

<< **MOUNTAIN LACE** >>

THE NEWSLETTER OF TRANS - WEST VIRGINIA
TRANS - WEST VIRGINIA ** P.O. BOX 2322 ** HUNTINGTON, WV 25724
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HIGHLIGHTS

- > Elections Postponed Until January Meeting
- > First Installment Of Lace Island Dreams
- > Kay Goes High Heeling In Wheeling
- > HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The members of TWV wish to express their sincere sympathy to Doris and Alice Jackson! Doris' mother passed away over the holidays. May the Lord be with you.

IT'S NOT JUST FOR HALLOWEEN ANYMORE

BY: KAY LIGHTNER

The night before we left for Wheeling I kept thinking "I'm not going to be able to sleep. This is just too exciting. I'm not going to be able to sleep." These thoughts stopped about five minutes after I got into bed. It was the first of several negative prophecies which went unfulfilled during the next three days. The trip we planned was one which I would not have even thought about trying even a year ago. I packed one pair of jeans and a couple of androgynous sweaters, just in case, but the plan was to stay totally en femme for the entire trip to

the Festival of Lights in Wheeling, WV. I would travel, eat in restaurants, take in the sights and shop as my femme self. This was no local club meeting; not a trip to the local gay bar; no carefully controlled event. This was reality. I had to pass or there would be some (probably minor, I hoped) consequences. Here is the person who used to risk life and limb running in heels from house to car in the dark. Well, that was ages, yes almost three years ago.

Getting ready that morning was no problem. I had already minimized the frantic scrambling around by laying out an outfit and having make-up, clean brushes, sponges and a new razor right where I could find them. The car was already loaded up, so the neighbors would see very little of the giantess lugging suitcases and boxes. My outfit for the day was a multi-colored cardigan, over a man's white shirt with Big Lots button covers, a homemade denim skirt and beige men's loafers. My hair? "Any wig \$16.95." The ad should be in this week's Enquirer or Weekly World News. It was attractive, but not glamorous -- just the look I needed. Jenny and I were to be girlfriends out for a few days of shopping while unnamed spouses were out blowing away deer. Needless to say, I was not the only one who had to stay in character. Jenny had to act as though we were not a couple. We even agreed on a signal to remind Jenny not to treat me as a husband. We also decided that I forgot to bring my checkbook, so that is why Jenny was making the large purchases for the both of us. You can be assured that I would have to pay her back!

Those few yards from the front door to the car are still the worst! No neighbor saw me, but about a mile and a half away, we met my father-in-law in his car coming the other way. He waved. I turned my head. I think the dear man needs an eye exam. TO BE CONTINUED. . .

THE PASSING SCENE

BY: KAY LIGHTNER



Column #37: Be carefull about how your dressing can spill over into your working life...



The Fem Side

By: Debbie Lucas

OK Mr. HO HO HO, I'm tired of you giving my sister all the dolls, dresses, and makeup that I ask for every year.



Lace Island Dreams

By: Sandy Shores

#1

Lace Island is an enchanting oasis of land, situated several miles off shore. It is isolated from the harsh reality and bigotry of the mainland. Here, people are free to be themselves surrounded by an environment of tolerance and understanding that encourages the inner being to emerge and blossom.

Hi, my name is Carol and I live on Lace Island. Ever since I was a small child, I have had a deep interest in femininity. Perhaps the fact that my family lacked a male role model influenced my orientation. Anyway, at an early age I developed a more feminine perspective. In fact, I felt more at ease in the feminine frame of reference and began to cross dress at about 4 years of age. My mother, grandmother and sister were aware of this and did not seem to mind at all. My sister, Heather, would play dress-up with me. Mom was always willing to donate clothes for the cause.

Living on Lace Island was very special. You see on Lace Island, one's dreams can easily become reality. The island's principal industry is to cater to very special types of tourists. My grandmother runs a hotel on the island that is devoted to meeting the unique needs of island guests. Over the years, I occasionally worked at my grandmother's hotel and had many interesting experiences. More about that later.

Anyway, when it was time for me to start attending school I had two choices, either go to the elementary school on the mainland or attend the local school on Lace Island. Both my mother and I felt it would be best for me to go to school on the island. This way I did not have to commute on a ferryboat twice a day. In addition, if I went to school on the island, I could enroll as Carol instead of Charles. You see the school on the island was private and it, like the rest of the businesses here, was structured to meet the needs of each individual -- be they

instructional, social, physical or emotional. The only students allowed to attend Lace Island Girls Academy were girls and "girls." The school served grades K through 12 and even had a nursery. Mom and I along with grandma and Heather discussed where I should go to school. They all thought I should go to Lace Island Girls Academy. In the end, it was my decision.

During my 5th summer I spent a lot of time playing with Heather and visiting with my grandmother. I would usually wear shorts and a blouse or a jumper. When I went to the beach I had a choice of several bathing suits. All of them were two piece. When I wore a swim suit mom had me also wear something called a gaff. It became a regular part of my underwear wardrobe as I would soon discover.

For most of the summer I dressed and lived as Carol. Both mom and grandma seemed very pleased about this. In fact, they both made many comments about how cute I was and that I should have been born a girl. Their remarks made me feel very good about myself. I asked my mom if I could just grow up being Carol. Mom asked me if this is what I really wanted? I thought about it some more and then said yes. Mom said "come here Carol" and gave me a big hug. She told me that if I wanted to be Carol, she would be very pleased to have me as her little girl. Mom broke the news to grandma and Heather and they were thrilled. I got hugs and kisses and life seemed to become happier for me. Before the summer had ended, my name was legally changed.

Since Heather and I shared a room it was decided to make it an all girls room. Gone were the few boy things I had, like pictures of cowboys on the wall and all my boy clothes. Mom and grandma seemed to enjoy buying me all kinds of new things for my wardrobe that

summer. I could not wait for school to start so I could begin wearing them. Although Heather got a lot of new clothes too, she seemed a little jealous of the bounty being given to me. Heather was a year older than me and slightly larger in size. At the moment none of my clothes would fit her. As time passed, however, Heather and I would share the same sizes in clothes and shoes. This turned out to be a real blessing.

Now that I was Heather's sister, instead of her brother, we grew much closer. Heather and I had many things in common... we loved pretty clothes, liked to play dress-up, got along great with mom and grandma, and on a more private note, both wet the bed. Neither one of us had ever gotten up dry in the morning. We had to wear diapers and rubber panties to bed each night. It was routine, mom would powder and diaper Heather and I, then snap on our rubber panties, slip a night gown over our heads and put us to bed. She would then give us each a warm baby bottle to nurse. Mom said this would help us sleep better. More about this latter. As you will find out, many people on Lace Island had a need to wear diapers.

As the last days of August were winding down it was time to begin getting ready to start school. Mother enrolled me a week before school opened. When the big day came, I wore a pink jumper, white blouse, lace socks, and patent leather shoes. Under it was a cute lace trimmed white camisole and pink nylon panties. Ms. Stern, the principal, and the other staff members were aware of my situation. They all treated me very nicely. Being my first day at school, I needed reassurance. Heather was a big help too. This was her second year at the academy. She kind of showed me the ropes, so to speak. In addition, she introduced me to a lot of her school friends. They were wonderful to me. By the end of the first day, my early nervousness had disappeared and I felt great.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH . . .

*** CINEMA MAGIC ***

BY: JENNIFER FOX

Having assembled the necessary items to begin the transformation, I started the process of turning this rather unspectacular male body into one of "feminine splendor." You may have gathered that experiencing success as a non-genetic woman requires developing a positive feminine attitude and then projecting that feminine attitude. I wanted this first trip to the movies to be both positive and exciting for both of us.

The transformation took an hour and a half, but judging from David's response, it was worth the time and effort. I wore a wine colored skirt with light pink blouse. I completed the outfit with burgundy colored pumps that were nearly a perfect match to my skirt. Of course, I was all nylon and lace underneath. I looked good and felt great. David was very "energetic" having problems keeping his hands to himself. Before we left for the movie, I asked David to work out a plan with me on how we were going to get tickets and enter the theater. I wanted reassurance from him and he gave it to me. With the small details worked out, we were on our way.

After a 25 minute drive, we were at the famous Exit 39 on Interstate 64. As most of you know, the theater is located at the far end of the shopping center. Those last few hundred feet were met with a bit of nervousness. This was quickly calmed by a reassuring pat on my knee.

David parked the car and we got out. He took my hand and we walked to the entrance. I could hear the clicking sound of my heels and I felt empowered by this. I stayed to the right and slightly behind David. There were only a few people there and no one took notice of me beyond a scanning glance. The tickets were purchased and we entered the theater. No fuss and no muss. TO BE CONTINUED...