

August 1987

CRIN·O·LINES

A Convention Report

by Miss Wella Balsam

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Dedication

This part of the report is inspired by a number of folks. One fine example is the Portland Rosetown Ramblers, who put this massive shindig together! Without their hard work and fine dedication, why, we might have ended up doin' the whole thing in Pioneer Square, or on those bridges crossin' the Willamette River! Another tip 'o my garter goes out to all the wonderful and colourful clubs who attended "Explode The Rose '87." Without your constant support in attendin' these functions, we might as well do the whole thing in the ladies' lavatory! Much love and respect to y'all.

I can't think of two people who do more public relations in the field of squaredancin', than Freeman Stamper and Steffany. Their combined energy (and good fashion sense!) make up a powerhouse of fun and pride that us in the family can look to. They are both good friends of mine, and the added joy, is that they both live in the same house! Love and big kisses to the both of y'all

My final dedication is to three people who are sadly no longer with us in physical presence, but will always be with us in spirit & joy. Murray lush, Kevin Floen, and Fred Lyons all typified what Squares Across the Border was all about. They all loved squaredancin' with a passion, and I know that they are all proud of the work that our club (and others around North America) have done these past few years. We shall all miss them very much, but they shall never be forgotten. My loveliest thoughts and warmest wishes to y'all.

Foreward

This "report" may never ring true with some of y'all out there. It started as an idea, as yours truly and Mr. Billy Joe were travellin' back to our home in Canada. After calming ourselves down from laughin' ourselves silly, the "report" was born.

Now lots of things in here, you may have never heard happen in that weekend in July, 1987. And things you have heard about, may not be as 'correct' as what's printed here. To give you an example, earlier in the weekend it was heard that one of my nieces, one Solange Pine spent 18 hours saying goodbye to a member of the Western Stars from San Francisco - it now appears that yours truly was very wrong about this amount of time - it was only 14 hours Solange tells me! Another example is rumours I heard about yours truly spending Saturday night in a camper somewhere in Jantzen Beach. Not true, I am sorry to say to y'all -- it was a motorhome in Jantzen Beach!

So that gives y'all a kind of idea of what I'm doin' here. It's sort of an 'in house' thing that I've done about the Convention in Portland, but I hope that some of these anecdotes came over your way, too. I hope that y'all enjoy readin' it as much as I enjoyed puttin' it together for y'all.

By the way, if there are any corrections or deletions of information that you find in this 'report' - please DON'T tell me about them! I'll just remember to try harder and get it right next year, okay??!

xxx Della

The "Report"



Well, wasn't that a party?! Darlin', I have to tell ya, I could not believe the energy, happiness, and plain old fashioned foot stompin' that spilled from room to room every day (and night) of EXPLODE THE ROSE. It was just wonderful how all of these people came together from all parts of the continent - people with different personalities, dance stylings, level achievements, hairdos - and danced, danced, danced till the cows mooed "no more!" I was plum tickled at all the friendliness and helpfulness that everyone gave out. It was quite an introduction to conventions, being a first-time conventioneer like myself was.

The schedule was chock full of workshops, introductory lessons, information briefs, and dancing, dancing, dancing! I mean, I had to keep checkin' my little old Convention Guide to make sure I was always in the right place at the right time, it was so busy with things to do and people to see. And the schedule in that Guide was a marvel of planning and timing - so good, that I would like to personally invite the EXPLODE THE ROSE Planning Committee to come over my way, and help me put my grocery lists together! Well, it was just a teeny thought.

All dance levels were covered, from the Basic up to the A Levels. My little ears even heard that some C Level dancing was going on in the halls of the Portland Hilton. Never found it, but I hope that all who got there had a great time. And I heard that even the hotel swimmin' pool was not exempt from squarin' up and and takin' a 'dive thru,' if ya get my meanin'! I'm surprised that no one tried to do a passin' square on those escalators between the lobby and the Convention floor! Well, it's only gonna be a matter of time -

All in all, I think that we all got our money's worth dontcha think? Startin' with that beautiful cloissone (I jest love French!) Convention bin, the Guide, the Banquet, the shops (rhinestones & leather?), the callers, the elevators (!), and the PEOPLE made my money seem like an afterthought! I was jest overwhelmed by the new friends I made, old friends I ran into again, and especially the good feelin' of how I, myself, did in the levels I danced in. It was all so new and attractive to me to attend such a thing, that it sort of sneaked up me how easily I fell into the enjoyment of it all.

There's a little old expression that goes somethin' like - "you can take the girl out of the country, but ya can't take the country out of the girl" - well darlin', country hit the Portland Hilton, and I don't think that the place'll ever be the same again! Who knows? The Rosetown Ramblers may even see some of those staff members joinin' up one night, to see what all the commotion and craziness was all about!

The callers were usually always sayin' how gay/lesbian squaredancin' was the most enjoyable, happy, and fun thing to call for. Darlin', we always knew that didn't we? I guess that it just takes a small thing like a Convention to prove the fact! And nearly 600 gay men and lesbians did just that - now if we could all do this more often, the world would be a more fun place to be in right?

Evrythin' else is covered right here in this 'report.' Y'all have a fun time readin' through it, while I go check my crinoline line!

The Hotel



I think my first delight in touring around the Portland Hilton hotel, was discovering, five hours after arriving, that the elevators actually stopped between the parking level and the main lobby! Oh well, you can't blame the girl for trying. Apparently, yours truly weren't the only one to miss this little fact. But what the hay, it was convention time!

Now the hotel did have it's ups and downs, which you could sure say weren't the way with them elevators again! Someone shoulda applied a little more pressure to the management to get all of them things goin'. And speakin' of pressure, how was your hot water workin' in your room? My beds sure might be warm and cozy in the chill of the evenin', but my showerin' was somethin' else! But you kinda got used to what they called a "light shower," which was another excuse for the hot water not bein' too strong!

That was a might purty lobby they had, with that spiral staircase leadin' to god knows where. All them plants and things in rattan kind of reminded me of an indoor plantation down south! And with all those Seattle watersquirters goin' off left and right, them plants sure got watered more than they probably care to remember!

Speakin' of watersquirters, I heard that some of the Hilton staff managed to grab a few of them things away from those attendin' the convention. Stashed em away, them when the floor manager inquired as to 'what's been going on lately,' pulled 'em out, and let him have it with about two buckets worth! Jest a rumour, y'know.

The maids were whippin' in and out of those rooms as fast as room keys were changin' hands among the people stayin' there! Never quite sure how they did it, but one second you were complainin' that nothin' had been done with those bedsheets yet, turn away, and zooooooom! All neat and tidy, like the Mandrell sisters were workin' an extra trade!

And my favourite thing about the Hilton were all them purty little doodads you found in that little bathroom "holder" by the sink! They was all packaged up with that Hilton crest on 'em, in a nice pinky sort of colour. Pretty little things -- and I might have taken the holder, too, if I hadn't of been so guilty about takin' the rest of that stuff!

The City of Portland

If you was one of the lucky ones to have a couple of days before the convention got goin', or managed a few hours between all them hours of dancin', you would have discovered what a lovely city Portland really is. One of the first things you notice about the town, is the immensity in the number of fountains all over the place! Never seen so many gushers since my plumbing gave up the ghost back home! They are truly a delight to see - or fall into, dependin' which way you're not lookin'!

Then there's that river, the Willamette. And that's Willamette, darlins, not WillamETTE. They get a might touchy about the name, y'know. Well anyways, that river kind of reminds me of the Thames in London, England, y'know, with all them bridges. But without that funny accent!

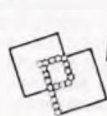


And those buildings are somethin' else! There must have been a pretty powerful lady around these parts, to get one big statue erected in her honour! And they even named the town after her! Mighty nice of them folks. And her statue is located in front of a funny lookin' building that I liken to that Empire State Building in New York City, but cut off at the knees! They say it looks like some kind of juke box machine, but it'd take a heck of a quarter to get that sucker playin' music! Portland people are a little nuts, but I still like their fountains awhile lot!

And that 'city of roses' has it's roses up in a place called Washington Park. It's a mighty pretty area of town, but if ya can't hitch a ride up there, it's a mighty long climb! Mighty pretty houses, too.

All in all, Portland is one heck of a city to have a convention in. And some day soon, I'd enjoy travellin' back just to see how many fountains there really are! Heard there's a bunch of merry-go-rounds hidden here and there, too! That'd be real fun to do.

The Squaredance Clubs



Puddletown
Squares



Some came by bus; bunches of 'em chartered plane trips; some even jest walked downtown; and one even hopped on a bicycle and rode from Seattle! Many, many folks spent their Fourth of July weekend, and hightailed it to the Hilton for "Explode The Rose '87", in Portland. Over twenty clubs across the states and Canada were represented at this pretigious (there's that French again!) occasion, and I think that everyone there had a wonderful time, comparin' notes on how such-an-such was done, and what a New York egg creme is really made of! Yes sir, I can't tell y'all how many times it occurred to me how everyone really knew which room they was stationed in! I mean, darlins, I must admit there was alot of 'key exchange' goin' on this whole weekend - it boggled the mind to think that everyone got their rightful keys back in time for sheekout! But that's international relations fer ya - or is that national relations!

Anyway, it was wonderful seein' all them badges and t-shirts with all them different club names on 'em. But when the weekend was nearly over, sometimes you couldn't tell who was from where, the way that pins and t-shirts was bein' given out or exchanged for whatever! But everyone had a good time, bein' their own consulate representative! I jest hope that these poor individuals remembered what club they originally came from! Can you imagine startin' out as a Times Square, and then endin' up as a Western Star?! I suppose their plane tickets would have helped out in this case.

WILDE BUNCH



New Calls & Levels!

Durin' the course of the convention alot of things happened. One of the major things that took place, was a number of squaredancin' calls bein', how shall we say, redefined or reworded? Some of the old calls were even combined, and now there is even the possibility of a new level bein' created from this convention! Will wonders never cease? Anyways, here of some of the 'new calls' I picked up through the weekend. Maybe you remember them, too. The new levels are here, too!

CHAIN DOWN YER NEIGHBOR - suggested by those who wanted to keep their corners from twitchin' too much!

FLIP YER NEIGHBOR & SPRED - suggested by Solange Pine and her new beau from the Western Stars (14 hours, indeed!)



SLEEP AROUND - suggested by the staff of the Portland Hilton!

SPIN CHAIN THRU, RINSE & RECYCLE - did anyone really know where the laundry room was in that hotel?

INSANE REACTION - suggested as a result of everyone, at every level, reacting to a call they didn't remember!

FLIP, CUT & APPRAISE THE DIAMOND - well, we all can't be stuck with rhinestones, y'know!

New Levels:

A1-EH? - suggested as a tribute to the Canadian visitors!

C-7 - this was apparently suggested by Carol from Squares Across the Border. It goes somethin' like this: you walk into a room. If you C-7 in a square, you join it and complete the square! How easy can it get?!! I think we'll all enjoy that level! Remember folks, Carol can be blamed for this one!

HONKY TONK QUEEN CONTEST

I have to tell y'all, this was definitely one of the most important events of the convention weekend! No girl in her right mind could miss out on this humdinger of an event. It had drama, pathos (?), real tear jerkin' speeches, and in the end a climax I, myself, will never ever forget - no matter how hard I try!

The competition was very intense this year. Many beautiful and articulate contestants were vying for the coveted honour. Stella, our hostess and outgoing Honky Tonk Queen was at her best - or at least tried to keep all the squirtguns at bay! She was a dazzlin' edifice of beauty to behold!

The judges were on their toes during the whole contest. They knew that this would not be an easy decision to make. But it was only when Paul Marcum made a passin' remark about 'hairy chested women' that we knew that many would lose, and only a couple or three would gain. And since everyone else had a heck of a time gettin' their back zippers undone to show a little more cleavage, most of us knew right there who was gonna get it! And the winner was ---

SYBIL PRESLEY, with her flashin' eyes, flashin' hair, and flashin' ~~xi~~ chest! She was truly an armfull to behold. I think that at one point the poor darlin' was so overcome at tryin' to please everyone (and not just the judges), she nearly sent the trophy table into the next suite! But she did calm down enough to give an unforgettable acceptance speech. And these are it, kids, word for word:

AI-AI-AI-AI-AIE-AIE-AIE!!!

Truly, a Honky Tonk Queen with class! I do think, though, that the little darlin' should work on her shoulders and neck muscles a bit, so as to be able to lift that darn crown on her head, if she has to put the fool thing on her head!

Congratulations and kisses, kisses to y'all Sybil. Keep in touch, and let yours truly know how the head exercises are workin' out, y'hear?

The Banquet

Our attendance at the convention banquet started off kind of poorly, as we had to wait nearly twenty minutes for a fool elevator to stop on our floor and pick us up! (see Hotel report) But Billy Joe and I did find a couple of choicy spots in the State Room.

Dinner went fine, though at times I think we all thought that poor bushy must of been overcome by all the loveliness in one room. I lost count of the number of times he dropped his tray of dishes after three! I think that even one of our waiters had a wee 'faux pas', too! But we did eat, and we wined, and we laughed, and we exchanged room keys again!

A 'brief' summation of that five hour marathon Friday meetin' was given to us after dinner. By the way, my love goes out to all of you darlins who got through it all on that Friday. Wouldn't of traded places with y'all for all the rhinestones in Steffany's briefcase! And speakin' of Steffany, didn't she make a lovely entrance at the banquet? I, too, am apt to wonder, as I overheard on the Fun Badge Tour - how does she keep her hair up like that?! Looked wonderful darlin'.

The rundown of future conventions were given out after dinner, too. The highlight of that listing, was lettin' everyone know "WE WANNA GO TO MIAMI (1991)!!" Very charmin' fashins kids - especially all them flamingo hats! Just to flash it all by y'all; 1988-Phoenix; 1989-New York; 1990-Vancouver, BC; 1991-Miami; 1992-Atlanta; 1993-Seattle (where it all began ten years ago). I think that after this convention, we're all gonna get our pennies together and hightail it to as many as possible, right? Right!!!

Last banquet note - nice touch by Tee Pee Creeper hawkin' 50-50 tickets around the tables. Brought in a few hundred dollars for some lucky conventioneer, and a couple of hundred for the Association. By the way, did anyone actually get that cute little old Mountie?! I'll never tell, darlins!

Fashion & Beauty



My gracious, there were so many new styles of western wear around the convention floors, I jest couldn't put it all on a piece of paper! But I will try to name a few 'highlights' in fashion and beauty.

As always, Steffany was ever dazzling, and ever changing as well in what she wore. The shell skullcap she wore was very interesting. I never knew there was squaredancin' in the South Seas! And everyone wanted to know where she picked up that flashy & shiny lame' crinoline. It was jest too, too you darlin'.

Ruby from Seattle showed off a true 'tribute' to the Fourth of July, with a boater festooned with all sorts of ribbons and things. Very lovely and special, girl. And those girls from the Midnight Squares did a blouse and skirt combo with what I thought was flannelette! Unforgettable, kids! Made y'all all ready for beddy-bye time, right? Or squaredancin' on the waterbeds, I suppose.

One of my favourite men's fashions was this dazzlin use of beads on a plaid yoke in the western shirt! I assume that this gentleman had a Scottish heritage of some kind. Describin' it to others sounded very strange, but darlins, ya had to see it t'believe it! It was jest wonderful.

And I think that the best use of a rainbow had to go to (who else) those darlin' RAINBELLES! Weren't they somethin' in the exhibition? And the way that one in yellor ran around the other way to get to her place in the square was jest precious! Even a horse got in on their act! Nice use of colours, girls - even your hair deserves a mention here!

Fun Badge Tour

This Fun Badge Tour proved to be one of the more 'interesting' ways to get out of the hotel, and getting into an interesting (though very quick) tour of Portland and the immediate vicinity. This tour was not for the faint-of-heart, take my word darlins! Never have I climbed so much, slid around so many times, and toured the outside of a mansion so quickly!

The weather was kind of 'iffy' the whole afternoon, and even though there was a dangle available for those who squaredanced in the hotel's swimmin' pool, many of us thought the weather throughout the Badge Tour justified buying a 'duck dangle'!

Imagine if you will dancin' 1073 feet above sea level! That's what we all did at Council Crest. And Mt. Tabor was supposed to be a volcano, it looked sort of like a black-topped parkin' lot to me! Oh well, progress, darlins.

Cathedral Park was very interesting, as it gave ~~we~~ the clearest view of what the underside of what a bridge is supposed to look like! Very pretty view - lots of leaks, too we soon found out! And Pittock Mansion proved to be a hoot, as we could only charge up the sidewalks to the other side, dance our little old feet off, then dive back to the busses before those tourists visiting the Mansion knew what hit 'em! I did hear one of them, though, give a good price for the place - if the rugs were thrown in as a bonus!

We ended it all in Pioneer Square, havin' a merry time dancin' in 22 squares, oblivious to the outside world. That and the occasional squirtgun blast proved a fitting climax to a most enjoyable (and wet) Fun Badge Tour.

Dangles & Pins



What can you ~~say~~ about dangles & pins that ain't been said already? Everybody seemed to get one for either swimmin' and squaredancin' in the Hilton's pool or on that semi-wet Fun Badge Tour! And we know they give dangles out for dancin' in elevators and such.

But do they give those dang things out for dressin' a caller up (Paul Marcum, are y'all listenin' honey?), so he looks absolutely special during the Mainstream callin', then havin' him keep the dress on and callin' a square in the ladies' bathroom?!!!

And do they have a dangle fer tryin' to move yer bodies up and down those dang escalators between the hotel lobby and the convention floor? And how about one for dancin' in front of those so-called 'sidewalk evangelists,' spoutin' that "Portland's Gay Pride is Portland's Shame?!"

And here's a special one! A lot of us figgered out that anywhere Steffany appeared in a squaredance crowd, we'd all get a dangle! Something simple, like a single rhinestone on a solid coloured background! Oooooooo wouldn't that be nice! I think so.

Now besides dangles, there was a ton and a half of pins scootin' around the place. I think the only one I missed was the T Squares button, 'cause I couldn't read the thing fast enough to figger out what it was! But I certainly got my wagon full! All I need now is all them t-shirts that seemed to be slippin' off backs faster than a pint of water offa ducks behind! Lots of tradin' and barterin' goin' on durin' the weekend. Nice times to remember right darlins?

All share gay time at dancing meet

By SARAH AMES
and CARLA THOMPSON
of The Oregonian staff

The fourth annual International Association of Gay Square Dance Clubs drew more than 600 dancers, about one-fifth of them women, to the Portland Hilton Hotel this weekend for a spinning, foot-stamping good time.

"You just become one big family," said Freeman Stamper.

Stamper, an administrator with a law firm in San Francisco, celebrated his 42nd birthday at the Hilton on Friday night, when the Explode the Rose convention opened for the first time in Portland.

Dressed in silver high-heeled dance shoes, hot pink petticoats, off-the-shoulder ruffled blouse and beaded headdress, Stamper — better known as Stephany to the other dancers — drew hoots of approval from the dancers, most of whom were attired in conventional casual attire.

He and his friend, Cap Moran, are members of San Francisco's Western Star Dancers.

Also present were members of Seattle's Cascade Cloggers, one of several clubs in that area, and the South Florida Mustangs, among others from across the United States and Canada.

"It's a nice way to meet people from across the country," said a dancer from Grand Rapids, Mich., where there is no gay square dance club. He said he learned about the convention in a national gay magazine.

The number of square dance clubs for gay men and lesbians has grown dramatically in the last eight years, said Larry Murchison of the Rosetown Ramblers, the Portland group that is host of the convention. The first gay dance clubs started in large cities with active homosexual populations, such as Miami, Fla., he said.

But since then the activity has spread to surprising places — such as Oklahoma City, Okla., and Grand Rapids, Mich., to name a few. The Ramblers, which have about 40 active members, started in 1981.

Over the weekend, dancers filled the Hilton basement, brushing up on square-dancing techniques in workshops on six levels of intricacy, and gathering for hours of dancing at night.

On Sunday afternoon, four busloads of dancers toured the city, stopping for short dances at the Pittock Mansion, Council Crest, Mount Tabor, Cathedral Park and Pioneer Courthouse Square.

The fact that partners are usually of the same sex does cause a little confusion in the traditional art form where callers direct the "girls" and the "boys," Murchison said.

"Of course, square dancing originated as a heterosexual activity," he said. "Once in a while they say 'girls trade,' and you have to stop and say which of us are they talking about?"

SPECIAL HELLO!!

This part is a special 'how ya doin' darlin'" to Jan of the Puddletown Squares in Seattle, Washington.

Seems the poor darlin' was so excited 'bout havin' her picture took in the group photo sessions, she promptly fell off a chair/stand/table/shoulders (take your pick), and broke her arm!!!

Needless to say, she had to make an instant visit to the hospital, but made it back to get through the convention weekend.

We're all thinkin' of ya darlin', and hope your arm is feelin' much better lately. In no time at all you'll be relayin' the deucey like nobody can! Keep well, and watch out for platforms!



I Thought you'd like to hear about...

Police seek RCMP dummy

Carrado Gastaldo is sure the Mounties will get their man... nequin.

"The RCMP are the best, so they should be able to find it," Gastaldo said Monday.

The 1.8-metre mannequin — a Mountie in full dress uniform — was stolen at 3:45 a.m.

Sunday after somebody smashed the front window of Gastaldo Tailors in the 900-block 12th Street in New Westminster.

Gastaldo mainly sells men's suits and slacks but he also custom fits breeches and red serge tunics for Canada's famous gendarmes.

The 48-year-old tailor said the silent sentry had been in his window for 25 years and had become something of a landmark.

"I tell my customers: 'Come down Kingsway until you enter New Westminster and then look for the Mountie in the window,'" he said.

He said the RCMP owns the uniform, and the garbed mannequin was the only item stolen.



STOLEN:
the silent sentry

AIN'T SHE SWEET

News Services

SAN FRANCISCO — Gone are the spidery eyelashes and the bluish-a drum.

Tammy Faye Bakker, wife of fallen televangelist Jim Bakker, visited a beauty parlor for the first time yesterday and learned in a six-hour session

how to apply makeup with a brush instead of a trowel.

Tammy Faye now sports lighter makeup that "truly brings out the gentleness of her eyes," according to friend Lia Belli.

Hairstylists also gave her brittle bouffant a more natural look in a "hokey tint."

... Ain't nothin' Sacred?

Baby rhino a gem

By LUCIA CORBELLA
Staff Reporter

She's charging into stardom as the Rhinestone cowgirl.

Grey, leather-skinned and a bit of a clod-hopper, this little gal weighs in at just over 136 kilograms (300 lb.).

And readers have just named the mouth-old baby Rhinestone the Rhinoceros.

Twelve of the more than 100 entrants to The Province's "Name the Rhino Contest" came up with the flashy name. All have won family passes to the Vancouver Game Farm in Aldergrove.

And Lisa Gemino, 14, the grand-prize-winner, whose name was drawn from the other winners, also gets a gourmet picnic from Myrna's Deli on Burrard.

"I think Rhinestone is an appropriate name for the baby because she's such a gem and she's a White Rhino," said Gemino, who hopes to be a zoologist one day.

After Province judges picked some of the better names, game farm staff were contacted and the choices were narrowed down to Rhinestone and Tutu (after South African Nobel laureate Desmond Tutu).

and...

Final Call

This brief little 'thing' has only touched lightly on what everyone remembers during "Explode The Rose" in Portland, July 3-5/87. But I hope that some of what I mentioned triggered a personal memory for anyone who has the guts to read through this thing! Something or someone I may have missed in mentioning, please forgive my little old memory. All that twirlin' and spinnin' and carryin' on can give yer brain palpitations it might never recover from! And if I've gotten a few things wrong, well, I tried! It was all in fun anyway

The Final Call in all of this convention business, is that everyone had a terrific time, and that this weekend together got our systems worked up so dang much, that we just can't wait for next year's convention! Well remember, darlins, we have good memories, and we have names and addresses, and hopefully some photographs that turned out half-decent to remember it all!

Now that y'all have hopefully recovered from all the merriment and craziness that went on during that weekend, it's time to get back to reviewing the old stuff, and larnin' some new things to surprise everyone with next year! Phoenix is only eight or so months away, but y'all be so surprised how fast that time will pass. And there's always fly-ins, and special parties, and special occasion things, etc.

In short, there's always a reason to form a square!!

Thankyous

Can't think of enough people to thank for makin' my personal trip to Portland so special. But I'll name a few right here, right now.

A big kiss to the Rosetown Ramblers for doin' all they could and more to make "Explode The Rose" as successful as it was. Y'all did yourselves proud, darlins

To my room-mates (you know who you are, and how many you are!), who made puttin' a girls eyelashes on so very easy. By the way, I still don't know the difference between a Woofer and a Tweeter! But I'll try to figure it out in Phoenix, okay?

To Ruby from Seattle, who gave me a cookie as a reward for gettin' through each Badge Tour stop. Honey, you were a true lifesaver! Not havin' breakfast or lunch can give a girl pain somethin' awful! Every time I see a chocolate-covered peanut butter cookie, I'll think of you sweetie.

To my nieces, the Pine Sisters, for lettin' Aunt Wella have her fun, without payin' for it too much (that was a motorhome, right?). Y'all were good girls and very polite while out of town. But next time, girls, we should cut the goodbyes down just a touch, okay?

To Billy Joe who inspired me to write this 'report.' You should check him out girls, he's really a right fancy hunk!

To all my new girlfriends, especially Steffany, Blanche, Virginia Slim, Stella, Amethyst, and, last but not least the one and (thankfully) only Sybil Presley, 1987 Honky Tonk Queen!!! Work on those shoulders honey, they'll do you proud some day.

To the western wear shop, the shops with rhinestones and leather, THANKYOU from the bottom of my dresser drawers! I think I'm okay in supplies until next year!

To my bank machine near Pioneer Square, thankyou for not failing on me! You'll never know how much I sweat every second you was workin' on my account up north!

Thankyou to all the restaurants and bars who gave us big welcomes,
and kept the convention spirit goin' well beyond the hotel's walls.
Y'all were a treat to visit.

Thankyou and kisses galore to Mike, Jack, Jim, Paul, Johnny, Larry
& Don who put us all through our paces and never quit until the
convention finally had to end. Y'all were sensational, darlins!
Special notes have to be made about the really purty love call that
Paul AND Don did durin' Mainstream, when we finally got that dress
on Paul! It was wonderful! And Larry, I really love your hair!

And to all of you who shared a word or a dance with me - thankyou
for the pleasure of meetin' y'all and bein' there to share the fun.
Let's do it all again real soon, okay? Okay.



MAY 19-22, 1988

CROSS TRAILS

in the desert



Phoenix '88

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
WRITE TO

1988 CONVENTION COMMITTEE
P.O. BOX 34615
PHOENIX, AZ. 85067

See Y'all In Phoenix '88!



-S. Presley, 1987 Honky Tonk Queen

-Heard everywhere Steffany appeared!

-Hilton Hotel Maid Service Staff

-Tee Pee Creeper

-In front of the Portland Hilton

-Heard during the Banquet

-Portland Hilton Staff