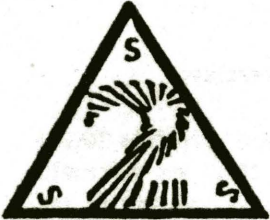


our Special JOY



Tri-Ess Sorority



METROPOLITAN

***** CHI DELTA MU *****
 Vol. IV, No. 1 CHAPTER January, 1984

Happy New Year

Treasurer's Report *****

Opening Cash Balance (12/1)	\$434.22
Receipts	
Meeting Fees	170.00
Dues	10.00
Contributions	5.00
Total	185.00
Expenses	
Motel	100.00
Refreshments	47.47
Newsletter/Postage	97.72
Total	245.19
Ending Cash Balance (12/31)	<u>\$374.83</u>

Thanks, Josephine, for your dues renewal, and to Diane for her contribution to the Treasury.

The President's Corner *****

...I hope that everyone's holidays were happy, and I personally want to wish everyone a Happy New Year...Mary Jane has asked me to write something for the new column she is calling "The President's Corner" in OUR SPECIAL JOY. I believe that she thinks that when I became President of CHI DELTA MU, that this somehow miraculously made me a prolific writer. I hate to disappoint her, for I wish it were true, but I am sorry to say it is not. However, being undaunted, so far anyway, I will try putting pen to paper, and give you my opinions on our Chapter's direction and the challenging new year facing us.

...I'm probably just as guilty as any of our Sisters in saying, "I wonder what the next meeting is going to be about?" The main reason we joined TRI-ESS, and our Chapter, is firstly to better understand ourselves, secondly to meet others like ourselves who have the desire to crossdress, and thirdly to learn and to improve our self-image in order to obtain the confidence that we need.

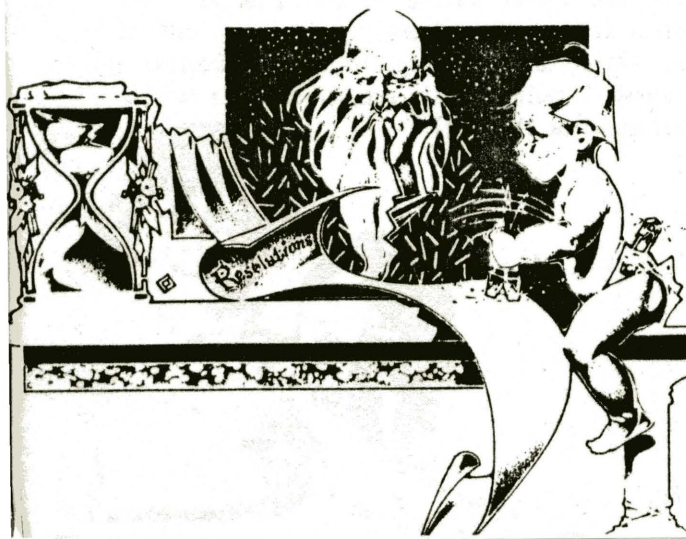
...Now, the first two years of CHI DELTA MU was spent in an effort of organization, finding meeting spots, seeking new members, lining-up speakers to come to our meeting to talk to us, so that we could learn, and meet one another, and truly strengthen the bond that we have with each other...We have had our ups and downs, but I think we have a good Chapter, now over fifty in number. That's not bad!

...But now is the time; we can no longer afford to sit back and ask, "What's the next meeting going to be about?" Instead of asking what my Chapter can do for me, we MUST ask, "what can I do for my Chapter?" Now, I know these words have been spoken before. But they were true then, and they are most certainly true now.

...Any organization is only as good as the members who participate actively, and who show a sincere interest in its future. To sit back and do nothing is not being a good member. To take part and to accomplish a task will reward you immeasurably, and give you a sense of pride that you have done something to further our cause. Don't wait to be asked. "Volunteer".

...Look for some way that will help our Chapter. Like I said, it takes ALL of us, pulling together to make our Chapter work...So, I want to see a WHOLE BUNCH of new ideas coming from YOU. I expect to see a lot of input and participation. I believe that we have the potential of becoming the top Chapter in the country. But we need YOU to help!

...Thank you, stay well, and "keep your powder dry"...Patricia, CT-8 6.



Dear Readers,

A few months ago I suggested to your Editor, Mary Jane, that members' true stories of their earliest recollections of crossdressing might be of interest to the general readership. The subject had caught my interest ever since I started reading some of the biographies in our Chi Delta Mu Library. Of course, those biographies are of transsexuals and not heterosexual transvestites. So much of the literature available on transvestism is fictional and quite trashy. If we want quality TV themes, we will have to write them ourselves.

If you would like to share the story of your early life, please write it down in a letter and send it to Don Williams, Drawer R, Valley Cottage, NY 10989. I will write it up on my word processor. This will relieve Mary Jane of the chore of typing it.

As a start, I submit the following true story.

Sincerely,
Edith Marie

Oh, how I wish I had saved those photographs!

Shortly after graduating from engineering school and marrying my childhood sweetheart, I started my professional career with a small firm of about three hundred employees. The company was quite people-oriented and published a monthly employees' magazine of rather excellent quality. The employees were encouraged to write articles for the magazine and they had several "columns" describing the happenings at each factory location. For one of the periodic human interest features the employees were invited to submit photographs of themselves as infants or young children. A photo, along with a few cryptic clues, would be printed each month and the readers would be challenged to "Guess Who". It was then that I recalled, with great regret, having angrily destroyed some old photographs.

For many years our family album had several pictures of a very pretty little four-year old with long curly blonde hair tied with a bow. The Shirley Temple look-alike was dressed in a frilly white dress with tiny flowers printed on it. The dress had short, puffed sleeves, plenty of white lace at the neck, sleeve cuffs and hem and was tied with a satin sash. The hair bow and the sash were pink, I believe, but of course the colors did not show in the black and white snapshots. White knee-high stockings and black "Mary

Jane" shoes completed the stylish ensemble.

There was only one thing wrong with this lovely vision of budding femininity. The child was extremely unhappy. A very sad look in the eyes and pout on the lips signalled tears recently stemmed or about to flood. Upon first seeing the photographs, people, especially women, were moved to say, "What an adorable child. I want to hold her, hug her and kiss her to drive away the hurt." My co-workers would never, never in a hundred years, guess that the photos were of me!

I can't really claim to remember posing for the photographs. I do remember, however, that my mother's close friend and her daughter visited us that day. The friend's daughter was the same size as me, but she had straight black hair in a short "Page Boy" style. The two adults thought it would be a good idea for the children to dress in each other's clothes. Having accomplished that, what better way to commemorate the occasion than by taking photographs? The girl, dressed in my sunsuit, was not as upset as I was and probably forgot all about the incident shortly thereafter. I am sure I would have forgotten about it, too, but the photos were ever-present reminders.

I very clearly remember my embarrassment every time the family album was brought out of the dining room buffet drawer for friends and relatives to see. My older brother would gleefully make sure that the pages showing Donald as a girl would not escape careful and mirthful scrutiny by all the adults and children who visited us. It was bad enough having my aunts and uncles in on "the secret", but when my cousins and, especially, the kids from our neighborhood, joined in on the fun, it was very hard indeed for me to contain my mortification. One day, when I was about ten years old, I yanked the photos out of the album and tore them to shreds. I never did find out what became of the negatives. Of course, by the time I reached my late twenties I could look back, from the perspective afforded by maturity, and laugh at myself and regret having destroyed the pictures. But, alas, at ten years of age, my situation was no laughing matter to me. How could I have foreseen a future where I would not only accept, but even cherish this incident from the past?



The earliest event that I can remember is being taken to the hospital at two years and two months of age to have my burst appendix removed. I remember the pain. I remember the doorway of the doctor's office and I remember the doctor poking at my abdomen. He was putting in and taking out rectangular strips of gauze in various colors: blue, pink, yellow and white.

The next thing I can remember is Kindergarten. My teacher was Miss Weberpauls (and I'll let you guess what her nickname was) and I recall her making me stand behind the upright piano as punishment for some infraction of classroom etiquette. I have a talent for music and I often wonder if I should thank Miss Weberpauls for it.

My Mom and Dad were married late in life. My brother was born two and a half years before me and I guess I was my Mother's last chance at childbirth because she was thirty nine when I was born. I can remember her occasionally saying that I "should have been a girl", but she never said it in a regretful way. She did not treat me as a girl and she never made me feel sorry that I was a boy. She used to derive much pleasure from fussing over my golden blonde curly locks, saying that she wished she had such manageable hair. She delayed my first visit to the barber until shortly before I entered Kindergarten. I would play in the front yard and passersby would often mistake me for a girl. If they ever stopped to speak to me as a girl, I guess I must have given them some fresh boy-type backtalk because I can remember my Mother telling me in later years that a lady once rang the doorbell and said that I had stuck my tongue out at her. My Mom had been a professional dressmaker with a famous New York fashion designer before she married my Dad and she always wanted a daughter so that she could make pretty clothes for her. I remember her saying one time that, if I had been born a girl, my name would have been "Elizabeth". But, I was all boy, getting into more than my share of fights and scrapes in the neighborhood and often limping home with a bloody wound, black eye or broken bone.

Except for the appendectomy, the time before age five is a vast, dark void in my memory. I understand that there are therapeutic techniques using hypnotism through which a person is able to recall minute details of his very early childhood. I would like, some day, to explore that dark region because it must have been during that time when the seeds of my intense life-long interest in feminine clothing were sown.



Thank you Edith Marie (NY-319-W) for your contribution to this column and also your offer to type the column for me. That's a big help! We haven't titled the column, so why not make up your own. The experiences of your Sisters may just contain the answers for someone who is looking for answers, so please help!



CHI DELTA MU CHAPTER

TABLE 1: Receipts & Expenses

xx

Item Description	1982	1983
Receipts		
Membership Dues	348.00	400.00
Contributions	102.68	194.00
Meeting Fees	720.00	1310.00
Book Auction	22.00	-
Interest	9.08	-
TOTAL	1193.68	1904.00
Expenses		
Postage/OSJ	184.05	439.56
Refreshments	321.16	448.40
Motel	457.13	898.98
Advertising	-	30.00
Prior Yr.	-	12.54
Hostess Gift	5.00	-
Book Purchase	17.83	-
TOTAL	985.17	1829.48
Difference	208.51	74.52

TABLE 2: Treasury Surplus

xx

Item Description	1981	1982	1983
Receipts	131.00	1193.68	1904.00
Expenses	20.00	985.17	1829.48
Surplus *	91.00	208.51	74.52

* Total Closing Balance 12/31/83: 374.03
 Total Opening Balance 1/1/84: 374.03

1981 surplus: 91.00
 1982 surplus: 208.51
 1983 surplus: 74.52

 total applied _____
 to 1984 374.03

TABLE 3: Meeting Cost/Attendee

xx

Item Description	1982	1983
Motel	457.13	898.98
Refreshments	321.16	448.40
Hostess Gift	5.00	-
Total	783.29	1347.38
Paid Meeting Fees	720.00	1310.00
Paid Attendees	78*	131
Meeting Cost/ Paid Attendee	9.23	10.29

* January & March Meeting Fees were then \$5.00

TABLE 4: Chapter Meetings

xx

1982	9
1983	9

TABLE 5: Chapter Membership

xx

Area	1981	1982	1983
NY	4	20	30
NJ	2	9	18
CT	1	1	3
PA	0	0	1
Other U.S.	0	0	2
Out of U.S.	0	2	2
Total	7	32	56

TABLE 6: Paid Meeting Attendance

xx

Month	1982	1983
January	5	17
March	7	14
April	8	12
May	10	9
June	9	8
September	8	16
October	11	18
November	12	20
December	8	17
Total	78	131



DECEMBER HOLIDAY PARTY & MEETING.....(left to right): Karen, Jane, Marlene, Eileen & wife Priscilla, Jenny, Janice, Yvonne, Vikki, Renata Lee, Camile, Mary Jane, Dorothy & wife Bev, Lisa, JoAnne, and Frances. Kneeling: John/Jana. (Photo: Karen)

Meetings

Our January 14th meeting will be in Westchester, and we ask that you notify your GAL by the Tuesday prior to the meeting if you are planning on attending our meeting (January 10th). Remember, we meet on the second Saturday of each month, the meeting fee is \$10, and there is never a charge for your wife or girlfriend. Our program for the coming months has not been developed by Jana yet, but there should be enough business matters to discuss at the January meeting to keep us busy.

Publicity

I spoke with Eileen tonight (12/28), and she will be contacting David Susskind tomorrow about the show. More to follow at the January meeting.

Library

Contact your Librarian, Edith Marie, as follows: Don Williams, Draw R, Valley Cottage, N.Y. 10989.



"My Harry is so nearsighted that he can't see that the Jones' boy is at it again."

from O. S. J., February, 1982

Reflecting the Feminine

Remember the new Directory which Carol B. is now preparing!



Tri-Ess Sorority

Our Readers Write

"...Just a quick note to confirm that I will not be rejoining TRI-ESS for the coming year. I assure you that my reasons are personal and not a reflection on the organization. By the way, I agree that all Chapter members should also belong to the National organization...I am impressed with the progress you are making and the obvious effort you are investing in making it all happen. The work accomplished by the Chapter and the publicity ENGENDERED (you can use this one if you wish), can lead to greater understanding of our dilemma in leading our daily lives...The dilemma is particularly difficult for those of us who are single and unattached. If we are heterosexual (can the term be defined accurately?), then our drives are continually in conflict. We desire the love and companionship of the opposite sex, and indeed, we seek it out constantly in nearly every facet of our existence. Yet, we often restrict ourselves from the goal by turning to our other selves. It's an escape we know we'll enjoy, but it does not help us on our primal path...In my view, the organization's best focus is on those of us who are married or have a permanent relationship of some kind. With the help of an understanding wife or girlfriend, the outlet offered by the organization should be invaluable in assisting us in 'tracking' through our 'normal' lives and coping with the anxieties occasioned by our other selves...You'll probably hear from me again." Carole Ann, NY N.

"...This letter has taken some time to write, because I am a new member of TRI-ESS. I have finally sat down and wrote it because it has weighed on my mind for some time...I have recently become a member and attended my first meeting of TRI-ESS. I was filled with the expectation and fears. What I saw at this meeting were very disappointing...Let me tell a little of myself so that you'll know me better and not think this letter is just sour grapes...I have been a TV for as long as I can remember. It started with my mothers' clothing and now I am lucky to have my own wardrobe. I dressed when I could, even skipping school to stay home and dress, all the while not knowing why I wanted to do what I did. When I was seventeen I joined the Marine Corps to prove I was a man. I even went so far as to get tatoored. An act which I now regret very much. I thought it was over, but when I came home on leave, I still had to try on the clothes. When I was 21 I got married for the first time. I did not tell her of my desires. It eventually came out and at first she tolerated it, but it soon helped in breaking up the marriage. It was during this marriage I found out I had a name for what I felt. I also found out there was an organization for those who were like me, but I did not join at this time. After being alone for a while, I soon met a girl whom I started dating. One day she asked me what

broke up my marriage and I took the courage and told her. She soon saw me dressed and said it was OK with her. We then moved in together. Things were fine and it was now that I joined Phi Pi Epsilon. We went to several meetings together and she seemed to like them. She also seemed to accept what I am. But soon things came to an end. I found out it was all just a game to her. To say I felt hurt and betrayed is mild. I recovered and lived alone again...After a while I met a girl with whom I fell in love with. Like the others, I did not tell her in the beginning. It couldn't stay hidden long and she found out. She tolerated it at first but she soon began to hate both my dressing and me. Naturally, our marriage could not last long this way and it soon broke up. I even stopped dressing to try and save the marriage, but it was no good. Unfortunately for me I also lost all contact with the organization as she had me destroy all my papers and books. Soon we went our separate ways. Again I was alone but this time with a difference. I vowed that if I were to fall in love again I would tell the girl up front about myself. She would have to accept it as well as me. Eventually I did meet a girl and I made sure I told her about me.

It was a chance and I found it hard to do because I really cared about and did not want to lose her. Boy you talk about lucky, she has accepted it a 100%. She enjoys it as much as I do. She has bought me many feminine gifts. She offers advice on make up, dress, walk, and actions. She has encouraged me to go out when I am dressed and has sat out with me on the patio of our apartment while I was dressed. She has asked all the questions and is quite satisfied with it. Soon I found myself searching for Phi Pi Epsilon again. But now it is called TRI-ESS. Soon we made contact and joined. I had my meeting with the interviewer and found that the goals were still the same...All this now brings me to the meeting. Yes, that first meeting when you are scared yet happy that it is finally happening. I came and soon met the others. They were friendly and helped to make me feel good. I soon dressed and entered the meeting room and soon others came over to welcome me. But from here on things soon fell down. Security was upmost on my mind as I hoped it was on others, but the door which was supposed to be kept locked and closed was almost constantly open. I saw several people walking by in the hallway looking in and laughing and making comments. I know the motel knows about who we were, but I felt that in a sense we were rubbing their nose in it. Almost as if people were daring people to say something about us to the motel. It seemed like a complete lack of security which scared me very much. Soon the place began filling with more people. But the strange thing about it was that most of them ignored the wives who attended. Here we are trying to get our wives or girlfriends to accept us yet we had nothing to offer them. They seemed shut out of everything. The meeting started and still nothing for the wives. No

(continued on next page)

In Case You Missed It

other wife even came over to ask my girl questions on how she felt, what she thought. It was if ALL were saying she's here so she must accept it. No one offered any help to her. If she were a borderling acceptee she would have been completely discouraged by what she heard and did not hear. She was offered no help on her fears or self doubts. The meeting would have chased any other wife away. I'm glad she accepted me before the meeting. Soon the special guest came. This person gave up their own time to help us. Yet we made them wait for us. When they started their talk, one which I wanted to hear, I was suprised and disappointed by the rudness shown by the members. They held their own little meetings and walking in and out of the room. Sometimes their voices would drown out what the speaker was saying. One person even asked a question and before receiving the answer started a conversation with the person next to him. I really felt embarrassed for the guest...All in all the meeting was very disappointing from many standpoints. It seemed as if people were only looking for a place to dress and did not care what others thought or felt. Perhaps I am looking for too much from the group and it is not for me. If so I'm very disappointed. All the mail I have received and read made me think it was for me. I sure hope not. Its funny, a person asked me what I thought about the meeting and when I told them they avoided me the rest of the time I was there. It was a very sad trip home...Perhaps you won't print this letter, but if you do I apologise for the poor writing and spelling. If you do maybe it will wake up people and make the group what it says it is. Thanks for listening." (Name withheld by your Editor.)

GUARANTEED TO WORK

♂ After reading the letter from Ms. D.O. in the April issue, I would like to tell her that she is not alone in her preference for men wearing women's panties. It certainly doesn't mean that either the woman or the man has a problem. The strait-laced, conforming people are the ones with the problems: They do not know how to enjoy life or how to express themselves.

My wife, who passed away a few years ago, was a wonderful woman. The day after we were married, she insisted that I wear panties. She was very turned off by "ugly" men's underwear and thought that all men would be a lot more appealing wearing lace undies. She also suggested that I wear her frilly nightie, too, and sometimes her bra and stockings when we made love. Without a doubt, this was the greatest turn-on imaginable.

Women's clothing feels perfectly natural to me and I would really prefer to dress outwardly in it every day. But I wouldn't venture forth in public in a dress, society being what it is. I've long since, however, overcome any embarrassment about purchasing dresses or undies in stores. I don't fear having an accident and having my undies exposed, since I feel what I wear is my own business.

I guess the point of this letter is to convince the doubters that there is nothing wrong with most men who cross-dress. A few may be homosexual, but most are not.

Ladies, take my advice. If you want your man to stay home with you at night, get him to polish his toenails and get him into panties. It's guaranteed to work.

Mr. J.A.,
Pennsylvania



FORUM Magazine,
September, 1982

Thank you Carole (NY-207-5), for sending this in.

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