



## *Desert Reflections PV*

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### From the President's Desk

Well, the summer months are just about upon us and many of us will be heading off for vacations. May will be our last general meeting before we break for the summer. Although we will not be having any general meetings, I would like for those of us who are remaining in town to be able to get together on our normal meeting night and go out and have a good time. For those heading away on vacation, please keep our newsletter in mind and consider writing articles for our newsletter letting us know what you did over the summer. I would like to wish you all a fun summer and you all stay safe.

### *In this issue*

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### *From The Editors Desk:*

The May issue may be the last issue over the summer months as I realize many will be away on vacation, one of the reasons we suspend monthly meetings in the summer. Just so you know though, if you send articles to me even during the summer, I will publish a newsletter so we can all enjoy your stories.

Beat the rush (aka deadline) and send me your articles for the next issue today!!

Rosaliy

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## T.U.G. Events Calendar for May 2011



Monday Nights:	Girls Mainstream Night Out – venue varies	– 7:30 pm
Wednesday:	Girls Night Out – venue varies	– 7:30 pm
Second Saturday:	Regular monthly T.U.G. Chapter Meeting	– May 14 - 7:30 pm
	Wednesday After T.U.G. Chapter Meeting:	
	Friends and Family Dinner – en drab	– May 18 – 7:30 pm
Third Sunday:	Newsletter article submission deadline	– May 22
Last Sunday:	Newsletter goes live on web site.	– May 29



## Other UpComing Events



[Esprit 2010 Conference](#) - Port Angeles, WA - May 15-22, 2011

[Be-All 2010](#) - Chicago, IL – May 31- June 5th, 2011

[Just You - Glamour Boutique 2 - Upcoming Events](#) - Las Vegas, NV

- Third Saturday of each month is Girl's Night Out
- Just You Week - June 20<sup>th</sup> to June 25<sup>th</sup>, 2011
- 

[Southern Comfort Conference](#) - Atlanta, GA - September 6-11, 2010

[Pacific Coast Living Conference](#) - San Francisco, CA - TBA

[Tri-Ess S.P.I.C.E. Conference](#) - St. Louis, MO - TBA

[Southern Comfort Conference](#) - Atlanta, GA - September 20-25, 2011

[Femme Getaway Reunion](#) – October 29 to November 3, 2011

Will be held in conjunction with Dignity Cruises for the Dignity Femme Getaway Halloween Cruise

[Access Clark County Las Vegas](#) Community Affairs, Government and more.





# Desert Reflections

## Fun ny Page



### From the “Be Careful What You Ask For” Department.

A man walks into a restaurant with a full-grown ostrich behind him.

The waitress asks them for their orders.

The man says, 'A hamburger, fries and a coke,' and turns to the ostrich, 'What's yours?' 'I'll have the same,' says the ostrich.

A short time later the waitress returns with the order 'That will be \$9.40 please,' and the man reaches into his pocket and pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the man and the ostrich come again and the man says, 'A hamburger, fries and a coke.' The ostrich says, 'I'll have the same.'

Again the man reaches into his pocket and pays with 'THE' exact change.

This becomes routine until the two enter again. 'The usual?' asks the waitress.

'No, this is Friday night, so I will have a steak, baked potato and a salad,' says the man. 'Same,' says the ostrich.

Shortly the waitress brings the order and says, 'That will be \$32.62.'

Once again the man pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on the table.

The waitress cannot hold back her curiosity any longer. 'Excuse me, sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change in your pocket every time?'

'Well,' says the man, 'several years ago I was cleaning the attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a Genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money would always be there.'

'That's brilliant!' says the waitress. 'Most people would ask for a million dollars or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!'

'That's right. Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there,' says the man..

The waitress asks, 'What's with the ostrich?'

The man sighs, pauses and answers,

'My second wish was for a tall chick with a big ass and long legs who agrees with everything I say.'

It's the job that's never started as takes the longest to finish.



“After this procedure, nobody will be commenting on what a big nose you have.”

### A Friend is a Treasure

A friend is someone we turn to,  
When our spirits need a lift,  
A friend is someone we treasure,  
For true friendship is a gift.

A friend is someone we laugh with,  
Over little personal things,  
A friend is someone we're serious with,  
In facing whatever life brings.

A friend is someone who fills our lives,  
With beauty and joy and grace.  
And makes the world that we live in  
A better and happier place!

By William Edward Buckland

Worry is like a rocking chair: it will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere.

## *Beyond The Dresses by Rosalyn Lynne*

Today I love my dresses, skirts, tops and all the rest of the things that go with being a girl. But it wasn't always so and to go beyond the dresses, I have to first go back to before the dresses.

The best times of my childhood years were those spent with my grandmother right across the street from my home. We had a corner lot with Beech trees and a nice yard. But, most of the time I was at grandma's. I rode the swing in her yard, helped her in her garden, and enjoyed her baked apples. It was she who taught me the value of being thankful for what I had as opposed to what I might have wanted.

I remember parts of my growing up years like so many snapshots in a picture book. Some are, like life, good and some bad but all go into the me I am today.

Something happened back then and I found myself moving from time to time as I was fostered with different families. I never knew then what happened or why I changed families over the years, only that I did and I would never live with my family again.

When I was in grade school, I was living with a Catholic family in Revere, MA. They had me going to a Protestant Church, since my family religion was Protestant, and one year there was a Halloween party. I wanted to go but I had no costume. Make no mistake about it, I was an outsider here and money for a costume was simply not there. They did provide an alternative, however. Several of the other foster children were about my age and size. They were girls and of course girl clothes, although not acceptable attire for little boys, were thought to be a good Halloween costume. So an outfit was provided and I was taken to the party. There I slipped into the small bathroom off the Sunday School room and changed. When I came out I had all kinds of comments about being cute etc.

Of course I felt no end of silly and out of place. I don't think I stayed in costume more than 5 minutes and then I was back to my clothes. Funny thing but, like several other times in my life, I don't remember much of the rest of the party or even getting home from it.

Years later, as I tried to understand why I had to wear girl clothes, I retrieved this memory and thought perhaps it had something to do with it. To this day I am not at all sure this incident is relevant to my dressing other than being the very first time I recall putting on girl clothes.

Actually it was not until high school that I started dressing at all. I said previously that I **had to wear** girls clothes and that is correct. One day I simply decided I had to dress as a girl and set out to acquire clothes for myself. I still remember how good it felt to put those things on and look at myself in the mirror. That little girls smiling back at me made me feel good. I also liked changing back to the boy under those clothes. Why I **had to** remains a mystery but it is clearly part of who I am altogether.

Like many kids today I was teased for many reasons. I had developed into a loner for all practical purposes and my various attempts to **fit in** with my peers were, ultimately, doomed to fail. My fair skin and features resulted in people, mostly the boys, calling me queer and faggot. The words were disturbing but not as much as after my father explained what they meant by calling me such names. All I knew before that was the way they were used in reference to me was bad and I took it as such.

Kids were kids and I learned, eventually, to stand up for myself. In this way I managed to avoid the harsher teasing so many others have had to endure and do so today. Kids are cruel but you learn to survive and go on.

You also learn who can and who can't be trusted. Those I could not trust I stayed away from. The really hard lessons on trust came from adults. It was adults who taught me to keep my own counsel and take care of myself cause they would not and could not be trusted with anything important to me.

When I started dressing, during high school years, I realized I could not let anyone know about it. I would be teased without mercy and adults would think I was ill or worse. My father actually caught me in a nightie once. I had to get rid of my clothes. It probably comes as no surprise that I quickly replaced them. Over the years I have gone through purges and replacements as, I realize now, many of my sisters have. This girl part won't be denied or hidden for long.

Today, having telescoped the greater part of my childhood into the few paragraphs above, I am somewhat unique among my T.U.G. Sisters in that I live as the girl I am, except for work and a few other things where boy mode is needed. Having married and divorced three times, I have no interest in marriage and, frankly as I turn 62 this year, I have no interest in intimacy. Of greater importance is being adjusted and happy with who I am as well as having the respect of friends. I have all the clothes, jewelry, makeup and accessories any girl could want and I am generally accepted as I present myself. Most people probably realize I am not a genetic female but I behave as I present and am treated with the respect a person deserves. Today, the looks that got me teased now get me complimented, especially since I (according to all reports) look younger than I really am.

Not as accomplished as some of my sisters, I do have my own achievements. I survived growing to adulthood; I have come to terms with my female side and accepted it as a basic part of me; I have grown confident overall, which by the way, is the only way to avoid bullies and trouble. Lack of confidence makes you a target. Confidence makes you secure.

I have flown from Nevada to S Dakota and back, en femme; and most recently I turned my hand to making some simple jewelry for myself. I purchased a number of necklaces and turned some into matching or co-ordinating earrings to go with them. Of course it is more expensive to make jewelry by buying existing pieces at retail and modifying them but it was fast and easy so I am happy in that respect. I include the three sets here:



These two sets were made from the same basic large Star necklaces.



The addition of the smaller stars behind the large ones is what made this set different.



There was only one turtle so I took the large and small sprigs and combined them for the co-ordinating earrings.

So what's beyond the dresses?

Life!

If you let it take you there.

## *Diva Las Vegas 2011* *By Jacky*

This is a short account of my experiences this year. This is about my 4th or 5th Diva. I only participated in 3 events this time but they were quite enjoyable.

On our way in we stopped at Macy's. There I bought a scarf for my hair. The wind was horrendous. I pictured my self as a transvestite chasing her wig down Las Vegas Blvd. Anyway some where between Macy's and our room the scarf disappeared.

We stayed at the Imperial Palace due to the demise of the Sahara. Joyce was apprehensive when we arrived. I had booked the Capri section which are separate motel style rooms in the back next to the parking garage. It was spooky trying to find the room that night.

I changed for dinner. This year I was totally casual and wore capris, a top & wedgies. Also I just got a gorgeous lime green hand bag. My first event was dinner at the Trevi in the Forum Shops at Caesar's. It's directly across from the Imperial Palace. I got across and in spite of the howling wind my hair stayed on. I noticed a DLVr ahead of me and asked her if she was going to the Trevi too. We got there at the cocktail hour and many of us were gathered around the bar. I had a cocktail or two. Said hello & chatted till we moved upstairs.

I shared the table with Ginger, her SO, Annie, a Canadian that was in drab (said he was a little under the weather from traveling), and the lady that wears the "Gone with the Wind" hoop skirt dresses. Ginger seems like a very interesting person and I've noticed very active with DLV. Annie of course as I understand it, is one of the founders of DLV.

I had "Chicken Limone" which is fettuccine, artichoke hearts, sun-dried tomatoes and lemon zest tossed in a cream sauce. It was delicious, however different since it was primarily a pasta dish. The service was attentive and provided us all with separate checks.

The following day I had signed up for the closing dinner and a makeover at Macy's. I took a cab over to the Macy's at the Fashion Show Mall. I met Sara Jessica, the organizer, who was in the middle of her makeover at the Estee Lauder counter. Andronica, the makeup artist for Dior, was free so she went to work on me. After maybe a half hour she finished. She did a lovely job. One of the Macy's people took a picture of us plus an extra one. Sadly my camera battery conked out. One of these days I hope to get a copy of the extra picture. I spent about 3 years of my cosmetics budget at Dior with a basic foundation, a spray on foundation & an eyebrow pencil. I also got a gift of 4 of their small spray vials of their super expensive perfume. She gave me advise on handling my eyebrows & hooded eyelids. From there I did some window shopping at the mall and then got a cab to the Bahama Breeze. Everyone was polite to me and addressed me as ma'am. I had cocktails at the Bahama Breeze bar. Changed my earrings to ones shaped like cocktail glasses and was delighted when someone took note. I met Debbie and Julie Ann and we had dinner together. I had a chicken dish called "Chicken Santiago". Paula did the raffle for Diva with Debbie being the winner. This is the first time she won anything after going to every Diva. With a cab ride back to the hotel this concluded the 2011 DLV for me. I now wait impatiently for next years.

## *In The News*



The Irish Times - Saturday, March 5, 2011

### **Floats like a butterfly, dresses like a she**

T'S A FEW DAYS before Christmas, and at a small suburban social club near Belfast, preparations for a party are well under way. The mince pies are heating up in the oven, sausage rolls and salads are set out on the table, and the sparkling wine is open and ready to be poured. It's a freezing night, and as members of the club arrive in their party gear – short silky skirts, spaghetti-strap tops, diamante-studded stilettos – they huddle up to the three-bar electric fire, trying to bring a little warmth to chilly fingers and toes. It's a familiar scene in all but one respect. This is the Belfast Butterfly Club, and the party-goers are middle-aged men dressed in women's clothes.

The Butterfly Club is a secret place, a private retreat where cross-dressers and others from the transgender spectrum can meet, talk and give each other support. Safe from sarcastic wolf-whistles, mocking comments or more serious abuse, they can – for a few hours every week – become their true selves, without shame, fear, pretence or guilt.

This is a rare glimpse into a hidden world. Linda and Aoife, two long-time members of the Butterfly Club, meet me at the bar of a nearby hotel, before bringing me to the club venue.

They have already checked that the hotel is a safe place for them to appear “en femme”, or dressed as their female personas: such caution and watchfulness is a necessary part of their everyday life.

“The fact is that for every transsexual you see there are at least 100 transvestites you don't,” says Linda, who is president of the club. “Almost all transvestites live in the closet. The vast majority are married with families, have good jobs and positions in society. They come from all walks of life: lawyers, policemen, doctors, teachers and politicians. When the army was on the streets, there were many from the military. There is a huge subculture. So many people are leading secret lives.”

It's not surprising that the Butterfly Club, which was founded 20 years ago, feels the need for secrecy. As Trans Media Watch, an organisation which aims to raise awareness of the treatment of transgender people, points out, “people think we are child-molesting perverts, or pantomime dames – figures to ridicule, to be pointed out and laughed at, regardless of our feelings.” Linda believes that transvestites “have tended to end up on the cutting-room floor of life rather than in the winners' enclosure during Ladies' Day at Ascot.”

Tyres slashed, stones thrown, insults yelled – the Butterfly Club members have plenty of stories to tell. In 1998, four club members were refused admission to the recently opened Hilton Hotel in Belfast. Linda says it was her first real experience of “naked, undiluted prejudice”.

Linda describes another incident, which occurred just after she had been to see the Terry Johnson play, *Hitchcock Blonde*, in London. A group of young Italian men called out to her as she left the theatre. Linda was wearing a blonde wig, a low-cut black evening dress slit to the thigh, and a pair of green snakeskin high-heeled sandals.

“One of them had a small video camera trained on me and the others were shouting and smiling at me – ‘bella, bella, oh, Diana’ they were yelling.” Linda quickly realised that the cries of “bella, bella” were not meant to be taken literally. “Like Hitchcock’s blonde heroines, I had become a victim of my own fragility, except instead of getting a knife in the shower from someone dressed as their mother I had been metaphorically perforated by the pizza boy for trying to look like somebody’s teenage daughter. Oh well, some you win and some you lose.”

Self-aware, stoical and wryly humorous, Linda refuses to be fazed by public ignorance. And she’s keen to emphasise that hostility or ridicule is only one side of the picture when out and about “en femme”.

“Sometimes you get compliments. Doors are held open for you, people chat to you in lifts and in restaurants, and women often smile at you.”

Michelle, a member who is married but who keeps her cross-dressing a closely guarded secret from her wife, family and work colleagues, says: “I am ecstatic when a real woman takes the time to compliment me on my female appearance. At this point I feel I am approaching getting things right, if not necessarily passing. For me the ultimate goal would be to pass, but I will willingly settle for ‘is she or isn’t she?’ ”

Passing – convincing strangers that they are genuine women – is the holy grail for these men. They study the looks and behaviour of “real girls”, or RGs as they call them, with forensic intensity. Talking is of particular concern, with some refusing to speak at all when in public, for fear of their gruff tones exposing them.

Michelle warns that “walking like you just stepped off a horse, or with a normal male gait, will give you away immediately”. But Michelle says that the real clincher is something more nebulous: confidence. “If you feel confident in the person you have created and comfortable with her, you should have a fighting chance of passing in public. But there are occasions when I

have to admit to myself that I just don’t cut it. Some small flaw in my appearance will sap my confidence and all I can see is ‘a bloke in a dress’. My experiences of venturing out into the public as Michelle have been very limited to date and this is ultimately all to do with my own confidence.”

Growing older as a transvestite brings its own challenges. As the Turner Prize-winning artist and well-known cross-dresser Grayson Perry recently noted, for a transvestite, “getting old can be quite traumatic. When you’re really young there’s a certain androgyny about your teenage years so you can get away with looking pretty. Then you become more square-jawed and bolder and you don’t look so pretty in a frock any more.”

The men speak with wistful admiration of Thai ladyboys, envying them their delicate build and petite features.

“I want to be so good that no one would ever notice,” says Alice, who only came out to her family recently, after 25 years of guilt, anxiety and confusion. “I don’t want to look like a freak. But when it comes to passing, my height and build go against me, I know that.”

Tonight, Alice is wearing a dress bought for her by her mother. It’s a small but vital sign of acceptance: many transvestites never feel able to come out to their family, with some only emerging after their parents’ death. It’s not a coincidence that most of the calls to the club’s helpline come from “public phone boxes in the middle of nowhere”, as Michelle puts it, so great is the perceived need for secrecy. The caller is likely to have taken months or even years working up the courage to ring.

With luck, self-education and support, many transvestites eventually find comfort in their own identity. But it is a long, hard road. For most, the familiar feeling of disquiet at doing something transgressive and socially outlawed has been there from their earliest days, when they first started dressing up in their mothers' clothes. "I knew instinctively that this shouldn't happen, that people shouldn't do it, and if they did, they hid it in order to avoid ridicule," says Linda, who started cross-dressing aged 11.

Although not especially religious, Alice says she felt she was doing something "morally wrong". "I remember the first person I ever told," she says. "It was at primary school, and we were in the cloakroom, and I just blurted out 'I wish I was a girl'. I didn't mention it again until I was in my teens, and it took me another 25 years to come to terms with it."

All the men speak of the thrill it gives them to dress in women's clothes. Linda describes the early days of rushing home from work, knowing what was awaiting her. "As soon as I got in the door, I would dress, and then I would stay that way all evening. It felt brilliant."

Michelle speaks of an "overwhelming feeling of well-being". "It is a need to find out how it feels to walk in those heels; what it is like to wear a skirt or dress, the feel of stockings, the look of make-up and jewellery. Just to be a woman for a brief period."

Aoife says simply, "I feel liberated, natural, truly myself – the way I want to be." She believes that the clothes that transvestites choose to dress in reflect the style of the era in which they grew up. "It's as though we're trying to live the years we didn't have."

But purging – where transvestites gather up all their female clothes and destroy them, determined to leave their cross-dressing lives behind – is a common pattern too.

"During my 20s, when I met my wife, I told myself that it was just a wee phase, but it comes back to haunt you," says Michelle. "I finally

realised that it's something you can't walk away from."

Aoife suffered years of depression and despair, even contemplating suicide at times. "My wife worked nights, and I would dress when the kids were asleep. But I went through awful guilt. I would put the clothes on, then take them off again straight away. It was such a release, being myself, but there was always the fear that the kids would find out. And no matter how many times you purged, it would always come back. It's like telling someone who's gay that 'tomorrow you have to be heterosexual'."

One of the most common erroneous assumptions is that transvestites are gay. But many of the club members are straight men who are happily married. Even those who are single have little or no intention of "transitioning" – fully changing from one gender to the other. Linda says that the effort of being constantly female would leave her "shattered", and besides, she enjoys the male side of her life, such as playing sport.

Aoife is unusual: she eventually told her wife about her transvestism. "I couldn't hold it in any longer. After I told her, I wanted to take it too fast. I had had a lifetime to contend with this, and my wife had only had a day or so. It was unfair to expect too much of her. But for her to accept it the way she does – she's a wonderful woman. The first time I put female clothes on for her, she looked at my feet and said, 'Those shoes are too tight. We'll go and get you some new ones in the morning.'"

Linda wishes that the wives of transvestites could realise that their husband is still the same man they married. "All that changes is that he reveals to the world the softer underbelly of his character which lies beneath the crusty masculine shell, the shell they had already seen through anyway when they chose to marry him."

Club members spend very little time agonising over the causes of their transvestism, or seeking to change it. “I don’t want psychotherapy,” says Michelle. “I know enough to be certain that I’m not going to cure this. Once you become comfortable with the idea that this is just me, things become a lot easier. It’s about acceptance.”

There’s nothing sleazy or threatening about the Belfast Butterfly Club. As they say themselves, they want it to be the kind of place you could take your maiden aunt to, and it is. Their motto – *suaviter in modo* (pleasant in manner) – suits this group of gentle, courteous people right down to the ground. As I close the door behind me, I’m reminded of the lines from Gerard Manley

Hopkins in praise of “all things counter, original, spare, strange”. It’s good to know that there’s at least one place for them that feels like home.

(See [belfastbutterflyclub.co.uk](http://belfastbutterflyclub.co.uk) )

ROSEDALE, Md. □ An 18-year-old woman has been charged in an attack on a transgender woman over using a McDonald's restroom in a Baltimore suburb.

Police announced Monday that Teonna Monae Brown was arrested Friday and charged with first- and second-degree assault.

A video of the April 18 fight posted online shows an assault by two young women on 22-year-old Chrissy Lee Polis.

Polis told The Baltimore Sun that before she was attacked she heard a teen say she was a man using the women's restroom. According to charging documents, a 14-year-old girl charged as a juvenile in the case told police that she and Brown fought with Polis over using the restroom.

Personal Comments: According to one interview with the victim, it appears that the incident was captured on a cell phone by a McDonalds Employee and for the most part, with one exception noted by a woman who stepped in to help the victim, the employees and patrons, including the Manager, laughed and watched.

One wonders why a business operator would allow such violence in his or her establishment.

Also, and more important to my thinking than the race and gender issues here, is why it is anyone's business who that girl (the victim) was, transgender or not. One of our most basic rights is to be left to be who we are without interference from others.

We have laws to protect people from being beaten and abused. Clearly some people, the person who incited the incident as well as the person filming it (who should be charged as an accessory to the

A rally condemning the attack is set for 7 p.m. Monday outside the restaurant in Rosedale, Md.

Related news articles available on the Baltimore Sun News Web Site:

<http://www.baltimoresun.com/>

assault) feel it is ok to beat on people they do not like for whatever reason.

The Constitutionally guaranteed right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness was violated here, apparently with the full consent of everyone but the victim, and for what purpose?

I did not see where the woman did anything other than use the restroom. What right did anyone have to interfere with that? None.

What will happen in the long run? As otherwise indicated in other news reported on the Sun web site, this is not an isolated incident. Clearly it will continue to happen until PEOPLE get smart and realize that such an assault on ANY person could also happen to them and that this cannot be tolerated for any reason.

Regarding the Baltimore Assault (From [http://www.aboutmcdonalds.com/mcd/media\\_center.html](http://www.aboutmcdonalds.com/mcd/media_center.html) )

There's no room for violence under the Golden Arches. We strongly condemn the videotaped brutal assault in one of our Baltimore-area franchised restaurants.

First and foremost, our thoughts are with the victim, Chrissy Polis, as she recovers.

Our franchisee continues to investigate the behavior and response of his employees. Appropriate action is taking place as warranted.

We want to reassure our customers that your neighborhood McDonald's is a safe welcoming place for everyone. We share our customers' concern. We are doing everything possible to make sure the right thing is done.

**TO ACCESS  
ALL THE BENEFITS  
OF MEMBERSHIP.  
BECOME A MEMBER**

soon !!