

# The Group Grope

Volume 1, Issue 4 • April 1996 • \$0.69 including tax



Grope 'MY' Pink Jelly Beans! (see pg. 4)

## Excerpts From Durango...

by Rick Richard

In the search for importance in our lives, one is bombarded with the allure of countless promises. The current societal distractions can be filtered from a search for meaning, leaving only the genuinely authentic and everlasting influence of an individual's life here on earth. In this, one has created his or her 'Immortal Self,' allowing one to surmount everyday stress - caused by ever underlying death anxiety - and to live each day with passion!

Here are a couple of short excerpts from my non-fiction writing draft with the working title *Live Forever!*

*Most of the energy individuals devote is spent in the pursuit of creating a favorable impression amongst others. Individuals want to have a great lifestyle. This energy is spent to create a sense of recognition for today and the duration of their lifetime. The feelings of dissatisfaction and unhappiness with life results from the unconscious, sometimes conscious, perception that all of that daily recognition will mean nothing when one is gone. One realizes that he or she is living in a near constant state of tension and stress in a futile pursuit for satisfaction with existence, which is usually not reached. . .*

*I will die a happy person if \_\_\_\_\_*

*Read and complete the statement. Contemplate living your life as you've always wanted to, consider the thoughts that wake you at two o'clock in the morning. . .*

(Continued on page 3)

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## No Shotguns Here... She's Motivated and He's a Willing Participant

Group Grope news dispatch

Ah, spring. When the hearts of men and a women turn to love instead of effective tax planning. ("Marriage penalty. . . What's that?")

Anyhoo, Jay Millikan and Michelle Wolfe recently announced their impending nups, which are scheduled for late August. Some might say that he was *doomed*. . . *but in a good way*. Others might just smile with a tear in their eye and wish them a long and happy life together. Please count those of us at *The Group Grope* among the latter. Congratulations!



You want eggs?  
We've got eggs!  
Just \$69.95.

## Group Directory Corrections and Updates

- Dianne Lee's correct work number is [REDACTED]
- John Morand's correct work number is [REDACTED]
- Mary Ann Trapp's correct home number is [REDACTED]
- Cheryl Bordo has changed positions within EDS.  
Her new work number is [REDACTED]
- Paul Marquis' E-Mail: P [REDACTED]
- Barb Sierp's work number is [REDACTED]  
and E-Mail address is [REDACTED]
- Please welcome Mike Schmidt. . . Phone 6 [REDACTED]

## By Popular Demand



My 1995 poem to Ellen is being reprinted here in April's *Grope* in honor of her 30th birthday and to stave off the constant requests for a reprint of one of my better works.

. . . Or, I could be just trying to fill space. You Decide.

Christopher

## Ode to Ellen

by Christopher Ozdarski

Ellen.  
Do you smell what I am smellin'?  
Mmmm... the taste!  
Not a drop should go to waste.

Ellen?  
Do you hear me yellin'?  
Did you hear me call to you?  
Will you answer with "I do?"

Ellen.  
Please do not hesitate.  
I would hate for you to cum too late.

*Who wants this drink? This lemon drop?  
Stop!  
Let me hear Ellen's answer.  
Will she drink what I intend for her?*

Ellen.  
Use your tongue to caress the glass.  
What style... what Class!

## Francine is Back. . .

See page 6 for the latest installment about our *Group Groper at Large* by Ellen Bristol.

# The Astrological Connection

by Mary Ann the Mystic

For April 1996

**ARIES** (March 21 - April 19) Both you and your fellow Ram are rambunctious, raring for some frisky action. You have been wondering if you made the right choice. The answer will become crystal clear this month as intimacy is assured. Best Sex: When you are "RAM"BUNCTIOUS and FRISKY.

**TAURUS** (April 20 - May 20) Last month you spent wondering if any good men still exist. This month you will realize there are, but you have to look everywhere, under rocks, under beds, in trees, everywhere. Take things slow. Best Sex: Sometimes the slower the better.

**GEMINI** (May 21 - June 21) The planetary gods will smile favorably upon you, when you exhibit uproarious spirit toward your own most dogmatic opinions and ideas. Of course you will have "game" this month. Best Sex: When the gods are smiling and smoking a cigarette.

**CANCER** (June 22 - July 21) You are on the path of true romance. One by one your inhibitions are wiped out. Soon you will be dancing on the table at your next after work function. Best Sex: 11/4/2001

**LEO** (July 22 - Aug. 22) This month you will see the launch of a new career. You

have also been suffering from the winter doldrums and it is time to heat things up. Mo hotter Mo betta. Really work up a sweat. Best Sex: When things are hot.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Explore your feminine side this month. Do things like put the toilet seat down after use, wear those panties that are in the bottom of your sock drawer and purchase some FDS so you can be a true FDS woman. Best Sex: While wearing women's panties.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) If you have been reading these horoscopes and not fully understanding their deep philosophical meaning then you need to be more sociable. Either that or read them after doing a couple of shots. Best Sex: After a couple of shots.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) Flirt, Flirt, Flirt. This month Mars will encourage you to overdo everything so why shouldn't flirting be included. Bonus points if you figure out what Mars has to do with anything. Best Sex: After continuous flirting.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21) All the lost-lorn items will be at your fingertips this month. Be sure to use plenty of lubricant to

prevent chafing. Begin an odyssey that allows you to explore and search for your soul mate. Best Sex: When there is enough lubrication.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19) Because your true love and you differ politically, you decide to burn your Young Republicans card and start fund raising for Bill Clinton. But wait. . . you just realized you took too much NyQuil and you are hallucinating. Best Sex: While hallucinating.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) Your fiery, freewheeling man inflames your fine, frisky mind. So explore your lover's sensual potential and don't stop until you reach the blissful outer limits. Best Sex: 4/3, 4/7, & 4/24.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 - March 20) With the rapid approach of the Easter Bunny comes plenty of "pink" jelly beans. Brach's was so impressed with your elegant protest that they are making you an official taste tester. God save us all, especially when it comes to gourmet jelly beans. I can just hear the words "This flavor is too artsy-fartsy" and poof. . . some guy is fired from Brach's. Best Sex: When you surpass the Peppermint Patty Standard.

## The Do's and Don'ts of Cultivating and Maintaining a Platonic Friendship with a Woman You Would Otherwise Want to Have a Relationship With and Quite Possibly Marry

### The Venus Fly Trap of Platonichood

by John Morand

We have covered in past *Gropes* our stories of "I just want to be friends" ad infinitum. What happens once you really wind up "just friends?" It's sort of like a dog chasing the car. It's all in the pursuit. And you're still obsessed! So, since I have moved all of my platonic friends into the new category of "I'm engaged/married, I'd REALLY better not have fantasies about anyone else." I thought I would pass along to the single folks my guide to the care and feeding of your new platonic friend.

**DO** play and replay scenarios in your mind where you come out and declare your true feelings for her, whereupon you proceed directly to frenzied yet sensitive, passionate and completely fulfilling love making. **DO NOT** actually attempt this.

**DO** rehearse elaborate and impassioned declarations of your love.

**DO NOT** ever let anyone hear you do this.

**DO NOT** ever actually give her the speech. (Instead drop little enigmatic, self deprecating hints to her and then agonize over why she doesn't pick up on them.)

**DO** listen to all her problems with men. No matter how many times you have heard her make the same mistake.

**DO NOT** get so entranced by her soft, beautiful lips that you lean forward and kiss her. (Fantasize instead).

**DO** feel the knife twisting in your guts as you read this.

**DO** develop a gnawing enviousness and let it fester into an insane jealousy.

**DO NOT** stalk her. Even the guys would not approve.

**DO** commiserate with your guy friends and see who can come up the most hideously painful story about "The treatment." Shudder in unison. **DO NOT** confide in any of your female friends because: 1) they won't understand, 2) they have done it themselves (and in fact enjoyed doing it), and 3) they are obligated to pass it on to the *Psychological Warfare Division* of The Sisterhood to Destroy All Men.

**DO** promise that you will change and that things will be different.

**DO NOT** actually change.

**DO** curse yourself for being a miserable, spineless, pathetic, emotionally stunted fool. After all, if you feel this strongly about her maybe it is time to throw caution to the wind and ask her on a date. It could be the best act of courage in your life.

**DO** be prepared to blame the whole episode on alcohol and deny it ever happened if she totally shuts you down.

Live and learn from these few suggestions and, if you still want more, the advanced course will be available in a few weeks. Peace.

**DISCLAIMER:** The views and opinions expressed in Mr. Morand's column do not necessarily represent the views and opinions of the editors. Written responses for publication in next months *Grope* should be forwarded to our publication HQ. Please direct all other comments directly to the author.



## Excerpts from 'Live Forever' Rick's Non-fiction Work in Progress *continued from page 1*

... Individuals can live in one of three areas of life strategy at a given time:

- 1.) *Death Anxiety Avoidance.*
- 2.) *False Immortal Self Creation, and*
- 3.) *Immortal Self Creation,*

*Death Anxiety Avoidance is accomplished when an individual engages in living in an anxiety-anesthetized, altered state of reality with the use of alcohol, drugs, television, video games, religion, or a form of psychosis, to name a few, with the purpose to continually repress his or her inherent fear of death. False Immortal Self Creation is the creation of temporary or momentary societal acknowledgment from the receipt of recognition from a peer group, a current frame of reference for that individual. Immortal Self Creation is the creation of posthumous existence by leaving one's influence on others after he or she has departed the physical life. . .*

... The determinant to life is a conscious choice, and one conceived in self-awareness, of the correct fusion of the three life strategies. Have you considered how you will accomplish the creation of your Immortal Self? Are you consciously aware of creating your False Immortal Self while enjoying your current life? And do you seek to minimize time spent in the Death Anxiety Avoidance strategy to allow a life to be lived with passion and self-fulfillment in the Immortal Self Creation strategy?

Hey Groper. . . Watch for Rick sightings in late April. Here tell he's headin' back to these here parts for a spell. All self-actualized and everything!



## JUSTINQUIRY Excremental War Games, Double A's, Fishing and Penal Codes

by Justin Smith

A recent dabbler in the art of cohabitation expressed this concern to me:

**Q:** Why do men not only leave the toilet seat up, but then proceed to drip all over the rim? What can I do to stop him from doing this? Do all men have this problem?

**A:** Males delighting in water sports have existed as long as females have been frustrated and annoyed with the "stronger sex"; translation: since the Jurassic era. There are three main reasons why most males employ this act of what many would consider an exhibition of inconsideration. One theory is that your benevolent mate wishes to warm up the seat for you. Secondly and more realistically, your cohabitee is either visually-challenged or suffers from an inner-ear malady rendering symptoms of askew balance. The solution: he should drink a "Q" of Colt before each "bladder burst" so as to render the warm stream colorless; any misfire will appear as a relatively unobtrusive film, void of any discernible hue. Your balm rests with ignorance being bliss.

You must realize (and perhaps accept), however, all men must shake after their relief. A Ph.D. of kneisiology would tell you that this motion can not be accomplished without a degree of imprecision. You may wish to remind your confidante that "if you sprinkle when you tinkle, be a sweetie and wipe the seatie". A less confrontational method to encourage the malfeasor to be more cognizant of his longitudes and latitudes is to place paper battleship cut-outs in the toilet. This paramilitary tactic will both amuse and delight, appealing to the male's innate need for control or power and all the while ensuring that he will lock-in the proper coordinates of his big gun and turrets.

**OK, This past week has proven to yield fertile fields of annoyances; my venting harvest of frustration brings y'all this bounty:**

1. I admit this reluctantly, but I watched ten minutes of a Sunday morning fishing show last week. I'm actually watching these old guys donning green John Deere hats who finished grade school only two years subsequent to their grand-

daughters' commencement (for the record, the grand-daughters are also their grand-nieces). Dag-nabbit, the thing that gets my field-and-stream gander up is not only their deceptively frequent and fraudulent yields, but the fact that they must lisp-out the mandatory, "I think that one's a record." What's worse is that they always let those brainless-aqua-dwellers go. Considering that I haven't caught a fish in twelve years, I'd have those entrails out quicker than the next trailer-home disaster.

2. Eveready offered a recent mail-in rebate of 25 cents on a pack of four AA batteries. I bought the batteries, but upon returning home I had trouble justifying utilization of a first-class stamp to take advantage of the once-in-a-lifetime rebate offer.

3. Who is the idiot that invariably defaces the instructional panel of the automatic warm air hand-dryers in the men's rooms? This singular guy has globally visited water-rooms to foist a juvenile joke on us all, indeed, a joke that only possibly could amuse a tot. A virgin, un-desecrated instructional panel on these dryers is properly embossed: "1. Push button. 2. Place hands under warm air." After crafty etching, the omnipresent Houdini-of-humor renders the metallic plate as: "1. Push butt 2. Place hands under arm." Har-har! What a Cosby!

4. I just found out that it is unlawful to meander in Miami's South Beach district with an erection. Honestly, if your have a "piece of pewter" you may be cited under the following ordinance: *MBPC 502.7(a) Disorderly persons. It shall hereby and hereunder be unlawful to ambulate within the borough's limits while one's genitalia is rendered in a 'discernibly turgid state.'*

Notwithstanding issues of equal protection and constitutionality popping up, this penal code section troubles me deeply; not because of the abridgement of freedoms of association, expression and equal protection, au contraire, the reason for my frustration is that some of us may never be cited in spite of an occasional britches bulge. Even if cited, a sure defense mandating acquittal for a few of the less-than-endowed would be: "honestly, Judge, I only was carrying a Pez dispenser. Want some?"

## Editor Discovers Travesty By *Brach's* and Encourages Action

Over the last few weeks, many of you have heard me preach about the egregious act perpetrated this year by the people at *Brach's*. For those of you who have not heard (or discovered on your own), they have changed the flavor of the pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*.

As you can well imagine, this taste mutation has left many with a bad taste in their mouth. Without question, an alteration of this nature necessitates an impassioned response. Thus, knowing that others feel as I do and that few have the time to draft an appropriately scathing correspondence, I have decided to make it as easy as a phone call to have

our opinions heard.

The following is an abridged version of my letter to *Brach's* conveying my dissatisfaction with the change in their product. At the bottom of this page there is a generic statement of agreement which can easily be signed and faxed to *Brach's*.

If you agree with my views (and I know you will), please take action! Fax your signed statement to *Brach's* at 312-626-3532. Join me in exercising our Constitutionally guaranteed rights as consumers in this grand country we call the U.S. of A. Heck, just fax this whole page.

**L**awrence  
**B**usiness  
**C**onsulting, Inc.

March 11, 1996

E.J. Brach Corporation  
Chicago, Illinois

To Whom It May Concern:

If asked, my friends would confirm that I am not much of a celebrator of holidays. In fact, I pride myself on being a bit of a scrooge. However, as much as I poo-poo the idea of appeasing executives in the greeting card and floral empires because of a preprinted notation on my calendar, there are many things that I look forward to each year. Fireworks in early July, turkey in late November, champagne on December 31, and for late winter. . . the Easter season brings with it the arrival of stale Peeps and *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*.

Like a Pavlovian dog, the beginning of lent starts my mouth watering for the taste of these annual treats. And when it comes to jelly beans, no other brand will due. They have to be *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*. Imagine my surprise when I bit into a pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Egg*, circa 1996.

Indeed, after sampling several of the pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* I was left slack-jawed and reeling in disbelief. What could have possessed the weenies in charge of confection flavoring? Do they not know that tampering with the taste of this seasonal delicacy is tantamount to destroying an American Institution? Are these the same people that were behind the marketing disaster at the Coca-Cola Company a few years ago when they attempted to change the taste of their globally recognized namesake? If these guys were politicians they would probably write a law making it illegal to sell hot dogs in baseball stadiums.

Now, I am not so naive as to think that the rantings and ravings of one consumer are going to persuade you to revert to the traditional flavor for pink that I have grown to know and love. Furthermore, I do not plan to discontinue purchasing *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* in the future. (Unless you do something really stupid like changing the flavor of white to coconut.) I simply felt that it was my duty to let you know that the change in your product was not appreciated by a segment of your target market. Rest assured that I am not alone in my opinion on this matter.

As a way to emphasize my point and to execute a mini protest, enclosed you will find all of the pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* from one bag of recently purchased jelly beans. Pelt them at the person(s) responsible, flick them one by one into your waste basket with a pencil, or flush them down the nearest toilet. But don't eat them. They taste yuckie.

Disappointedly Yours,  
*Christopher Ozdarski*







I, \_\_\_\_\_, am familiar with the views conveyed in Christopher Ozdarski's letter to your company regarding the recent change in the flavoring of pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* and do hereby wish to be included among the scores of candy aficionados who openly disapprove of your tampering with a product known to have had a long history of providing mouth watering pleasure during the Easter season. While I may not be as passionate about this cause as Mr. Ozdarski (who's personality occasionally strays from the staid and conservative disposition that is stereotypical of those in his profession), I find that I must agree with his ardent views.

signature

date



# April 1996 Groping Opportunities

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 April Fool's Day	2	3 Full Moon	4	5	6 October Project Concert in Pontiac (Contact Justin)
7 Easter 	8	9	10	11 Michelle Wolfe's Birthday (1972)	12	13 Road trip to Grand Rapids Anyone?
14	15 Time to pay up 	16	17	18	19	20  rescheduled 1st Annual Groundhog Day Classic
21	22 Earth Day 	23	24	25 Ellen Bristol's Birthday (1966)	26	27 Ellen's Birthday Celebration
28	29	30				

## Event Information

**Saturday, April 13:** Ellen has graciously offered free lodging for Group members who want to visit her. Call 616-██████████ for details.

**Saturday, April 20:** It was too fuckin' cold for Groundhog day, so this event was postponed until... well, now. Touch football, sponsored by Nike, 'just hog it,' bring your machismo, contact Justin (810-██████████), rain or shine. (But if it's 20 below it's OK to wuss out.)

**Saturday, April 27:** Ellen is turning 30 and some people feel the need to celebrate. Current plans include grub in Greektown and dancing at Marilyn's on Monroe. Contact Mary Ann Trapp (810-██████████) or Dianne Lee (810-██████████) for final details as the date approaches.



**CANOERS...** watch next month for information on this year's canoe trip. The trip, which is organized by the good people at Club Suburban (Ted and Lucy Confer), is scheduled for the last full weekend in July. Mark July 26-28 on your calendar as **BOOKED**.

One of our fellow *Groppers* recently happened across the following quote and wanted to share:

*Trust your heart. . . Never deny it a hearing. It is the kind of house oracle that often foretells the most important.*

B. Gracian

## The Group Grope

Editorial and publication headquarters: ██████████, Berkley, MI 48072

Those who cough(ed) up \$8.28 for 1996 can consider themselves *official* subscribers. 69¢ an issue. . . such a deal.

Republication of news dispatches originated by **The Group Grope** is encouraged. (But keep in mind that all other publications are barely fit to line bird cages.)  
All other republication rights are reserved.

Editors: Christopher Ozdarski and Ellen Bristol

Questions? Comments? Complaints? Contact Christopher @ 810-██████████ for answers and excuses. ( ♪ I'll be there for you. ♪ )



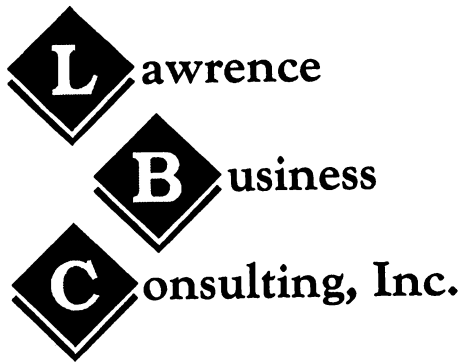
**A**pril was a favorite time of the year for Francine. Spring was finally in the air, the first robin of the year would appear, and it was time to put winter's wool sweaters away! And this year was even better because Easter fell in April. Ever since Francine had been a young girl, her mother had crafted a special basket each year containing colored eggs, a chocolate bunny (which Francine always ate ears first), and of course, the best Easter treat of all. . . *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*. Even though Francine had moved away from her parent's home late last summer, she knew that this year would be no different. Her mother had called a week ago to inform Francine that a care package was in the mail and that, minus the hard boiled eggs, it would contain all of her favorites. For the last week Francine had fantasized about the care package. Which holiday treat would she eat first? The bunny's ears or the jelly beans? The bunny was rich milk chocolate, but the jelly beans. . . they came only once a year. The firm outer shells. . . The soft chewy centers. . . Just thinking about the jelly beans, she could taste them. The pure sweet taste of the white ones, the biting licoricy taste of black, and her favorite. . . the heavenly, delicate taste of pink. She knew no words to describe those pink treasures. Such sweet, good taste. . . they tasted like spring. DING-DONG. The loud sound of the doorbell pierced the air, pulling Francine out of her jelly bean inflicted trance. "Who could be at the door?" She peered out the window just long enough to see the brown paint of the UPS truck. The care package. . . IT HAD ARRIVED! Fighting to keep her composure, Francine went to the door to accept the sweet package. Calmly, she chatted with the delivery man, signed for the package, and retreated back into her home. With the door shut behind her, she flew into a flurry of activity. . . running into the kitchen, cutting open the cardboard box, throwing out the packing material, and uncovering those tasty Easter treats. In that moment, she decided. . . jelly beans first; the bunny's ears would be safe for now. The package would not open easily and finally Francine had to cut open the top with a pair of scissors. Frantic by this time, Francine felt into the bag. . . Oh those small round treasures. Grasping a pink jelly bean, she anticipated the taste. . . sweet, delicate, just like every year she could remember. And then she tasted the delicacy. "No, no, it couldn't be. . . a bad jelly bean?" Francine had never heard of a bad jelly bean before. Something was wrong. She reached into the bag again, this time pulling out one of each color. Black had its licorice taste, white tasted. . . well, white, and pink. . . ACK! It was different than she remembered. . . not quite right. . . somehow tainted. In that moment she knew. . . **Horrors!** They changed the perfect flavor. . .

## JELLY BEANS WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME!

The Group Grope

c/o Christopher C. Grope





[REDACTED]  
Berkley, MI 48072  
PHONE: 810-[REDACTED]

March 11, 1996

E.J. Brach Corporation  
401 N. Cicero  
Chicago, IL 60644

To Whom It May Concern:

If asked, my friends would confirm that I am not much of a celebrator of holidays. In fact, I pride myself on being a bit of a scrooge. However, as much as I poo-poo the idea of appeasing executives in the greeting card and floral empires because of a preprinted notation on my calendar, there are many things that I look forward to each year. Fireworks in early July, turkey in late November, champagne on December 31, and for late winter. . . the Easter season brings with it the arrival of stale Peeps and *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*.

Like a Pavlovian dog, the beginning of lent starts my mouth watering for the taste of these annual treats. And when it comes to jelly beans, no other brand will due. They have to be *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs*. Imagine my surprise when I bit into a pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Egg*, circa 1996.

At first I thought it was just a mistake. "Perhaps a bad batch had made its way past the quality control gurus" I mused. So I bought some more. . . at a different store. Again I found myself to be extremely disappointed when I sampled one of the pink candies. Then I started to think it was me. Maybe some strange malady had caused damage to my taste buds. So I called my mother, the person from whom I had inherited my fondness for certain holiday snacks. She informed me that the new flavor was so distasteful to her that she has to spit the pink ones out when they find their way into her mouth by accident.

Indeed, after sampling several of the pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* I was left slack-jawed and reeling in disbelief. What could have possessed the weenies in charge of confection flavoring? Do they not know that tampering with the taste of this seasonal delicacy is tantamount to destroying an American Institution? Are these the same people that were behind the marketing disaster at the Coca-Cola Company a few years ago when they attempted to change the taste of their globally recognized namesake? If these guys were politicians they would probably write a law making it illegal to sell hot dogs in baseball stadiums.

March 11, 1996

Page 2

Ok. I'm a businessman. I understand that sometimes minor changes need to be made to a product because of outside factors. Maybe the brand of one of the ingredients was no longer available. Maybe the company you were buying dextrose or lecithin from doubled their price causing a need to change suppliers. These things happen. But when they do, every effort should be made to offset the effect so that the customer does not suffer. If in fact this was the case, I congratulate your product engineers on successfully maintaining the appropriate flavors for the other colors.

Now, I am not so naive as to think that the rantings and ravings of one consumer are going to persuade you to revert to the traditional flavor for pink that I have grown to know and love. Furthermore, I do not plan to discontinue purchasing *Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* in the future. (Unless you do something really stupid like changing the flavor of white to coconut.) I simply felt that it was my duty to let you know that the change in your product was not appreciated by a segment of your target market. Rest assured that I am not alone in my opinion on this matter. (And I'm not just talking about my mommy.)

As a way to emphasize my point and to execute a mini protest, enclosed you will find all of the pink *Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs* from one bag of recently purchased jelly beans. Pelt them at the person(s) responsible, flick them one by one into your waste basket with a pencil, or flush them down the nearest toilet. But don't eat them. They taste yuckie.

Disappointedly Yours,

Christopher Ozdarski

enclosures



# BRACH & BROCK

C O N F E C T I O N S

3/21/96

Mr. Christopher Ozdarski  
%Lawrence Inc. - [REDACTED]  
Berkley, MI 48072

Dear Mr. Ozdarski:

Thank you for contacting us about your experience with our Brach\*s Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs. We are very concerned about this incident, and we appreciate your taking the time to notify us.

Please be assured that this matter will be brought to the attention of the appropriate manufacturing and quality assurance managers for their review and action, and every effort will be made to prevent such a recurrence.

Thanks again for bringing this matter to our attention, and enclosed please find 2 free product coupon(s) as a token of our appreciation.

Yours truly,



John R. Lux  
Consumer Relations Manager

Encl. 2 Brach\*s coupon(s)  
96-3139/2a

P. O. Box 202, Zip 60690-0202  
400 N. LaSalle Avenue, Zip 60644-0909  
Chicago, Illinois  
(312) 899-1200

P. O. Box 242, Zip 37024-0242  
412 N. West Street, Zip 37024-0242  
Nashville, Tennessee  
(615) 899-1111

# BRACH & BROCK

C O N F E C T I O N S

April 10, 1996

Mr. Christopher Ozdarski

~~██████████~~  
Berkley, MI 48072

Dear Mr. Ozdarski:

As you might imagine, one of your newsletters has made its way to our attention and, with it, your tale of woe as it relates to our Brach's Tiny Jelly Bird Eggs. First of all, you are to be congratulated for your keen sense of taste. You are indeed an aficionado of this product. You are but one of two people in the whole U. S. of A. who have detected that we did indeed use another flavor in our pink eggs this year, specifically banana strawberry. Secondly, we are sorry that your Easter was less than what you anticipated.

Why we made the change may seem capricious and insensitive to you, but the bottom line is that we are going back to the original flavor this coming Easter season. Unfortunately, you will remain deprived until then.

Thanks again for your article, and enclosed please find two free product coupons as a token of our appreciation. Please contact me at 1-800-~~██████████~~, ext. 7516, if I can be of further assistance.

Yours truly,



John R. Lux  
Consumer Relations manager

~~██████████~~  
P. O. Box 8012, Zip 60680-0012  
40 North Dearborn Avenue, Zip 60644-0097  
Chicago, Illinois  
(312) 626-1200

~~██████████~~  
P. O. Box 242, Zip 37027-0127  
412 Carver Pike, Zip 37027  
Chattanooga, Tennessee  
(423) 891-1000