

THIS



MEGAZINE



Love Advice from Happy Couples

Like a marriage from hell, This Megazine can't be killed! It's back baby! Back with a vengeance. And like a vigilante with a hummer, we're here to impose our views on you. Of course you have to read them to get the full effect of the imposition, but you're already hooked on every word I write.

Many painstaking hours and cans of beer were consumed in the making of this megazine, and no Indians were asked to work for a dollar a day in the making of This Megazine. But I heard rumors that our new publisher, Larry Flint of Penthouse Magazine fame, is hell-bent on outsourcing the whole magazine to that "give 1,000 monkeys 1,000 typewriters and 100 days later you'll have a book" concept. But what he does not know, is that you NEED AN EDITOR to glue it all together. So our jobs are still secured by our annual political contributions to the favorite charity of our choice, the miracle dream network (or the beer fridge by any other name).

So with much fighting and bickering (it's that time of our life), we proudly present to you the 22nd issue of This Megazine (which is still only a dollar [in 1985 dollars - which is about \$4.75 today, but your price may vary depending on the gasoline you had to use to drive to the mailbox to get this issue]).

In this issue we open our hearts and our minds to share with you "advice from happy couples". No we're not talking about ketchup and mustard here. These are real couples, real people from your planet. Yes - you could benefit from following this advice. Or you could just keep doing the same thing you are doing now and be as miserable as ever. But this is America, land of the free. So it's your president's choice. You will do as he commands you.

And Remember, marriage is between a man and a woman. Which is the same as a California surfer saying "Woah Man!". So in double speak, marriage is between a man and a man, or a woman and a woman, and that is the reason it doesn't seem to work for the rest of us heterosexual couples. Hey I think we're on to something here!

Read on, and enjoy. And don't forget to recycle when you are done. Unless you have written your marriage vows in the margins, and you wish to keep it for a precious moments keepsake (or evidence so your lawyer can sue the lousy partner). Happy bickering everyone! - WAZ

SUBJECT: NEW YEAR'S EVE

Hey, so Happy New Year. 2005 sounds nice.

So this is what Jamie and I did last night. Actually, all day yesterday. We wake up and the first thing Jamie says is, "Do you wanna go to yoga at 9:30?"

It's 8:45ish in the morning and I'm now thinking about all the meals and deserts I've consumed over the past week and I say a resounding yes, and then realize she has already fallen back asleep. Half out of bed I'm now thinking do I really want to go? I haven't been in a while so I'm going to be so sore later. Damn it, let's go. So I nudge Jamie a bit and tell her that I really want to go. She says okay let's go I'll put some tea on and you warm up the car. I'm thinking, when will it be my turn to put the tea on? I then acknowledge to myself that it will never be my turn to put the tea on. That's the way it is and always will be. Okay, moving on. We're in the car on the way to Bliss Yoga in Woodstock. Jamie wanted to drive because, "We'll get there quicker". I'm like fine I'll get the music holding her thermos in one hand cd in the other and my tea mug between my legs. This is not ideal, however, thinking how good this will be for my body, I am happy.

Well we arrive and even though we're 2 minutes late, (she hates to be late, this, later in life, ends up rubbing off on me-a whole other story) class hasn't begun yet and it's not packed so we get to practice next to each other. To make a long story short, I was in Jamie's words, "Talking too much in class especially about my Christmas belly". Apparently the allotted amount of talking in yoga class is a few Oms and several chants. I somehow exceeded that limit by, "Many, many words".

Class was great. We were sore. Come home. Jonathan calls at 12:30 wants band to meet at studio at 1. I didn't get Sean's message at 11:30 because my phone has no service in Woodstock. Shit, so now I have to get myself over to the studio. Okay, that was fine. We needed to discuss the upcoming tour and acoustically practice some covers. Great. 3 hours later I politely excuse myself because Jamie and I have dinner plans at 7.

We went to dinner at a great restaurant in Hudson, NY about 45 to 50 minutes north of Kingston. It's an Italian restaurant called Ca' Mea. Great food and a mellow atmosphere. Really great food.

So we get home at 10. Tired after dinner, wine and yoga Jamie wants to take a "little" nap. So we both end up napping and wake up at 12:40 a.m. Our friends are calling us us wishing us a happy new year and wondering where we are. Neither of us had the hearts to tell anyone that we were home in bed.

THE END love, Anthony & Jamie

This Megazine hasn't been published in over 2 years. We suck. But we have purchased many containers of beer. Evil eye to be exact. And now, as a result of our killing of millions of brain cells, we are ready to commit to another issue of This. If you still exist, respond to This email or be terminated from This List immediately or sooner. We are thinking of assignments, perhaps if you send in enough submissions in now, we won't have to make an assignment. But we know you are fat and boring and old and married and have kids that are so important to you that being fun and interesting has fallen off your list of things to do.

*Sincerely,
This Staffers
Proud and Fat
Waz, Andrea, Mary and Dave sometimes
We love our kids*

THIS MEGAZINE CREDIT WHERE ITS NOT DUE

Mary - Crack the whip

Andrea - Technical Support

Waz - Lack of Support

Dave - Beer Brain

Thank you to Tessa who supports This

This Megazine

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Still only \$1 per issue

******NEW ONLINE FORUMS******

Check for assignments, get in touch with old friends, complain about body aches, sell old school books - go to thismegazine.com/forums/

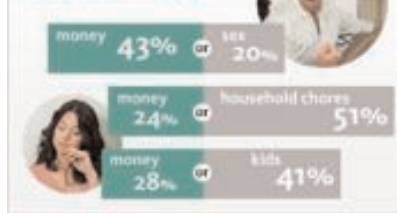
THIS MEGAZINE



Issue 22

May 2006

What do you fight about more?



NOW THERE'S A COUPLE THAT KNOWS HOW TO FIGHT!

Yahoo News

Tue Mar 14, 9:36 AM ET

MEXICO CITY (Reuters) - A Mexican couple were recovering separately after a marital spat got out of control and saw them firing guns, throwing knives and hurling homemade bombs, Mexican daily Milenio said on Monday.

In scenes taken straight out of hit romantic comedy "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," starring Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, Juan Espinosa and Irma Contreras fought until their house blew up in a homemade gasoline bomb explosion, Milenio said.

Police called to the home in the indigenous Mayan Indian town of Oxkutzcab in the southeastern state of Yucatan arrested Espinosa. Contreras was taken to hospital with third-degree burns.

A local police official confirmed the report but declined to provide further information.

In the violence-filled movie about the fictional Smiths, Pitt and Jolie play married assassins ordered to kill each other.

Espinosa told reporters he was glad his wife had suffered burns, while Contreras said she was only sorry she had not "hacked off his manhood" during the fight.

Contributed by Ann Gavazzi

Hello! I am excited about This Mag's revival!

Carmen Quinones

Yep, still here.

Cathoxo

LOVE ADVICE FROM HAPPY COUPLES

Please do not be angry due to the tardiness of our submission. Surely, we have not missed the official printing. If so, please send out an amended edition.

Julie and I believe that we are a very happy couple. We believe that I must continue to make her laugh. Especially if it is at my expense. Please see the attached photo of the saddest mustache in history. It only lasted a couple of hours but the laughs keep on going and going.

That is love. We also believe that a Man must understand that his needs are completely secondary, tertiary and literary to the Women's (and The Lord)...if you want to get some lovin'. And lovin' for lovin' is what love you take and give to the lover in Lovetown. Paul McCartney wrote that.

Mark & Julie

Dear Waz, Andrea, Mary and sometimes Dave,

Wollow be the gloopy in the snowbottom hats. Because of the flow of jets into the cowbundle of your washer, snip be to the hell trodden rubber of walrus, tied to a boot, in a new sky.

Yours,

Thomas Milloto

<http://www.TomiMusic.com>

<http://www.MazzocchioMusic.com>

Yeah, what the hell happened to you guys?

Phil Schuster

Oh Great terminator, don't hasta la vista me.....

Helena

Keep me on "this list"!

see you soon....

love, jay

Keep me on the list.

Thanks

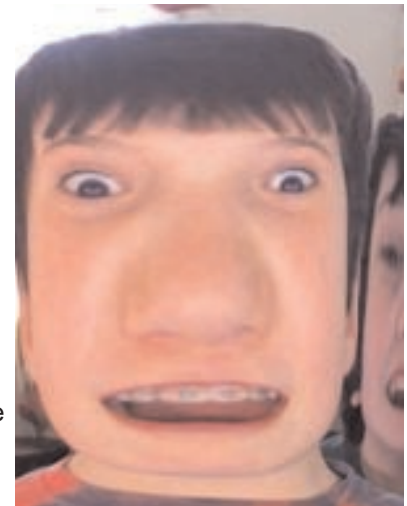
G



THE BOYS SAY...

Jon: What does ripe mean? Mike: Ready to eat. Sept. 22, 2002
Jon: I'm so hot I'm drying out and getting wrinkly. (5 yrs.old). April 3, 2003
Jon: Mom, days go faster when you go to Buffalo. I don't like it.. June 22, 2003
Mike: Love Love Love Between the two people....Love is when you like someone too much. Feb. 14, 2004
Mike: The reason they make #2 movies is because people get tired of watching the same thing over and over but they want to see the same characters. That's why I want to see a Three Amigos Part 2. May 9, 2004
Mike and Jon: Mom, we know how to get funny boxes...Me: What's a funny box? There's a little box in the back of your mind that looks funny and has a funny background and something funny pops out of the funny box.. May 9, 2004
Jon: Mom, you were sex thrice. May 9, 2004
Jon: All my comic books are \$5 cuz I work hard. June 5, 2004
Mike, in response to how pimento cheese looks like it has cut-up fingers in it: Never work in a pimento cheese factory. June 25, 2004
Mike: What's a poop? Jon: It's a brown thing that comes from your butt when you sit on the toilet. July 4, 2004
Jon: Why don't we ever use the margarita ball? Mike: We only use it for real parties. July 28, 2004
Jon: Here's why I don't want to go to prison. Because you sleepwalk and bump into the cage or the wall and you crack your head open and die. Sept. 16, 2004
Jon, Tasting pumpkin spice german chocolate cheese cake from Central Station: That's the best thing that's ever gone down my throat. Sept. 19, 2004
Mike: People who are religious but don't know what they believe are agnostics. Sounds like something you should have in your nose. Aug. 18, 2004
Jon: Wiz means pee. Curse means swear. Take a wiz. Aug. 31, 2004
Jon: I smell winter. Oct. 23, 2004
Jon: Mom, what is Jesus all about? I think he's just an old guy with an X on his back. Nov. 20, 2004
Mike: I think I am the only kid who likes broccoli as much as I like french-fries. Jan. 28, 2005
Mike: I'd rather swim in eels...(than practice violin). Feb. 6, 2005
Mike: We find it cruel to kill things into the toilet. (silverfish loose in room). March 25, 2005
Jon: Mike, have you ever had a dream that you weren't in it? May 14, 2005
Jon: What do scientists do? Many things. What if I run out of things to do? July 22, 2005
Jon: Maybe I will get married so when I get old I can give all my teddybears to my grandchildren, when I get really old and soon I'll die. I'll never let them go. Soon these bears will be going through generations. July 22, 2005
Jon: Is a fart flammable? What happens if you shot your cap gun right while you farted? July 26, 2005
Jon: Do girls have arteries? July 26, 2005
Mike: Why do people say elephants have really good memories? July 27, 2005
Jon: Do only girls have arteries? Oh shoot I always get arteries and ovaries mixed up. July 27, 2005
Mike: I was the robot menace.. July 28, 2005
Jon: What if there was a store that said we sell for more. July 28, 2005
Jon: Mom, is it true that you're always touching the sky? Aug. 3, 2005
Jon: You wanna know a super taster's worse nightmare? Javastout. Aug. 7, 2005
Jon: Either something is wrong with the world or fairies are real. Aug. 7, 2005
Jon: Is the worse fear of the world genny lite? Is it mom, is it? Aug. 7, 2005
Jon: Do you know that I seem like I've been alive longer than I have been? Aug. 9, 2005
Jon: Mom, cannolis aren't my favorite. Aug. 23, 2005
Jon: When I grow up I want to work a job with no people. That's why I want to be an inventor. Because people have weird stuff on them (like flesh wounds and boils and things). Dec. 27, 2005
Jon: If I was a milkman, I would be the worst milkman ever. (Jon, a milk maniac). Dec. 29, 2005
Jon: You know why I never want to be in a band? Because you never have any time to get some sleep, because you're going everywhere. Jan. 1, 2006
Jon: Santa gave you 2 stacking pt. pencils? Yeah, he is the best person in the whole wide world. Jan. 11, 2006
Mike: If you want the job done right, then get someone else to do it. Feb. 20, 2006
Mike: I had a dream. In the 1st quarter at school, if you get good grades, they gave you the ability to jump really high. In the 2nd quarter the ability to breathe fire and the 3rd quarter the ability to breathe fire really far. March 13, 2006.

contributed by Mary Fridmann, Mike 11, Jon 8



LOVE ADVICE FROM A HAPPY COUPLE: SAD GERRY AND PEG-14M

First there was Sad Gerry and he was.... sad. One day Sad Gerry was walking along Lake Merritt feeling sad and thought, "i am sad gerry and i must find a mate, someone who will make me very happy. then i should be able to call myself rad gerry cause my life will be rad and every-thing around me will become rad". Well in the time it takes scrambled eggs to fluff up nicely on the grill, Sad Gerry was approached by a lovely lady. They approached each other from opposite ends until they were goose neck's reach from each other.

Sad Gerry felt his mouth smirk and said, "hello lovely! my name is sad gerry and i'm looking for a mate to make me happy".

The lovely lady smiled a smile as wide as a mile and said, " ". (nothing).

Sad Gerry thought this was intriguing and asked her, "what did your parents name you"?

He thought that was a good question to break the ice on a first encounter and he was right. This time she responded.

"My parents named me Peg-14M after non-ionic water-soluble polymer that serves as a foam enhancer and slip agent in hair care and skin care products. Do you always talk in small case letters?"

Now Sad Gerry felt ... indifferent. He'd never felt this before. He only felt ... sad.

"hmmm... ", his brain thought inside his head. Now his brain decided to emit words through his mouth, "peg-14m, i have a feeling you could be my mate and make me very happy. if so, i would change my name from sad gerry to rad gerry. sooo... what say you? will you be my mate?" Peg-14M thought about it for a moment and said, "Sad Gerry, I will be your mate. After all, I've finished filing my nails, petted the cat, fed the goldfish and changed the oil on my Uncle Jim's 18-wheeler, so why shouldn't i be your mate?"

"great, it's settled! i am no longer calling myself sad gerry. from this moment on let the whole world call me rad gerry", cried rad gerry!

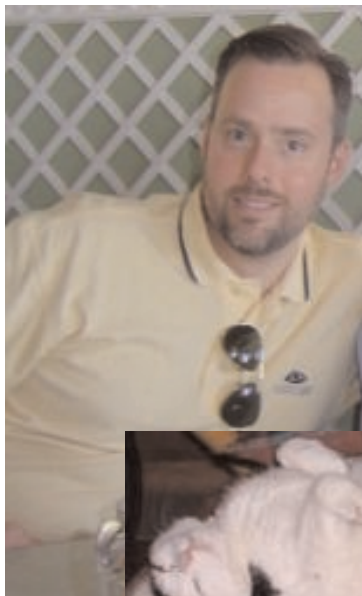
"let's go do what newly-mates do", they said in unison and off they strided, arm in arm, till they layed down in a pile of fun.

so the message to all you newly-mates (and oldly-mates and got-no-mates) is....

The secret to being a happy couple is ...

... keep it simple!

- chris
panny
circa
3/2006



Old and Fat Enough for Ya? Not boring!

- Keith Hultmark

My FAT Cat. He is Old Too! and he is boring compared to me.



The BUTCH GOD IS NEVER BORING!

Butch Audacity

i want this megazine yow im fat

greggreg

Im responsive,..

But id like to be less responsive. Perhaps another beer will work

Tony Doogan

what, are you looking in my window?

I exist, I exist! Please, oh This Megazine, give my life meaning again!

I'm thinkin...

tony artur

Be proud to suck the least. I have not grown an inch since the last ime I read This Megazine. Could you include a new recipe for tacos? I would like to help by oifferring an imitation interview with Charles Nelson Reilly, former lover of the late Freddie Mercury. Not much is really know from print regarding this uncanny and rabid love affair, but certainly Bill O. Reilly would no spin it.

Adrian Corda, 42. iq 10

Rosina Corda, 37. iq 149

Amelia Brooke Corda, 2 and 3/4, iq 356, but only on chocolate milk

Hi,

I'm here! (We bought a house last week!! No kids yet, but we're working on being fat and domestic - we've both always been late bloomers.) We spent the weekend tearing down ceilings and insulation and all sorts of fun stuff. We now have a dumpster full of pink fiberglass plus the remains of a woman's life. We bought the house from a guy, and it looks like when his wife left, he threw all her stuff into the crawl spaces. Bags and bags of clothes, boxes with wedding pics, diplomas, HS yearbook... I felt really bad throwing it all away!

Sarah Koehl

Seeing that I let my subscriptions to MAD and Grade School Girls Gone Wild lapse, please continue to send me your Evil Eye hazed Megazine. My new e-mail address is xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.

Thank you and good luck,

Scott Miller

I wanna play.

This,

paul consiglio

Fat Staffers -

Yeah, I still exist, but mostly on random islands in far away places in the sky or underwater. I do want to extend an invitation to anyone who cares, to come use either of my places for free. I've got a place in France that's empty much of the year, and i've got a place in Cozumel as well, that's a little less empty: www.channahil.com

I have the site make it look like it's "rental" property so my employees don't get upset, but it only gets used when I, my employees, my friends, or my family are there. Cozumel is only 2 hours away from Houston, and you don't even need a passport to go there. I know I've been more than a little out of touch with anyone on this list, but I want to stress that the place is truly available for anyone who is interested in using it. One of the reasons for getting the places is for my friends and friends of friends to enjoy them.

Sarva Shanti,

Keith Cleversley

A COZUMEL MOMENT - FURTHER ENTICEMENT

This waking dream, drenched with warm, salty air slinks its way around me and seduces me, quietly emptying my pockets of my sense of time, my taste for progress, and my penchant for order to the last detail. I am the converted, enraptured by its gentle sway, as its sensual rhythm woos me, unnoticed, into its enveloping glow. Days begin to lazily slink by, almost imperceptibly, like the thick fog that rolls onto the shore from a sea too laden to bear a single drop of moisture more.

As dawn breaks, the sun is not content to stick to the trees, thick like honey, or to tap its balmy digits at my window to gently tickle my nose. No, dancing with ancient abandon, it instead crashes through every crack, crevice, and glistening pane, soaking every morsel with its golden glow, alive in its tropical playground, commanding all whose bodies it touches, to arise.

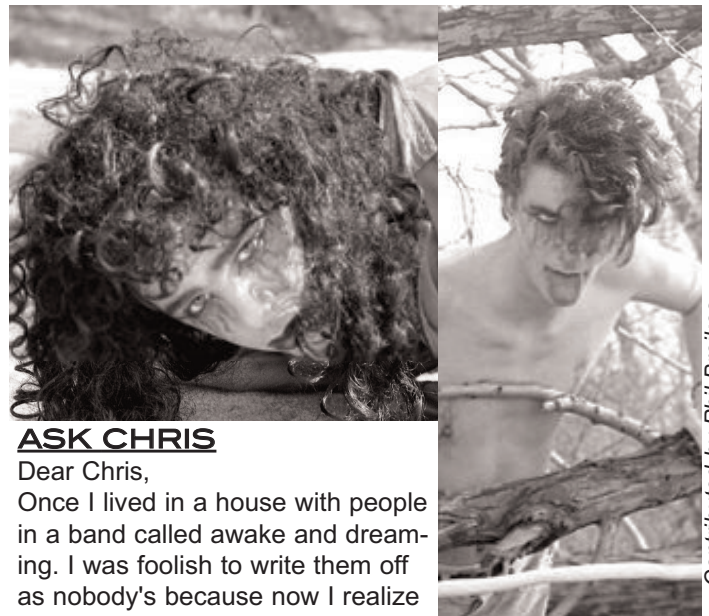
Mesmerized, I am content to fall prey to any sinister plans it may have in store for me, desiring not to seek refuge, but to dance with it, in dizzying delight. My plans, once to numerous to count, have shrunk, to the quiet contemplation of a beach, an ocean, a garden, or a jungle path. These words flit from my tongue, plump, with delicacies impossible to contain, but rotted the moment they leave their haven. The moon, glistening across the water, momentarily diminishes my discontent, but whether it's enough to temper the growing insurrection, is impossible to know. The sea sky, an embarrassment of riches, melts my body into its depths, but whether it will be enough for the body to never beg for form again, is impossible to answer.

As it has happened in the past, a boundless joy as thick as the tropical air peeks out from the shadows, gently creeps in from every angle, teases me at first, and then explodes into a million tiny suns inside me, entrancing me with the inexplicably vivid bliss that leaves me wanting nothing more than this perfect moment and nothing more than the desire to have this moment last forever.

hi all - welcome back. i'm still here too. get to work!!!! PS - i'm NOT boring. hugs, joan fridmann

Hello - I'm still here, but my writing sucks so please don't assign me anything.

-Tessa



Contributed by Phil Broikos

ASK CHRIS

Dear Chris,

Once I lived in a house with people in a band called awake and dreaming. I was foolish to write them off as nobody's because now I realize that everybody is somebody, and you can't write checks that you can't cash. So my question is, when I wake up in the morning, how can I tell if it is going to be a good day or a bad day, or just an in-between day, and what clothes should I wear? And have you saved up enough to pay for the \$40 phone bill yet? Oops, that's 2 questions. If you can only answer one, please answer the first one. Because \$40 is not that much money to be worried about, but wearing the right clothes can make the difference between a good, bad or indifferent day, because it's all in your attitude. Is that why you write songs about being naked? Oops. That's 3 questions already...

Steve Wasiura

Fredonia, NY

Steve,

Thanks for your question. As far as the \$40 phone bill, I've saved up \$33.59 so far, so I'm going to get a paper route to cover the rest.

As far as how I tell a good day from bad, I look for yellow in the front, and brown in the back, but not too much of either one.

Thanks for your question. It's great to hear from you.

Hi to that old gang of mine.

Trapper

no phone as I don't want you calling me.

will be happy to contribute. look for my compleated ass. in about 3 2 weeks.

KIPPLING SMITH

Cool. Thanks.

i'm ready for THIS.

pete & sarom calanni

I still exist...

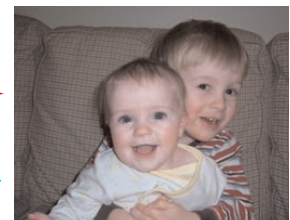
Here's my kids to prove it: →

Eric (EVR)

I am neither fat nor do I have a kid – unless you consider my girlfriend a kid – give me an assignment and I will try to complete it.

Make another issue please.

Jason/Hopewell



MESSAGE: HAPPY 311 DAY, ONE OF ALL.

roman numeral "B" - i'm glad your effort to reach out enveloped me with in its grasp.

part 3, the last: i have the following contribution provided from an assignment i gave my students thursday. the writing prompt was, "what birthday wishes do you have for mr. eaton? do you have any advice? how should he spend his birthday?"

i received about 80 replies from my 7th grade english classes. there were many other outstanding and hilarious submissions, but here is the best, written by ms. diamonique conwell, 13 years old of newport news, va.

"go and have a ball. rent a limo and treat yourself. go get yourself a massage. go shopping. then go to a bar where you can meet the women of your dreams.

"maybe even visit the shelter. tell them how you feel. because you were adopted also tell them how you feel its on your birthday and you can't find your real parents.

"have a happy birthday mr. eaton. and congrats at being successful.

sighed,

diamonique conwell

Contributed by Timothy Wm. Eaton Esq. III

How did you know that I am now fat, stupid, and borg?

Please send me more this. It's the only thing I have left in my life that's even remotely hip!

Rick Smith

PS Hi all!

i will send you mush when it is reddie.

Does This need a dog? What if she submits an article? She'll get back to you soon.

Amy Sybl Shmoo

Hi,

I'm not dead yet.

Brian Smith

Averill Park, NY



my server's down and I haven't even mailed jonny fridmann back his Flat Stanley, that's how lazy I am. I put up a blogspot page, though, so I will BLEAGHGG you.

<http://ladymisskatie.blogspot.com/>

please comment so I know someone's out there....

Katie

In response, I live, and will consider submitting as soon as I've decided on something unworthy enough to be enlisted among other fat, boring parents' contributions. I myself have been opening containers of a brew named Magic Hat. I'll see you then.

Michael Arden Sulzbach

Love, and rocks

<http://www.mp3tunes.com/michaelarden>



NEWS FROM CPSC

U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

April 20, 2006

Emergency Smoke Hoods Recalled for Risk of Carbon Monoxide Inhalation

WASHINGTON, D.C. - The U.S.

Consumer Product Safety

Commission, in cooperation with the firm named below, today announced a voluntary recall of the following consumer product. Consumers should stop using recalled products immediately unless otherwise instructed. Name of Product: EVAC-U8™ and EVAC+™ Emergency Escape Smoke Hoods

Hazard: The emergency escape smoke hoods could fail to work properly, exposing the user to harmful carbon monoxide which could seriously compromise their ability to escape the fire threat.

Manufactured In: Canada

Remedy: Consumers should stop using the smoke hood devices immediately and contact Brookdale for a prorated refund.

Contributed by Jay Sallèse

TOUCH TETRIS

This game I'm playing -

Do you give up?

Yes I give up

over and over

I give up

I give up

But I keep playing

Give up?

Yes

Give up?

Yes

Give up?

YES

Y E S

Give up?

Yes

4/10/06

MGF

I am old! And boring. And very very fat. Give me an assignment!

Deb Curley

(goin' to pop out the twins soon!!!)

Hello and I hope you are all well. Theresa and I are still alive and well in Cortland NY. You hit the nail on the head with the "fat and boring".

I travel all the time and Theresa gets to play single parent to our three (not so) little ones. Just got back from a two and a half week trip to Kansas City.

Regards, D. Todd Smith

Principal Engineer, Controls and Instrumentation

Pall Advanced Separation Systems

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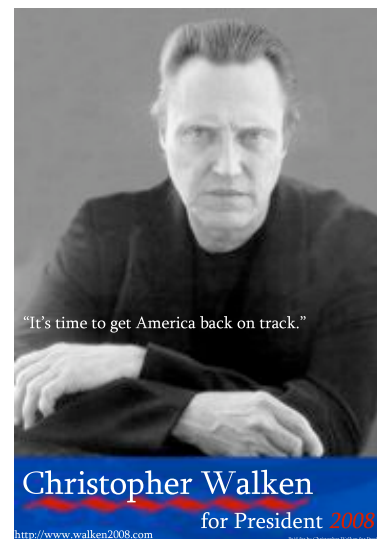
Cortland, New York 13045-5630

Phone: xxxxxxxxxxxx ext. xxxx

Fax: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Bring it.

Dan Mc



DEAR BLABBY.

I'm worried. my boyfriend only wants to do is smoke crack, blast his jams and beat me up. Do you think I should tyr dying my hair and wearing thongs ? Everyone tells me I should leave him but I JUST LOVE HIM SO MUCH!!!!!!!, I'm confused what do you think I should do? Worried in Syracuse.

Dear Worried. My advice to you is to go directly to Walmart, go to the sporting goods department, buy a 410 and a box of 410 shells, get in your car and shoot your-self.

by Micky



Contributed by Katie

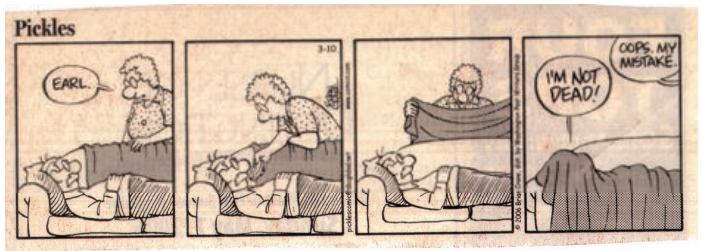
hiya waz and andrea and this megazine - yes, we're interested in continuing our subscription with your fine periodical. actually, i'm in the process of changing our email address tho. so here's the new one - xxxxxxxxxxxxxx. and here's a classic photo of a couple who are married for almost 40 years. they say that after a while, married couples start looking alike. what do you think. love, joan and dave fridmann



MARCH 24, 2006

As Adam mentioned the other day, he will need to wear a tight belt at the big kid's school because the boys like to pull down the girls' pants (and the boys' pants too). This could be considered the primary onslaught of what we consider flirting. Which makes me wonder why there is so much actual nastiness at the start of puberty. Could it be we just don't know what to do with all that extra stuff floating around in our systems? I can explicitly remember a time in 7th grade when we had a shaving creme fight in the park with the boys and girls hitting each other with shaving creme in all the private part sections so that the shaving creme really outlined those parts even though we still had shirts and jeans on. It was not the most pleasant thing to have on your clothes. It was mean and crude and somehow this constituted flirting. I was not under the influence of any alcohol at the time, but I remember the alcohol incidents and how the boys somehow transformed from these mean beasts into more kiss-y-feel-y guys. I hated it. I actually preferred the mean, rude boys over the groping jerks that they really were. I didn't even have a real boyfriend until 8th grade, which was only comprised of holding hands and writing football love letters to each other that we would toss in between classes in hopes that we hit the other in the eye. That relationship lasted longer than expected, with an ending of burnt love letters and having a brief 1st time kissing session with the ex-boyfriend's best friend. That really wasn't a happy time, since I never did end up being the girlfriend of that boy. What a jerk!

by Andrea, reflecting on 1981-82 from a comment made by 6-year-old Adam



Contributed by Helena, a marriage counselor





THIS MAGAZINE
 PO BOX 632
 FREDONIA, NY 14063

Grooming Checklist		
General	For Men	For Women
HEAD Clean face, ears and neck	Wash ears on trimmed facial hair	Make-up carefully applied
Hair clean, neat and well combed	After-shave or cologne applied	Earrings and/or neck ties absent
BODY Clothing clean, pressed and checked for fraying	Shirt collar and cuffs adjusted	Slip not showing
Deodorant applied	Tie neatly tied	No make-up on blouse collar
Underwear fresh		Frangrance applied sparingly
Clubbing speckles, blemishes and checked for fat and dirt		
HAIR Washed with mild cleanser and in good shape		Not pedicured and in the proper color
Washband and soap free from soap film		Hand lotion applied
LEGS & FEET Shave in good condition, well pedicured and free of nail marks, lacerations or tears in socks or hosiery	Clean socks pulled up high	Footwear non-free and, if matted, with the seams straight
SHIRT, BAG, BRIEF-CASE Clean and packed with all accessories for the day		