



IPP Unshreds The Evidence

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H EIGH HO! It's time for another report on the doings of International Peanuts & Popcorn, Inc., better known as IPP, the unbelievable conglomerate.

In our first episode, as you may recall, Andy Jackerson, a known columnist, published a secret memo from IPP's tough, widely-respected female lobbyist, Dotty Whiskers.

In the memo, Mrs. Whiskers wrote: "Hot-diggety! In return for our coughing up \$400,000 for the GOP Convention, the Justice Department's going to approve our merger with the Sure Fire Fire Insurance Co. Please eat this."

With publication of the memo, Mrs. Whiskers suddenly remembered she had long planned to go to Denver and have a heart attack without telling anybody.

IPP's top officials faced the crisis with customary coolness: They (1) sold whatever stock they could get rid of; (2) tried to help the CIA overthrow a Latin American government as a public service gesture; (3) announced that Mrs. Whiskers was really a drunken old nut they had retained as their top Washington lobbyist in honor of Hire the Handicapped Week; and, in the interests of justice, (4) shredded every memo in Mrs. Whiskers' files — reportedly with their teeth.

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T HAT'S WHERE matters more or less stood for three long weeks.

From her hospital bed, Mrs. Whiskers kept explaining to anyone who'd listen that what her memo said had absolutely no relationship whatsoever to what her memo said. But there were still a few skeptics who refused to believe.

Then suddenly again, in one of those moments right out of a detective novel, Mrs. Whiskers remembered a tiny, little clue that solved the whole case:

She remembered she hadn't written the memo at all!

"I don't know what could've gotten into

me to forget a thing like that," she said, as an IPP counsel comfortingly held her hand — in a vice-like grip. "I guess it's just that I write so darned many memos bragging about how we've bought off government office . . ."

Unfortunately, the IPP counsel had to interrupt her at this point as she was obviously in pain — from what doctors later diagnosed as three broken fingers.

At the IPP Board meeting that afternoon the news that Mrs. Whiskers had remembered not writing the memo was received with jubilation. "Golly," said the Chairman, a tear in his eye, "she's really a tough, widely-respected female lobbyist after all!"

"But where," said a Vice Chairman thoughtfully, "is the real memo she actually wrote?"

"Good Lord!" cried the Chairman aghast. "If only we hadn't shredded every memo in her files . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," said a Third Vice President, "but there's been something stuck for three weeks between my first and second bicuspid and perhaps . . ."

Well, as good luck would have it, this turned out to be the real memo, perfectly preserved, in which Mrs. Whiskers wrote: "Our purchase of \$400,000 worth of Girl Scout cookies will surely help keep America strong and free of liver disease, urban sprawl and Japanese beetles."

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S O IT LOOKS like we'll have a happy ending. Of course, we've still got to catch the embittered, half-naked Latin American revolutionary who slipped the forged memo to Andy Jackerson because he'd lost his shirt on IPP stock. And Mr. Jackerson and Mrs. Whiskers still have to get married and ride off into the sunset. And . . .

But don't worry. When it comes to working out happy endings, have faith in IPP.