

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is September 19 at 8:00pm

The next Weekenders meetings are September 21 and October 12 at 6:00pm

## A New View

by Cathy

The August meeting went well with thirty-two ladies and their friends attending. A welcome back to Donna from Indianapolis who made her first *Cross-Port* meeting in three years.

It is nice to have people come back after such a long period of time. If you have read the issues over the past year, in almost every one there has been a note about someone showing up for the first time in three or four years.

That says a lot about *Cross-Port* too. For all of our informality with a "leadership" structure, what *Cross-Port* has been able to do is meet consistently for a period of more than six years. Heather reminded me last month that I did not say anything about *Cross-Port's* sixth anniversary. Of course, me being on top of things like always had to respond "When was that?".

Time for the Reader's Digest version of *Cross-Port's* history. *Cross-Port's* first meeting was held in May 1985. The first issue of the *InnerView* came out in July 1985. Of course, Heather who started it all, ran everything until stepping down in January 1989 when Linda began running the

meetings and I began editing the *InnerView*.

One of the biggest reasons for our longevity (with little relative effort) has been our meeting place. In June 1986, the *Cross-Port* meetings were moved to a gay bar in Monroe called *The Hangout*. Christopher took over in early 1987, made it *Christopher's Lounge*, and continued to let us meet there. Thanks, Chris! Everyone "knows" where and when we meet, so they just show up.

The Indianapolis girls came to those early meetings but quickly got their stuff together and started their own group (I think) in January 1987. The name *IXE* was adopted in April of that year. The *Indy Report* appeared in the *InnerView* for several months until they began putting out their own newsletter. Before a year was over, *IXE* drew a larger attendance than *Cross-Port*.

Well, there you have it, here's to another six years!



This seems a good time to make a special thank you to someone who, while living in Massachusetts and never having attended a single *Cross-Port*

meeting, has helped us tremendously in the past and continues help.

When I first began doing the newsletter, there was a name on the mailing list which, instead of having an expiration date, simply had "always". I asked Heather what that meant, and she explained that at one point, when things were at their lowest, *Cross-Port* had simply run out of money and it looked like the group was going to shut down. "It was then" Heather explained, "that this person sent us a check for \$250.00. That is what kept *Cross-Port* alive. They will always get a newsletter."

I happened to meet Sheryl, the savior of *Cross-Port* at the "Be-All" convention in Pittsburgh last year. She told me how much she liked the newsletter, and said "You know, I haven't been asked for any dues for a while."

I simply told her what Heather had told me; that as far as we were concerned, after what she had done she would always receive a newsletter. She didn't need to pay any dues. She accepted that answer, and we talked about other things for a while.

I ran into Sheryl again at this year's "Be-All" in Cleveland.

Darned if she didn't ask me the same question about dues that she'd asked the previous year. I gave her the same answer, and we went on with convention fun.

Well, I guess Sheryl felt my answers were keeping her from helping *Cross-Port* like she wanted to help. About a month after the convention, I got a letter from Sheryl with a change of address to another town in Massachusetts. Also in that letter was a check for \$200.00 and a note which said; "Always a great newsletter, great people, a tribute to the community! Keep up the good work, you remain in my heart. I hope the enclosed check will go to good use. I know it will!. Love, Sheryl."

What can we say, Sheryl, but thanks. With people like you, there will always be a *Cross-Port*.

♥ ♥ ♥

**Remember!** The September *Weekenders* meeting will be on the **21st**, two days after the *Cross-Port* meeting. In October, the meetings will go back to being the second Saturday of the month.

In last month's issue I stated there were twelve people at the July *Weekenders* meeting, but I only listed eleven names. The missing name was Barbara, from Louisville. That certainly does not do her any favors, especially since she is attempting to start a support group down there. Sorry, Barbara.

♥ ♥ ♥

Several of us who attended the "Be All" in Cleveland were wondering what had happened to Dorothy Finch. Everyone who has ever attended a convention knew Dorothy as "Mrs. Shufflewick"; the

boozy East Ender who made us all laugh at her antics during the talent shows.

Word has come to us that Dorothy passed away on August 14 after a long illness. We wish to express our sympathies to her family. We will miss her very much.

♥ ♥ ♥

As things pass, so also things begin. Congratulations to Lana and Jennifer from the *Crystal Club* who now have a baby daughter. Special congrats go to Jennifer who did the hard part. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was born on August 23. Now, will Lana be passing out cigars or lipstick at the next meeting?

♥ ♥ ♥

In Columbus on October 5, there will be a "Joint Conference on the Family" for family professionals, university faculty, sex educators, therapists and students of marital and family studies. It is being held by the Ohio section of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors, & Therapists and the Ohio division of the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy.

Marilyn Cristi from up Cleveland way has put together a presentation panel which will include one member of each crossdressing organization here in Ohio. Yours Truly will be representing *Cross-Port*. This will be the first time I have been involved with cross-dressing in a presentation forum, and I am really looking forward to the experience. Will update you on how it went in the next issue.

♥ ♥ ♥

I want to thank all those ladies who made the special effort of sending in articles for the newsletter this month — it made a big difference in the amount of effort I had to expend.

I still have not taken the time to balance the books, so again there is no financial report. What I can tell you is that although we're not rich, we're not broke either.

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## Convention Fever

Here it is ladies; check it out. No fewer than five conventions to go to in the months of October and November. The only real decision is "Which part of the country do I wish to visit?"

October 3-6

Southern Comfort, 1991 Atlanta, GA

Write:

Linda Peacock  
Sigma Epsilon  
P.O. Box 7241  
Tallahassee, FL 32314-7241

October 18-27

17th Annual Fantasia Fair  
Provincetown, MA

Write:

Fantasia Fair  
Kenmore Station  
Box 368  
Boston, MA 02215

October 31 - November 3

2nd Annual Fall Harvest Festival  
Kansas City, KS

Write:

CAF  
P.O. Box 4092  
Overland Park, KS 66204  
(913) 268-9847

November 8-10

Fantasy Adventure Weekend  
Houston, TX

Write:

GCTC  
P.O. Box 90335  
Houston, TX 77090  
(713) 780-3553

November 20-24  
Tri-Ess Holiday En Femme  
Chicago, IL

Write:

Chi Chapter  
P.O. Box 342  
Chicago, IL 60690

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## Weekend Report

by Joyce

The August Weekender's meeting was a big success even though only five ladies attended. Elaine brought her Jim Bridges make-up video tapes which were viewed with much enthusiasm as Virginia Prince was transformed before our very eyes. We all gained a few valuable tips from these videos and the following discussions. I know that I did.

Elaine was once again the fashion model in a stunning pink outfit - short jacket and skirt (what else). Stephanie had on a lovely red dress and Cathy was very chic as a tom boy in blue jeans with red suspenders.

Cathy went all out in preparing a fine meal. Hey, this lady is a fine cook, give her a well deserved hand, thank you Cathy. We had grilled steak that had been smothered in crushed pepper. They were delicious along with the corn and a fine pasta salad. And to top off this meal, a couple of the ladies had brought wine which they graciously shared. This in turn tended to mellow the evening into fine conversation on a myriad of subjects.

Cindy had a wealth of information on lively places to go and interesting people to meet,

girls. She kept the group laughing with narratives of some of her personal escapades. These in turn brought to mind some of the wilder episodes the rest of us had which were worth relating. There was never a dull moment.

Stephanie, Elaine and Cathy became embroiled in a lively discourse on video games and related computers. Somewhere along the way I got lost in the Computer Jargon and before I was fully aware, the conversation had changed to strategy during World War II (could it have been the wine?). Anyway, Stephanie came to the forefront in this lively discussion and before too long we had molded a whole new outcome on the war's ending and had proceeded to solve the rest of the world's problems.

Along with the serious subjects was a lot of laughter and plenty of "girl" talk. The time passed very quickly and we finally wound down about 2:30 am and headed for home with many happy thoughts and memories of a wonderful evening.

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## Constitutional Clarification

by Sheila

I am writing in response to your article in the July *InnerView* about the mail clerk refusing to deliver a sister her newsletter in the Chillicothe Correctional Institute.

I can tell you that it sounds as if your description of a self-righteous mail clerk is fitting. Obscenity in the State of Ohio as well as in other states is not defined. Each community can determine what is obscene. With all that I had read and personally

been involved in, obscene means "Penetration of an orifice, i.e. vagina, rectum, mouth, by a sexual organ, i.e. penis, tongue, finger." Short and sweet, this means any film, picture, etc. that depicts penetration of this sort may be deemed obscene. If you have had the occasion to see Playboy, Penthouse, etc., these "soft" porn magazines do not show "penetration", and are not generally deemed obscene.

My advice to you is twofold. First, check with the penitentiary involved and get a copy of their rules and regulations. If there is nothing in them prohibiting certain types of mail, the mail clerk could be violating our sister's rights. If that is the case then second, I would suggest that the inmate file a grievance and/or obtain an attorney to take up the fight. I guarantee you the material you sent was not obscene, even under constitutional standards.

The only problem might be that the institution may legally prohibit certain material by rules and regulations. Being that the institution in question is a part of a governmental agency, it is governed by the Constitution and may not be able to prohibit a letter or questionnaire such as you sent. From my experience I feel that the inmate's rights have been violated and that the mail clerk involved should be advised as to constitutional standards and that an attorney would be happy to accept such a case.

*Eds. note - Sheila has been involved in the law and the enforcement of the law in southwestern Ohio for about twenty years.*

## Dreaming

by Belinda

Genetic absolutism seems to be in vogue now. In recent issues of two popular magazines, a sensationalist article spoke of research wherein sexuality can be traced to patterns present in the area of the hypothalamus (the small, primitive area of the brain beneath the cerebral cortex, sometimes referred to as "the pleasure center"). There is a difference, supposedly, in the cell folds in a cross section of this tissue between a man and woman. If the pattern in this tissue normally ascribed to a woman occurs in a genetic male...well, you get the picture. The purpose here is not to unleash a pro or con argument about this alleged discovery but to tell of some of my own related findings through more than a year's worth of study.

The idea of a biological genesis for various forms of behavior has been popular for awhile. If it can be proven that some sort of a chemical present in this or that synapse or a pattern in this or that brain wave leads to kleptomania or whatever then all personal responsibility for one's actions goes out the window. "It's not my fault! I was born with a hyper triangulated medullaic corsicle!"

Please do not attempt to look up this terminology.

Is biology destiny? Seven years of college education often drive me to find answers for everything, even when the questions aren't all that clear. The library near my home obtained the book The Selfish Gene for me. The author, Richard Dawkins, has the gift of being both a worldwide, recognized authority in the field yet still able to communicate with a lay audience.

The first few chapters of what he communicated to me seemed pretty bleak. He compared genes to a group of successful Chicago gangsters in their ability to survive through whatever ruthless means were necessary. As organisms they have been around forever and have simply latched on with different living entities, calling the shots, pulling the biological strings to bring on whatever evolutionary means were necessary to ensure their survival.

It seemed Mr. Dawkins was making an airtight case for Absolutism Theory. A reader who studied three quarters of the book and then put it away could conclude we're all under the tyrannical rule of our genes. That every action occurs because the result will somehow down the line benefit and enhance the survival of the gene. So it does no good to ask why this, why that.

All such speculation comes to a screeching halt. It seems there's a way we lowly human souls can fight back against these despots. In his final chapters he discusses memes, the self-replicating thought patterns which we possess, develop, and even pass on to other generations. The idea still seemed hazy until a few concrete examples brought it to light: recipes, crafts, oral and mythic traditions, and dreams.

Dream rhymes with meme, after all, and I instantly remembered the spectacular dream life it is my privilege to possess. In grade school playground conversations, friends of mine would say how they dreamt of burning the school down or hitting a grand slam in little league/catching a TD pass in peewee football. I would talk about the dream that lasted all night where I had to find a golden

key in the desert with the help of a magician, a duck, and a nurse so that we could unlock the yardarm on a sailboat and allow a tribe of pygmies to travel back to Africa.

Years of maturation (supposed, anyway) and what Stephen King calls "the ossification of mental faculties" seemingly squashed down this fantastical ability in me. Yet through reading about memes I paid closer attention to my dreams and felt great joy at discovering that I still had it (the ability). I also remembered that five years ago during a nightmarish graduate school experience in Louisiana I kept on dreaming over and over that I was a girl, going around and doing girl things.

Recently through my waking study of dreams I came into contact with the works of Stephen LaBerge, from Stanford and also several articles in *Omni*. Everything pointed to a phenomenon known as "lucid dreaming." Simply stated, this is the experience of being consciously aware you are dreaming while you are in the middle of a dream. Once again, I'd already had a brief experience with this activity as a grade schooler. Out on the playground during a different conversation about dreaming my friends said they only dreamt in black and white. If you dreamt in color, they said, it meant you were a creative person. Soon after that I dreamt of being on the World's Fair concourse and seeing the springtime grass and the great pastel panels of Shea Stadium. Suddenly, in the middle of this dream I remembered what my friend had said and began to scope out my surroundings to see whether or not I was a creative person. Yeah, the grass was green, and there were the giant

peach, pink, blue, and yellow panels on the outside of the stadium.

According to Stephen LaBerge and others, lucid dreaming can bring up a variety of mental utopias for you to visit or it can be used to solve or resolve troubling problems. You can forge ahead to a dreaded conflict with another person (knowing that their image is a product of your own imagination and subject to your whims even if the dream reality is unsettlingly convincing) and in a lucid dream it is almost exactly like the real experience.

Lucid dreaming became a hit and miss exercise with me after I read all the articles and Dr. LaBerge's instructional book. Still it helped me to become aware of my dreams and in the weeks after that I visited a spectacular city carved into multicolored mesas of granite, a mountain range that I swear was off the Middletown exit of I-75, and an exhaustive tour of the house where we lived in Connecticut (where we lived during the time I had those playground conversations about dreams), when in the dream I help my much more youthful mom plow through heaps of laundry and wax over glistening expanses of dining room tabletops.

These precluded my most vivid and startling dream. The scene was the funhouse at Riverside Park in Agawam, Massachusetts where I would visit with my family, again during the time period of the playground dream conversations. The funhouse contained moving ramps and treacherous vertical landscapes, along with an occasional skirt-lifting air gust. In the dream I frolicked around on these things with other kids, but I entered the rolling barrel tunnel alone. You would walk along a catwalk

through the revolving barrel in order to get to the Hall of Mirrors. Glowing, smoldering, artificial embers coated the wall of the barrel and it would always feel hot in there. Of course, it was never possible to stand inside the barrel tunnel for long. In a short while the catwalk would seem to move, threatening to turn you upside down. I stood inside the barrel tunnel in the dream, feeling none of the usual dizziness, turning over and over, like a spoke in a wheel. Afterward, I decided I'd better walk through and go to the hall of mirrors. I expected to find a wobbly, distorted reflection, either short, squashed, and compact or all elongated and pulled apart, like taffy. Instead I came face to face with a girl my own age, with soft-looking blond hair. She looked back at me with the same type of bewildered, puzzled expression I imagined must have been playing out on my own face. There was a vague familiarity about her, as if she were a cousin or the daughter of an old family friend I may have seen once or twice at a barbecue or somewhere. She wore pink, lacy, frilly clothes: a sweater and ruffly skirt. Also a pretty hair bow. Not the usual attire for a pre-teen girl in the days immediately following Woodstock. On impulse I looked down. I saw pink ruffles at my knees and the soft pink blur of a sweater sleeve on my arm. Then I woke up.

The dream interpreters could have a field day with that one, though I do not believe the experience of a dream can be processed universally this way. It is like poetry, which may strike chords and touch emotions yet ultimately holds its greatest lyric significance in the poet itself. With that then, the dream is simply an enactment of my desire to reclaim some semblance of a girlhood. I think.

Is there a purpose to all this? A moral? Well if through reading this you are inspired to pay a little closer attention to your dreams (both the ones you have while asleep and while awake) and that helps you come to terms with the reality of your desires, then I'll feel that writing this will have been an hour well spent.

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## A TV's Story

by Bonnie

After six months of Cross-Port membership and of reading the *InnerView*, it seems that my experiences are similar to those of many other TVs.

As a young boy, I tried on my mother's earrings. As a teen I would try on some of her clothes. (I don't think I was ever found out.) Once, between these two ages, my mother wanted to dress me in a girdle and stockings, and had the girdle up over my knees before I fended her off. Though, I felt a strange desire to allow it to happen. She did it, I feel, because she always wanted to have a girl — I's have been Judy had that happened.

Also as a teen, I became envious of girls — they could wear make-up and nail colors, textured stockings, short skirts and high heels. I longed to be able to do that too! It wasn't fair — a woman could alter her appearance for better or worse, but a man could not.

My four Air Force years were good and bad — I had money and some privacy to indulge in wearing a bra, girdle and stockings.

In Vietnam, I couldn't do this.

I did obtain some TS literature (including detailed information on the operations to go either way). For a while, I thought a sex change was what I wanted. After about a month of this, it wasn't really the solution.

I felt I should inform the young lady I'd dated (and to whom I was writing) about what and who I really was. I sent her a TV booklet with the paragraphs concerning transsexualism appropriately annotated with my decision. I didn't wish to return to the world under false pretenses.

She was shocked but not turned off. We dated on and off for nearly two years before we married. She'd never seen me dressed until after we were married. That was 19 years and 4 houses ago.

Judy (Mom has her Judy now) has been very understanding and extremely helpful. She doesn't mock or laugh, but instead helps me with purchasing and using make-up, clothes, hose. She has even surprised me with a new wig when she decided the old one was too ratty to wear any longer. Her understanding and help are just two more reasons why I love her so.

The "dress name" question on the application didn't seem very important until I began reading the newsletters. And so, after a lot of thought, "Bonnie" has emerged. She is nervously anticipating her first *Weekender*.

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## National Conference

Phyllis Randolph Frye has been Phyllis since 1976 and has been

practicing law as Phyllis in Texas since 1986. She has begun organizing a National Conference on Transgender Law. Tentative date and location will be the weekend of August 21-22, 1992 in Houston, Texas.

All attorneys, paralegals, law enforcement officers, judges and magistrates, law students and anyone interested in law that relates to and affects the entire transgender community are welcome.

Topics to be discussed should cover, family, military, probate, housing, employment, insurance, criminal, discrimination, health and other areas of the law.

If interested, write: Phyllis Randolph Frye, Attorney; 5707 Firenza St, Houston, TX 77035-5515.

For early face-to-face discussions with Phyllis, she will be at the "Fantasy Adventure Weekend", Nov 8-10, 1991 in Houston. Meet with her for actual preliminary planning during the "Texas-T-Party", Feb 28-Mar 1, 1992 in San Antonio. All plans are to be finalized at the IFGE "Coming Together", Apr 6-12, in Houston.

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## Real Girl Talk

by Cynthia Phillips

*Reprinted from the Sept-Oct Cross Currents newsletter from the Heart of Texas Gender Alliance.*

There has been a lot of talk lately about transgendered males being "real girls" after they get the operation. Also, many TGs feel that by "getting dressed, or "living as a woman", that they have all

found the "secret"; that they have "stepped through the Looking Glass".

ALL of this is completely WRONG. If you truly want to be a woman, you must start with your soul! It's what is inside that will help you understand what it means to be a woman. Not all the exterior physical changes, mannerisms, designer clothes or envy will move you one inch closer to your goal.

You MUST look INSIDE yourself to find your "inner core". Remember, you were raised and educated as males; you are "branded" with "male imprinting". This is very difficult to overcome, but it can be done. Start by relaxing and letting down your inner barriers. When you talk to a woman, don't just be an observer, try to put yourself in her shoes. Try to feel where she is coming from.

Many transgendered males think that women lead a Cinderella-type existence. I'm not sure where this myth comes from, but being a "real" woman is full of thankless tasks. So often she holds down two full-time jobs (business woman and housewife). She not only bears children, she quite often has to raise them alone, or with very little help from the male.

She cooks, cleans, does the chauffeuring, washing, ironing, and is often too exhausted at bedtime to bother putting on a beautiful flowing negligee and being a "vamp" in bed or in the mood to play "games".

Try these feelings on for size and see how they REALLY fit, because let me assure you, this is all just a small start in feeling how a real woman feels... but it IS a start...

## Linda's Corner

I thought I would let everyone know what a good time I had at the Coronation of the Empress and Emperor of Cincinnati last month. Since this was their first event in Cincinnati, they didn't expect a large crowd. As it turned out there were over a hundred people in attendance, so the place seemed full. Both Elaine and Kristine from Crossport joined me on this venture.

I found it to be quite unique from anything I've been to in the past. It was divided into three sections. In each, they would introduce the visiting Emperors and Empresses from around the country. And believe me there were many in attendance. They came from as far away as Oregon and Canada, and as close as Lexington, Ky. This was followed by the entertaining of the Empress. Select people would bow before Her Majesty, then proceed to perform a song and dance number, selected just for her. This was followed by more formal ceremonies, and introductions of the contestants running for the throne.

Most of the men came dressed in fancy tux-like suits that were (in many cases) covered with diamond pins and silk sashes. Some carried swords and wore crowns. The "women" looked liked they were going to a Hollywood award ceremony. The gowns alone were worth the trip for me. We're talking up to \$4000 in some cases. They were gorgeous to say the least. Many wore a tiara in their hair and carried a scepter. I must say, I felt a little out of place in my \$39 JC Penney outlet prom dress.

I found out the reason for the 20 minute breaks in between sets. Many of the girls would run back to their rooms and change outfits. It was almost as bad as one of these TV Conventions. But I didn't mind, it was just that many more outfits I got to drool over.

The group in general were very friendly. They would all come up and introduce themselves, and making friends was very easy. Nothing like going to a gay bar where they all seem to have their cliques of friends. It was one of those nights where you really felt accepted by the gay community.

Afterwards we went to WG Magic's, a gay bar in downtown Cincinnati. We had a few drinks and danced for a while. Later, we went back to the Travel Lodge to an all night party in one of the rooms. I was one of a few left in drag. Some guys would try to hustle me, even though they knew I wasn't gay.

About 4:30 am, we got raided by the Newport Police. At first we thought we must have been making too much noise. When the police got there, they just thought I was one of the guys' girl friends. They started questioning some of the guys. When asked, we found that they were looking for some guy who raped a girl down the road. Everyone broke out in laughter. Then the cops realized they were at a gay party, so they left in peace.

Overall, it was a fun night, and I plan on returning next year.

I always tell my Crossdressing friends that I regularly dress in front of my children, and I haven't seen it effect them at all. Well I may be wrong.

Seeing Daddy in a skirt is not considered abnormal to my six year old. Crossdressing is just another "normal" game she can play with her friends. Now I'm not talking about playing mommies and daddies either.

A few weeks ago, I came home to find her and her friends dressed in dresses, wigs, and high heels. As they played around for a while, I said to her, "I thought when you played mommies, you always had babies, and I don't see any." "The reason", she said, "is because we are playing TVs. You know, we're pretending we are boys that like to dress up like girls."

The one little friend said that it was lots of fun, and she can't wait to tell her mother about this new game. As I walked away, I had to wonder what mom will think?

Today, I saw my daughter and her friend playing barbies (Barbie Dolls). When I looked, they had pulled their heads off. I asked what they were doing. I was told that they were playing sex-change. They were going to give Ken a girl's body. ...My God, what have I done.

I picked up on a tip regarding fake fingernails last week that I thought I would pass on.

While shopping Drug Emporium, I noticed some new nails called TruNails. What makes them different is the way they are sized. Usually you buy a pack that contains about 20 nails of various sizes. Out of that, you're probably lucky if 10 will fit your hand. Well, TruNails can also be bought in one size only packets which means if you only need the jumbo sizes, that's all you need buy. You

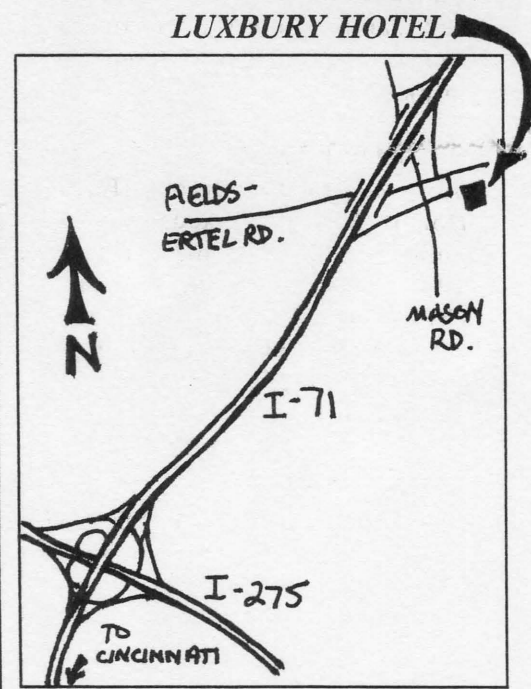
might want to cash in on this like I did.

Since most of the nails now days are clear, you will have to get out the nail polish. Most nails need two coats to look good. This can sometimes be messy and discouraging.

I will usually size the nails, and then take a small rolled up

ball of tape and put it under the nail so when I lay it down, it doesn't move around. I then paint the nails one coat, not to return until hours later to add the second. Now when I want to get dressed they are perfect, and ready to go at anytime. Also, if you use a good polish the first time, you can wear them full time about a week before they need to be redone.

Date	Event	Activity	Location
9/19	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
9/20	Trans VW	Meeting	Huntington
9/21	Weekenders	Meeting	Cincinnati
9/21	Gayla Dinner & Dance	Fund Raiser	Indianapolis
9/28	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
10/3	IXE	Meeting & Fashion Show	Indianapolis
10/12	Weekenders	Meeting	Cincinnati
10/17	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
10/18	Trans WV	Meeting	Huntington
10/26	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus



**CROSS-PORT WEEKENDERS**

**RESERVATION FORM** - October 12, 1991, 6:00pm

Fem Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Name & Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Will you be staying at the Luxbury? \_\_\_\_\_

Would you want to rent one the available Cross-Port beds for \$20.00? \_\_\_\_\_

Number of CD's reserving: \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$10.00