting Your Act
Together at Beauty Fair



Ladies Night Laura



And Virginia tooting
her Horn at Ladies
Night



Naomi Chairwomen of
SISTERS and her Fairy
Godmother Shelia



At Church with Friends



Supper with The Town



Jane tells All at The Town
& Gown



Legality of Crossdressing are discussed



But there are still legal question

F
A
S
H
I
O
N
S
H
O
W

RENEE & MARIETTE were in Beddy-Bye and missed the FASHION & BEAUTY Workshop



Casual but Smart



Where's the edge of the Stage?



Three maids in a row



For After Five



Eve's Fashionable Ladies



All that's needed is a Corsage and a Date

F
A
S
H
I
O
N
S
H
O
W



We are Together



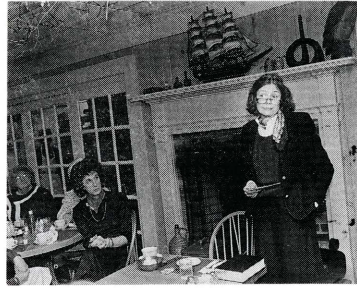
Watch Her Strut Her Stuff



At a private showing elsewhere



Participants ask Question of the Experts



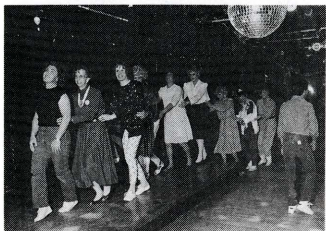
The Expert Reply



Ariadane explains Outreach



Dancing the night away at The Crown



La Conga!



Lifestyles Anyone?



We remember him well!



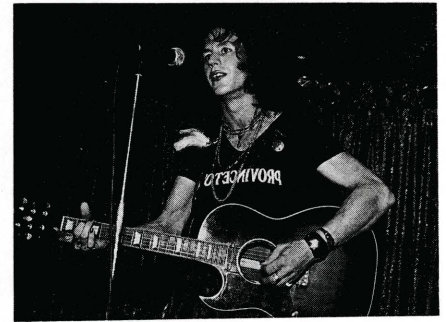
Look at Me



Be Anything



Cabaret



Someday Soon

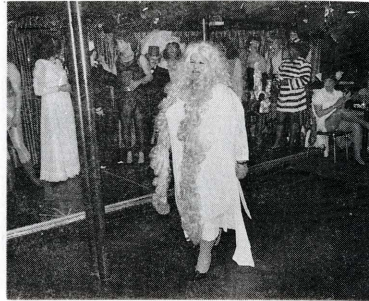
F
O
L
L
I
E
S



Well deserved applause



Kite fly on a windy day



Who is Lady Godiva at the Fantasy Ball



Just an average TV group



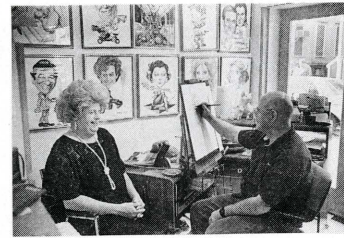
Who will be ask first to Dance at the Ball?



A Charming Couple



Where did I put my lipstick at the Video Party



It helps to have a sense of humor



And some even do serious shopping



Dr. Gladys explains what every little girl should know



As the little girls listen



And Dr. Shelia takes notes



Ms. Best Dressed



A toast to the winners



Ms. Femininity
Kay



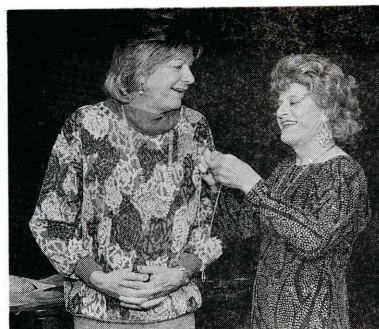
Ms. Congeniality
Cheryl Ann



Ms. Cinderella
Nancy



Ms. Helpful
Linda



Ms. Fantasia Fair
Maureen



Outreach Award
Paula

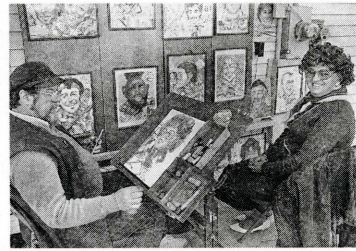
A
W
A
R
D
S



Goodbye!!



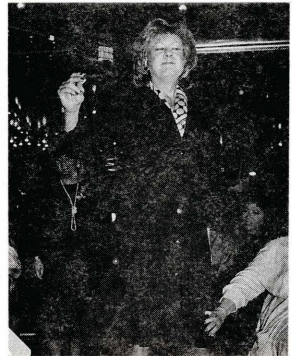
Cindy



Emily



Gerri



Maureen



Melinda

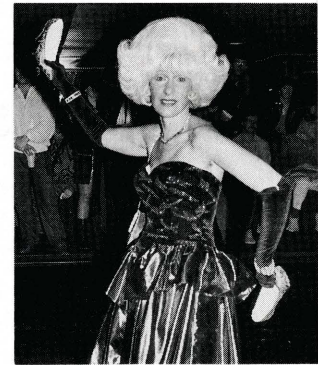


Shelia

**G
A
L
L
E
R
Y**



Jennifer



Mariette



Eve



Terri



Shelia



Nancy

**G
A
L
L
E
R
Y**



THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

Presents

THE 14th ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR

When: **OCTOBER 14-23, 1988**

Where: **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.**

FANTASIA FAIR IS FOR:

o Learning o Confidence o Fun
o Crossdressers (TVs, TSs, TGs) o Spouses & Friends

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE, LEARN AND EXPLORE
DIVERSE ASPECTS OF ALTERNATIVE GENDER LIFE STYLES

SEMINARS
Going Public
Legal Aspects
Health Issues
Sociological Aspects
Lifestyles
Special Guest Seminar
Couples

MAJOR EVENTS
Ladies Night
Town & Gown Supper
Fashion Show
Outreach Banquet
Fanz/Fair Follies
Fantasy Ball
The Awards Banquet

ACTIVITIES
Whale Watch
Kite Fly Picnic
Open House Party
House Parties
Sunday Brunches
Church
Going En Femme

WORKSHOPS
Partners & Couples
Personal Development
Fashion & Beauty
Speech Improvement
Beauty Fair
Fashion Fair
Peer Consultation

**ENJOY NINE NIGHTS AND TEN DAYS
IN BEAUTIFUL PROVINCETOWN
RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN
COME TO THE FAIR
AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER**

For FAIR information contact:

**FANTASIA FAIR
LINCOLNIA STATION, POB 11254
ALEXANDRIA, VA. 22312**

"REALLY, NURSE BANISTER!"

by Madeline Victoria Banister

"Really, Nurse Banister! Why are you dressed like that?"

I turned from the girl with whom I had been dancing and looked into the furious eyes of Matron Thomas, Head of the Nursing Staff! "Well, Matron," I stammered, "This is a costume dance and this is my costume."

The costume I referred to was a female nurse's uniform, which I had purchased at my last hospital. In England nurses wore different coloured uniforms to indicate status. Green for student nurses; mauve for staff nurses; and, purple for nurses in charge of wards, usually referred to as "Sisters". I was wearing a staff nurse's uniform, with its white cap, starched apron, collar and cuffs, black stockings and black patent hi heeled pumps. My costume was completed with a blue nurse's cape at the shoulders.

In truth, because I was a new male staff nurse, I had been warned by some of the nurses, that Matron did not like male nurses dressing in female costume for the hospital dances. I felt that, since the costume dance was not during my working hours, I could wear what I pleased. It appeared that I was wrong. In the background, I could see some of the guys and girls smiling at my predicament.

"Mr. Banister, report to me at 9 a.m. tomorrow, in my office, and do wear your precious uniform."

"Yes, Matron," I replied, not quite comprehending this sudden turn events. One moment, dressed in a female costume, which I delighted in, while dancing with a leggy student nurse; then, confronted by the Matron, with heaven knows what was on her beady mind. The rest of the evening fell a little flat after this encounter and I left early with many ribald remarks from the other guys ringing in my ears.

At 9 a.m. the following morning, with some apprehension and not a little embarrassment, I dutifully presented myself at the old dragon's office in my "precious" uniform with my black patent leather hi heels all shiny and my uniform stocking seams neatly straight in this time before the advent of seamless stockings and panty hose.

The secretary, smiling hugely, ushered me into the Matron's Office to announce with saccharin sweetness, "Nurse Banister, Matron Thomas."

I stood in front of Matron's desk, feet neatly together and hands folded demurely in front of me, while she kept on writing. Finally, after a short period, which no doubt she thought would be sufficient to

NURSE

render me more malleable, she raised her head to eye me up and down with not the slightest emotion on her face. "Nurse Banister," she began, "I do not like men masquerading as women. Particularly in my hospital."

"Matron," I replied, "it was just a fun thing."

"A fun thing, indeed!" returned my adversary. She was silent for a moment but her heightened colour gave some indication of the turmoil, or whatever, inside her. "Tell me, Nurse, have you ever done any pediatric trauma care nursing, particularly with infants?"

"Why, no, Matron, I haven't," I answered, realizing with sudden foreboding what was coming. I had heard of a special station in the hospital, mainly set up to provide trauma care for battered, deformed or injured infants. Some of the girls, who had nursed in this station, had described it as a heartbreaking experience; and, not many of them had been able to stand many weeks of this duty.

"Well," she said, "We must complete an aspect of your training which you have missed and even our student nurses are required to receive. It appears that we must start you right at the bottom." (Little did I realize the double meaning implied by her use of the word 'bottom'!)

She looked at me to gauge my reaction and I realized that she wanted me to quit. I knew that no male nurse had ever been expected or wanted to serve on this type of station; and, very few females for that matter - despite what she had rather sarcastically implied about my lack of training. But, seeing that I would not respond to her baiting, she shrugged and said, "You will be assigned to Sister O'Conner, Sister in Charge of the Pediatrics Ward. For staff nurse duty at Station 3, Trauma Care. She will be at Ward Station 3 waiting for you. I shall tell her what I expect of you. I shall also arrange for you to attend our School of Nursing for student training in Pediatric Nursing."

"Yes, Matron," I responded uncertainly.

"But, first," she continued before she put down the pen which she had been twisting in her hands as though she wished it were my neck, "We must get you changed into a proper uniform for this hospital. That will never do." She arose from her chair behind the desk to order peremptorily, "Come with me, Nurse Banister."

"Yes, Matron," I said quietly, wondering if I should quit right then and make her happy. But, I followed her to the Uniform Department, where three girls were sewing and altering uniforms.

"Alice," Matron greeted, addressing the elder of the three, "I want

NURSE

you to fit Nurse Banister with the proper hospital uniform for a female staff nurse."

Alice's jaw dropped visibly causing her to stammer for a moment, but knowing that Matron was not the person one asked to repeat things, she acknowledged the order, "Yes, Matron."

"Carry on then," Matron concluded with Alice before turning to fix me with a basilisk stare, "What Christian name goes with that uniform dress Nurse Banister? We shall have to correct the Nursing Section duty schedule."

"Oh, dear," I managed with a flutter of embarrassment, knowing that she fully intended to carry out her plans, or break me. "Madeline, I think," I offered tentatively.

"Very well, then," she stated, but then she added icily, with a raised eyebrow of expectation, "Nurse Madeline Banister, I expect female nurses to curtsy, when I enter or leave a room, or give an order. Do you understand, Nurse Banister?"

'Gosh,' I thought desperately, 'How, does one do that.' In my mind I tried to recall pictures of people being presented to the Queen. 'I think one foot goes behind the other, bend the knee, while picking up the hems of one's skirt, smiling graciously and giving an inclination of the head,' I guessed, executing what I thought was a curtsy, done without falling on my face.

"Well," the old dragon noted, "Very prettily done, for a beginner, Nurse Banister. I am certain that under our direction you will become a credit to your sex, whatever that may be..." She swept out of the room with this dismissal, acknowledging my next curtsy with a curt nod; leaving an odour of carbolic soap and lysol, which some of the girls swore she used in lieu of perfume. An almost audible sigh of relief swept the room. Alice snapped me back to reality by demanding waspishly, "You will have to take off that dress, Nurse Banister, if I am to fit you with another."

Behind her back the two young seamstresses were giggling, and I felt so humiliated, that I wished I had resigned before things got this far. But, I had recently graduated and relocated; and I was desperately short of funds.

Alice swept me behind a fitting screen and motioned for me to take off my uniform while asking, "What dress size do you wear, dearie?" She gauged my figure with a trained eye, "A bit plump. A size 18, I would guess. You must go on a diet. Matron detests chubbiness, she thinks they are undisciplined."

"Yes, I wear a size 18 dress." More giggling from her girls, now hid-

NURSE

den from view by the screen.

"Are you wearing a corset and brassier?"

I could feel my face getting a bit red as the giggling on the other side of the screen reached a new crescendo. "Oh, Yes."

"Well, at least that is something," Alice observed with a nod of approval, "I refuse to fit a girl who doesn't wear a proper foundation. It is like trying to dress a sack of potatoes."

By then I had stepped out of the uniform; and as I stood dressed in my slip she eyed my padded bust line, waistline, and hips critically before going to a closet nearby to bring from it a lavender coloured staff nurse's uniform. "A nurse left here a few weeks ago to go nursing in Africa. She was just about your size." She handed the dress to me. "Here, try it on."

I put on the dress, buttoning it up from the hips.

"Turn around," she suggested as I obeyed meekly. "Raise your arms, and see how it is for movement," she continued, watching as I followed her instructions before she adjusted the dress with a few tugs here and there. "Well, it is a fair fit. It will have to do for awhile. Incidentally, how long are you to dress as a female nurse?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I mused looking into a fitting mirror with wonder, "I think Matron expected me to resign, rather than go on Pediatrics and attend classes as a student."

Alice gave a nod of understanding as she handed me a starched white apron. I fastened it just above the bust and then belted it about the waist with a black belt. Then came a square of starched white linen from which a nurse was expected to form her cap. It was made in such a way that part of it could be folded into a cap and the remainder stretched like a fan down behind one's neck. It was quite attractive, if folded correctly. "Do you know how to fold a nurse's cap properly?"

I nodded and carefully fashioned a cap while Alice watched with a judicial air.

"Hmm," she intoned, "I think you have done this before."

"Yes, I have." I smiled at her.

"Are you actually beginning to enjoy this?"

"I have always wished I were a woman," I confessed feeling her concern, "But, I am going to have a rough time explaining this to the other nurses."

Alice nodded her sympathetic agreement glancing down at my high heels. "If I were you, I would buy a pair of oxfords, with a low heel. That is one item of uniform we do not supply."

NURSE

"Yes, perhaps I should." Much as I loved my hi heels I knew that from now on I would have to appear as any other female nurse on ward duty.

Alice looked me up and down for a moment, then said impulsively, "See here, take a couple of more aprons. Those kids will be peeing all over you. You will need more aprons, and remember to use a rubber apron when you change them or feed them. They have them on the ward. Matron expects her nurses to be trim and neat."

I murmured my thanks as I surveyed myself in a full length mirror to think that, in point of fact, I looked attractive in my black patent hi heels with matching stockings which accented the lavender dress and starched white apron, topped off by the saucy white cap. 'Good enough to cool any fevered brow,' I thought facetiously.

"You had better be on your way, girl," Alice urged only to realize her mistake with a half smile, "Well, whatever. Get going it is nearly lunch time."

"Just a second more please," I asked to rescue my lipstick and powder compact from my costume uniform so that I might do a little repair causing Alice and her two acolytes to watch with some disbelief. Putting my make-up into the pocket of my new uniform, before grabbing my costume uniform and spare apron, I fled from the room looking like a refugee from a Salvation Army thrift store with my blue nurse's cape fluttering in the breeze from my shoulders.

I timidly edged into the male nurses' locker room which, thank heaven, was deserted. Pausing only long enough to dump my stuff into my locker, I clattered down the corridor. I remember my heels clicking so loud against the cement floor that several female nurses looked in disbelief, then with mirth, at me as I passed by in route to Pediatrics. They had heard, of course, of my brush with Matron Thomas; but, here it was in the flesh, so to speak, the truth behind the rumour and conjecture. I knew them; but, did not stop to explain things. I just tossed off a witty remark as I rushed on by until I soon found that I had run out of witty remarks.

I finally reached Pediatrics Ward Station 3. My heart sank as I stepped into the station to take in the scene. Four incubators along with 16 cribs and small cots filled the over crowded room, and each was occupied. To my ears it sounded as if they ALL were screaming!

A harassed looking Sister in Charge popped up from behind a crib with a very small baby cradled in one arm, using her free hand to hold a feeding bottle to its lips. She brushed back a lock of hair from her damp forehead with the back of her hand causing the bottle to be

NURSE

withdrawn and the baby to cry out in protest while Sister O'Conner studied me from head to toe. "Are you Nurse Banister?"

I nodded and almost curtsied before I caught myself remembering that such courtesies were reserved for Matron, but Sister saw enough to cause her to roll her eyes heavenward.

"This is an insane situation," she muttered half to herself before she then demanded, "Do you know anything about babies and infants? Or has Matron sent me a trainee nurse as she implied?"

"Hardly anything, Sister," I replied meekly. In the hospital where I had trained we had everything from Neuro surgery to a three hundred bed TB unit, but no Pediatrics. I began to feel somewhat inadequate.

"This must be a blooming joke," she protested angrily, "Matron told me that a male nurse was coming for duty and training, which didn't go down too well. But, I didn't expect someone like YOU! Thank God, I took station alone so that I could interview you in private."

The way she said 'YOU' made me feel as if I was manifesting the first symptoms of a dread disease. "Please," I begged desperately, "Just show me the routine. I am certain that I can manage."

"I doubt that, but I am too short of staff to argue with Matron," she began only to pause as if to come to a sudden decision. "Here, take this baby and feed him while I start another," she ordered, adding sarcastically, "I suppose you do know which end to insert the bottle?"

"Oh, yes, Sister," I replied enthusiastically trying very eagerly to please as I accepted the baby and his bottle. I sat on a low wooden stool and coaxed the teat into the baby's mouth only to remember Alice's admonition about my nice lavender uniform and wet babies. "Is there a rubber apron handy, Sister?"

"Behind you in the storage room. Here I'll get you one," she offered to find one for me. Accepting my thanks with a nod, while I placed it upon my lap under the nursing baby, she explained, "When he has half of his formula put him across your shoulder and burp him."

"Yes, of course," I replied airily, although I wasn't quite sure what it all meant. The little boy, Ryan, about eight months old, regarded me through slitted eyes, as though thinking, 'This is a rum looking nurse.' Half way through his feeding I remembered the burping technique when I saw Sister doing that very same act at the moment with another baby. I whipped Ryan across my shoulder and patted him between the shoulder blades as if I had been burping babies all my life. And, to my momentary satisfaction, Ryan burped. But then my satisfaction turned into utter surprise as he spewed out his formula onto the shoulder and back of my nice clean lavender uniform and

NURSE

down my neck, soaking me to the skin! "OH! HELL!"

Sister looked up from her work in shock at my swearing, took in the scene of my 'disaster' with amused disdain, and said loftily; "Nurse Banister, we usually put a small towel across our shoulder prior to burping an infant."

"Yes, Sister," I answered miserably.

The three female nurses on the station, who had been at lunch when I burst upon the scene, were quite floored at the spectacle of a male nurse trying to clean baby spew from his uniform dress with a water soaked diaper cloth. They talked privately in hushed tones with Sister O'Conner and I could sense their shock and indignation. But, once they heard Matron Thomas' name, they quickly became swept up into the very busy routine of the ward to mind their own business while I said nothing, except in the way of duties, and applied myself diligently to my work.

This work went by in a nightmare of feeding, changing wet bottoms, constant bed pan and potty emptying and cleaning, cleaning up messes, and responding to wailing screams until it was not long before I forgot about my humiliations and I found myself pushing hair back from my damp forehead wondering where disaster would strike next!

When I came off shift I was confronted by Sister O'Conner, who announced: "You may go to supper and attend to personal matters, Nurse. But, you shall report back to Station in clean uniform and more appropriate shoes at mid-night for night duty. At 9 a.m. you will then report to the School of Nursing for your class room instruction as a student nurse in Pediatrics. Carry on."

"Yes, Sister," I sighed, too exhausted to protest.

When I arrived at the male nurses' locker room I discovered that someone had moved my things to a janitor's closet in the hall between the female and male nurses' locker room and hung a sign on it reading NURSE MADELINE BANISTER'S LOCKER ROOM? I turned on the light and was almost relieved by the privacy. I realized that: 1. I would have to clean up and wear my male clothes to my flat, for now; 2. my landlady would need to be told of my predicament; 3. I would need to acquire clothes for 'Madeline' to change into after work; 4. I would need to find some sensible shoes, and, 5. I only had a few hours to wash, starch, and press my uniform and things in order to be presentable for the Nurse in Charge of the night shift at Pediatrics.

By midnight I stood dressed in my neatly pressed and starched lavender uniform, apron, and cap waiting meekly for Staff Nurse in

NURSE

Charge, Williams; who inspected my dress, the straightness of the seams of my stockings, and my well polished high heeled shoes as if I were a trainee. (Where was I to find shoes on such short notice?) Her impassive face gave no clue about her thoughts and she merely released me to my duties with a simple, "Carry on."

Despite the fact that my charges looked identical at first to me, I very soon learned to distinguish one child from another. Little Rodney, blind from birth, was always ready to lift his little arms to be nursed when he heard someone approach. Due to the fact that I still wore my high heels, in contrast to the quiet brogues of the other girls, Rodney and the other children soon learned to distinguish the click of my heels and responded to my voice. I soon began to sing songs to them as I fed or changed them, because it appeared to calm them down.

"MY, we are becoming quite the little mother, aren't we?" And other similar remarks were made to me in passing about my singing, but there was nothing malicious in their attitudes. So I kept on singing.

Rodney liked 'Barnacle Bill The Sailor'. Melissa, a dreadfully abused child covered with rat bites, liked a little song about 'A North Country Maid'.

Who from London had strayed,
And with her the air did not agree.
She wept and sighed and bitterly cried,
"Oh I wish once again in the north I could be."
Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ash tree.
They flourish at home in the North Country."

Then there was Jason, terribly deformed at birth and grossly neglected. He had so many defects he wasn't expected to live long. The doctor in charge of the section, a very compassionate man, had written on the child's case sheet, 'This child to be loved every four hours.' At first, Jason cringed at the sound of the girls' voice and he was even more afraid of my male voice. Heaven knows what had been done to him. But, we all smothered him with kindness and attention even though we knew that we were headed for heartbreak. And I would sing 'Shenandoah' to him causing his little twisted face to light up with joy and animation.

With morning came the change of shifts and my degradation by being required to remove my nurse's cap while attending classes. ("You are only a student, Miss Madeline, when you attend training with the other girls.") Then back to my duty station.

When I dragged myself home again I found my landlady greatly

NURSE

amused by my fate, concerned about my haggard looks, and willing to help me to find "sensible shoes" and a basic woman's wardrobe. "After all, if you are to come and go to work in a nurse's dress from here; you might as well dress as a woman all the time to keep me from having complaints from the other tenants and neighbors."

As the weeks passed by, I settled into this grueling life style of woman, student, and staff nurse. The initial humiliations slowly faded, and the hospital staff nickname for me "Nurse Hi Heels" (I must at least find some pleasure in this ordeal) was heard less and less. My appearance as a woman improved much to my land lady's credit: since she resolved to take charge of this part of my life. I applied myself as a student nurse because I feared that Matron had plans to use my class room records as a basis to remove my certification as a professional nurse when she fired me! And I worked so diligently on duty station that I found grudging respect, and even tolerance from the hospital staff, despite Sister O'Conner's ever present demands for perfection and constant criticisms aimed at making me aware that it was her evaluation that Matron would also use to destroy my career as a nurse!

Then one day poor little Jason suddenly took a turn for the worse and began to sink all day. A terrible pall of gloom settled over the station. We avoided each other's eyes and spoke very little. Although I was off duty at 6 p.m., I picked him up to love him and sing to him. The evening shift arrived, but since we were always busy at the beginning of our tour of duty and the girls knew about Jason's condition, no one objected to my remaining in the section. At 8 p.m., while I was softly singing 'Shenandoah', his little body stiffened in my arms and he opened his eyes to look upward with a most beautiful smile upon his face, and he was gone.

I cried and cried quietly until one of the nurses took him from my arms and said, "Go home now."

The next morning I stood by his crib hardly believing that he was gone. Then I became aware of Sister O'Conner standing close by me.

"Nurse Banister," she said quietly, "We cannot afford to get emotionally involved with our patients. Our efficiency will suffer badly if we do. Now, we are not going to cry over Jason are we?"

"No, Sister," I replied, but suddenly her face became strangely blurred and wet drops were falling on my hands as they covered my face.

NURSE

She looked away to hide her own emotions as she waited until I composed myself. "I must tell you, Nurse Banister, that Matron wants to see you at 11:30 this morning after your classroom instruction at the School of Nursing. Now, go wash your face and freshen up. And before you go to report to Matron, during your lunch hour, I suggest that you wear less make-up. You are a Nurse, not a sex object."

"Yes, Sister," I replied miserably, thinking that this is not going to be my day. Matron had decided that the time had come to drop the axe.

At 11:30 sharp I presented myself at Matron Thomas' reception room wondering fearfully what the Old Dragon wanted to do to me now. Her secretary glanced at the clock, eyed me from feet to head as though she had never seen me before and asked, "Nurse, please tell me who you are and why you are here?"

"I'm Nurse Madeline Banister, and Sister O'Conner told me to report here to Matron Thomas at 11:30," I replied softly ignoring her satisfied amusement as she arose to go to the Matron's office door to knock before opening it.

"Nurse Banister, Matron," she announced motioning for me to enter the room as she added with her usual saccharin sweetness, "Nurse Madeline Banister, that is."

I felt too numb inside from the events over the past twenty four hours to feel the sting of her barbed wit. I just slowly entered the room to stand meekly before Matron's desk noting that she wasn't writing this time, she was ready for me! As I stood, she eyed me up and down as if waiting. Suddenly, I remembered the curtsy, which I dutifully executed causing her to smile and relax a bit as though this little ritual courtesy assured her of my compliancy.

"Although I must compliment you on your obvious efforts to diet," she mused after her eyes studied my form rather critically causing me to realize that I had lost considerable weight due to time spent to keep Madeline presentable as a woman and my duty rotation which left little time for eating. "But, your uniform ill fits you and its hem seems stained. I would think you would at least make an effort to report to me in a clean neat uniform."

"It is the only one I have, Matron," I said desperately, thinking of how the hem had been stained when I had knelt to clean up a mess one of the toddlers had done on the floor by her cot. "Do you think that I might have two more uniform dresses, please?"

Matron pushed back her chair to arise from it in a single almost

NURSE

fluid motion before she came around to the front of the desk, not allowing her eyes to stray from their calculating study of my form noting that I stood quite still, with my feet neatly together in their high heels and my hands folded demurely in front of me like a schoolgirl's. "You are enjoying being a Pediatric Nurse, aren't you?"

"Matron," I replied quietly with all the feeling I could put into words, "I am very happy doing what I am doing. The way I am." I looked down at the floor, afraid to look in her face.

After a long pause she said, almost to herself, "I have been thinking about having you decertified before I fire you rather than returning you to your male nurse status. Frankly, your work as a male nurse was just average judging by the performance evaluations submitted by your former Sister in Charge. And, as you may realize by now, your nurse's training lacked critical skills this hospital needs."

She opened a file upon her desk. "By sending you to school I hoped to broaden your skills and bring them to our standards," she continued in a disapproving monotone voice that caused me to shiver. "Our School of Nursing has confirmed our fear. You certainly did lack adequate training in Pediatrics, even at the student nursing level. Based upon their evaluation of your course work; however, I must in all fairness accept the fact that you have the aptitude to be a nurse. So I suppose we shall return you to your old duties as a male nurse. We will determine from your next evaluation if we shall need your services." She closed the file folder as if that matter were settled, but I could sense the axe being sharpened by Sister Blaine in Surgery, who had little patience with male nurses.

"But, I must confess that Sister O'Conner saw me a little while ago and said she wanted to keep you. I find that most extraordinary." She paused to add, "It appears that her above average to excellent performance evaluation of your work is better than the rather average ratings you received as a male nurse since your arrival here."

My mind was in a whirl. Sister O'Conner had never said a word about her evaluation. In fact, she always seemed to be critical of my performance or appearance no matter how hard I tried to please her.

"However, we do have to keep up appearances," Matron Thomas stated returning to her chair behind the desk, "It has been observed that over the past few weeks you have looked less and less like a male nurse in a dress. But, just because you are enjoying this little masquerade..." She paused to write something on a message pad.

'Oh, Lord,' I thought, 'She is going to take me off pediatrics just

NURSE

because I am enjoying it!" I thought back to the busy fulfilling hours I had spent on that ward, and I suddenly realized that I was going to miss: the other nurses with whom I had obtained some measure of tolerance; the babies and toddlers of all shapes and sizes; and, the feeling of being needed by them. I remembered little things like Dr. Shephard examining a wee child, who was dreadfully undernourished, and my consternation when a jet of urine spouted from the boy into the doctor's face as he bent over it! "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry, Doctor," I apologized dabbing his face a little belatedly with a small towel. "That is alright, Nurse," he noted thoughtfully, "Perhaps we should be honored because that is all he has to give." His smile was a delight to watch as he winked at me and I realized that this fine man was treating me as he would any of the other girls on the ward. What would he think if he saw me as a male nurse, how could I face...

I suddenly realized that Matron was speaking to me and holding up the piece of paper she had been writing on.

"Nurse Banister? Take this to uniform supply and Alice will give you two more. And ask her to take in the one you have on after it is properly cleaned. We must keep up our appearance."

Oh, how my heart leaped for joy, and for a moment I could not speak. "Oh, Thank You, Matron," I exclaimed fervently before I rushed to the door.

"Nurse Madeline Banister!" she commanded sharply causing me to turn in my tracks to face her in fear that she had changed her mind!

"Yes, Matron," I asked timidly.

"Have you forgotten something?"

My mind whirled frantically. What did she mean? Suddenly it dawned on me and I made a very deep curtsy. "I am so sorry, Matron." As I raised my head I could have sworn there was a half smile on her face as she waved me out of her office.

A little later I fled down the corridor, hearing the joyful click of my high heels and feeling the delicious femininity of my new female nurse's uniform, with my arms full of uniforms and aprons. I heard my heart singing, because I was going home. To the place where I belonged.

HOW TO EXPAND YOUR CLOSET

by Cheryl Thompson

As the Editorial of this issue notes, a dear friend of Betty Ann's, Dr. Michelle, once said, "The best therapy for a TV is other TVs." I have found this, from personal experience, to be quite true. My personal experience is that I continually expanded my closet for many years until the closet was very large, reasonably comfortable, and very LONELY.

I knew there was something "more" when I finally joined a support group. In the group I met many interesting and wonderful women, made new friends, learned new things about myself and our community, and had lots of fun. In fact I am still having lots of fun. But, most importantly, I've discovered real caring, understanding, and truthfulness. I feel very good about myself and who I am. The group really helps.

As you can tell, I'm really pleased with my support group and if I haven't sold you on becoming active in a local group then let me share several good reasons why you should seriously consider making that choice. By the way, these reasons also hold true for attendance at any of the special sponsored events, like Fantasia Fair. I went to my first such event, "Be All Weekend", in June and had a marvelous time.

So, here are my reasons:

1. SECURITY. A secure feeling is important to us. Groups establish a secure, friendly environment for its women to meet and enjoy each other's company. Some groups have been meeting at the same locale for over twenty years.

2. STANDARDS. Having and knowing the group standards help us to feel comfortable and also helps us to feel secure. Groups establish standard criteria for screening members. This helps to ensure that all members fit into the peer group and will have something to share in common with their sisters. Rest assured that both "open" (membership is available to the general CD community) and "closed" (membership is only available to a particular segment of the community, e.g. Tri-Ess is for heterosexuals only) groups seek a membership you can trust.

3. PEERS. All members share something in common; the desire to dress as women. You will find some who are better off in life than you and those who are not so fortunate. With peers you can easily get and give support. Most importantly you will find women who care about you. Every member will have something worthwhile to share.

4. FACILITIES. New members may wish to dress at the meeting

place and not risk travel to and from the meeting in skirts. That's OK. The group can make arrangements for an adequate and comfortable place to dress. Some groups have members available to assist with dressing and make-up so each woman can look her best.

5. FRIENDSHIP. Meeting other women is wonderful and making new friends is even better. Have you ever known a woman who couldn't spend hours on the phone with a friend or enjoy a meal over girl-talk? Here is your chance. Groups provide opportunities to meet other women, make friends, share experiences (both good and bad), and to relax having the fun of being the woman you want to be.

6. TRUTH. You've undoubtedly heard the cliché, "The truth hurts." But, for us NOT knowing the truth can be devastating. Did you know that mirrors are terrible liars and photos (particularly black and white photos) generally tell it like it is? Maybe that's why women spend so much more time in front of a mirror than in front of a camera. The group can provide truths about personal things such as appearance, mannerisms, and voice quality. The group can also provide the truth about special services such as electrolysis and beauty care as well as where the best buys are. For us the real cliché should be, "The truth helps."

7. PROFESSIONAL RESOURCES. Most people have problems, and we are no different. However, we must be concerned that our crossdressing may complicate matters. The group generally maintains a comprehensive list of therapists, doctors, lawyers, and other professionals who are familiar with crossdressers and have experience with helping us to solve our problems.

8. COMMERCIAL RESOURCES. Having trouble finding a pair of pink open-toe pumps in your size? Or maybe you would really like to sit down with a hairdresser about styling your wig or hair. The group can help you find commercial establishments to assist you. Where better can you find a group of women who can empathize (or at least sympathize) with you over these dilemmas and provide suggestions based on their experience.

I'm sure there are many more good reasons, but by now you can see that being part of a group gives you access to information, ideas, and people that are not readily accessible when you are going it alone, no matter how much your closet has expanded. Is a group an expanded closet, as some detractors complain. Perhaps it is, but at least it has a doorway that leads you safely into the real world, rather than one that opens inward towards loneliness.

I hope you decide to join a group soon and if you join my group or decide to attend an upcoming event, I'd love to meet you.

GROUPS

GROUPS This list of groups is about as current as our data allows. It's not provided for republication except in non-profit Group Newsletters. If you write to these groups, please include a SASE. Because these Groups are staffed by volunteers your letter

Tiffany Club (TV/TS)
POB 266
Allison, MA 02134

F.A.C.T.
of Southern New England
%Karen Aldrich
PO Box 9238
No. Dartmouth, MA 02747
(TS ONLY)

TSA
POB 5753
Weybosset Hill Station
Providence RI 02903

MAGI
% Nikki Storm
POB 802
Bath, ME 04530

The XX Club
POB 6070 Station "A"
Hartford CT 06106
(TS ONLY)

Connecticut Chapter
POB 2281
Devon CT 06460

Harriet Lane
POB 4002 Yalesville Station
Wallingford CT 06492

Northern NJ Group
POB 9192
Morristown NJ 07960

N.Y. City Chapter
% Fern Fashions
Penthouse B
157 West 57th Street
New York NY 10019

The Gathering
POB 21052
Columbus Circle Station
New York NY 10023
(TS ONLY)

Lee Brewster's Parties
Lee's Mardi Gras Boutique
400 West 14th St.
New York, NY 10036
Lambda Iota (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 3676
New York, NY 10185

In Sisterhood
Apt. 1C %T. White
27 Clairmont Avenue
Mt. Vernon NY

Confide
POB 56
Tappan NY 10983

Metamorphosis
POB 6245
Broadway Station
Long Island City NY 11106
(TS ONLY)

AS A WOMAN
% B. Fortune
POB 369
Brooklyn NY 11235

LIFE
POB 121
Ozone Park NY 11416

Long Island Social Club
50 Sunny Road
Saint James NY 11780

Chi Delta Mu (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 327
Massapequa Park, NY
11762

TV Entertainers
226 Jefferson Street
Albany NY 12210

T.G.I.C.(Butterfly Eon).
POB 13604
Albany NY 12212-3604

Androgyny Unlimited
POB 4887
Poughkeepsie NY 12602
(TS ONLY)

FACT Miss Robyn Bates
POB 314
Buffalo NY 14223
(TS ONLY)

Transpitt
POB 3214
Pittsburg PA 15230

TVA
POB 26533 % Sheila
Rochester NY 17626

TS Support Group
POB 15836
Philadelphia, PA. 19105
(TS ONLY)

Renaissance
POB 1263
King of Prussia, PA 19406

Baltimore-Washington
Alliance %R.Lewis
POB 50724
Washington DC 20004-0724

Academy Awards of
Wash. DC (Drag)
5104 S. 11th St.
Arlington, VA 22202

Janus/DC
Sexology Associates
4835 Del Ray Avenue
Bethesda MD 20814
(M to F TS Only)

Andros/DC
Sexology Associates
4835 Del Ray Avenue
Bethesda MD 20814
(F to M TS only)

GROUPS

- My Choice
% Kathy Stevens
1417 McHenry Street
Baltimore MD 21223
(TS ONLY)
- Butterfly Couples of
Northern Va.
(Couples only.)
POB 3234 Ms. CA Costa
Manassas VA 22110
- Delta Chi Chapter
POB 11254 Lincolnia Sta-
tion Alexandria VA
22304
- The Montgomery
Foundation, Inc.
POB 33311
Decatur GA 30033
- The Elite TV Group
POB 47686 %G.Grant
Atlanta GA 30362
- Sigma Epsilon Chapter
(Tri-Ess)
POB 724222
Atlanta, GA 30339
- Serenity % Nikki Bee
POB 307
Hollywood FL 33022
- TVN
POB 100279
Ft. Lauderdale FL 33310
- GIAD
POB 76234
St. Petersburg FL 33734-
6234
(TS ONLY)
- Blossom C. Paster
2203 Trident Court
Wesley Chapel FL 34249
- Butternut Belles
Box 3585
Knoxville TN 37917
- Beta Chi Chapter (Tri-Ess)
POB 31253
Jackson, Ms 39206
- Alpha Omega (Tri-Ess)
POB 954 Attn: Jill
Elyria OH 44036
- Paradise Club
POB 29564
Parma OH 44129
- Crossport
POB 150 Attn: Heather
2020 "B" Beechmont Ave
Cincinnati OH 45230
- Indiana Crossdressers
Society
POB 20710
Indianapolis, IN 46220
- N.G.D.O.
POB 02732
Detroit MI 48202
(TS ONLY)
- Crossroads Chapter
POB 1298
Flint MI 48501
- The Network
POB 632
Waukesha WI 53187
- CLCC
POB 16265
Minneapolis MN 55416
- Chi Chapter (Tri-Ess)
POB 40
Wooddale IL 60191-0040
- Chicago Gender Society
POB 578005
Chicago IL 60657
- St. Louis Gateway Fem-
mes
POB 1262
Saint Louis MO 63188
- C.A.F.
POB 1154
Belton MO 64012
- River City
PO Box 1305
Bellevue, NB 68005
- Delta Omega (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 461041
Garland, TX 75046
- Tri-Delta (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 61385
Houston, TX 77208
- Boulton & Park
Cultural Society
POB 169652
San Antonio TX 78280-
3252
- Alpha Zeta (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 8425
Mesa AZ 85204
- A Rose
POB 4351
Scottsdale, AZ 85261
- Transition Club
POB 42454
%TC Onekea
Las Vegas NV 89116
- Alpha Chapter (Tri-Ess)
% Virginia Prince
PO Box 36091
Los Angeles, CA 90036
- CHIC
POB 562
Duarte CA 91010
- Neutral Corner
POB 99732 %W.Thomas
San Diego CA 92109
- Shangri-La Club
POB 18202
%Nancy Watson
Irvine CA 92713
- Omega Chi (Tri-Ess)
PO Box 9091
Anaheim, CA 92802
- Society for The Second
Self
POB 194
Tulare CA 93275
- Society of Janus
% Sacramento Group
POB 6794
San Francisco CA 94101
(TS ONLY)
- ETVC
POB 6486
San Francisco CA 94101

GROUPS

- Female to Male
Transexual Group
% Billy DeFrank
Community Center
1040 Park Avenue
San Jose, CA 95126
- Rainbow Gender
Association
POB 700730
San Jose CA 95170 -0730
- Northwest Gender
Alliance
POB 4928
Portland OR 97208-4928
- Pride
% Tiffany Wonder
#A-1 9130 SW Oleson
Road
Portland, OR 97223
(TS ONLY)
- SALMACIS
POB 1604
Eugene OR 97440-1604
- Capitol City Chapter
PO Box 3312
Salem, OR 97302
- Emerald City
POB 31318
Seattle WA 98103
- Canada**
- TAM
BOX 1164 Station H
Montreal QUE H3G-2N1
Canada
(A.T.Q. Inc.)* % Viviane
Belanger
C.P. 691 Mont-Royal,
QUE Canada H3P 3G4
(French Speaking TS)
- Transition Support
C/O The Church Street
Community Centre
519 Church Street
Toronto, Ontario Canada
M4Y 2C9
- Expressions International
Box 11743
Edmonton, Alberta
T5J 3K3 Canada
- Mrs. Patricia Fisher (fact)
POB 293
Succursale Côte-des-
Neiges,
5858 Côte des Neiges
Blvd.
Montreal, Quebec
Canada H3S 2S6
- TV/TS Contact Club
POB 4667 Station "C"
Calgary AL T2T 5P1
Canada
- England**
- Audrey Stewart
53 Bread St.
Edinburgh EH39AH
Scotland
- Beaumont Society
Box 3084
London WC1N-3XX
- The TV/TS Group
Yvonne Sinclair
2 French Place London,
England E16 JB
- Friends Merseyside
14 Colquitt Street
Liverpool, England L1
4DE
- Europe --**
- F e m m e T r a v e s t i e
Postfach
6788 Zurich, 8023
Switzerland
- M.A. Postboks
192 DK2600
Glostrup, Denmark
- Beaumont Continentale
Association
Gaby Linsig
2 Rue de Charpentiers
Wittenheim, France
68270
- ILIA Journal - CCP
3 Bis, rue Clairaut
75017 Paris
France
- FPE-NE BOX 728
101 30 Stockholm
Sweden
- FPE-NE
Postboks 1968 Vika
N 0125 OSLO 1
Norway
- FPE-NE
Postbox 45
DK 2620 Albertslund
Denmark
- Australia/New Zealand**
- Seahorse Victoria
% GPO Box 2337V
Melbourne Victoria
Australia 3001
- Africa -----**
- The Phoenix Society
PO Box 375 Parow 7500
Cape Town Rep. of
South Africa

**HIGH SIERRA, FEMME FLINGIII
INCLINE VILLAGE, LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA.
AUGUST 5th, thru 15th, 1988.**

RESERVATIONS: Are now being accepted for another great, extended, Weekend in the High Sierra's. Once again we have been very fortunate to acquire a lovely home at Lake Tahoe, with plenty of room for our traditional festivities, AND, as you may have noticed, this activity is planned for Ten days, TWO FULL WEEKENDS, plus the FOUR days in between. So Now is your chance, not only to enjoy a regular TV WEEKEND, but an opportunity to explore the activities of the Tahoe Basin, and enjoy the pristine beauty of the High Sierra's.

Continuing our series of get-togethers at Pajaro Dunes is becoming increasingly difficult. Houses are not only getting more expensive to rent, they are becoming quite difficult to obtain without several months lead time. It is therefore very practical to find some other place for our activities, especially in the heat of the summer when rental charges go into high gear, and the increased population at the beach infringes on privacy.. Lake Tahoe, not only meets our needs, in many ways it is a lot better, and a lot more fun. If you have not yet experienced Our Summer "Pajaro at Tahoe" now is your opportunity, for a truly great adventure.

ACCOMMODATIONS: The House is nestled in the hills above the eastern shore of Lake Tahoe, at Incline Village Nevada, three miles from the California-Nevada state line on the North Shore. Considered to be one of the best Ski Resorts in the Tahoe Basin, Incline, has many tourist and sports activities available throughout the entire year.

The house is designed as a ski lodge and is equipped to accommodate up to 20 persons very comfortably. There are four bedrooms, two, with King or Queen size beds, and two, with single beds, arranged for multiple-joint occupancy. Although, there are no private bedroom-bathroom facilities available in this house, there are three bathrooms available to share. Although this arrangement maybe a bit different than past activities at Pajaro, I really do not think it will be a hardship to anyone, as the house is very modern and extremely comfortable.

The house is arranged for both singles, and couples to "double up" and thus, lower the cost for those choosing to do so. Therefore, I have arranged the following Rate Schedule to consider the possibility of multiple joint occupancy.

HIGH SIERRA, FEMME FLING III

Should you make arrangements with close friends or other individuals to share a room, request it for the time period you wish to attend this activity on the Reservation Form.

NUMBER OF PERSONS IN ROOM	FIRST WEEKEND 8/5-6-7	WEEKDAYS M.T.WT.. 8-9-10-11	SECOND WEEK 12-13-14	ONE WEEK 5-11	10 DAY 5-15
1	\$300	\$70	\$300	\$500	\$650
2	\$150	\$35	\$150	\$250	\$325
3	\$110	\$30	\$110	\$215	\$275
4	\$90	\$25	\$90	\$165	\$225
5	\$75	\$20	\$75	\$135	\$180
6	\$60	\$20	\$60	\$120	\$150

DAY GUESTS: \$25 Per Person- Per Day

Cost of Accommodations include all Food and Beverages (except liquor) Food preparation and serving is a shared, Cooperative effort.

RESERVATION FORM

MAILING NAME _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY, _____
STATE, _____ ZIP: _____
ACCOMODATION REQUESTED: _____
REMITTANCE ENCLOSED: \$ _____
Mail Reservation Form with Remittance TO:
JOAN SHELDON
3398 ELGIN LANE
SAN JOSE, CA 95118
FOR INFORMATION: CALL: 408 723-2579

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

by

Betty Ann Lind

There is a belief that crossdressing may be caused by the transmigration of a female's soul into a male's body due to a psychic mishap. Those who explore prior lives through deep hypnosis recount such 'sex-changes' just as they are able to claim that their present deathly fear of water is due to a recent traumatic death by drowning in a previous life.

I cannot vouch for this, but I must confess that when I stepped out of that motel cabin dressed in my little cowgirl outfit, to excitedly enter a world which seemed radically changed, it was just as if I was suddenly released into the utter joy of being alive again! Every sense glowed alert with eager desires. I could smell my feminine cologne, hear my shoes as the leather touched the sidewalk, feel the touch of my skirts as the warm morning breezes brushed them against my legs, see the pretty dolly clutched so protectively in my arms, and taste in my mouth a sweet freshness as if I had just taken a drink of sweet water. There was mixed with this a weird *deja vue*. A girl again! Deep inside all this sugar and spice enthusiasm there was an awareness of the little boy lost in wonderment.

As we entered the motel diner crowded with refugees from last night's raging fires I broke away from Sarah to half run to the table booth where Uncle Louie awaited. Remembering my new manners I paused to shift my dolly to my left arm while I clutched my little hand bag strap in my right hand. Using my fingertips to lift my skirts slightly, I did a curtsy that I felt would make any little girl proud. I then launched into his rather surprised arms to kiss him.

"Oh! Thank you, Uncle. I am so happy!"

"Well, I would guess so," he exclaimed releasing me while Sarah took charge to relieve his masculine reserve of the embarrassment of my childish assault. As she helped me to a side chair and asked a waitress for a bib for the 'child' he studied me rather speculatively. "She," ("Oh joy, he said, she.") "Is the image of her mother. It's unreal."

"What would you expect," Sarah announced taking the bib and tying it in place while I accepted the fact that it would protect my pretty clothes. "There, now mind your manners and do sit up straight with your knees together and ankles crossed like I taught you, sweetheart."

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

"Yes, ma'am," I promised to discover that once she was settled in the booth she turned her attention to talking with Uncle Louie about the planned trip to Chicago as if I wasn't there except when she felt the need to supervise my manners. This gave me the opportunity to observe those about us and hear two matrons at the table next to us note what a lovely little girl I was, and so obedient! I resolved that being a girl was certainly rewarding.

"I think we had better visit the powder room," Sarah announced taking me by the hand to bend down by me and cup her other hand about my ear to whisper. "Remember, girls sit down in the bathroom while boys enjoy standing."

"Silly, I know that," I laughed following her lead into the ladies room following a matron who had a little boy about my age in tow, whose eyes betrayed his embarrassment. Seeing the little girl following him he began to protest angrily. . . Even though I had experienced his same shame before now, the contrast of our status caused me to giggle. To my amazement he began to cry and his mother let him escape into the mens room while Sarah gave me a quick slap on the seat to show that at least she was not amused. All in all, I really didn't think I had done him any harm. At least from now on he probably will go to the mens room, for what that was worth. Boys were just too much...

Once this was over we headed for the cabin and packed before loading the car. Then Uncle Louie took the driver's seat while Sarah joined me in the back seat where she showed me how to change my dolly's diaper and talked to me about what it was like to care for a real baby. Meanwhile Uncle Louie drove the car carefully through the earthquake damaged town to the river road telling Sarah that the morning radio noted that the main highway bridge was down.

We drove by the destroyed remains of the boarding camp where my mother had put me while she went to care for her father, and I waved at the kids playing on the lawn. But, they were too busy at play to notice the little girl in the car and soon they vanished behind trees and the passing scenery as Sarah brought me back to playing with my dolly.

The drift of time and the drone of the car made me sleepy because I awoke alone in the back seat curled up with my dolly. Half awake I could hear them talking softly in the front in order to awaken me. It had been decided I would be taken to his home where his wife would find some of his son's clothes for me so that I could be

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

presented to my mother properly dressed.

He then confessed to Sarah that his own children hadn't kissed him in years because of the WW I gassing scars that covered his face. Sarah nodded and said something about the cruelty of children and I drifted back into sleep wondering about Uncle Louie's children.

I awoke to the sound of horns blaring mingled with the myriad sounds of a great city said to be the fifth largest in the world of that time, Chicago! Uncle Louie's car was caught in the middle of traffic between a horse drawn milk cart and a truck. The rich sweet odor of the chemical the horse driver spilled on the horse's manure filled my nose along with the smell of car exhaust and coking coal drifting in from the blast furnaces of Gary.

The noises disturbed me, my throat was so sore that I could hardly swallow, while I felt very warm, and my heart seemed out of control. My legs hurt under the knees so much that I dreaded to move. I do not remember what happened except that I drifted into a world of pain touched by the voices of emergency ward people and then the silent darkness of a hospital room where I was totally alone. The little girl was gone and I was there trying to understand why I smelled so bad and why I hurt so much in the legs as I tried to turn in my sweat dampened bed.

Then they came to take me away to a little room, which was kept in near darkness. A tall silent woman dressed in black helped me to the bathroom, fed me, changed the sheets, and left me to hours of pain and utter boredom interrupted by awful tasting medicine and cod liver oil. From the few words she spoke I found out that at first the doctors thought that I had a very bad case of strep throat. But, I had a virulent form not usual for children of something called rheumatic fever and I would be at the rest home for weeks, maybe months if my heart was damaged. To me she was the strange, dressed in black, housekeeper you saw in mystery and horror films.

In time I sat up in my bed to look out of the window at the lawn of dead grass and barren trees wondering if it was fall or spring. I wondered about my cowgirl clothes, the dolly, and wanted to try out my cap guns where ever they were. But, in their place were a few toys and coloring books which sat unused because of the pain caused by movement.

The silent woman told me that my mother had gone back to her father and mother to get enough money to pay for my stay at the rest home and that the doctor did not want me to have visitors because they might needlessly excite me or catch rheumatic fever

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

themselves.

In fact they did not think I was going to live this long. With this I was left to my darkened room and the window.

One day she opened a door by the window and a warm morning breeze entered the room through the screen door that showed even more of the world outside and I could see that it was spring.

Outside of the screen door sat a large black cat whose unblinking green eyes peered into my room. After a suitable wait he tentatively stuck out his left paw and using his claws drew open the door and entered uninvited to show that he could manage things alone quite well, thank you. He gazed at me, to take in the child in the wheel chair, and then with tail erect but twitching at the tip he began his inspection of the room. After a few minutes of this, combined with a test of the comforts of my bed, he decided to inspect my chair. Suddenly he launched himself into my lap and began to kneed a resting place with his paws before he settled into place.

Up until then I ignored him knowing that he, like most cats, wanted to set the ground rules for his human pet. But, once he was in my lap I gently scratched him behind the ears and then down the back until he stretched out and went asleep with a steady purr of contentment leaving me to my duty as his bed and comforter. When he finally arose to go outside I decided that I felt well enough to try the same.

Since I had already been able to go to the bathroom unaided I arose and slipped on my bathrobe to open the door for 'Cat', who expected me to join him. Through pain, dizziness, and trembling legs I managed the door and the front steps to find myself in the real world of the back yard. Uncertainly I walked after the cat watching him as he stalked something in the dense bush hedge that bordered the nursing home. Soon he made his kill. A small rat. Which he presented to me before he decided that I had different tastes and launched into his dinner. Meanwhile, I realized that I did not know which of the ten or so doors to the back of the home I had left. But, once he had finished with his meal, his other business, and cleaning up he gazed up towards me and simply led the way back to my room.

I feared that the silent woman would chase him away when she brought my dinner but she merely placed my tray on the table by the window and returned with a saucer of milk for him.

"His name is Warlock. A warlock is a male witch," she stated simply. "I expected that he would find you. He only goes to the dying to steal their breath and the living to steal their hearts. So be careful."

With this she left me to my thoughts about the big black cat. "I will

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

call you Cat." A cat is a Cat, and he understood that, even if she didn't. If he was to be my cat he would be just a cat. Besides, I would let him out at night to do those other things if he needed to. But, during the day Cat and I would wander about the back yard and share our days.

And then mother came dressed all in white with her beautiful golden hair in a French twist and a crown of curls. It was an entrance of the nurse-mother followed by a new 'uncle' carrying a pile of store boxes from Boston's, Carson's, and Sak's. She looked at Cat, opened the door, and he vanished from my life just as he had entered, on his own. Soon she embraced me and the familiar fragrance of Spring Grass by Elizabeth Arden filled the room and my lonely days vanished in the whirlwind of being hugged, bathed, and dressed in new clothes complete with a white sailor suit.

Then it was a parade to a shiny new car and a drive back into the city with me in the back, to rest, while she listened to my new uncle's plans for dinner once the 'child' was safely put to bed. Soon we arrived at an apartment hotel one half block from Michigan Boulevard and the fabled 'Gold Coast'.

The apartment hotel faced a tree shaded street with its back towards a small semi-private neighborhood park shared by other apartment hotels around the block including the row of high rise apartments that bordered the boulevard. The front of the six storied building blended in with the brownstone apartment building motif of the street. Once you were inside the double door weather barrier of the tiled foyer there was a large Edwardian lobby with French doors leading out to the park in back. There was a beauty salon and dentist's office to the left, and to the right was the manager's lobby mail desk, phone switchboard, and office space framed on one side by two elevators and the other by a wide marble staircase with brass railings. My mother led the way into the elevator to stop at the second floor lobby where she released my hand to find her key and open the door to our new home, which was a two bedroom apartment with a balcony that looked over a garden area below.

"And this is your very own room dearest," mother announced opening the door to a room next to her's. She noted my dismay over the nursery decor of the room and its toddler furnishings complete with a crib styled youth bed, but she shrugged it off by saying, "I was able to sub-lease it from a friend, as is, so that I didn't need to buy any new furniture. She has a darling little boy just like you. Your doctor was not specific about how well you were. He wants you to rest and

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

stay away from rough play so I have arranged for a nursemaid for you while I work. She is married to the building manager."

So in a few minutes I found myself prepared for bed, and after the ritual of the bathroom, prayers, and a kiss for mommy and my new "uncle"; I found myself in the care of a rather thin Irish woman called Mary Rose; who quickly made it clear that she "adored her little baby boy", cherished the "wee drop" of whiskey, and practiced a form of child care best described as 'benign neglect' just as long as she knew where I was going and that I would be home at least an hour before my mother (which suited me just fine).

The boundaries of my 'playground' rapidly grew from the lobby; to the back yard park; to the front yard and across the street to a classic bordello (where a friend of Mary Rose worked and from time to time enjoyed the 'task' of baby sitting me); down the street away from the boulevard to where the 'blocks' of slum apartments (housing Mediterranean immigrant families packed ten or more to one or two bedroom apartments) began; to the major crossing avenue with its three theaters and stores including the five and dime where I bought my coloring and paper doll books; and, up towards the great lake itself across Michigan Boulevard to Lincoln Park Zoo. A world bigger than that lived in by children twice the age of my five going on six!

Yet, Mary Rose had a network of friends, who knew me on sight and tracked me as unerringly as a laser target acquisition system, from the Irish police force that waved me across major intersections, to the 'girls' in the house, to the parents of my playmates, to God knows who of the thousands of people who lived in my 'play ground'. When it neared five o'clock I discovered absolute strangers who would advise me that "a 'Merry' Rose wants you to come home!"

Now, in this vast world there existed two places of utter fascination to me. The lobby of the apartment hotel and the zoo. The zoo, because of "my giant green elephant", and the lobby, where a group of girls my own age played. In a sense these two places contained mysteries that I wanted dearly to understand. The mystery of my giant green elephant would not be solved until I became an adult, but the mystery of that lobby full of girls will be told in our next issue along with how I began Betty Ann's full time life as a girl...

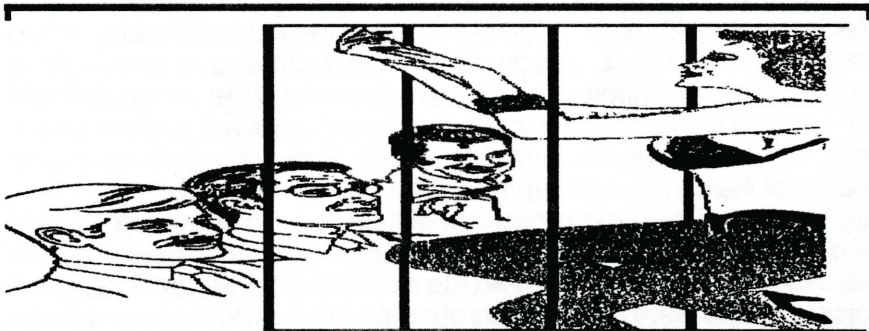
RELUCTANT PRESS ANNOUNCES:

GO GO DANCER

by **Anne Elisabeth Nelson**

During the past forty years Ms Nelson has written about thirty novels which have been shared with a few select friends. In the past few months we have been screening her original manuscripts through our scanner and we are pleased to announce the publication of Go Go Dancer.

When Joyce Lee broke into the Elite School for Secretaries he little realized that he was about to set into motion the strange chain of events which would force him to become a ladies maid to an all girl rock band. But, the girls in the band sought the perfect lover for lovely Joyce. Someone who would desire to possess their all too feminine sex object trained to be a Go Go Dancer.



ORDER FORM

PLEASE MAIL \$5.00 to order your copy of Go Go Dancer. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for

MAILING NAME _____
ADDRESS: _____ **CITY,** _____
STATE, _____ **ZIP:** _____

**I understand that I must 21 years or older to order this book.
 Make check payable to Friendly Applications
 Reluctant Press Dept., POB 11936 Lincolnia Station
 Alexandria, Va 22312**



**The Human Outreach
 &
 Achievement Institute**

Recommended Reading List

Title.....	Price
Transsexuality in the Male	\$28.95
Female to Male Transsexualism	29.95
The Androgyne: Reconciliation of the Male and Female	21.95
Men in Frocks.....	14.95
Bisexuality, a Syudy.....	21.95
Sex & Gender, A Theological & Scientific Study	24.95
The Tapestry	10.00
Understanding Crossdressing	11.95
Dressing Up	12.95
A Year Among the Girls.....	15.95
How to be a Woman though Male.....	12.95
The Transvestite and His Wife.....	11.95
Mirror Image (Nancy Hunt)	14.95
Canary, Story of M-F Sex Change (Canary Conn)	15.95
Mother Camp, Female Impersonators of America	9.95
Splendora.....	15.95
Gender Dysphoria	39.95
Information for the F-M Crossdresser & Transsexual	6.00
The Language of Clothes	16.95
Monograph #1 (Crossdressing)	5.00
Monograph #2 (Transvestites)	5.00
Monograph #3 (Androgyny)	5.00
Monograph #4 (Partners of Crossdressers)	2.95
Legal Aspects of Transsexualism	15.00
Abstraccts of a Symposium on Gender Issues for the 80's	6.00
Herland.....	7.95
The Woman's Dress for Success Book	4.95

RECOMMENDED READING LIST

TITLE	PRIC
TV - TS: Mixed Views	15.95
Sex & Gender	24.95
Sexual Signatures	9.95
Ariadne	10.95
The Spirit & The Flesh	26.95
Looking Terrific	8.95
Man & Woman, Boy & Girl	7.95
Designing Your Face	11.75
Toward a New Psychology of Women	8.95
The Transvestite Memoirs of the Abbe de Choisy	9.95
Transvestia (#100)	10.00
Second Serve (Renee Richards)	19.95
Natural Selections	19.95
Geraldine, The Love of a Transvestite	13.95
In Search of Eve: Transsexual Rites of Passage	15.95
Color Me Beautiful	16.95
Gender, an Ethnomethodological Approach	17.95
Standards of Care for Transsexuals (HBIGDA)	5.00
Half the Human Experience: The Psychology of Women	26.95
Masculinity/Femininity: Basic Perspectives	33.95
Transsexualism & Sex Reassignment (Walters & Ross)	32.95
Towards Recognition of Androgyny (Heilbrun)	7.95
The Transsexual Phenomenon (Benjamin), Deluxe Edition	39.95
The Transsexual Phenomenon (Benjamin), Deluxe Edition	34.95

Mail check or money order plus \$3.00 postage & handling to:

**The Human Outreach & Achievement
Institute
Kenmore Station, Box 368
Boston, MA 02215**

You Are Invited
to the

Wedding of the Year

A formal wedding in a beautiful garden setting.
A gala reception will follow the ceremony, a honeymoon sendoff will climax the affair.

Bring your prettiest wedding finery.

Plus a spectacular weekend as

MURIEL OLIVE
presents the

ORIGINAL FALL 1988 POCONO FANTASY FESTIVAL SEPTEMBER 8,9,10,11 1988

\$195.00/person \$365.00 male/female couples
Includes Room -- Six Meals -- Taxes and All Tips/3 days

For Thursday arrivals, additional \$35.00 fee includes dinner, room for an additional night, and breakfast on Friday. Friday's lunch or midnight snacks can be purchased from our hosts.

\$50.00 required to make reservation. Early reservation, by July 15, entitles you to a \$15.00 discount on your balance. Balance due:

August 1 for checks. Cash or money order deadline: August 25.

★ HURRY! Early sellout expected for this glamorous event! ★

Two ALL NIGHT Parties MISS POCONO Pageant
Dream Fantasy Ball/w prizes Pretty Legs Contest

Prizes and Trophies

BROADWAY STYLE ENTERTAINMENT

Workshops/Image Consulting & Demonstrations/

Professional Makeup & Hairstyling by Christie & Muriel \$35.00

Fem Fashion Boutique with wigs, exotic lingerie, breast forms, custom corsets/costumes, petticoats, sissy pants, jewelry, cosmetics, and special sales on close-outs, shopworn & consignment clothing.

R S V P

Fem Fashions

157 W. 57th Street Penthouse B, New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Muriel:

I plan to attend the wedding event of the year.

My Cash Check Money Order for \$_____ is enclosed.

Make checks payable to: Muriel Olive

or call: 212-582-6823



THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

Presents

THE 14TH ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR

When: OCTOBER 14 - 23, 1988

Where: PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

ANNOUNCES

FANTASIA FAIR'S SPECIAL WEEKEND PROGRAMS

"RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN"

October 14 - 16

- Friday:
- Welcome Registration
 - Open House Cocktail Party
- Saturday:
- Orientation
 - "Going Public" Luncheon
 - The Beauty Fair
Wherein our staff using the "County Fair Approach" will help you develop a individual personal guide to your best make-up and hair styling as well as muc more.
 - Ladies Night Cocktail Party & Supper
 - Evening House Party
- Sunday:
- Church Program
 - Farewell Breakfast

"FUN EN FEMME WEEKEND"

OCTOBER 21-23

- Friday:
- Welcome Registration
 - Fantasy Ball
- Saturday:
- Health Seminar
 - Kite Fly Picnic
 - Fashion Fair
Wherein our staff using the "County Fair Approach" will help you to develop ar individual personal guide to your best wardrobe selection and much more.
 - Awards Cocktail Party & Banquet
 - Evening House Party
- Sunday:
- Church Program
 - Farewell Breakfast

WEEKEND RATES

Single: \$230 Double: \$220

Couples: \$385

Apartment: \$450

COME TO THE FAIR AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER

Write: Fantasia Fair, Lincolnia Station, POB 11254, Alexandria, VA. 22312