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MEMBERSHIP

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NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Helen
and
Wilma Thordsen

Hi Girls:

It was a nice gathering this month, the girls seemed to be enjoying the evening with their sisters. It was a few months since we had the gathering here. Of course we missed some of our regulars who usually make the last meeting for the year. Wilma and I will enjoy the rest of the two months that we don't have a gathering mostly because we are on the Island and the weather is too hot to have the girls dress and their makeup run. Some of the girls come to visit us on the Island and enjoy the fresh air and of course go in swimming.

The girls who made the meeting last night were: Cynthia and Sonya from Hartford, Conn., Renee from Stratford, Conn., Leslie and Isabella from Wilton, Conn., Dennie and Michelle from Somerville, Mass., Alice and Connie from Gulf Breeze, Fla., Francis from Henrietta, N.Y., Susan from Albany, N.Y., Jean from Peru, N.Y., Marla from Binghamton, N.Y., Winnie from Schenectady, N.Y., Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Wilma and I.

The meal for the girls was: Roast Beef, mashed potatoes, peas, buttered beets, corn, baked spinach, tossed salad, gravy, rolls and butter, home made cheese cake with strawberries and whip cream and coffee.

Hi Vi, I know when you read this you may drool a little but I'm sure that when you make the next gathering I'll have the potatoes and gravy for you. We missed not seeing you. Matter of fact we all miss seeing the girls who usually make the gatherings. The girls last night were all full of laughter with all kinds of stories. It sounds good when I hear them laugh and know they are enjoying themselves. There always seems to be one or two who have a new story or joke for the girls when they meet.

Marla our new member from Binghamton was a little on the quiet side her first night here.

Francis came down Friday night and I put a toni perm in her hair, Dennie combed it out Sat. while I was preparing the food for the evening. Some of the girls copied the chesse cake receipt, but anyone else who would like to have it let me know and I'll send it to you.

The girls seemed to have a good breakfast this morning when they went to the Broadway diner up here near our home. I can vouch for the food being good as when Michelle and Dennie come in on Friday night we go there for our supper., we have yet to get a bad meal.

I am glad I was able to have the meetings so you girls could meet with one another and enjoy your cross dressing. Of course we did try to make a closer meeting place for some of you girls who can't make it to Albany, by having one meeting in Boston, but it just didn't work that way. I don't know if they were afraid of being to close to home, or if they had to have some one come and get them and bring them to the meeting. Why do some of the girls say ~~now~~ nobody wants to understand their needs to crossdress, yet given the opportunity they hide. We have certainly done our part in making everyone feel at ease and we have given them all the help we could, but you have to help a little too. I know it is hard for some to come out in the open, but I can assure you, you would not be alone. Every one at one time or another had to come out of their shell and meet with others who crossdressed the same as you. At this stage of the game being a transvestite is a little easier as people are being educated a little more, on the subject with some of the girls appearing on the T. V. and some being on the Phil Donahue show.

I'll take this time to say I hope you all enjoy the summer months even thou it may be to warm for you to dress without having your makeup run. I know that Wilma and I will enjoy our summer on the Island with our boating and we hope to get in some swimming.

Hi Jean and Sally, really will miss you when you make your move, but do hope we will be able to keep in touch, as I have a special place in my heart for such nice people as you.

Cynthia extended us another invitation to go on his big boat, so come the fall he can again tell all the girls the story of how much of a sailor I am, but I'll fool her this time I'll take my dramimine before I go out on the boat. Thanks to Connie and Alice for an invite to Cooperstown to visit with them.

Wish you all happiness, good health, and keep smiling untill we see you all in September here in Albany.

Love to all

Helen

W I L M A ' S V I E W S

THE NOWHERE GIRLS..... BY CHERI

The difference between a transexual and a transvestite is spelled out in innumerable textbooks: The transexual wants to be a woman where a transvestite just wants to look like a woman. The psychologists have developed lots of criteria for determining which is which -- in theory. In practice however, the criteria are often valueless, and the chinks can spend many expensive hours and still not come up with the correct answer for any individual person. Transvestites often think they are transsexuals, and undoubtedly a lot of transsexuals are living as transvestites. The only real test is the surgery which can compare to the cracking of an egg. No one knows whether the egg contains a hen or rooster until it is cracked, and by then it's too late to decide you'd rather have an omelet.

The consequence of an unwise surgery are predictable disastrous. The suicide rate for post operative transsexuals is high. Statistically, the person who decides on surgery has the same chance as a poker player who can draw one card to fill a straight. Good poker players won't take such odds unless there is a huge pot, and the bet they are required to make is fairly small by comparison. The prospective transsexual, however, bets everything he's got - his life often without even knowing what he stands to win. The same person would not even dream of taking such a foolish bet in a card game. But thousands take the bet on the operating table every year. Why?

Undoubtedly the problem starts with a bit of faulty reasoning: Wearing the clothes of the opposite sex and playing the role occasionally is fun, therefore living it must be really great. The trip resembles a rollercoaster ride, starting slow but gaining momentum at a frightening rate. From going out dressed in the dead of night, then progressing to venturing out to selected places in daylight, starts hormones to pass a bit more easily, spends more time dressed as he becomes more feminine looking, starts electrolysis because his beard gives him away, and so on. Pride becomes involved, He tells a few people he is "considering" surgery, and the word spreads among his family and friends. With the effects of electrolysis and hormones, he begins to look rather freakish, neither male nor female, and pride compels him to go forward rather than retreat,

In order to get the hormones, the person must usually see a psychiatrist, and the coast could stop at this point, but it usually doesn't because the person doesn't want help; he wants hormones. How to convince the psychiatrist to prescribe the hormones? Have a suitable childhood history, which is blueprinted in a half a dozen biographies of transsexuals. All one needs is a library card and a bit of imagination and he goes from transvestite to transsexual. The psychiatrists are well aware of this play. In numerous books and articles they comment that stories are boringly repetitious, and in the few instances when they are willing or able to check, they find alarmingly large degrees of fabrication. But they aren't paid to be detectives, and usually they go on the assumption that their patients are telling the truth, even when they'd bet a thousand dollars that they aren't.

Since the psychiatrist apparently believes his story, the person is encouraged to tell it to others, and pretty soon he starts believing it himself, and conveniently forgets all the facts that don't fit. He has become a "classic" transsexual.

Another factor working on the person is that transsexuals have a higher status than transvestites. The reasoning is nonsensical, but it works. A transsexual is a sick person who will be "cured" with a bit of surgery; a transvestite is a sick person who enjoys his sickness, and plans to stay sick. The trouble with simplistic approach is that it doesn't represent anything close to reality. The transsexual is not "cured". He is given a mechanism for coping with his sickness. The true transsexual is far sicker than the transvestite in terms of ability to function in society. There are very few transsexuals who are able to hold jobs or have any kind of social life involving "straight" people, where the transvestite normally functions quite well in society as long as he keeps his aberration under control. And the fact that the transsexual chooses a course which gives him only one chance in five to survive doesn't imply any great degree of sanity or even common sense. But nonetheless, everyone, even the transvestites themselves, seem to accept the proposition that somehow the transsexual is better. So a transvestite seeking to improve his social standing can do so by "becoming" a transsexual, and the moment he decides that, he has bought his ticket on the rollercoaster. One of the quickest ways to reduce the current high failure rate among post-op transsexuals would simply involve changing the status notions, recognizing that if there is a better and worse between transvestites and transsexuals, it's the transvestites who have the edge. By comparison to true transsexuals. They are mentally quite healthy, functional, and stable.

From the time the person first starts cross-dressing in public until the egg is cracked in surgery, there is no observable difference between the transvestite and the transsexual. Most claim they are true transsexuals, but this is generally a fifty-fifty mixture of fantasy and wishful thinking. Psychiatrists try to impose a requirement on the potential transsexuals, to sort out the hens from the roosters, but they usually are unsuccessful in enforcing it. The requirement is that the person "cross-live" (continue on page 4)

(continued from page 2)

for some specified period of time. Unfortunately the requirement is very easy to circumvent. Some do it intentionally, but many do so without even being aware that is what they are doing.

How can this happen? It's really quite easy. By the time most people start trying to cross-live, they are unemployed. They aren't good enough in their roles to obtain jobs as women, and if they work as men, it isn't considered cross living. So they go day to day associating with a few friends who know they're transsexuals, acquire a few new friends from among the sexual fringes, who also know they're transsexuals, and they visit doctors and electrologists, all of whom know they're transsexuals. Their only contact with the outside world as women are their occasional forays into restaurants, stores, movie theatres and such. They are constantly trying to figure out whether they are being read by salespeople and waitresses, and when people stop laughing at them and making rude remarks, they think they are successfully cross-living.

But what is really happening? In all of their important relations, they are being accepted, not as women, but as transsexuals. So those experiences don't count as cross-living at all. For the rest? Sales people and waitresses have a vested interest in being nice to their customers, so many will take a person as what that person wants to be, regardless of what they really think. But suppose the person does pass successfully. What does that prove? It is a very impersonal contact of at most a few minutes, so at most it means the person has passed visually and managed a few words without being detected. All that can be said for this is that it proves the person can put on a reasonable good performance as an actor in a very short scene before a non-critical audience. Being able to "pass" in such circumstances is a necessary first step, but it is only the first step in a thousand mile journey.

Being able to go out of the house cross-dressed every day without being either laughed at or jailed does not in any way constitute cross-living, but the person often believes that it does, and is able to convince those that control the surgical procedures that he is, in fact cross-living.

The transsexual who has an operation after cross-living in such a fashion is in a grave danger of becoming a "nowhere girl". She knows she can pass and be accepted as a transsexual, and occasionally, in casual contacts, she can be accepted as a woman. But neither her experience nor the surgery offer any assurance that she will ever be able to do better. If that is the case, she will spend the rest of her life making elaborate preparations for short scenes, and will be a perpetual transsexual in all the important relationships of her life. She may not be able to pass in any work situations, which are much more demanding, so she may spend most of her life unemployed. She will be afraid to be alone with men who don't know she's a transsexual, because when they find out, she may get beat up or killed. She won't be accepted in women's groups because, to them she will still be a man dressed as a woman, vagina or not. It's a horrible way to live, and a small wonder that so many of the nowhere girls choose death as an alternative.

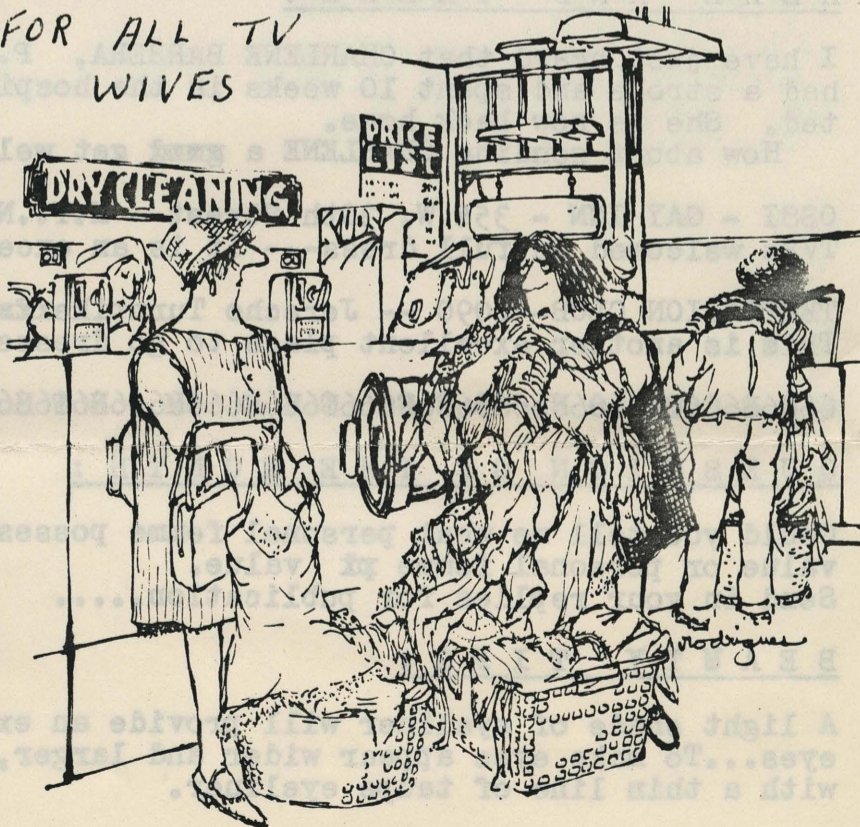
(ED. NOTE: This was sent to me by a transsexual who did not give her name or address. She wanted it published so all transsexuals and transvestites could read it because she said that is the way it was with her before and after her operation... I printed because I agree with every word of it. Wilma.)

Now to the mechanics of new TVs who are interested in visiting & attending our parties. First of all, there are some of you who lack enough confidence in Wilma to protect your identity that you do not level with her. SOME of you are afraid to give her your name or address. Look girls I have been through the mill and more strongly understand your fear. I would never violate your confidence in me to no one. Besides there is no one who comes into my home that I don't know their true name & address within 24 hrs of our first meeting.

JOAN H. Says: It wasn't the hen or the egg that came first—it was the rooster.

MICHELL ANN SAYS: She calls her boyfriend Louis, because he's the XVth.

FOR ALL TV
WIVES



"Work shirts,
work pants, socks, underwear
and, on top of it all, panties, slips, bras, blouses
and dresses—I'm telling you, Elaine, it's a lot
of extra work being married to
a transvestite."

Charlotte McLeod, Roberta Cowell, Tamara Rees, Christine Jorgensen

...how long ago? Roberta's autobiography appeared in 1954 (sex reassignment, May 18, 1951), Christine's appeared in 1967 (sex reassignment, part one, September 24, 1951). This is nearly thirty years ago and yet it appears on pages 7 and 8 of your issue of May 17, 1980, as if it had happened only yesterday.

Are you TV or do you sometimes think you have TS inclinations? You'd better find out, because it can't be buried, it just won't go away, if you are truly TS. I know, because I lived for 46 years trying to bury it -- and that excludes the first ten years of my life when I didn't know the difference between male and female, but wondered why my peers picked on me at school.

"Charlotte....leans heavily on a cane because her feet are still numb from the most recent of the long series of operations" After two years on hormones a friend of mine will shortly enter hospital, be under the knife of an expert plastic surgeon for about three hours, remain in hospital for ten days, be moving around fairly normally within a month and be reasonably free from discomfort eight weeks after surgery. Her sex reassignment will be complete after one operation. But don't think in terms of "Denmark's girl-to-order surgeons". The most important stage in sex reassignment is adequate psychiatric preparation; one does not change sex overnight, in spite of one's fantasies. Inadequate psychiatric preparation has already led to too many suicides.

"Charlotte has a high-pitched, feminine voice" reads like a nice piece of journalese. It's too like the story of the rapist who was attacked by his victim's dog which bit off his balls. Immediately his voice squeaked an octave higher. Don't believe it. Most of us have voices that tend to vie with Tallulah Bankhead or Lauren Bacall -- and that's after years of adaptation.

Finally, a comment on cross-dressing. Poor Anselm and Kenneth got the book thrown at them by legal systems that had failed to understand the nature of gender dysphoria, in all its varieties. I can report that, a year ago, travelling on a legitimate passport bearing a female name, but with the sex classification "M" (I had not then undergone sex reassignment surgery), I returned to England, the land of my birth. I lived in London, travelled through the country and stayed in the Lake District as a female and was not hassled once. Even my passport raised no eyebrows; I suppose they looked at me, looked at the name, looked at the photograph and didn't bother to look at "Sex".

Susan C. [REDACTED]

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT:

There I was, at age 53, a more or less successful engineer, divorced for a year or so, strolling along in Concord (Cal.) mall, on a Friday night. I don't recall ~~ix~~rebeing there for any particular reason, but "something" directed me into one of the 5 & 10's, Wollworths, or Kresge's or the like, and on into the women's apparel section. Size? Who knows? I figured that if I wore a 42 suit, a 42 dress would do, Have no idea how I managed it, but I soon had a light blue two piece dress over my arm, and was in line at the cashiers. Why light blue? Why two piece? Who knows? I do recall that I'd picked a size 44 for some reason, and I'm darn sure I was shaking like a leaf as I fished for my wallet. I tore home, locked the apartment door and closed the drapes. I stripped and within minutes i'd pulled on the skirt and buttoned the jacket. Took less than a minute after I'D looked in the mirror to tear it off me, roll it up and put it in the trash! Completely disgusted I was with myself, so got out the Scotch and proceeded to drown my disgust.

It took a good two weeks before the same devil led me into the same dress store, and this time I ended up with a somewhat more shaplier purple dress in a size 40, in my still trembling hands. Again, minutes after I got home I had it on and this time It stayed on for all of 10 minutes! I stepped out of it and laid it out carefully on the bed for contemplation. After a bit I put it on again and this time added rolled up socks inside the top of it. No stockings, or shoes. But the devil smiled on me as did my rose-colored mirror! So that's how it started, and I sure was a "late bloomer". I have no idea how I acquired the name Velvet, unless it was another of the devil's aaprices. I still don't "pass" and somehow the devil has spared me the need to do so. I'm not totally sure weather he and I are pals or not, but he did steer me away from the conventional mode of dress and into the pseudo-exotic, and this hasn't hurt mt feelings at all! It was 4 years later before I met another TV. I went to a meeting of the clan and saw a whole bunch of them at once. But ~~ix~~ that's another story!

P.S. I've never worn a two piece light blue outfit since!
 VELVET P.....LOS ANGELES.....CALIF.....

SHOES FOR OUR DAINTY FEET:

Some of us more delicate and patite girls like myself(6812, 190 lbs) have trouble finding high heels in our size (11wide, or 11 E). Once in a great while we can buy a pair, but much of the time we look at catalogs and what other girls are wearing and drool.

The width of the she is my most troblesome problem. The length is less important! I can overhang a slight amount and still look good, but if I cannot fit into the toe the shoe is no good at all.

This is what I do: When you see a shoe that you like, look for it in the largest size available, usually 10 medium. If it is not on the rack, ask; it might be back in the stock area. The shoe must have an open toe, and can be a slide, or have ankle straps.

The toe strap is important, Decide if you can cut down the middle without damage. This can be done with many styles. If it is a single leather strap the job is easy. If it is a plastic and a liner, this is easy too. If it has multiple straps, etc forget it.

Cut the strap down the middle. If it is a plastic and cloth strap, bind the ends somewow. I have used heat ~~ix~~ seal patch material. Or stich a tape over the ends so it will not unravel. Leather straps need nothing.

Then, using an eyeletting tool, punch two or three holes on each strap, crimp in eyelets, and lace up with with shoelaces or some fancy cord. The laces allow the width to be adjusted to your size. The tool and cord can be obtained inexpensively at any fabric store.

Nothing to this! I have three or four pair reworked and anticipate more.

CYNTHIA M....NORWALK.....CONN.....

MAYBE SOMEDAY:

How do you measure lonilnes?
 Is It by the count of teardropes?
 The beats of your heart?
 The breaths taken that makes one day, or the ticks of a clock that mark a long, long night?
 It's more... much more
 Loneliness becomes a grey canvas on wich to paint memories and hopes with cat paw gentleness.
 For love is a memory that the passing of days and nights cannot still. And when love dies or gets misplaced it turns into tears.



"Yes, you'll all be able to interview the president - as soon as he changes his dress and fixes his makeup."

Tamara Would Start a New Life Where Nobody Knows of the Old

By Joseph Martin and Henry Lee
(Copyright 1954 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

Tamara Adel Rees, the wartime paratrooper turned woman, yesterday began international arrangements for a legal change of name—first step in building her new anonymous feminine life in some Midwest city.

Because the 30-year-old wounded, decorated vet of the tough 82d Airborne Infantry Division was

20 years to accept the fact that the excessive drinker needs help rather than contempt."

Misguided She Feels

However, Tamara feels that many Americans now flocking to Europe in search of the knife-and-hormone treatments are misguided.

"European doctors will not perform such operations when the patient is a true homosexual," she explained. "I'd recommend that people stay home and seek out all possible psychiatric advice. First, it must be determined if the problem is pathological or psychological, and psychiatry may solve it and make the operation unnecessary."

A competent medical board, she

suggested, should be created to advise in sex-deviation cases, helping the victims as individuals and making them more valuable to society.

Vive la difference! The American rabbit goes hippety-hop. The French rabbit goes lickety-split.

Find Film Writer Hanged on Yacht

Balboa, Cal., Dec. 9 (U.P.)—Wilfred Pettitt, 38, screen and stage writer, was found hanged in the cabin of his yacht today under mys-

terious circumstances, but apparently his death was accidental.

Police found Pettitt, dressed in women's clothing, hanging by the

neck from a line attached to an overhead beam in the cabin of his 30-foot yacht, Gay Lady.

Investigators could not determine whether Pettitt was enacting some scene for a play or movie script and hanged himself accidentally or merely got entangled in a welter of ship's lines in the cabin.

Pettitt's wife, Betty, said her husband often dressed himself in her clothing, and that for two years he had been suffering from the complex that caused him to want to do so. Recently, she said, he had been treated by a psychiatrist.

Clad in Sun Suit.

The body was clad in a woman's blue-and-white checkered sun suit, girle and red shoes.

The writer had been under contract to Columbia Studios since 1942. A studio representative said a leave of absence was given last July so he could write and produce a play, "Devil's Carnival," scheduled to open on Broadway next month.

Pettitt returned to Hollywood last week to polish the script of the play and spend the holidays with his wife at their residence in Pasadena.

Since joining Columbia, he worked on such movies as "The Swordsman," "Gallant Blade," "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," "One Thousand and One Nights" and "Voice of the Whistler."

He finds that clothes don't make the lady

Edward Piech, 24, 4831 S. Elizabeth, who explained, in complete disregard of the temperature, that "it's the easiest way to keep warm" when arrested yesterday at 47th and Drexel while attired in a skirt, blouse and high-heeled black pumps, will face a charge of impersonating a woman today. Piech told Patrolmen Joseph Lynch and Harold Pearson he was a dentist.

Family Opens Arms to 'Our Girl,' Tamara

By FLORABEL MUIR

(Staff Correspondent of THE NEWS)
(Copyright 1954 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

Sacramento, Nov. 14.—Tamara Adel Rees, the onetime paratrooper war hero who underwent surgery to become a woman, came home today for a tearful family reunion in the home she had bought on a GI loan when she was known as Robert Rees.

She kept her return secret, and her 86-year-old grandmother didn't recognize her. "I thought the face looked familiar but I couldn't place it," the old lady said.

Her mother, who had been suspicious and afraid of the sex change, clasped her new daughter to her arms. She kept asking tearfully, "Are you all right? Are you all right?"

"You look exactly like your sister," she said. "You could be twins." For the first time, she called Tamara "my daughter" instead of "my son."

I met Tamara, a wistful-looking 30-year-old brunette, when she came to Los Angeles from New York. This was the home state where she was afraid she would never be accepted.

She was hungry after the trip. She said that for two years she had lived within two blocks of the Mocambo without ever entering the swanky Sunset Strip night club. I told her I'd take her there for a treat.

Tamara got a big kick out of watching movie stars at other tables. She loved having her picture taken with Eileen Barton, who does an imitation of Al Jolson.

Identity Concealed

None of the stars who met Tamara knew who she was. I introduced her as my niece from Wyoming.

I came with her to the house she had bought here. There was no one waiting to greet her. That was the way she wanted it.

Her father was out doing some shopping. Her mother was in the kitchen getting dinner. Her grandmother was raking leaves in the back yard.

Her mother saw her first and was almost speechless. But the home-

coming was easier than Tamara had feared.

I bought a bottle of Scotch to help out, and we all sat around and chatted.

Her mother, once the first surprise had passed, wanted Tamara to stay at home. "I wish you would stay here so I can take care of you," she said over and over.

But Tamara said she was sure it could not work out, and she was determined to go to San Francisco or Los Angeles to become an interior decorator.

"Couldn't Take It"

She took her mother by the arm, led her to the door, and pointed out along the street. All the neighbors and their children were clustered around, staring. A cameraman had been taking flashbulb pictures.

"You can see, mother," Tamara said sadly. "These people would never let me alone. They would be watching and staring all the time."

"I couldn't take it."

Brother Expected

Tamara's father had come home and joined in the welcome. He said her brother would be there for Thanksgiving, but Tamara was frightened.

"Then I had better be moving on," she said quickly. Her father assured her that her brother had taken the news very well and wanted to see her.

A little later, Tamara took me around town to show me all the places she had known when she was Robert Egan Rees, a confused boy who felt that "ever since I was a child, I was different."

Recalls Training

At the airport, she showed me the building where she had been trained as a paratrooper. She had volunteered for the 82d Airborne Infantry, jumped four times behind enemy lines, suffered shrapnel wounds and won decorations from four governments.

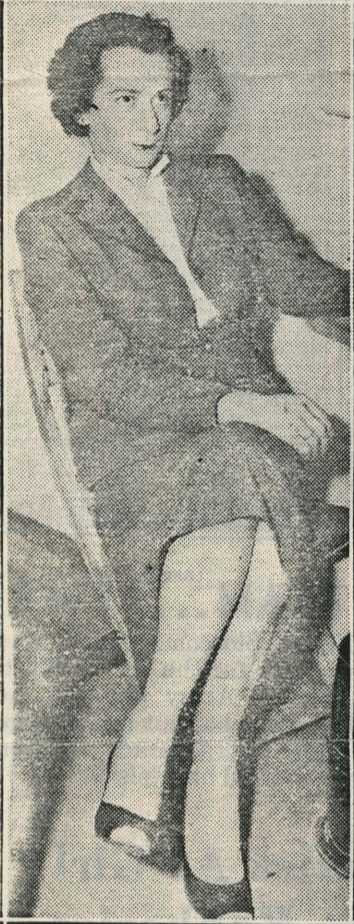
It was last November that she went to Holland for surgery and hormone treatment that changed her life.

She had planned to spend the rest of her life in the peaceful Sacramento house, "but that's all changed now."

"I was never happy in this town, and I doubt if I can ever be. It's going to take a lot of readjustment. And I will have to be mostly among strangers."

"Here's to the tailor's daughter . . . she's the only thing he ever made that fit me."

★ ★ ★



(NEWS foto by Fred Morgan; Copyright 1954 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)
Tamara Adel Rees.

transformed into a woman in Amsterdam, the first step was to communicate with Dutch authorities.

Still in seclusion, Tamara sent a detailed inquiry to Holland and also wrote another long letter to

her parents, trying to explain to them why she felt the sex-switch treatments were imperative.

Though her parents have welcomed her home, Tamara doesn't plan to live permanently with them, she said. A university graduate, she hopes to be able to do social work somewhere in the Midwest where her old identity would be unknown.

Even her family won't know the city or place of her employment, as she plans it now, and she will maintain contact only through one trusted friend. In case of illness or some other unexpected emergency, she explained, the friend will be in a position to notify the family.

Steeled for Worst

Though she hopes to be able to live quietly and unobtrusively, she is steeling herself for the worst.

"If people are going to look upon me as a curiosity," she said, "I'll just have to ignore them."

"I think my surgeon best summed it up," Tamara went on. "He said, 'It's tragic that nature can commit such an error.'"

"Actually, it's not people like myself who are in need of education. It's the public, which should learn that here is a serious social problem, a problem that just won't get up and go away. It's taken us



(Associated Press Wirephoto)

↑ BEFORE THE EXAM... AFTER ↓

Reb Lucian Dockrey, 26, of Blossom, Texas, was charged with failure to register for the draft. When arrested and hauled in for an Army physical, he looked like the gal at left. After haircut and change of clothes, he came out right. Masquerade went on eight years after companions called him "sissy."

Pretty Larceny? (NEWS foto by Bob Mortimer) Leonard Mastromarro, 20 (left) is, despite what you see, a member of the male sex and so is Richard Rivera. And they're both unhappy as they arrive at Manhattan Police Headquarters to face petty larceny charge. Sailor had them arrested for allegedly rolling him.

Man nurses baby after taking hormones

The Associated Press
 NEW YORK — A 6-year-old girl who suckled at her father's breast is thriving and is bigger than other children her age, according to a Brooklyn physician.
 The father, a 40-year-old transvestite, was able to aid his wife in breast-feeding duties after the man was treated with a female hormone that allowed him to produce milk, said Dr. Leo Wollman, the man's doctor for 18 years.
 Wollman said that to his knowledge the feeding, which lasted three months,

was the first and only instance of a man breast-feeding a baby.
 "Apparently, clinically it worked all right because she (the baby) thrived and now she's bigger than kids her age," Wollman said.
 Wollman said he had been giving the man female hormones to develop his breasts for 12 years before the birth of the baby.
 "He was a transvestite and he married. His wife knew about it. They wore the same clothing and jewelry and everything," Wollman said.

Sailor Robbed; Nab Men, 'Girl'

In Weekend Court yesterday, Leonard Mastromarro, 20, Richard Rivera, 19, and Thomas Betten, 23, who share an apartment at 123 W. 45th St., were held for Special Sessions on charges of robbing a seaman. The three were held in \$1,500 bail each.

Police arrested Mastromarro, clad in an ankle-length dress, and Rivera as they left the apartment yesterday morning, on complaint of William Doyle, 39, a Boston sailor, who claimed he was taken for \$37 by a girl and two men he had met at a bar Friday night. Betten was arrested a short time later.
 Mastromarro was the "girl" of the bar episode, police said.



Masquerades As Girl To Stage Robberies, Has Dainty Lingerie

ANDOVER, Mass., Oct. 21 (AP)—A young man who masqueraded as a girl even to wearing dainty lingerie was held today on charges of breaking and entering and larceny and carrying a loaded revolver.

The man, identified by police as Robert F. Stoehrer, Jr., 23, a gasoline station attendant, was arrested early Wednesday morning in a residential section.

Patrolmen Joseph E. O'Brien and Richard Caldwell said he was wearing a blonde wig, nylon stockings, women's shoes, a gray jacket, black skirt and white blouse.

The officers said their suspicions were aroused when they observed "a blonde" sitting alone in an automobile at 2 a. m. The wig went askew during questioning.

They quoted the young man as saying he wore the costume as a "disguise" in his operations.

He pleaded guilty in Lawrence district court and was held in \$9,500 bail pending further hearing next Tuesday.