

<< **MOUNTAIN LACE** >>

THE NEWSLETTER OF TRANS - WEST VIRGINIA  
TRANS - WEST VIRGINIA \*\* P.O. BOX 2322 \*\* HUNTINGTON, WV 25724  
EDITED BY: BEVERLY WILLIAMS

**HIGHLIGHTS**

- > TWV Celebrates 3rd Anniversary
- > Alice Celebrates 28th "Coming Out" Anniversary
- > JoAnn Visits With TWV

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**

BY: ALICE JACKSON

Well girls, despite the postponement and rescheduling, we finally got the Christmas Party together and had a great time. Rick was there and delighted everyone with this artistry. Doris and I wish to thank all who attended for making it such a wonderful day.

Saturday, January 2, 1993, saw a TWV excursion to the Polo Club. Kay, Jenny, Renee, Mary, Doris, Alice, Tabetha and JoAnn were there. I believe everyone enjoyed it. Lets do it more often girls.

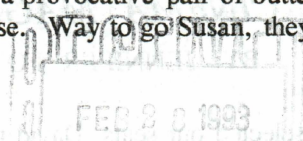
Auditions for the Task Force show will be given at the Marshall University Performing Arts Centre. Last year we drew 700 people to the City Auditorium. Come and enjoy while helping out.

Finally, Alice and Doris wish to thank everyone for your sympathy in our recent loss.

**LEG LOGIC**

Over the past several months this editor has provided ML readers with a series of shorts on dressing up your legs. I was very pleased to see, at the last TWV meeting, that Susan had taken a very bold step to showcase her lovely gams.

She was wearing a provocative pair of butterfly designed pantyhose. Way to go Susan, they are fantastic!



**IT'S NOT JUST FOR HALLOWEEN ANYMORE**

BY: KAY LIGHTNER

Continued from last month... He did not notice the strange girl in the car with Jenny that morning. Or at least he did not mention it. We must have made up a dozen stories to explain the person in the car. At one time this incident would have had me frantic with worry, but it would have been utterly unjustified. Nothing has come of it all.

During the drive up, the plan was to hit McDonalds and eat in the car. I announced that I was not going to hide in the room or car. It was time for Kay to eat in a real restaurant. After all, I had rehearsed ordering a salad and several other items in my Minnie Mouse voice, so I thought now was the time. I pointed out that the worst they were likely to do is ask us to leave. Our seats were next to the kitchen and any number of waitresses and bus boys (median age 19) scrutinized me, but they did not giggle or coyly glance my way as they would have if they had read me. I was ma'am, no big deal. Eat, pay the tab and WALK ON AIR ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE CAR. The rest of the way to the motel we gushed, talked and marveled over what had just happened. I think we were both afraid of breaking the spell that evening. We kept to ourselves, took a leisurely drive around Ogleby Park, where the lights were in full bloom. When we returned to the motel I began the nightly ritual of make-up removal that was,

some how, different this time. I was not taking off some kind of painted mask, but a face the daytime world had seen and accepted. Flat, a trifle stubbly and pale, my male body seemed particularly unappealing that night... To be continued.

## CINEMA MAGIC

BY: JENNIFER FOX

We selected our seats, David taking my coat before I sat down. When I had settled in, David asked me if I wanted a pop or something to eat. My throat was dry so I asked for a Coke. In a few minutes David was back and handed me my drink. I crossed my legs and took a sip from the cup. All was going so well, I could hardly believe it.

Within several minutes the house went dark and the movie began. As the film rolled on, we began to snuggle. I really felt so feminine and quite reassured about my appearance and acceptance. By the end of the first reel, the two of us were as much involved with each other as we were with the movie. It was a typical case of a guy trying to get as far as he could with his girl. True to form, however, the girl only protested long enough to be fashionable before caution gave way to passion.

From pop to passion, the time had come when this lady could no longer wait to use the powder room. There was no way I wanted to do this but nature had other ideas. David assured me that I could do it with no problems. I had little choice. Grabbing my purse I ventured onto the darkened and inclined pathway toward the lobby. Negotiating my way to the doorway at an angle, in the dark and in heels was no small task. I spotted the ladys room and entered, holding my breath. When I got inside there was no one in there. I went to one of the stalls, checked the seat, draped it in toilet paper, pulled my panties down, raised my slip and skirt then took a seat. I had just gotten settled when someone came into the restroom and occupied a stall next to me. I suddenly could not pee. My

neighbor did and I noticed a distinct tinkling sound that echoed differently then my usual stream. I must remember this so I would make a similar sound. She finished and exited the stall. I began to take care of business and then noticed that I had a run in my stocking. It ran from the beginning of the reinforced upper portion of my stocking to just below my knee. David's watch band must have been the culprit. I felt somewhat embarrassed about it. I did not have another nylon to put on so I had to suffer. Who would notice it anyway? When I had finished I cautiously left the stall saw the mirror, checked my make-up and left. I had successfully navigated my first powder room experience. To Be Continued...

## ROLL CALL!

Present for the January 1993 meeting were: Alice, Doris, Susan, Tabetha, Beverly, JoAnn, and Debbie. Our next meeting will be on February 19th. See you there.



to send in your story line ideas for Lace Island Dreams. This continuing series depends upon you to provide its fictional fodder. Come, join in the fun...

Ms.

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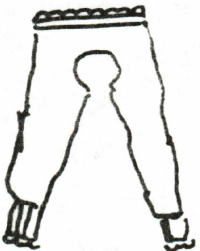
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