

# Cross-Port InnerView

## ARTICLES

### A New View

**T**here were 24 ladies at the cross-port meeting this month and three new ladies Michelle, Melva Rich. We welcome them to the group and hope that they had a good time and that they will return for the next meeting.

Well it is time for all the holiday fashions to come out. I for one look forward to this time of year. All the food the fun outfits and the family get together. When my family gets together I go as Elaine. It is nice that my family all know and are supportive of me. When we sat down to dinner my one brother held my chair for me. I really felt like a women with my family and friends. During this time of the year I think how lucky I am to have the family I have when the others I have talked to have families that treat them so badly. I feel sorry for the families that don't accept because they lose the love and attention of what I have found to be some of the nicest and most compassionate people I know. My favorite aunt meet Elaine over the thanksgiving holiday. It was one of the cases of after you tell them. They expect you to look like yourself in a dress. They are taken aback at how you do not look like yourself at all. She said that I made a very attractive women that she would not be ashamed to introduce to her friends at church I could not go to church thou as my brother and I were driving back to Cincinnati early Sunday morning. I am thankful every day for my family and there openness and how no matter what I do they stand behind me.

We are having another meeting at The Olde Street Saloon in Monroe this second Thursday and every second Thursday of every month that we can. We hope that you can attend this get together. If not in December, then in January. Thank you very much.



HAPPY HOLIDAYS

### The View Inside

by Bobbi L.

**W**hat a bummer of an autumn it was for Beverly and me! In October, the corporate ax chopped us off at the knees and our security vaporized. The crime occurred about five hours before the October meeting, so you can see why we were absent from the festivities. Then the pressures of my job made it impractical for Bobbi to attend the November meeting. Only Beverly and Robert were there. Be assured, though, that Bobbi is always present in spirit.

There is among our membership a lady who has never attended a meeting, yet who remains one of our most senior supporters. This lady was one of my first correspondents in the TV world and remains one with whom I communicate and visit still. Michelle [redacted] is known to many of you as the "girl with all the shoes" (over 200 pair of heels). She has quite a list of pen-pals and uses some very unique and original stationery.

Since initiating this column last year, I have toyed with the idea of interviewing

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Michelle. And since I have had several questionnaires go unreturned by regular attendees, I thought that December might be the perfect time to take a view inside the life of our mysterious member, Michelle [redacted]

**T.V.I.:** Michelle, how did you choose your femme name?

Michelle: As you may remember from an article I submitted to *InnerView* a while ago (March, 1993), I was given my name by a very dear friend.

**T.V.I.:** Michelle, what are your earliest and your most favorite recollections of cross-dressing?

Michelle: When I was 7 years old on Halloween, mother dressed me in a dress and high heels. Everyone thought it was funny and laughed at me so much that I came home crying. I said that I looked terrible. So the following year my mother dressed me from the skin...out...in bra, panties, wig - the works. From that moment on I was hooked on cross-dressing. (And, no one laughed that second year. Everyone said, "What a beautiful girl!").

**T.V.I.:** Michelle, how long have you been a member of Cross-Port?

Michelle: I have been a member of Cross-Port since the first meeting at Heather's house ... years ago! I haven't gone to any meetings because Christopher's was too close to home and now, I haven't the nerve to venture to Cincinnati.

**T.V.I.:** Michelle, are you married or involved at this time? Does your S.O. know about Michelle?

Michelle: I have an understanding and patient wife who puts up with a lot from both Michael and Michelle.

**T.V.I.:** Michelle, what has become the most satisfying aspect of cross-dressing for you?

Michelle: Two words describe it best -  
**Relieves Tension!**

T.V.I.: On the flip side, what is the most disturbing facet?

Michelle: If I could change one thing in this world, it would be to cultivate society's acceptance of our para-culture and to develop in society an understanding of what we really are.



T.V.I.: Can you offer any insights on presenting a more feminine appearance?

Michelle: I believe that all CD's - TV's should really learn to talk in a more feminine manner and tone. This is certainly a long term goal of mine.

T.V.I.: Michelle, tell us a little something about your preferences in wardrobe.

Michelle: I like sexy dresses, i.e.: lame, cire, and/or sequin-type dresses...very "dressy." I like the hem about knee length and shoes with at least a 3" heel with ankle straps or slings. I wear blonde wigs with long curls. Since I don't go out much, I usually dress for photos, perched provocatively on the end of a sofa, showing off my legs.

T.V.I.: What do you do for fun?

Michelle: I love to play golf. I'm preparing to begin teaching the game. Also, I enjoy reading about aviation. When not doing those things I'm busy keeping up my correspondence with my many CD/TV friends.

T.V.I.: Do you mind revealing your statistical data?

Michelle: My measurements are 38 - 30 - 38. I weigh: 180, stand: 5' 9", and wear a

size 16 dress. My shoes are 11 1/2 M. I am "39" and holding. My birthday is May 3.

T.V.I.: And what gripes would you like to bring to light at this time?

Michelle: I have a feeling that most CD/TV groups do not have a real support network...that most clubs and their members just want to socialize. That they couldn't care less about being a support group first and a social organization second. Yet, even though everyone wants to have a good time and be social, no one wants to do any work. It is always left to the two or three people who do it all, all of the time! I have heard this from four or five groups lately!! Just food for thought.

T.V.I.: Finally, what do you imagine the future holds for Michelle?

Michelle: I just want to say that I am glad to be me. I have pride in myself. I feel that my feminine side is as strong as my male side. I would just like to express my feminine side better. I'm going to work on achieving that.

T.V.I.: Michelle, thank you for taking the time to respond to my invitation. I think that all of us have, at some time, felt that we could never go out as our femme selves. It would be a great Christmas present for all of us if Michelle could come to Cross-Port's Holiday Extravaganza. I hope you'll take me up on that. But, if not, it has still been a pleasure knowing....the Phantom of Cross-Port! Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners.

## A TV Night Before Christmas

**T**he following poem was submitted to the InnerView by Middletown's Michelle

Happy Holidays to all of Cross-Port.

Sharon Anne Stuart

T'was the night before Christmas and all through my place

Not a petticoat stirred, not even the lace.

While snug in my nightgown, like every TV,  
I dreamt of the girl that really is me.

My hose, full of runs were strung up with care,  
In hopes that St. Nick would bring me six pair.  
My wigs were all pinned, secure on their blocks,  
As visions in ruffles danced 'neath my locks.

Then just after midnight there came a loud clatter  
And I woke with a start to the sharp pitter-patter  
Of high-heeled boots on my snow covered drive  
And I sprang out of bed to see what was outside.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer  
And the driver, a little old woman, lively and quick.  
I thought to myself: can this be St. Nick?

With the skill of a man she moved round the sleigh,  
Adjusting the harness and singing away:  
Now Dasher, stay Dancer, hold Prancer and Vickie,  
Move Cometa, Cupida, Dondra, and Blitzie.

Rudolf's at home awaiting you girls.  
So let's be our best: keep your tails in curls.

Then, in flash, she was back in  
her seat,  
And a flick of her whip brought  
them all to their feet.

As dry leaves fly before  
the wind and the storm,  
The reindeer and sleigh rose up  
past my dorm,  
And on to the roof her coursers  
they flew  
With a sleigh full of fashions and  
Ms. Nicholas, too.

And then in twinkling I heard on  
the rood  
The prancing and pawing of each  
little hoof  
As I drew in my head and was  
turning around,  
Down the chimney Ms. Nicholas  
came with a bound.

And the huge leather pack slung  
over her shoulder  
Came crashing behind like a  
runaway boulder.  
My visage must have expressed  
some alarm,  
But a wink of her eye and a wave  
of her arm

Soon gave me to know there was  
nothing to dread  
She was charm from her boots to  
the cap 'top her head.  
All dressed in a tunic that  
skimmed 'round her knees,  
Fur trimmed red velvet, as pert as  
you please!

And the hair on her head was as  
white as the snow,  
Tied up in bun with a red velvet  
bow.  
Her cheeks were like roses, her  
mouth like a cherry.  
Her eyes how they twinkled! Her  
dimples how merry!

She spoke not a word but went  
straight to her pack,  
And pulled from its innards a  
Hanes box from Saks.

Then two pairs of shoes and a  
purse to clutch.  
And a lovely fur coat; it was really  
too much!

My heart jumped for joy and I  
wanted to shout,  
And I took Ms. Nicholas and  
danced her about.  
"Thank you", said I, "for the  
Hanes, shoes, and coat,"  
But whilst I was speaking she  
passed me a note.

It was edged round in lace on  
paper of pink,  
And its message made my tired  
eyes blink:

"TO THE BEARER, A  
FREE WEEK AT DREAM ON  
THE OREGON COAST,  
WITH GLORIA, MARILYN, AND  
SALMON ROAST."

AND RUBY AND LINDA AND  
HEATHER, et al,  
CLASSES ON MAKE-UP AND  
FASHIONS FOR FALL,  
AND RUSTY TO TEACH YOU  
WHAT CLOTHES TO WEAR  
AND PATTI TO SHOW HOW TO  
CARE FOR YOUR HAIR."

How could she know this most  
secret desire?  
And I gave her a kiss as we stood  
by the fire.  
She laughed and rapidly  
powdered her nose  
And then with a swish up the  
chimney she rose.  
And sprang to her sleigh, to her  
team and gave a whistle  
And away they all flew like the  
down of a thistle.  
But I heard her exclaim as she  
drove out of sight:  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all  
a 'Good Night.'"

## Back to School

by: Paula Harmston

entral Michigan University recently invited  
Gina and me to participate in a panel  
discussion hosted by a human sexuality  
class. The college is located in Mt. Pleasant  
which is about 150 miles north of  
the Ohio border. It's in a rural area  
having a population of about 20,000  
people.

The class of 75 students ran  
from 6:30 PM to 9 PM. Everything  
went fine. We had dinner and then started  
back to our room at the Holiday Inn.

On the way back, Gina remarked that we  
had to check out the lounge at the hotel. I  
said that was a bad idea because this night  
was "College Night" when they let in the 18  
year olds and that I didn't care to be gawked  
at by 500 college kids just off the farm who  
might be both drunk and obnoxious. Gina  
wasn't interested in my reasonable response.  
She was determined to go, and reminded me  
that we owed it to these students to broaden  
their education. I argued that we had already  
enlightened 75 of them, plus the folks at the  
restaurant, and couldn't we just call it a  
night? Gina? Please???

The next thing I know, Gina is leading the  
way to the lounge. As we stepped in, I could  
tell that this was a really bad idea! The place  
was packed. You could hardly move and  
there were too many guys just standing  
around drinking beer with nothing better to  
do. **GINA!!**

To our far right was the bar, so we  
headed that way to get a drink and try to  
blend in...if that was possible. Gina began  
threading her way through the crowd towards  
the bar with me behind her. As we got closer  
to the bar we realized that we had to go up  
two steps. Standing in our way were four  
young students who, judging by the grins on  
their faces, seemed amused by our  
presence. I was behind Gina so I couldn't  
see her face or hear what the conversation  
was, but it was obvious that Gina was in  
control as the guys, still smiling, suddenly,  
almost miraculously, stepped back to allow  
our passage. Like the Red Sea parting!

We made our way to the bar, got our  
drinks from an unblinking male bartender,  
then looked for a place to stand. Every seat  
was taken and no one was offering theirs to  
us! We found a spot along a 4 foot high  
railing, behind which there was a pool table.  
The guys playing pool wore white shirts and  
ties and seemed older. They didn't appear to  
pose any problem for us; it was those pesky  
students we had to watch out for!

Within a minute a co-ed came by and  
tersely said, "I thought Halloween was last  
week!" Then another co-ed asked, "What  
happened, did you lose a bet?" ("No, wise-



ass, If we had lost a bet, we'd be staying two nights in this town!" or so I wanted to tell her.) I just bit my tongue and kept on smiling as best as I could.

Our next visitor was much nicer. A girl named Anne who had attended our seminar, thanked us for coming and wanted to ask us more questions. While I talked to Anne, about 5 feet from Gina one guy suddenly punched out another. A real bar fight ensued: flying glass, blood on the floor! Bouncers quickly appeared and broke up the fight.

After Anne left, two girls walked by, snickering and giggling at us. A few minutes later they came by again, more closely, but still giggling. So, I crooked my finger, motioning them to come over. They did, and I asked them if they had any questions or wanted to say something to us. They asked, "Who are you guys, where did you come from, and why are you here in this lounge?" We blew them away when we told them that we were guests of the University. We got instant credibility when we dropped the name of the lecture hall. They got real excited and asked more questions like, "Are you gay?" Again they were blown away we told them we were married and each had two kids. We even whipped out photos of them from our purses. They soon trotted off but at least they weren't snickering anymore.

Next up were two guys right out of *Wayne's World*: boots, camouflage pants, t-shirts and bushy hair tucked under baseball caps worn backwards. They too wanted to know why we were here and were like-wise stunned to find out we were guests of the University. They thought it was "cool" that the school had invited us. Then one asked, "Do you wear women's clothes to pick up girls?" We replied that we weren't trying to pick up girls. So, he asked, "Do you wear women's clothes to pick up men?" We answered, "We aren't here to pick up men." Now he was really confused, so he asked, "When you try to pick up women, do you dress in men's clothes like us?" Trying to be agreeable, we said, "Yes, when we pick up women, we dress like you (only better)." His response was, "Cool." He and his friend then left, no doubt to look for more alcohol.

Our next visitor was a girl named Kelly. She was a psychology major and had heard we were on campus but couldn't attend the seminar. She asked a few questions and then asked if we wanted to dance. Gina isn't much for dancing and begged out, but I accepted and followed Kelly to the dance floor. Gina assured me that she would be all right by herself.

On the dance floor, Kelly introduced me to her girl friends and we started to dance. Within a few seconds Kelly barked at me, "Shake your butt more!" Complying with her order, I went into a double-time "electric slide" mode which seemed to satisfy Kelly and her friends. I was pretty conscious of all the guys watching me, as they stood around the dance floor. Kelly sensed it too, and suggested that we dance in the center of the

floor. Good idea. After about ten minutes, Kelly and her friends said they had to go as it was getting late, almost 1:30 AM. I went back to see Gina who was talking to several people. When they left, one of the pool players suddenly appeared and introduced himself as "Conrad." He says to us, "I guess you know that you girls were the talk of the bar tonight." (Now there's a news flash!) We asked, "What was everyone saying about us?" Conrad explained that for a while they couldn't tell if we were girls or cross-dressers, but concluded that we were CD's because of our height. The next big questions were where did we come from and why were we in the middle of this "straight" bar...the consensus being that we must be gay?

We asked Conrad how we did, and he said that we were great. He said we were well behaved, composed and mature, appropriately dressed, and, because of our age, probably the best educated and paid people in the whole room. Conrad added that in his opinion, the students were mostly intimidated by our presence and that's why nothing bad happened. We thought about that for a moment and concluded that Conrad was probably right. The lesson learned was that if one dresses right and is well behaved, that most everyone will concede our right to be there, no matter what the environment is.

It was now 2 AM and the bar was closing. We left and returned to our room where we sat silently on the edge of our beds trying to comprehend what we had just done. We had taken on 500 students on their own turf and had not only survived, but had come out ahead. I turned to Gina and said, "That's the toughest room I've ever played!" Gina nodded and said, "I can't wait until the next time." GINA!!!!!!

fact you're out enjoying being who really feel you are, and yet feel so guilty about it all. True, I used to try to put Barbie's clothes on G.I. Joe, but maybe if Dad had chosen to say something about this, it may have changed my way of thinking. The best part of me is glad he didn't say anything, though a small part of me wonders what might have happened if he had.

He had to know it wasn't right for a boy to put girl clothes on a boy doll, or, for that matter, a boy to be playing in a dress all day long. I remember hiding behind that couch praying he wouldn't see me. I even tried to take the dress off, but couldn't reach the zipper. He called my name and I burst into tears. A few minutes later Mom pulled back the couch and there I was, crying my eyes out, my brothers and sister just staring, saying nothing, Mom laughing, and Dad looking at me then walking away...saying nothing!

After that incident I felt, hey, maybe it is okay to do this; he didn't tell me otherwise. From that day on I started playing dress-up on my own. To this day I love it still. More and more I wonder what it would be like to actually change into being Gina full-time. I guess I'm glad of that incident because it has helped me to see things in a different light, to develop an open mind at a very young age, and actually to grow up a better person. Because of it I have an understanding that all people are different in what they say or do and I never categorize people for doing what they feel is right for themselves.

But, still...he could have said something!

## Thanks?..... Dad!

by: Gina P.

**W**hy are the times we are dressed so enjoyable, but the memories of them so emotional? Paula and I were on our way back from one of our greatest outings ever, when the subject of our early childhood came up. It was a nice joyous conversation when, suddenly, without warning, I broke down and cried. I mean, I seem to be at my happiest when I'm out anywhere as Gina, and yet the topic of *why* my mother started dressing me and, far more importantly, why my Dad chose to say nothing about it at all, just overwhelms me. I mean, how can you be so happy about the

## Linda's Corner!

**D**ecember is here, so that means Christmas Party. This is traditionally the biggest get together of the year for everyone at Crossport. Joyce tells me she has the food lined up from Rick again this year, so all that's needed is you. So don't be a Scrooge and put on your favorite holiday dress and join us on



December 15 at the Golden Lions.

The BE ALL is coming together. We are currently receiving deposits on vender booths and lining up speakers. The brochure should be printed any day now, and will be shortly distributed on a national level. We still need to iron out our luncheon speakers and our Friday & Saturday night entertainment.

Everything else for the most part is on schedule and is looking good.

I recently returned from New York City where IFGE held it's Fall board meeting at the Tri-Ess Holiday En Femme. The convention was very small, perhaps 30-40 individuals signed up for the whole three days. Many of the local came out for Saturday night, so the crowd did swell to about 80. But then again, New York City is quite expensive.

A cheap room and banquet meals there are about double ours at the BE ALL. Transportation is cumbersome and expensive. Yet the big city with it's many different people and lifestyles, allows a Crossdresser to run all over town with barely a look from any one.

I didn't have much time during the day to shop since I was there for meetings. But I

did get to as many clubs as possible for the three nights I stayed.

Thursday night Monica Pedone (native New Yorker) took us to a little Italian restaurant that she frequents. Good food, super friendly people, and lots of laughs means everyone had a good time. Afterwards Yvonne and myself headed down to Sally's II, a well known sleaze bar where the She-Male hookers, Pre-ops, and Transvestites make up the female population. Many men who are looking for a little something different, frequent the bar in hopes of getting lucky.

Friday, Yvonne and I went down to Lee Mardi Gras Boutique at 400 W. 14th St. We called ahead to make sure Lee Brewster was there. We finally got to meet him. His store was one of the very first contacts we both ever made when coming out, and through the years, and his many publications, we felt we knew him. He was extremely friendly and cordial. What's funny is he knew both of us and he also felt honored to meet us. The new issue of Tapestry (#70), contains a very informative article by Abby Saypen about Lee Brewster you should enjoy. Speaking of which, I should have the new Tapestry at

the meeting in December.

Friday night, Yvonne, Sharon Ann Stuart, and myself were going over to Mariette Pathy Allen's house. We stopped for dinner first at a neat little neighborhood restaurant. Again the food was excellent, and no one seemed to notice or care how we looked. Afterwards I finally got to see Mariette's place. It was a very cute and spacious condo. It made you think that maybe New York isn't such a bad place to live after all. There were about a dozen other transgendered individuals already there. We all talked awhile and relaxed in her living room.

I was getting anxious knowing there was a still allot to see of the New York night life, so I left on my own. A cab dropped me at "Karolyns", a new TV/TS bar where Monica was a bar tender. I stayed for one drink and met a TV and his wife who were leaving to go to "Edelweiss", supposedly the best transsexual club in town.

This place was unreal. Two floors of "girls", and their admirers. Many were very young, and had bodies like cover girls. In lower level as the music pounded the walls, and the \$5 a bottle beer flowed,

some of the girls got a bit rowdy. They would take off their tops and shake their bare breasts and wiggle their hips in very seductive jesters. As the night grew later, the excitement escalated. It was like each was trying to out do each other. A few girls from the Tri-Ess convention showed up, but they were sort of out of place in their dress and composure, so they didn't stay long. One trip to the ladies room woke me up to reality real fast. Most of the girls would come in there to snort coke. It was everywhere. I assume that's not the only thing "everywhere". I stay until closing and had a great time and learning experience.

Saturday we had the IFGE Board Meeting which took us till after 5 o'clock. After the dinner and show, we danced until 11:30pm to a D-jay. I grabbed a friend of mine named Michelle from Long Island and we were off to hit some night spots.

We started off at "Webester Hall", a huge four floored straight club. (It was \$20 just to walk in the door, and they frisk you for a weapon.) I didn't see any other Queens walking around and the crowd was quite young, but most people were friendly. It was wall

to wall people so we only stayed about 2 hours.

From there we went into the Village. The place is filled with small shops and little pubs. We ventured into the "Duplex" which held a comedy club on the 1st level. There we dove right in to the half drunk crowd and laughed until our sides hurt. We had so much fun with these cute coeds and these guys who were trying desperately to pick them up, that before I knew it, it was 4am and the place was closing.

Not to cut the night short, we went to the "Vault". Again this place boasted three floors, but it stayed open until 8am. Probably one of the strangest places I have every been. There were nude people tied down while Mistresses whipped them raw. Others stood around and masturbated while they watched. Women in spiked heels would step on guys heads and bodies, most with their breast bare hanging out; TS hookers everywhere doing what ever TS hookers do, but usually in some dark corner; men lying on their backs sucking and worshipping some of the women's feet; Lesbians half nude, rolling around on the couches in strange positions and making unfamiliar noises; and

in every corner, a television with an XXX rated movie playing. I got to see things I have only heard about. It was very interesting, but by 6am, I was starting to feel the night, so we left.

I certainly have only touched on what I saw and did over those three day, but I do look forward to returning sometime in the near future.

If you plan on a visit, I do recommend you either know someone who knows the town, or do a lot of homework. There's a lot to see, and so little time.

Hope to see you all at the meeting. If not, then Merry Christmas!

Publication Notice  
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BRUCE CRIPPEN/The Cincinnati Post

Peggy Roudebush, left, founder of Anne Terrie Designs, and the company's design director Diane Altemuehle, show off several of their swimsuits designed for larger women in their Harrison, Ohio, sewing room.

# Swimwear for larger women

## Harrison, Ohio, firm expands product line

By Jennifer Kent  
Post staff reporter

Most Cincinnatians have packed their swimsuits away for the year, but Peggy Roudebush is preparing to make a big splash in 1995.

Ms. Roudebush, age 44 and a proud size 24, expects to sell \$1 million in plus-sized swimwear next season to a growing number of large-size specialty stores in all 50 states.

Her Anne Terrie Designs in Harrison cranked up the sewing machines in May of 1993 with just two employees. Today, she has seven, with all the sewing done by a contractor in West Virginia.

Although other manufacturers made swimwear for plus-sized women, "it was just an accessory item to supplement major sales, but not designed with the embellished woman in mind," said Ms. Roudebush. She invested \$250,000 in the

business with friend Terrie Anderson after the pair sat through a swimwear fashion show at a resort where they were vacationing.

"We thought wouldn't it be great if there were suits like that (for us)," Ms. Roudebush said.

The small company's suits can be found in Nordstrom's and 300 mostly upscale specialty stores, such as Added Dimensions. Ms. Roudebush has thus far been rebuffed by big department store chains such as Federated and Mercantile.

"One buyer actually said, 'Well, those women just don't swim,'" recalled design director Diane Altemuehle, a graduate of the University of Cincinnati's design school.

"But what we're saying is these are beautiful women with personalities. Every woman has a right to feel good about herself."

Ms. Altemuehle, who used to design intimate apparel for Playtex and Vasarette, said specialty stores understand their customers better than department stores.

Prices for Ann Terrie's suits range from \$60 to \$100 in sizes 14 to 28. There are eight

different styles, including a two-piece, that come in a variety of prints.

More than one in three American adults is overweight, according to the Centers for Disease Control. And 21 percent of teenagers are overweight, up from 15 percent during the 1980s, a trend that didn't go unnoticed by Anne Terrie.

The company will produce three styles that are specifically targeted at the junior market for 1995.

"That's a fairly revolutionary step in swimwear because people consider it an older market," said Ms. Roudebush, who also owns Harrison Concrete and Supply with her husband.

In 1996, Anne Terrie Designs will add a lower-priced line and look at developing a collection whose color palette appeals to African-American women. Ms. Roudebush would also like to expand the size range up to a 34.

Future plans call for more private-label manufacturing for retailers and catalog companies, as well as specialty boutiques for mastectomy patients, such as Image Insights in Covington.





Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year