

VOL. 6 NO. 58

OCTOBER 15 1977

PRES: William M. [REDACTED]

MEMBERSHIP

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Albany, New York

\$ 1 2 PER YEAR

Helen
and

PHONE: [REDACTED]

Wilma [REDACTED]

Hi, to all our sisters out there:

It was a very pleasant night here with Fifteen girls here to enjoy the evening. Most of our girls were at the Fantasia Affair, do hope ya all are having a good time. Maybe next year those of you who didn't make it this year will be able to get away even if only for the weekend. Michelle Ann was at P.Town Fri. night but still made it up to the meeting here Sat, night, and then back to P. Town. It was just a year ago that Michelle Ann made her first appearance here which was one reason she couldn't miss it and the other was a much more important reason for being here. Maybe just Maybe a pretty lady named Dennie has a hold on Michelle Ann's heart. How about that Michelle Ann?

We had a few new Girls here this month, Michelle from Brockville, Canada came with Micheline from Ottawa, a very pleasant girl, quiet spoken, well dressed and pleasant to talk to.

Samantha from Memphis, Tenn. is a deaf and dumb lady, but believe me she was able to converse with all the girls, as she reads lips very good. I had a long talk with her on several different subjects, we got along well. She was going to go to P. Town after she got some rest, and then she would be heading back to Tenn. I was thankful for a small crowd as I was able to talk to the new girls for a change. Usually with a big gathering I am not able to talk to much as I am always in the kitchen.

Good to see Jane back again, minus 45 lbs., also Windy and Joan. Windy also took off some weight. Nice going girls, of course I have to say my Wilma also took off some weight. Even Dennie and I are shedding some lbs., Too bad I always spoil it for them all when I put out the meal, they just can't resist the food.

For the meal last night we had Roast Fresh Ham, mashed potatoes, corn, cole slaw, gravy, bread and butter, apple pie, and carrot cake that Dennie made, and coffee. Of course they had their snacks at the bar like cheese, crackers, nuts, chips, stuffed celery. Well they'll have to start their diets again on Sunday.

Sorry you were under the weather Jean as I know you would have enjoyed yourself as I know you like small groups.

The girls here last night were: Dennie from Peekskill, N.Y., Crystal from Menands, N. Y., Frances from Henrietta, N. Y., Sussane from Clifton Park, N. Y. Windy from Schen. N. Y., Joan from Schen. N.Y., Michelle Ann from Somerville, Mass., Paula and Kathy from Lanesboro, Mass., Jane from Lynbrook, L. I., Micheline from Ottawa, Canada, Michell from Brockville, Canada, Samantha from Memphis, Tenn., Wilma and I.

Kathy seemed so much more at ease this month, that you would think she was coming here for months. Keep up the good work Kathy, we enjoy seeing you here as we know Paula is happy having you with her when she comes, there is nothing better for a T. V. than to have his wife along with him, it makes for a much closer relationship. Knowing a T.V. he doesn't like to cheat, when he comes to a meeting, he would love to have his wife here so he could have her meet with the other wives who understand their mates. I do hope that some of you wives who are reading this newsletter could try to understand and perhaps come along and live and relax with the rest of us.

Had a talk with Pricilla Evans from Memphis Tenn. by phone. Called to say she loves the newsletter and then talked with Wilma for awhile.

Did you all know that Frances was traveling as a woman and enjoying herself. Frances helped me with all the dishes in the kitchen, she's getting the feel of doing womens chores around the house. She already knows how to cook, and clean now she will start going to Electrolisis school to learn a trade. Good luck to you Frances.

For all you girls far or near, it is coming that time of the year when we must take care of ourselves, and not catch colds which would keep you from dressing. Do hope all of you can make the Dec. Xmas. Meeting, it should be fun.

Untill we meet again in Nov. God Bless you all and keep that smile on your face even in the time of stress.

I enjoyed being with the girls last night.

The night over, things cleaned up, the lights out and all off to bed.

Good Night

Love

Helen.

I was feeling sick yesterday, but I knew I was in trouble when the insurance man came and took back his calendar.

During Daylight Savings Time, how do you set your tiny time pills an hour ahead?

Robert Hunt is

WILMA'S VIEWS

your dues?

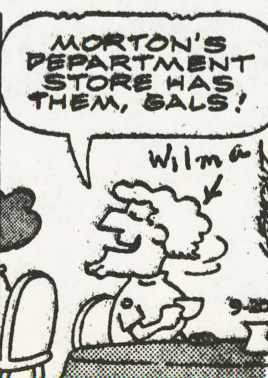
Presid
N E

Now if you are looking for self - acceptance why don't you look in the mirror when you look your prettiest and say out loud to yourself --"nobody made me put these clothes on, I wasn't destined to do it by the stars or a past life I do it because I want to do it: I'm pleased with my femmeself - she is part of me and all I'm doing is giving her a little living time and space. And I'm not going to feel guilty and ashamed any more! Why should I? This femme person I see in the mirror is not somebody else, she is a real part of my SELF and why should I be ashamed of a guilty about being myself? If I really wanted to stop dressing I and I only could decide to do so but I don't want to stop, it is my own decision to be a TV and to dress. And since I have made this decision I will hold up and take the consequences of that decision. I will run no unnecessary risks, and I will not force my femmeself on others but i will be responsible in my head and to myself for being a TV. I do accept that I am doing this voluntarily and I'm happy with myself.

When you can say that or something like it, can face yourself: you will have piece of mind about it and whats more you will be a lot more mature human being because of it.

Large cities continue to be the safest field of operations for TV's who wish to "go out for a walk". I have met many TV's who make it a habit of going all over New York City (including yourstruly) in their pretty things not at night but in bright daylight. You all wonder how they manage without being "read None of them is so well ~~constituted~~ constituted physically as to fool anyone in a close inspection --- broad shoulders, muscular arms and specially muscular legs which, in short skirts are the most dangerous give away, and many more decidedly characteristics, to say nothing of their voices --- and still they go all over the city --- buses, subways, restaurants, stores, theaters, and they pass untroubled. Which shows that people do not see details, just general shapes and colors. The biggest danger lies in the TV's own fear and nervousness.

Lets talk about clothes. If TV wives knew what their husbands are forced to do to the lovely garments they purchase for there secret dressing sessions. I'M sure they would be broken hearted and immediately accept their husbands TV inclination with open arms. What womrn could possibly conceive of a satin evening gown being squashed and crumpled inside a suitcase like one would shove an old rag under the sink---or a beautiful lace lingerie mercilessly pushed into a paperbag wich in turn is shoved behind the spare tire in the trunk compartment of an automobile. If she could just think of all those beautiful, and often expensive things, treated like rags and kept without washing for weeks and weeks. If he washes pretty things in the bathroom, where is he to hang them untill they are dry? If he sends the gown to the cleaners he is toying with disaster, especially if he lives in a small town where everybody knows everybody. So the poor soul wears his lovely clothes in secret some lucky evening when his wife and kiddies have gone out, and when the time of their return draws close, off came the clothes and back they go to their suffocating person inside a suitcase. Next time they are pulled out they already look ugly and wrinkled, he may attempt a quick bit of ironing but thats all, believe me it is criminal offense those non-understanding wives are committing by being the cause of all the wardrobe mess. Picture furthermore, the poor TV, crawling into a dusty attic some Saturday afternoon when he is alone in the house. Wayback there is the innermost recesses of the smelly attic, behind some discarded junk their lies a mysterious box. He drags the box outside, by this time his lungs are full of dust. He shakes the cobwebs out of his hair, wipes off the slimy mould that covers the bottom of the box and with trembling hands he opens his treasure box. Back in the bedroom now he holds that beautiful princess froch he purchased from a mail order house at the risk of his life-he quickly slips into it only to discover that the front and back are fully of moth holes-indesperation he rips it off and boldly opens his wife's closet and struggles into her best dress. Its too small - so he rips it in the process. What horrible fate is about to decend upon this poor TV? Divorce - loss of his job - suicide. IF THIS DOES NOT CHANGE THE MIND OF AT LEAST ONE TV WIFE*



Presidents
Pen.....

I think my marriage is in trouble. Last night my wife was calling around trying to find me a date.

NEW MEMBERS WELCOMED :

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of three new members this month.
CAROLINE S., COLD BROOK, N.Y. PATTY V., PITTSBURG, PA.
JOYCE [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] SOMERVILLE, N.J. 08876

We all here at TVIC hope to see you in the coming months in person at one of our partys. So lets all drop them a note to say hello and welcome.

OUR NEXT TWO GATHERINGS :

November 19th and December 10th.

Please take note that the December gathering has been moved up one week to the 2nd saturday of the month. This is due to the closeness to the Christmas Hollidays. The December party will be our yearly Christmas Grab Bag Party. Everyone who wants to play in the grab bag game must bring a femmine gift of at least \$5. Please make it something nice, somthing you would like to receive yourself. Who knows you just might get your own gift back. Now this is not a must. It is just for those who wish to play in the grab bag game. Others can look on and watch the fun. This game takes from one too two hours to play depending on the amount of players in the game. Many of you have seen this game in action. Let me also say that all wives can also partisapate in the game. This has been a request by most of the members to hold this Christmas party again. We did not hold it last year. So you lovely ladies get out your lovely party gown and pretty up for Santa. Also dont forget to bring the camers and get your pictures.

B O O K S :

We still have over 250 books in our library that can be had 10 for \$11. All these books refer to TVism. Send for a list. #4

S P C I A L T H A N K S D E P A R T M E N T

Our special thanks to R.P., Buffalo, N.Y., for the extra dollars and Dennis [REDACTED], R.D.#1 Box 11, Pattersonvill N.Y. 12137, for the extra stamps they have sent to keep our paper and club going.

A D D R E S S :

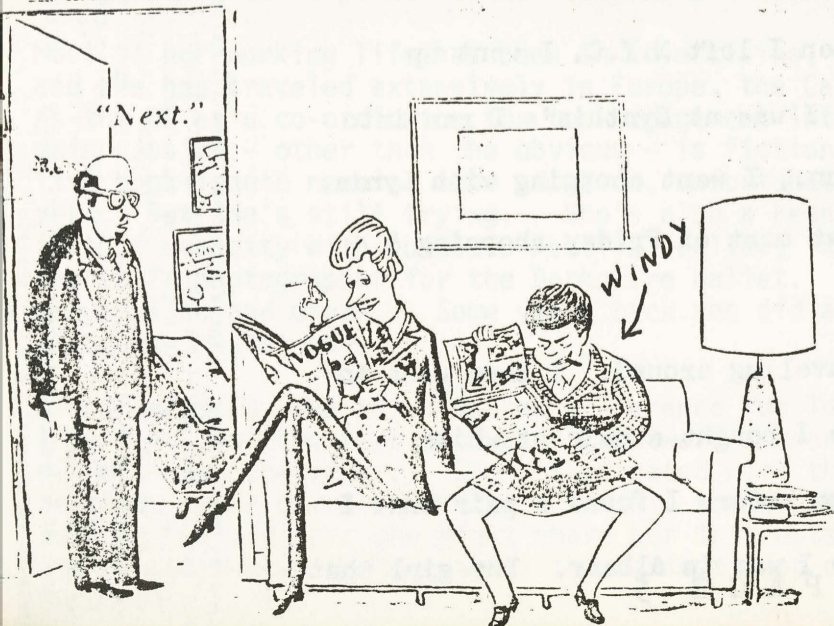
In the new listing sent out last month please remove the adress of Gae Tan Gour of Longueville, Canada from your list. This was an erro. She does not wish to receive correspondence. I am not perfect, so please contact me if you see i have made a mistake and it will be correct.

Happy Birthday Girls

Birthdays during November include Arlene A [REDACTED], 2nd. - Jack g [REDACTED], 8th. Paula D [REDACTED], 10th. - Helen R [REDACTED] 17th. - Michelle B [REDACTED] 22nd. - Leslie Q [REDACTED] 24th. It is always nice to receive a birthday or wedding Anversery card. So anyone else who may have been omitted please let me know your birthday. This will be a monthly entry from now on as it has been requested. You all have the adress of these girls. Also a very HAPPY ANIVERSERY TO MR & MRS JANETTE Mc COMB on NOV, 22nd.



Jim Bailey (l.), doing his imitation of Phyllis Diller, steps out with Lucille Ball on Lucy's CBS comedy program Monday night at 9.



Letters to the editor

HOW I SPENT MY VACATION

I got real brave. For I have only been out of the closet for about a year and a half.

The day I started my vacation I went to a Great Lengths Store, and had finger nails put on. Then I went to a Beauty Parlor and had a permanent. After I finished here I went home and packed for my vacation.

The next morning I got up and had a hot bubble bath. Then I shaved real close. After this I got dressed and put my makeup on. Then I took my luggage out and put it in my truck. (This was the first time I ever left my apartment in broad daylight dressed.)

When I was ready I got in and started out on the most beautiful 2 weeks vacation any body could ever have.

My wardrobe for my vacation consisted of all female clothing except a pair of trousers, a shirt, a pair of socks & shoes for my male self. I had planned on wearing these one day, and this was the only time I had male clothing on during the whole 2 weeks.

To start with I only went about 70 miles the first day. To try out getting a room and meals as Frances. I ran into no difficulties at all. While I was at my first stop I visited Lee Swanson up in Niagra Falls.

In all I traveled about 1800 miles dressed, and I never felt better. When ever I went into a Motel or Restaurant, they would ask: Could I help you mam? It felt real nice to be called 'mam'.

I will tell you how I keep my beard from showing. When I got up in the morning, I would shave real close. Then I would put my makeup on. I would try to check into a motel within 6 hrs. Before I went to dinner at night I would take my makeup off then shave again. Then I would put on a nice evening dress and go out to dinner.

I visited Karen & Pat in New Jersey for an evening. Then I went to New York City. I spent about 5 hrs there. When I left N.Y.C. I went up to Conn. and visited Cynthia and Sonya. While I was at Cynthia's I ran into Lynda & Peggy from Toronto. While I was in Conn., I went shopping with Lynda, Peggy & Sonya. (Cynthia had to work.) We spent most of Friday shopping & walking around Westport, Conn.

After I left there I did a little more traveling around. I then went to Albany for a couple of days. While I was there I bought a pair of white sandals. The salesman tried about 6 pairs on me before I found a pair that I liked. I also had my hair washed and set while I was in Albany. The girl that



7. Black Patent Leather Shoes and Handbag. At one time, these were limited to spring and summer but we've changed all that. Good patent leather slippers bring a dressy air to any costume at all seasons of the year, and with them should go a black patent leather handbag. They are an invaluable team.

An Army woman, Spec. 4 Marie Sode, has been discharged from the WAC's for marrying Kristian von Hoffburg, a pre-operative female to male transsexual. Spec. 4 Sode was accused of "homosexual tendencies," a trait which the Army said "seriously impairs the discipline, good order, morale and security of a military unit." The Army decided to discharge Sode who was said to be on the basis that von Hoffburg had yet to achieve surgical sex reassignment and was therefore still a biological female when Spec. 4 Sode and von Hoffburg married. The Army insisted that this comprised a homosexual relationship. Dr. Paul Walker, Director, The Gender Clinic, University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston, testified in the Sode case that at the Army hearing, explaining the difference between homosexuality and transsexuals.

Letters to the editor

CONT. P. 4
2

arked on me thought I was a woman until she put the apron around my neck and brushed my cheek with her hand. You couldn't see my beard but you could feel it. She didn't say a thing. All she said was how would you like your hair set?

When I left Albany, I went up to Wilma's Island for a couple of days. The first day we didn't do anything. The second day was the only day I wore male clothing in the whole 2 weeks. I helped Wilma with some carpentry work. This spot was so peaceful & quiet I could live there all of the time.

I also stopped in Rome, N.Y. and visited with Elanda. We had a very nice visit.

After I left Elanda's I stopped in Syracuse, N.Y. and visited with Kathy. While I was in Syracuse I did some shopping. I bought 3 dresses. The sales girl asked me if I would like to try them on. This was the first time I ever went into a store dressed and bought some dresses. It felt good to be able to try them on without question.

I am home now. I didn't have any trouble while I was on vacation. I got staired at a few times but nobody said anything.

When I got off of the Thruway by my home I stopped at a supermarket and did some shopping so I would have some groceries at home. This was another first for me. It was the first time I ever went in a store anywhere near my home dressed.

Like I said at the start of this biography of my vacation - These were the most beautiful 2 weeks a girl could ever have.

TVIC ALBANY. A MEMBER PROFILE

Frances from Henrietta, N.Y.

P.M. Deacon, otherwise known as Paula De [redacted] lives in Lanesborough, Mass., and describes herself as a TG (as defined by Virginia Prince.) Born in London, England, she has been living in the US for 16 years variously in Boston, Hoosick Falls NY and Beaver Falls, Pa. By profession she is a sales rep for a steel company and travels extensively throughout the New England states. She also does some moonlighting here and there which helps her to maintain her wardrobe.

Most of her working life has been in advertising, sales promotion and public relations and she has traveled extensively in Europe, the Caribbean and South America as well as the US as a co-ordinator for top-management international business meetings. Her main passion - other than the obvious - is fiction-writing and to date she has completed five book-length novels, none of which, unfortunately have found a kindly publisher as yet! But she's still trying. She's also a keen amateur photographer and has worked in this capacity with London's Festival Ballet, "Road & Track" magazine and is currently the staff photographer for the Berkshire Ballet. She's also very fond of music and plays piano and organ. Some years back she did a stint as a pianist in a night-spot in London's West End.

A dedicated TG, she has a marked preference for looking brassy, rather than demure and ladylike, claiming that each girl's outward appearance should be the visible projection of her inner character. She's fascinated with the occult and is currently reported to be studying to become a witch. In this regard she would be more than happy to correspond with any others who might share her interests. She'll send you a breezy letter and an outrageous photograph at the veriest drop of a hat. Her address is Box 99 in Lanesborough, Mass. 01237.

On June 29 a California inmate at Vacaville married a transsexual, Katherine Anne Marlowe Bies. Ms. Bies, 50, formerly known as Kenneth Marlowe (Mr. Madame) married Robert Lonnie Barnes, a 29-year-old convicted murderer. They had met two years earlier when Ms. Bies was lecturing on transsexualism at San Quentin Prison. Prison officials approved the marriage after a check of Stanford Medical Center records indicated Ms. Bies had sex reassignment surgery in 1973.

Letters to the editor

Dear Micheline,

In reply to the question you raised in the June issue of the TVIC journal, I, too, feel alone quite a bit of the time. I enjoy feeling feminine and pretty and dress as often as I can, no matter what season of the year it is. I look for any opportunity to dress, be seen and appreciated, and to let the other half of my personality come to the surface. Unfortunately, these opportunities are too few and far between for reasons I'll outline below.

Many Tvs are married and have families--this is my category also. We have responsibilities that a single person does not have. In order to fulfill these, it is necessary to use time accordingly. Summer is the time for family vacations--the kids are out of school. My own situation is this; I spend as much time with my boys as possible. They're six and four years old--an age when impressions are easily formed. I want to give them a strong masculine image to model themselves after. As much as I enjoy that portion of me that is feminine; the pain, frustration, and guilt that I carried with me for about 20 years is something that I don't want to pass on to them. I want them to know who and what they are. To do this, I have to sacrifice my own desires.

My own transvestism started, believe it or not, at the age of five or so. Adjustment to my dressing had come only within the last two years. I'm 36 now, so you can see how long I've spent in torment, not knowing whether I was a Tv, Ts, GAY, bi, or whatever. I know now that I am a male with a strongly feminine psyche. I can accept this and live with it.

Most of the conditions that are usually blamed as the causes for transvestism were present when I was an infant. I'll outline these below.

I was my mother's second of three pregnancies. The first was a stillbirth, and the third ended in miscarriage. By the time I was two years old, she was aware that I was probably the only child that she would ever have. The result was that I was literally smothered with love and affection. She was doing what her natural maternal instincts were telling her to do--there's no way I can blame her at all.

In addition, my mother was under medication during the time she was pregnant with me. She was on thyroid extract, under her doctor's orders. I was born long and stringy--what other effects this had on my development are unknown. It is possible that I received a large dose of female hormones before my birth. This may have been a contributing factor.

My birth date was in late 1940. My father worked in a defense plant in Flint, and if I recall correctly, worked many hours of overtime during the the war. He may have been absent at just the time that I needed a male model. Again, I can't blame him, it was just the world situation at the time.

Still in regard to my relationship with my father, I can still remember being terrified of him. There is no apparent reason for my fright--I now realize that my father is one of the most considerate and gentle persons that I've ever met--anywhere. On top of this, I recall that his beard and suit scratched me whenever he would hold me. By contrast, women seemed to be softer, warmer, and the fabric of their clothing didn't irritate me.

My peer group, before I started school, was nearly all feminine. There happened to be few boys in the neighborhood; the boys that did live there were considerably younger or older than I was. As I grew older, I always felt uncomfortable in groups of men. It didn't matter what kind of a group it was, boy scouts, football or baseball teams, car clubs, army formations, stag parties, or whatever, I always felt out of place and that I didn't really belong there. One-on-one situations were a little better, but extremely "macho" individuals did (and still do) make me feel very uncomfortable. Even though the chatter has sometimes bored me, I have always felt less threatened by female company.

Sissy
 MY young brother was asked at school where he was born and he said "with my Mom."
 When his father asked him why he had said such a thing the boy replied: "If I said I was born in a women's ward, the other guys would think I was a sissy."
 - Alan and Sandie Petzet, quoted by

A young couple and their 15-month-old son were dining in a Chinese restaurant. The baby was in a good mood and was babbling away in his own language. And the proud parents thought it was very clever of him--until the waiter showed up with two more orders of Egg Foo Yong.
 - Alan and Sandie Petzet, quoted by

VICTOR BORGE says the boating fad has overcrowded the waterways: "It's strange to go sailing in the Atlantic Ocean and see a sign: 'No U TURN.'"
 -Earl Wilson, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

Our family had long recognized that my aunt was a very competent housekeeper, but we didn't realize to what lengths she would go to perform her tasks. When severe flooding caused prolonged power failure in her area, she calmly proceeded to prepare my uncle his usual hearty breakfast of bacon, potatoes and eggs--using his blowtorch.

A farm kid was eating watermelon out in the patch and swallowed a seed. This scared him so badly he ran into the village and sought out the doctor. "I've swallowed a watermelon seed... will you have to operate?" asked the kid. "No," laughed the doctor, "Just forget it... nothing will happen." The kid thought a minute and then said, "I wouldn't be too sure. My sister, Agatha said she swallowed one, and you should see what it did to her!"

These are the reasons that I feel have made me a transvest-
Now that I have learned to accept it and enjoy it I feel re-
lieved and free to be myself.

Please give my love to all the girls in Albany on your next
visit. You have my permission to show this letter to any of them.
If Wilma would like to publish the letter (I know that she is in-
terested in the reasons why a person becomes a Tv) in an upcoming
Tvic Journal, she has my permission to print all or parts of it.

MAILING ADDRESS:

Best wishes always,

Crossroads Chapter
P.O.Box 3013
Flint, Mich, 48502

Jack B.

The recently married gentleman
came home from a day at the
office to find his young wife
stretched out languorously on the
sofa, dressed in a revealing neg-
ligee. "Guess what I've got plan-
ned for dinner," she cooed
seductively. "And don't tell me
you had it for lunch!"

Dear Wilma: and HELEN:

I thank both of you for such a wonderful time at your September party. Both
I and my wife enjoyed ourselves very very much. Again thank you. You know,
I have never been to a TV party in my life and was a little apperhensive going
to your house, but everything worked out very well and I can not wait to be
back in your wonderful house again. LOVE, GLORIA
G. MACK, [redacted], WILTON, CONN. 06897

Dear Wilma.

I suddenly find myself looking objectively at my own life, what I do, how
I live. I tell you, if I had not done all the things I did I would not be-
lieve it. I do not know what to call myself anymore, certainly not a man,
never a woman. I prefer to be called an Androgyne. Thats what I am physocially
and mentally. Lets put it this way: I was born a male and now I am literally
inbetween. I have the goodies females have upstairs and the ones males have
downstairs. This is the result of lying, forging a prescription for certain
chemicals wich act in a nice way upon the body. Now to-day - I do not dare
go in swimming or go to theoffice without a jacket, I am now inbetween two worlds.
I wish that I could be either one or the other - not half of each. Least I
say for the TV that thinks he needs these real breast - please think twice before
you take these pills. If you are going all the way OK, but if not stay the
hall off them. JEAN A. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Dear Wilma:

It is always nice to get a personal letter from you along with the TVIC
Journal wich I always enjoy so much. Our first meeting was what I consider
a big success with 11 TVs and 2 GGs attending. We had a really great time and
I am sure every one loved and enjoyed the event. Thanks for sending out my in-
vitation letters and above all your help. I do not know just when I will be
able to send you some pictures, But I will one of these days. I am really
enjoying my retirement since May 1st. and am dressing much more but I agree
with you I have, it seems, lesstime to get things done, than what I thought I
would have. I still have hopes that you and Helen will be able to attend
one of our meetings. Love, JULIA.
H.S. LA FAYE, [redacted] AKRON, OHIO. 44313

A man went into the
grocery store and asked
for toilet paper. "We
have green, white, yel-
low and pink," said the
grocer. "Which color do
you prefer?" The man
said, "Just give me the
white... I'll color it my-
self."

"Wait until they discover we're the two
female impersonators from the variety
show."



← SUSSANE M.



The income tax people will
make it very easy for us next
year. The farm will only have
two lines: (1) How much did
you make in 1973? (2) Send it.

The husband was primping
in the mirror before leaving
for his big speech. "I wonder
how many great men there
are in the world?" he mused.
"One less than you think,"
said his wife.

This tycoon was no lady

ABOUT THE ONLY things missing when the revolutionary \$2,000 Dale motor car was introduced were the roll of drums, the blare of trumpets.

Elizabeth Carmichael, president of the 20th Century Motor Car Corp. which was to manufacture the Dale, could have supplied those, too, but with her personality such flourishes would have been superfluous.

Pride ringing in her voice, she said that the Dale was the safest car ever built, that it got 70 miles to the gallon and that it would put Detroit on its back with it wheels spinning.

This was in Encino, Calif., in November, 1974. Reporters interviewed her, inspected the sleek Dale and went away to write admiring stories of the new female Henry Ford and her product.

Like her ambitions, Elizabeth Carmichael was built on the grand scale. A buxom six feet, she had a voice that could be heard clearly across the busiest assembly line.

"My purpose," she said, "is to build a corporation that will be the biggest in the world ... I want to rule the world. Sure, I want to be a billionaire but I really want the power."

Early in 1975, she said, she would start manufacturing the two-passenger, three-wheel Dale, the five passenger Revelle, priced at \$2,500, and the eight-passenger Vanagon, which would cost \$2,850. By the end of 1975, she expected to have produced 88,000 cars while Ford and General Motors staggered towards the bankruptcy courts.

How on earth could she do it, this tough-talking, aggressive admirer of Howard Hughes and Ayn Rand?

She was prepared to reveal one of her secrets. It was the plastic from which her car bodies would be stamped. The result of a secret formula, it was nine times stronger than steel, she said, and could withstand an impact at 50 m.p.h.

She liked to jump up and down on a piece of this incredible plastic to demonstrate how tough it was.

Watching her beating a piece of the plastic on her desk, her vice president for communications, Marvin Cantz, said, "Don't get carried away, Liz. It's not too ladylike." He was laughing.

"Listen," she replied, "after I get to be a billionaire I'll act like a lady."

Then, sitting in her luxurious office, she got down to business. She would not rely on Detroit for parts, she said, because Detroit would try to destroy her. She had her own suppliers, one domestic and two foreign.

She was signing up distributors, including a Japanese firm, and expected to reach a total of 1,110 around the world. She was forming subsidiary corporations, one to manufacture and market the incredible plastic, another to make toys from it and another to handle security problems.

She had the money, \$30 million "in green, not credit," from investors who were clamoring to hitch their wagons to her Dale.

JUST WHO was this female tycoon? She said she was raised on an Indiana farm where she introduced herself to engineering by tearing down tractor engines. She earned a master's degree in business administration from the University of Miami and her mechanical-engineering degree from Ohio State, she said.

Her husband had died in 1966, leaving her with two children. She had adopted three more.

Now she was ready to take on the giants of Detroit and they'd better look out.

Stories about the dynamic auto manufacturer began to appear in newspapers around the world. The National Observer carried an admiring article on its front page. The Atlanta Constitution closed its story with a supportive, "Good luck, Mrs. Carmichael." Even readers of the Bangkok Post were told about the glorious future of the Dale auto.

A couple of months later, Mrs. Carmichael moved her firm to Dallas, Tex. She claimed that California authorities were harassing her and so she had shifted to the "friendlier business climate" of Texas where they understand that genius needs elbow room and freedom from bureaucratic hassles.

With her children and sister-in-law, Vivian Barrett, she rented a new, \$60,000 home in North Dallas, taking an option to buy. She took over a plant in which the Dale would be manufactured.

She announced that she would be hiring up to 9,000 workers and eventually would make Dallas the auto capital of the country. She said that options on new cars were selling through dealers in 30 states.

It's easy to recognize a homeowner. He's always coming out of a hardware store.

These customers and dealers did not know the real reason Mrs. Carmichael complained of harassment in California. In fact, in September 1974, even before the newspapers had carried her inspiring story, the California State Corporations Department had issued a cease-and-refrain order on the grounds that Mrs. Carmichael didn't have authority to sell stock in the state.

The following January, one of her employees,

promotion man William Miller, was found dead in his Los Angeles office with five bullet holes in his head. It was discovered that both the victim and the accused killer, former employe Jack Oliver, were alumnae of San Quentin.

The Corporations Department claimed that a murder contract had been put out on its investigator, Bill Montgomery, and that the killing had resulted from an argument between Miller and Oliver over who would fulfill the contract.

In Dallas, a model of the Dale was flown in from California for a demonstration. The car broke down. Mrs. Carmichael claimed it had been damaged in transit.

Shortly afterwards, Dallas authorities obtained an order forbidding any further sales efforts on the part of the company. When company representatives went to court to fight the order they found that 20th Century's new engineer, John Power, had turned state's evidence, testifying against his employers.

He said that the Dale merely consisted of parts of a Volkswagen and a Datsun and that the incredibly strong plastic was nothing more than Plexiglass.

Another witness, Post Office investigator Al Teel, testified that 20th Century had no machinery in its California plant and that a company claim that baseball player Johnny Bench was a million-dollar investor was false.

Immediately after the hearing, criminal charges of conspiracy were filed against Mrs. Carmichael and nine of her associates. But when sheriff's deputies arrived at her home with warrants, she had vanished. She was named a fugitive from justice.

Investigators went through her Dallas home and found some items that immediately raised further questions. They were heavily padded bras, wigs and other equipment sometimes used by female impersonators.

What was going on?

Also, as the investigation spread, more questions about Mrs. Carmichael's background emerged.

People in Mooresville, Ind., where Mrs. Carmichael said she had been raised, disclaimed all knowledge of her. At the two universities where she said she earned degrees there was no record of her graduation.

Finally, Capt. John Driscoll, of the Dallas Police Department's intelligence section, supplied some an-

swers. He said that Mrs. Carmichael was not exactly what she seemed.

Indeed, he said that she was a he. Driscoll revealed that Mrs. Carmichael had been identified as Jerry Dean Michael, 37, a Florida male who had been eluding authorities for 13 years. Michael was wanted in Los Angeles on counterfeiting charges.

The captain said it would be difficult to catch Michael because of his ability to disguise himself and switch to new identities. Four days later, however, Jerry Dean Michael, a.k.a. Mrs. Elizabeth Carmichael, was grabbed by FBI agents in Miami.

He was wearing a woman's pink outfit when spotted crawling through a window into his house.

Inside the house were his five children and sister-in-law Vivian Barrett, who turned out to be Jerry Dean Michael's wife. The confusion over Michael's sexual identity and its effect on the children could be imagined.

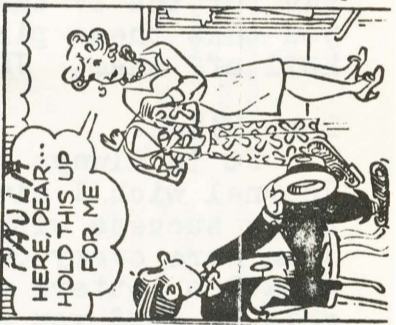
INTERVIEWED in the Dade County Jail, Michael said he had started taking female-hormone treatments six years earlier and had undergone a sex change operation in Mexico which had left him somewhere between the two sexes.

His wife commented staunchly, "He's as good a mother as he was a father."

Although there might be doubt about Michael's sex, he would allow no such doubt in the matter of the wonder car. "It would have made me the next Henry Ford," he said. "I postponed the last sex operation for it."

After extradition to California, Michael was charged with conspiracy, grand theft and state securities law violations. Charges against his wife were later dismissed.

The trial began in June 1976, and lasted until January this year when Michael and three officers of his firm were convicted on the conspiracy and theft charges.



..Certifying Sex Change

Des Moines, Feb. 13 (AP) — Iowans who have their sex changed surgically will be entitled to new birth certificates under legislation signed into law yesterday by Gov. Robert Ray.

On April 8, Michael was fined \$30,000 and sentenced to state prison, which meant that under the new determinate sentencing law he would spend about 20 months behind bars. His attorney, Joseph Shemaria, argued unsuccessfully that because of his client's sexual transference Michael would be attacked whether put in a male or female prison.

Michael was sent to a men's prison and Ford and General Motors rested easy at last.