

Mallow Cups

*A Report by the Always-Right reverend Doctor
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Youth of today are so uninformed!! They have this misguided idea that us old fuddy-duddies don't know anything, never did know anything, and probably are too old to ever know anything. They sit in front of the tube with their electronic weapon pointed at some electronic image, and save the universe at every turn. They use terms like "Nintendo" (is that something you didn't mean to do?), Sega Dreamcast (a car from Chevrolet – no dream at all), and Play Station Two (wasn't one good enough?).

But back in my day, we were privileged to have Moxie and Mallow Cups. No, those weren't the names of the family pets. Moxie was a soft drink (soda, tonic, pop, whatever) that made hair grow on the back of your neck, and Mallow Cups were the candy bar of choice.

Actually, it wasn't a bar at all. It was a chocolate cup. It looked like a Peanut Butter Cup, but no peanut butter cup could ever compare to this. This was a Mallow Cup. I don't know where they came up with the name, but it doesn't matter. It was the taste that mattered. The filling for the chocolate cup was an ivory-colored creamy delight. It's impossible to actually describe the taste, except to perhaps state that it kind of resembled the inside of a chocolate covered cherry, without the cherry.

In order to raise enough cash to purchase these treasures, those of us fortunate enough to have bicycles (even if they were old 28-inch bicycles that belonged to your mother) would spend hours riding around looking in ditches for pop bottles. We could take the pop bottles to the store and exchange them for money – at a penny apiece for the small bottles, and a whole nickel for some of the big bottles.

It cost a nickel to buy a Mallow Cup. Sometimes we would become impatient trying to save up enough, and we would spend our money on those banana or mint candies. You could get two of those for a penny. But it was worth the wait, if you weren't too weak from hunger, to save enough to redeem the repast of choice – the famous Mallow Cup. It didn't last as long as a Sugar Daddy (which also cost a nickel and would last all day), or a Root Beer Barrel, but who cared? It was, as Tony the Tiger would say, "GRRREEEAAAATTTT!!"

Some folks, who didn't know any better, would eat the Mallow Cup and discard the wrapper. But those who were well indoctrinated in Mallow Cup technology had an extra blessing after the Mallow Cup itself was actually gone. The little square piece of cardboard, on which the Mallow Cup sat, was a type of currency. It was printed with monetary denominations. It would be imprinted, like a coin, and might have anywhere from one cent to five-dollar valuations.

Now take a guess as to what you could do with those? YESSSSSS!! You could save them up, send them in, and get a case of Mallow Cups. I think it only took eighty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty dollars in Mallow Cup money to buy a case of Mallow Cups. You couldn't spend that kind of money for anything else. It was special money – only good for one thing.

To some, it was worthless. It was just a piece of paper. There was no interest in it, and it wasn't good for anything except to be thrown away, or to store your chewing gum during supper. But to the well informed, it was priceless. It was the down payment to another fortune. No, you couldn't trade them in for cash, although sometimes a friend might offer you an instant penny for a far-off Mallow-Cup dollar. But they had much more value than most folks realized.

Some folks don't have much use for other things, either. Precious things. Rare things. Eternal things. Things like the Word of God. To some, it's just a piece of paper. Perhaps its just something to discuss or debate. Perhaps it's just something to take up space on the shelf. But, to those that are saved, it is the power of God.

I am not sure, but I don't think they make Mallow Cups any more. They were still wonderful. They still had the best thing around. They didn't change. But people lost interest in the wonderful cup, and now it can't be found. It couldn't compete with the new fads and the new packaging. It was lost in the new technology and the new names. It couldn't change to keep up with the times. And a nickel was still a nickel as far as a Mallow Cup was concerned.

I hear the Word of God is becoming hard to find, as well? I wonder why?

Doc Trin