

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

The next meeting is December 17 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

The were about thirty four ladies at the meeting last month.

As you are probalbly already aware if you do any correspondence with Cross Port we have a new Post Office box number. Our new address is Cross Port, PO Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254-0657 or Call: Joyce at (513) 474-9557. We wish to thank everyone for thier patience because of us not getting back to them in a timely manner but there was a hold up in getting the mail transferred. Thank you for your support.

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving at Bobbi and Beverly's house. Joining Bobbi and Beverly were myself, Belinda, Cindy and Joyce. There was a lot of joviality and merriment to be had by all.

In our quest for ever more souces of clothing stores and makeup sources I have come across someone at a most unlikely venue in The Toys for Adults Show. The lady's name is Kathy Merrill [REDACTED] and she is very good with makeup and skin care technics. I have gotten a lot of make overs to try different procedures and she is very good at judging skin color and she even new ways of covering up without it looking like you were cover up.

I highly recommend going to her.

Oh and don't forget the Cross Port Christmas Party it is at this meeting December 17th. Come one come all and have a good time. Here is wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Riverside Gala Weekend

Just two weeks after the Toronto trip, Joyce was on the road again, a la Charles Kuralt, this time to Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania to attend the "Erie Sisters Riverside Gala Weekend." They didn't know what to expect, as this was their first CD convention. I was very pleasantly surprised upon my arrival. My dear friend Pamela Dresser and her committee deserve a special applause for a job well done. Thanks to all of you from all of us.



Actually the event got under way on Friday, the 20th of November, however I did not arrive till 1:30 PM on the 21st, by which time Adriene,

Cindy, and Donna from Crystal Club and Jamie Elizabeth and wife Susan, and Monica had already enjoyed an evening of fun in this rustic old rural hotel by the river. The perfect for an event such as this.

After meeting my good friend Pamela and being introduced to many of the Erie sisters, Cindy, Donna, and I drove into this little town to find a restaurant and have a bite to eat. Two places were reccommended by the hotel establishment people: Tom's Restaurant and a place called Betty's. Not being able to find Tom's, we settled for Betty's, a typical small town restaurant, plain wooden floors and old style tables and chairs. And as is the case in so many small towns, the meeting place for all the good old boys. We were greeted by a half dozen or more good old boys setting around their favorite table drinking coffee and shooting the "bull." Just to give you some idea how good-old-boys these fellows reailly were, they still had straw behind their ears and cow manure on their boots. The three of us were feeling quite confident of ourselves and that nothing drastic would become us in broad daylight, calmly walked in and took a table to one side. We each had a large open-faced pork roast sandwich and coffee (all you could drink) for the unheard of low price of three dollars and fifty cents.

Back at the hotel, seminars were in progress and the vendors were

busy. I spent the afternoon taking photos and getting acquainted with some of the forty-four guests. I noticed many young people floating around in the hotel lobby and was informed that they were having a sorority dance that same evening in another ballroom.

It was getting on in the afternoon and time to retire to our individual rooms, which were both quaint and quite unique (not having phones or televisions—note that I did not use "TV's"—as each room had one or more of those) to make ourselves our prettiest for the evening. The meal was delicious, I was served a two inch thick prime rib which covered two-thirds of the dinner platter. Now stuffed inwardly, we were entertained by Jamie P. [REDACTED] presenting "Stuffed with Love," a puppet show. Don't jump to conclusions, this was not a kids show. This was a class act with life size puppets, Dolly Parton, Whitney Houston, Glen Campbell, and Elvis, to name a few. He had Dolly dance and lip-sync to the song 9 to 5 from the movie. At times he would venture out into the audience to have the puppets give hugs and kisses to one and all. It was hilarious.

After the entertainment we retired en masse to the bar. What else! As the lounge began to fill, I noticed many of the young people coming in as their dance had ended. At first they did not seem too sure what to make of the situation, but eventually the ice was broken when several from each group got up to dance. Before long, many were dancing together and having a grand old time. They were quite curious and asked many questions. By closing time, group photos were being taken and we had made many new friends for our community as a whole. Three o'clock in the morning Cindy, Donna, and I were still talking to three young girls and a fellow. They thought it was great that we were so open about what we did and all stated that they felt we had a right to express ourselves as we felt. Great Out Reach.

I feel certain they had a lot better understanding of who and what we are. And being impressed by our conduct and mannerisms will have nice things to tell their friends and families.

This was a wonderful experience and made the long round trip well worth it. I fully intend to go back next year for the second "Riverside Gala Weekend."

Love
Joyce

A PERFECT HOLIDAY!

by: Bobbi L.

Thanksgiving this year was very special. Beverly and I had a few of our friends from Cross-Port over for the traditional feast of turkey, dressing, potatoes, cranberries, and ALL of the other STUFF that makes for the Norman Rockwell image of this harvest feast. Of course, Norman would NEVER have painted most of the folks at his table as cross-dressers (but then again what do I know? I've never seen the "Secret World of Norman Rockwell" offered anywhere).

Joyce, Elaine, Cindy, and Belinda were able to come over for, what turned out to be, the best Thanksgiving Beverly and I have ever had! Before dinner each of us had written on placecards, three things for which we were thankful. Then, in lieu of Grace, we shared with the others what those things were. It was very satisfying to be able to tell my wife and friends how grateful I am to have them in my life. In addition to that, I now want to tell ALL of my Cross-port sisters how thankful I am to have been made to feel "valid" by your warmth and openness.

After dinner, we stepped down into our basement/studio for some

portraits. I wanted to try out a new lighting arrangement. As it turned out, things didn't "develop" as I had hoped (FECAL MATTER OCCURS). Oh well, every failure leads to learning (now I TRULY understand the value of a flash meter). My apologies to my "models." We'll keep trying, ladies, until we get it right. The real shame of the loss is that EVERYONE looked so good! Joyce was as classy as ever; Elaine was stunning in her blue spandex mini-dress; Cindy is ALWAYS a cutie; and Belinda...ah, yes, Belinda! She slipped,滑, and shoe-horned her way into her black, clingy, "Catwoman" outfit for a reprise of Halloween (complete with a black leather braided whip...I could have sold a bundle of THOSE photos to the people at SPARTACUS publications).

We then retired to the multimedia entertainment room to view a rented copy of "Paris is Burning." This is the documentary about New York City's drag competitions from which Madonna stole her idea for "voguing." Prior to seeing it we were all somewhat apprehensive about the tone/attitude the film would take, being somewhat familiar with past attempts to "accurately" portray alternate lifestyles. But, it turns out, the film is, if not positive, at least objective. There is a lot of compassion in this seventy minute exposé. For those totally unfamiliar with this film, it deals with the "gangs" of gays (referred to as "Houses") in the Big Apple who "rumble" NOT by fighting, but by competing in drag balls for fame and trophies. The categories of competition include: "realness," "shading," and "voguing." The film generates many moments of insight, humor, and amazement. Eventually, the mood turns to wistfulness and even some tragedy. When it ended, we all agreed that it had been worth watching and not at all an assault on the subculture. It is available from Blockbuster Video (and I'm sure, other major video outlets).

All in all it was a wonderful holiday. Beverly and I are really

looking forward to the Cross-Port Christmas party. See you there!

LEARNING TO FLY - PART II

By Belinda

This is the first article I have ever heard of on what this is going to be about because I have never run across a transgendered person who scuba-dived. For me, it was a lifelong interest and this past early November I realized my dream of becoming a girl scuba diver.

As a six year old I remember watching a television program at my grandparents that was a kind of variety show from the '60's version of Seaworld. The camera showed the emcee standing in front of a tank containing salt water fish, a giant aquarium. Inside the tank a girl scuba diver fed the fish by hand, with her long hair billowing and flowing in the water, her movements languidly liquefied by the water.

A few years after that my family moved to a new house in the Kansas City area. Having just turned thirteen I was becoming acutely aware not only of burgeoning sexuality but of the direction I knew my life would one day take. Our basement at the house in Overland Park, Kansas was fantastic. The previous owners had been Hawaii fanatics and they'd finished the basement to look like a Hawaiian bar. There was a wet area with a locked cabinet and a thatched roof with psychedelic lights behind it, a bathroom with a sea-shell sink, bright orange and yellow sunburst tile, a small stage, a booth in the round, also with a thatched palm roof over it, and my favorite corner of the basement. They'd sectioned off the corner with a concrete lip and filled it in with sand. Aquamarine paint covered the walls and had been touched in with kelp, coral, and tentacled anemone. Fish dangled, mobile like, from wires. You can guess what young Belinda made of

this situation. She would don her mother's one-piece swimsuits or a leotard, put on a dive mask and fins and go on "scuba dives" in this ocean like part of the basement. I even went as far as to fashion a scuba tank out of cardboard and aquarium tubing for the regulator.

I don't know how many "dives" I completed but remember that I would have to do them late at night while everyone slept (in a family of six there were not many times I would be in the house alone). No one else in the family ever discovered me, either. By the time I entered sophomore year of high school, though, I abandoned the activity, instead forging through a painful attempt at conventional socializing, dating, and so on.

My memories of the basement dives and my other girl activities kept up with me for fifteen years and would surface in my dreams and in the writings I did while in college. Eventually I learned to scuba dive as boyself and even bought gear but drifted out of it.

Then, the transition. And my realization: "Wouldn't it be neat if?" Last spring I decided to follow the dream and enroll in a scuba course through a local dive shop. Got fitted for a ladie's wet suit and received books and other study material. The dive training happened in the classroom, where our teacher, Jean, would discourse about all the do's and don'ts (don't hold your breath, for example), and then we would caravan over to a country club, L-shaped pool for the practical sessions. I'll never forget that first time, where I wore my hot-pink maillot, zipped into the wet suit jacket, and donned all that gear. There were five others in the class, another girl and four guys. I quickly learned how difficult it is to "pass" underwater. For one, you cannot wear makeup, except maybe waterproof mascara (which I wore). The first time you submerge, the hairdo gets shot to hell. Finally, the cool water has a way

of accentuating that inevitable shadow that has so far escaped electrolysis. A guy divemaster accompanied us into the water and I saw that all-too-familiar confused disorientation on his face when he looked at me after we had all surfaced for the third time.

The second time we held a pool session, the warm weather brought out a pool-full of (gasp) elementary school age kids (I had thought going in that we would always hold the pool sessions in a vacant pool, after hours-WRONG!). We all know how observant, inquisitive, and vocal these brats, er...children can be. I just took a deep breath, forced a smile, and concentrated on the woman within, and went about my business setting up the gear, buddying up with the other girl in the class. The kids paddled up to us and gleefully said "Wow! You guys are going to scuba dive! Cool!" They all looked up at me, and I said "Yes, we are." Keith, the divemaster, helped by saying "Which one of you kids is the biggest and strongest?" They all bobbed up and down in the water, raising their hands and saying "Me! Me!" Keith chose one to watch all the gear on the poolside and sent the others to a different area of the pool.

We finished up with the pool sessions and I would learn I still needed to go for open water certification. At this point I'll describe briefly how I was treated, experienced, in case you're curious: Just like any other girl, I am happy to say. When Kathy and I fussed around with our gear on the poolside all the guys in the water just said "Would you girls hurry up!" In the classroom session, when Jean spoke about getting into wetsuits, she looked at Kathy and I and said "Well you know what really works, what you two can do but all the guys may feel funny about is to wear spandex workout tights, make it easier to pull the pants on and off (great judge of character, this lady). At the pool I used the lady's dressing room with discretion and without challenges and only remember one uncomfortable

moment when another dive master from the shop tagged along with us once: he was a Jan-Michael Vincent lookalike, obviously very proud of his masculinity and I caught him tossing me daggers through his eyes. Once.

Open water certifications, I was told by the shop-owner, occurred in Florida. On my birthday I signed up for the trip to dive the springs in the north part of the state. For weeks I looked forward to the event and on November 8 I climbed into a van with four others and drove south. There was Barb, the dive instructor, Bernie, a lady dive master, Butch, another dive master, Bill, who was getting his advanced open water certification, and me. Yes, we were the "B" team. With a television in the van, tapes to listen to, gameboys to play, and lively conversation to be had, the 14 hour trip passed quickly.

We arrived at Jim Hollis' River Rendezvous, a rustic resort in Mayo, Florida. Lots of spanish moss, sand, and the winding Suwannee River. While we circled through the driveways of it, I could hear "Dueling Banjos" in my head. I stayed in a room by myself at their lodge, flanked by the others on the trip. A doctor and his wife who were getting certified met us down there. The resort contained a bar with over 200 kinds of beer, a dining room with sumptuous, southern style cooking and personable service from the very informal staff, and hot tubs and steam rooms.

That Monday I would get to do my first bona-fide dive as a girl. We all loaded gear into the van for the morning ride and formed human chains to pass the heavy equipment back and forth from the trailer to the pontoon boat and then from the boat to the divesite. Very hard work. Eventually, we all got suited up and entered the water for my dream dive. The spring was a "leg" of water feeding into the Suwannee, about an acre in size. It actually looked rather like a pond but I was to discover the beauty underneath.

By the way, I hadn't ever told anyone associated with the dive or shop about my "dives" in the basement. But my exhilaration and enthusiasm showed on my face as we floated at the surface, because Barb said "Belinda you look really anxious to get down there so we'll let you go first." I hit the BC deflator button and plummeted 30 feet.

I entered a weightless world where the pristine spring water allowed for visibility of 100 feet. The spring descended to 70 feet at its deepest and rock outcroppings, cliffs, underwater flora, and huge turtles cavorted around on the bottom. We all sat in place for skills tests (on a rock ledge at 40 feet) and I was able to drink in the beauty of the scene and the experience.

We would have six different dives altogether, including one at a spring on the Florida panhandle. I passed all the skills tests, some of which were quite treacherous, such as an emergency swimming ascent from 30 feet down. Barb and I ascended together, and when we broke surface she said "Great job! You did it just like a pro." At other times during other times, she would say "You look great down there." I was severely tempted to ask "Great how? Competent, like I know what I'm doing; graceful, mermaid like with pretty kick cycles from the hip; glowing, like what the enthusiasm I feel for what I am doing is radiating from every pore; or PASSING! I just thanked her.

After the trip we returned to the frozen north and I spent the next month reliving all the pleasant memories.

Toronto Coronation

Bob, Linda and I attended the Toronto Coronation again this year on Nov. 7th. We entered Canada by way of Detroit. On the way up and as we approached customs, we discussed any

problems we might encounter, as I had decided to go fully dressed as Joyce. We never did come to any decision but decided to let the chips fall where they may. Last year I had come back fully dressed and had encountered no problems, but then I was not driving and had to answer no questions.

As we approached the customs gates, I took note of which lanes seemed to move the fastest, my thinking being that the agent would be the most lenient. Little did I know what was to follow. As I rolled down the window, I heard him ask me "Where are you from mamm?" I told him we were from Ohio and Kentucky, U.S.A. next question. "Where are you going mamm?" I told him we were going to Toronto. Then he wanted to know are intended business there. I thought for a moment then stated that we were attending a CD Convention there. With this he leaned closer and took a good look. "You are not a crossdresser, are you mamm?" Not wishing to have to explain away a lie, I said yes. Up until this point all had been very serious and business like, but at this point he broke out laughing. "Well, you sure are a Damn good one," says he. We were talking and laughing when he asked if I would mind if he called his supervisor over. I said that I had no objections. At this, a very stern looking individual approached and was introduced once informed however, he joined in the conversation and we all had a good laugh. While this was going on I could sense the displeasure and impatience mounting behind us, as our line was the only one not moving. After a good laugh and a final farewell, they both waved us through and on our way. Linda, Bob and I laughed and joked about this all the way to Toronto.

We checked in at the Holiday Inn on Chestnut Street in downtown Toronto, only to find that our room was not done up yet. Back down to the lobby to be given a second room. All luggage had to be rerouted. Just

one of life's small goofs.

That evening we three dressed in our finest and strolled out to explore downtown Toronto. Linda and I were in our best fur coats and Bob had walked several blocks when we came upon a modern atrium housing many dining facilities. At Linda's suggestion we decided to eat at an Indian establishment. The food, which was totally new to me, was delicious. Now fully nourished, we continued on to "TRAX" which was several blocks away, for the out of town drag show. It was already in full swing when we arrived and was still going strong when we left about 1:30am.

After breakfast at the hotel restaurant, Linda and I decided to do some sightseeing, Bob had to attend to some Barony business. We paid a visit to the "Wildside", a well known CD hangout in Toronto. Personally I found them to be expensive. Next we drove to the C&N Tower (Space Needle). I had walked by it last year, but did not have time to visit it then. The ride up the elevator to the 114th floor was smooth and fast. The view was breath taking. You could see the entire town, the many bays and the lake. Not satisfied with this view however, we went up another 33 floors, at which point we still had not reached the top. From here cars looked like matchbox toys and people the size of ants.

That evening we attended the coronation ball held at the Holiday Inn. The costume were gorgeous and the entertainment great. Baron Bob, Baroness Joyce and Lady Linda were presented to the court. All dressed in our finest I might add. Once again the program was to long for this old gal and she retired about 1am. I don't know what time Bob and Linda got in.

Sunday morning it was time to pack up for the return trip. We came back by way of "Niagara Falls". After some picture taking and nearly being iced over by the mist from the

falls, we were on our way home. A couple of stops for gasoline and one for lunch, we finally arrived home. Happy and tired from a very nice trip. Wish you could have all been with us.

Love
Joyce

The Baron Speaks

Hi Gals! This is the Baron speaking. Well did we have fun or not on the Toronto trip. Linda filled you in on Joyce's fun with the border patrol as we entered Canada. I'm still chuckling at how she carried this off. I think this happening just goes to show that one can do most anything and not be hassled if he/she has enough confidence in him/her self. Anyway I'm really proud to say Joyce is our Baroness. This is not the Joyce I meet about two years ago. She has grown in every way. I have a very hard time imagining her as a man. I have seen Joyce in all kinds of situations from ordinary housewife top a very regal Joyce the Baroness. She has handled every situation with great finesse and never seems to be unsure of herself.

I'm sure Joyce is embarrassed by all this praise, however she has been an inspiration to me and many others. With her help I hope to understand Crossdressing more thoroughly.

We at the Barony are busily planning our Barony Ball. We had a special meeting November the 22nd to stuff envelopes with our first announcement of the Ball. We have two new members of the Barony, my own daughter Ellen and Sandi whom all of you surly remember from the balls in Lexington and Cincinnati. Both are heterosexual woman and very considerate of all classes of people. Both have friends in the crossdressing community as well as the gay community. If you have ever shopped at The Thing Shop you have probably

meet one or both of them. Ellen is the tall blond and Sandi is tall brunette.

We will be having our next meeting at Marian's home. She has graciously invited us to have our Christmas Party there. Marian is a great hostess and lots of fun at parties. She is also an actress and a singer. She will be showing her talents in future Barony shows.

I hope all of you have your Christmas plans made and your shopping done. Isn't this a marvelous time of the year? Enjoy, enjoy and bring happiness to your loved ones and friends. I will be driving to Oklahoma to spend Christmas and New Years with my wonderful 84 year old mother and her 88 year old "boy friend". They are a really cute couple. (And you thought you were over the hill at 40 HA).

Regressing a bit wizard Stanley had a great Thanksgiving dinner for all of us who have no place to go. There were 50-60 people attending. The food was excellent as usual (when Stanley cooks he really is a wizard). The Dock night was our gracious host for the dinner. Thanks Stanley and all the people at the Dock. Don't we really have an amazing bunch of people in the Barony. I am really proud of each and every one of them.

Well girls I am closing with yet another invitation to join us in our work, fun and frivolity.

The Baron Bob

LYFE AS A TRANSSEXUAL ROCKER

My nipples, swollen from the hormones, hurt as they swing beneath my faux-leather vest. My Rock-N-Roll styled long blonde hair is a wringing mess. My leather pants, too, are soaked with sweat. The show is

ending. As my guitar player does one last show-stopping solo, I do one final fast drum riff.

As we leave the stage, our manager suggests a group photo. We return freshly showered and "blown dry." As usual, my hair has been curled and teased.

I drench myself with my favorite perfume and make a last minute check in the mirror. My bright, emerald eye shadow is outlined with sable brown eyeliner (a lot of rednecks have compared me to Ozzy Osborne's half-sister. They have no idea how it thrill me to be acknowledged as ANYONE'S sister, let alone a famous rock star's). On my wrist, 20 or so bracelets jangle as I fluff my hair in a pose. My guitar player jabs me in the ribs and whispers,

"Hey Lysa, don't let on to the fans. Remember, you need to hide THE TRUTH!"

So, to please the fans...and the band, I am always introduced as Roxx, the crazy wannabe drummer who sings suspiciously like Janis Joplin. Roxx is short for my "dream" name, Roxxanne (I would LOVE to be always known by this name).

About four in the morning the party ends as the band's equipment is finally packed. We're all tired but it's time to leave for another show in a distant town. We all pile into our station wagons and hit the highway in pursuit of fame and fortune. I cuddle into the arms of my "secret" boyfriend (our macho, tall, good looking bass player). He whispers in my ear,

"Don't worry, Lysa, some day you'll get a chance to be YOURself." My mind spins with the memory of me and my former boyfriend, Charlie in another hotel in another town. We have been warned time and time again to keep our relationship secret because of threats from female groupies. In Texas, we had been discovered, the result being, I was forced to leave that band...embarrassed and ridiculed. I believed, then, that I was finished in the rock and roll business, now that I

was known as the "HE/SHE Rock-n-Roller."

I left Texas and Charlie behind five years ago. I had literally flown away from my "he/she" problems and settled back in Ohio where I became a "super-macho, biker type of drummer and "stud." I wined and dined and lived with several women while trying to find myself. I believed that a Mexican moustache and goatee would hide what I truly wanted to be. Everytime I thought about becoming "Lysa" again I grabbed a beer and a woman, hopped in bed and woke up the next morning with a hangover and an "attitude."

Running from my "true" self, I could find no peace until saw another in a long line of mental health counselors. I then began female hormones, voice lessons, and very painful electrolysis. I broke-up with my latest girlfriend. For the past year and a half I have lived and occasionally passed as a woman.

Sincerely,

Roxxanne [REDACTED]

Miss

Transsexual/Drummer/Vocalist looking for gender dysphoric, sincere musicians, to form rock and blues band, age 25-40 and passable. Must play your own instruments; no lip syncs. If interested, call Roxx [REDACTED] at [REDACTED]

Jamies Trip to Riverside

By Jamie Elizabeth

Two weeks ago Susan and I went to the riverside Gala Weekend at the Riverside Inn in Cambridge Springs, PA. We left early Friday morning in beautiful sunny weather and arrived at 5 pm. It was an old (1885) wooden building rather drab on the outside but charming, clean and pleasant inside. I was able to dress for dinner with four of the Erie Sisters and Susan. The food was first rate, but the best of all is

that it took nearby diners about 45 minutes to "read" us. We had the entire third (top) floor with a handy hospitality suite where I met Pamela Dresser, Ann Hill, Pam(?), Lotte(?) and several others whose names escape me, but not thier work. This was the first major event for thier club which has only been in operation for about a year. Thier President, Pamela D. has suggested the formation of a regional association of clubs called the North Coast Gender Alliance for closer cooperation. I think it's a great idea but will take considerable effort.

Susan and I had a nice room with a walk in closet which was good because I had my entire wardrobe. We had a slow breakfast and then I had my first face makeover at 11 o'clock. The hotel supplied a large hall where the vendor could meet with us. There was a good display from a clothing consignment shop, wigs, IFGE publications, cosmetics, breastforms, and a photographer. Saturday afternoon one of the last vendors presentations was from a couple doing makeovers and was a slide show on choosing coloring for clothing and cosmetics. I learned a lot that day!

The highlight of Saturday was the dinner and entertainment; of course we all wore our prettiest formals. I thought I looked great in my black velvet formal til I saw what others were wearing. Lotte had a "Marie Antoinette" dress with a six foot train she had made herself - WOW! After the dinner (lavish), Pamela D. introduced the representatives of the other clubs including Joyce S. who represented Cross Port. Afterwards came the entertainment which I can't describe but maybe Joyce can.

After our party broke we moved into the bar and the hallways where we met some college students from a fraternity-sorority party. I went to my room because of the tobacco smoke in the bar, but Cindy and Donna stayed out in the hall and talked to some of the students. Donna said they were

very embarrassed to ask her age. Maybe she can give a better story at our next meeting. Anyway I'll see how many more stories I can pick up at the Crystal Club meeting on Dec. 5th.

Linda's Corner

November took Baron Bob, Baroness Joyce, and Lady Linda to Toronto for the coronation of the new Emperor and Empress. I won't bother to tell you of the events that took place as we crossed the border, as I'm sure Joyce will keep you informed. I'll just say it was memorable.

We stayed at the Holiday Inn downtown, right in the heart of everything. We decided to walk to the Friday night events, which included a drag show with the out of town courts providing the entertainment. The air was quite chilly as it danced around our nylon covered ankles but both Joyce and I stayed warm since we were rapped in our long fur coats. The plan was to stop for supper on the way. We found an Indian restaurant which provided us with relaxing atmosphere and delectable foods. It's too bad we didn't know quite what we were eating.

The drag show wasn't anything out of the ordinary, but it did us a chance to reacquaint ourselves with friends we made last year.

Saturday Joyce and myself went site seeing, but we only had half a day since the coronation started about 5 o'clock with a buffet dinner.

The Coronation lasted till after midnight. As usual, we were entertained with many court presentations and show numbers from visiting courts throughout North America. The men were all handsome in their tuxes, and we girls were all decked out in our finest gowns and

jewels. Truly a night to remember. All of you must attend one of these functions sometime. It's crossdressing at one of its finest moments.

I just got back from Indianapolis where I attended the IXE Christmas party Saturday night. As usual they had a pot luck supper and a gift exchange. They always draw a crowd from all over the Midwest and it always surprises me, that besides Barb, no one ever comes from Crossport. I always hear the complaints that "We have no place to go." What more could you ask for, a great night out, and it doesn't even cost you anything.

I hope everyone can at least show up for our Christmas Toronto Coronation Empresse ntertainment length gorgeous which Coronation Coronation Truly always surprises Party. It's quite different from IXE, but it's always nice to see old friends and exchange Christmas cheer.

I spoke to Joyce about possibly getting together for dinner before the meeting in the future. If any of you think you would like to join us, let us know, we would love to have you.

Just one more thing, if you got something interesting for the newsletter, why don't you sit down right now and send it to us. It seems like the same old 3 or 4 people are always the only ones contributing to "our" newsletter. There are more than 100 of you receiving this, so let's hear from you next month.

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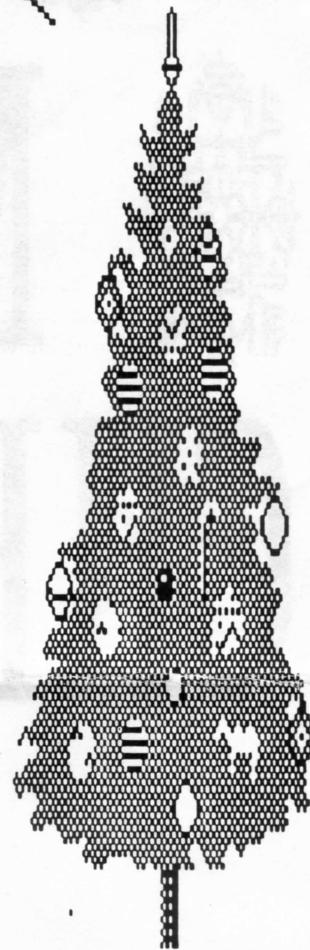
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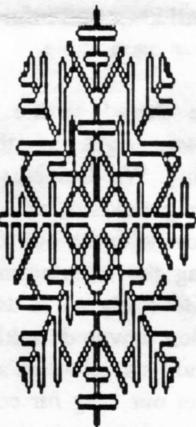
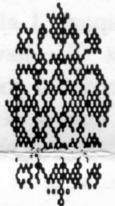
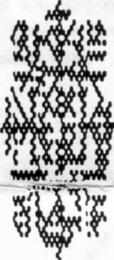
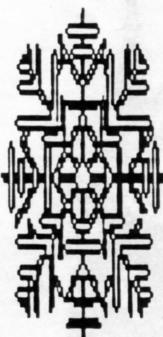
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Cross-Port is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, transsexuals and their family and friends.



Philip's Corner



**MERRY
CHRISTMAS!**