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

HIGHLIGHTS

- > Elections Held - New Officers Chosen
- > Record Attendance At February Meeting
- > New Book "To Be A Woman" In Library
- > Bridgette Selected Official "Ice Bucket Girl" For TWV

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

A record turnout of TWV members were present for the election of officers during the February meeting. There is no doubt, that the election brought about the installation of a very strong and dynamic trio of leaders. The election results are as follows:

President - Kay Lightner

Vice President - Alice Jackson

Secretary/Treasurer - Tabetha Tambor

Congratulations and best wishes to the new officers of TWV.

Alice In Wonderland

BY: ALICE JACKSON

Alice Jackson, writer extraordinaire, who shares with us many informative tidbits about our community has recently undergone major surgery. She is doing well and even attended the last TWV meeting. Knowing that her first duty is to follow doctors orders and take good

care of herself, this months edition of AIW has been put on hold to allow Alice the time and rest she needs to recover. Alice, we wish you the best for a speedy recovery and look forward to reading your insightful words in the near future.

IT'S NOT JUST FOR HALLOWEEN ANYMORE

BY: KAY LIGHTNER

Continued from last month... "Hello Ladies, smoking or non-smoking," said the host. Jenny answered. I tried not to seem distracted, but I was cautiously eying the two policemen who were finishing their lunches as we entered the restaurant. I'll admit that if I were to get frisked, these two would be my choice. It was quite obvious that the two officers spent more time in the gym than the donut shop. They both wore black British Commando style sweaters which showed their wedge-shaped physiques to good advantage. You know that it would just not be natural if a girl did not ogle a bit. They did not, however, ogle back. Another worst case scenario did not play itself out. Once again, it was salad bar and coffee, because



I could say them in femme. I noticed a lady at the other table and the way she repaired lipstick after her meal. She did it quickly, without drawing a lot of attention to the act. I imitated her as best I could, and we were off to the mall. Here was the real test. To be continued...



CINEMA MAGIC

BY: JENNIFER FOX

Having returned to my seat I shared with David a brief account of my experience. I was kind of excited about how well things had gone and David remarked about my mild state of euphoria. He commented that he had told me several times that I could do it and not to worry. I had to admit that David was right. I knew that I would return again to the powder room at some future date. I also knew that caution was the watch word for such experiences.

Settling down to a continuation of our movie watching and playful, romantic sparring, our evening out at the movies drew to a close all too quickly. When the film had ended we lingered until most of the people had left the theater. As we exited the building, the quick feel of a cool breeze found its way up under my skirt. David and I approached the car and he got the door for me. As I entered the car and sat on the seat, David leaned forward to give me a warm kiss. Our lips met and merged -- a warm tingle seemed to course through my body. I knew that this evening would definitely be something very special. Little did I know that yet another fist was to enrich my evening. David took me to McDonalds for a quick bite to eat.

When David pulled into McDonalds, I thought that he was going to the Drive Thru Window, as he had done on other occasions. This evening he pulled into a space and parked the car. I looked at David, who was now sporting a smile, and he said lets go in. I agreed, but asked to sit in a "secluded" area if possible. There were only a few people in the restaurant and I took a seat near the front window area. I was seated with my right side facing the counter. David soon came to the table with some burgers, fries and coffee. I crossed my legs and began to eat. The hem of my skirt was resting about three inches above my knee and seemed to draw the attention of one of the male patrons seated several tables away. At first

I was somewhat uncomfortable with this but soon found myself stroking the calf of my leg extending my massage to the silky round of my knee. Yes, I was teasing my male observer. It felt good. In a short time David and I were finished and we left for his place.

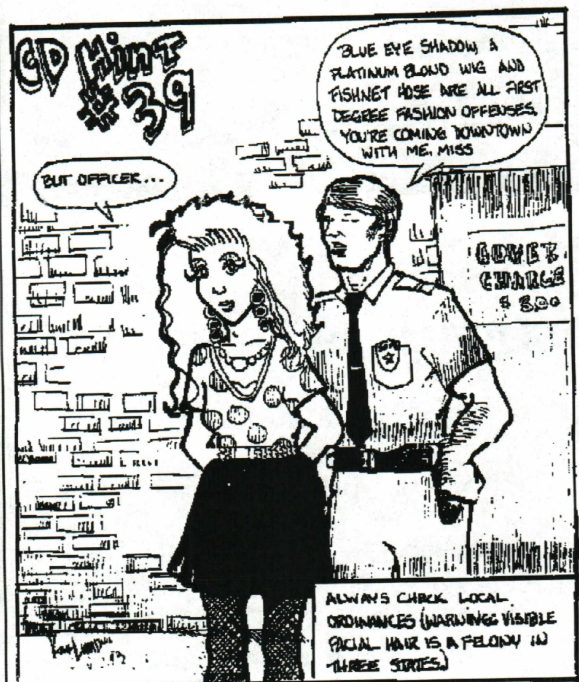
When we got home I sat on the couch, slipped off my heels and placed my legs on the cushions. In short order David joined me. Although we had already been intimate by this time in our relationship, that night was one that will live in my memories until the last minute of my last hour. THE END...

ROLL CALL!

Present for the February meeting were: Alice, Doris, Letha. Alona, Bridgette, Renee, Mary (1), Susan, Mary(2), Connie, Tabetha, Debbie, Kay and Beverly. Our next meeting will be on March 19, 1993.

THE PASSING SCENE

BY: KAY LIGHTNER



Lace Island Dreams

By: Sandy Shores

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I loved attending Lace Island Girls Academy. As the weeks, months and years passed I developed a real appreciation for the institution and for growing up as a girl. Fifth grade was very special. All fifth grade "girls" (non-genetic females) were required by the academy to go to a class called Feminine Development. This class was designed to prepare us for adolescence. We were told how wonderful it was to be raised as a girl. How much better it was to be female. We were taught how to behave as proper young ladies. The correct way to dress, use make-up and how to walk in high heels. We also learned about hormone therapy. Our teacher, Ms. Mammary, explained to us that it was a requirement of the academy that beginning with the sixth grade year, all "girls" had to be on hormone therapy. If you did not go on hormones you would not be allowed to attend the academy. Ms. Mammary told us that the hormone therapy would help us grow-up properly and develop into mature young women. She also told us that all sixth graders were required to: shave their legs and underarms, have pierced ears and wear earrings everyday, wear a bra, stockings, make-up and a dress to school daily. Ms. Mammary explained that the school counselor would be contacting our mothers to schedule an interview to discuss the sixth grade requirements and to make arrangements for our therapy.

Shortly after the beginning of the second semester, the school counselor, Ms. Overie, called my mother and made an appointment with her. I was to come to the interview.

Ms. Overie was very nice and explained to my mother all about the requirements for the sixth grade year and the procedure for beginning hormone therapy. I was asked if I wanted to continue attending the school and begin the process of developing into a young woman. I said YES! Mom looked at me and said that she was very proud of me and happy at the choice I had made. Ms. Overie said that if I wanted, I could begin conforming to next years dress code now. She also told us that she would arrange an appointment for me with the therapy doctor. As we left the conference, mom asked me if I would like to do a little shopping before we went home. I said yes, please!

We left the school and went to the Lace Island Specialty Department Store. It had everything one could imagine to please anyone's taste in clothes. The store was famous for its baby and lingerie departments. Mom took me into the intimate apparel section and we began looking at bras, panties, slips, garter belts, stockings, and other related items. I was fitted for a training bra and we picked out an assortment of other lingerie I would be needing. When we left the store I could hardly wait to get home to try my new things on, especially the nylon stockings. My sister was already wearing them and I had tried hers on several times. Heather, however, would not let me wear them for any length of time. She told me I would have to get my own. Now I had them and I was really excited. To Be Continued . . .