

satire

THE ALMONDS AND THE CYBERNETICS

HEADS WILL ROLL! barked J. A. Worshey, President of Worshey Candy Bar Co., "if this almond problem isn't solved immediately!" and he glared menacingly around the conference table. A salty bead of perspiration rolled apprehensively down the brow of ashen-faced Millard J. Fotter, General Manager in Charge of Nuts, as he started to speak. The Great Man's air of finality, however, caused him to reconsider and he merely sighed and sat back dejectedly into the confines of the plush leather chair. After all, what more could a man do after he had carefully and completely bought every almond grove from Outer Mongolia to King City? The group of executives crept soberly from the room in the wake of their briskly striding employer; except for nervous little Erling A. Jones, second in command of the Nut Department. He scurried over to his crestfallen chief and patted him softly on the back saying, "Golly, gee-willikers, M.J., there must be something we can do." "Sure," said Fotter, bravely forcing a condescending smile, "we'll think of something . . . anything."

Apparently the cloud of impending doom which hung over the Nut division of the Worshey factory casts its shadow upon other areas as well. A few days after the momentous meeting, Erling came rushing into the office dragging a creature behind him which was a cross between Wilt-the-Stilt and a Doberman pinscher, who, as he explained, was one Robert Hawkins, a research chemist for Worshey of great renown. Hawkins, as one may recall, was the man who, almost single-handedly, pioneered the development of the process for transforming deactivated pitchblende into artificial chocolate candy. He has currently been attempting to duplicate the secret recipe which Zounds uses to make shredded coconut from worn-out white-wall tires. Anyway, he learned of the problem of the depleted almond supply and decided to submit this idea which had been bouncing around in his head for some time. "Yeah," drawled Hawkins, as he banged his towering cranium on the ceiling lamp. "I figure we can make imitation almonds that will taste more like almonds than the genuine article just by this process I've developed for petrifying balsawood. Add a little simulated almond flavor, and presto, almonds." "That's it," shouted Fotter excitedly, and without waiting for further ex-

planation, he ran down the corridor, bowling over three secretaries, and screeched to a halt in front of a massive teakwood door, upon which gigantic letters spelled the name, J. A. Worshey. "What is it, Fotter?" barked the Great Man, as he sank a neat six-foot putt across the luxurious carpet, in front of his mammoth desk. "Well, sir," he narrated, as humbly as possible under the circumstances, "I think I've solved the almond problem, sir." "What almond problem?" barked Worshey, as he deftly swung his platinum inlaid nine-iron, striking Millard's left knee. "The problem," he gasped, falling to the floor, knee-cap in hand, "is that we're running out of almonds, and it dawned on me, sir, that maybe we could make artificial almonds, as we make artificial everything else, sir." "Tremendous idea," barked J. A., as he took another healthy swing, this time catching Fotter squarely in the mouth with his gold-monogrammed number three-wood, "see that you follow through and I'll put the ad-men right to work on it." Millard J. Fotter was dizzily elated as he staggered from the Great Man's office. "At long last," he smiled toothlessly to himself, "a chance to really be Mr. Big in this outfit."

It wasn't long before almonds were being synthetically shelled at a fantastic rate in the Worshey factory. At the same time, the boys on Madison Ave. were doing their usual sterling job. They engineered a magnificent campaign, whipping the public into a frenzy of anticipation for the new concoction soon to issue from the Worshey Candy Bar Co. The pinnacle of the stupendous sequence of events arrived when, on a nation-wide television program, the Great Man himself, J. A. Worshey gave the first artificial milk chocolate, artificially flavored and artificial almond (yes, the first entirely fake candy bar ever brought into existence) to a lucky lad from the vast studio audience, little Tommy Phfinster. A million pairs of eyes watched anxiously as the historic confection was clumsily unwrapped and the paper thoughtlessly dropped to the stage. A million throats gulped as Tommy raised his chubby little hand to his mouth and took a greedy bite. The tension was almost unbearable as a million pairs of ears across the nation distinctly heard the muffled crunch of the automated almonds being crumbled between the cavity infested teeth of little Tommy Phfinster. "Well," pleaded Edwin R. Morrow, the master of ceremonies, "what do you think, Tommy?" A million jaws dropped in stark horror as the young gentleman's face wrinkled in disgust. "UGH!" said little Tommy Phfinster. "One way to Hindustan," said Millard J. Fotter to the TWA clerk. "FORE!" barked J. A. Worshey.

JOE KOMARMY
(From Lyke)

Status Seeking

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trend by accidentally wearing his dad's thirty-year-old tweed norfolk to school. It pays to be different.

3. When it comes to seeking office (class, ASUO, club, any kind), do it, regardless of whether or not you have much chance of winning. Perhaps like Adlai Stevenson you can gain great prestige by being a losing candidate.

4. Getting good grades is a plus if you shrug them off. Never let on that you had to study to get them.

5. When you get in a mishap, don't overlook its status-giving possibilities. For example, wearing a cast on your leg can label you as a daring athlete.

6. Develop a taste of things that most people think are sophisticated such as progressive jazz and foreign foods. Study Russian (people will guess that you're planning on entering the foreign service) and always put a peel of lemon in your coke or salt in your beer.

7. Know where and when the parties are and get to as many of them as you can. When you give parties be sure they are different. A recent party using old auto hubcaps as wall decorations and 1920 college dance tunes was a booming success.