

Capitol Punishment . . .

A Member of the Club

By Art Buchwald

THERE HAS been a lot of anxiety in Spain over the story that the United States lost a hydrogen bomb. The fact that we found three out of the four bombs doesn't seem to mean anything to our critics. All they keep harping on is the one we lost. They seem to forget nobody is perfect.



Buchwald

The big fear, of course, is that the hydrogen bomb will fall into the wrong hands.

A month from now four surfers walk into the Geneva Nuclear Disarmament Conference and one of them says to the Russian delegate:

"Move over, Charlie. We're a major power."

"What is the meaning of this?" the chairman says. "Who are you people?"

"WE'RE members of the Black Feet Surfing and Nuclear Club. You can't ignore us anymore. We've got the bomb."

"This is ridiculous," the American delegate says.

"It may be ridiculous to you, lover, but if you want true disarmament, you got to deal with us."

"Ya, see," one of the other kids says, "Morty and I were out skin-diving off the coast of Spain two weeks ago and we found the hydrogen bomb that was lost. Morty was for setting it off right away just to see what kind of bang it would make, but I said the bomb really belongs to the club and we should all decide what to do with it."

"So," says a third kid, "we had a meeting. Everybody had a different idea."

"Tommy Blue wanted to use it to blow up the police station in Santa Monica, as he hates the fuzz out there. Angel thought we should put it on a surfboard and send it into the Suez Canal, and Crew-cut Harry said he thought we should sink Cuba. But Liz the Fiz said that since we possessed a hydrogen bomb we were a nuclear power and we

should first go to Geneva and talk to you people and maybe make a deal."

THE AMERICAN delegate says, "The hydrogen bomb is our property and must be returned to us."

The Spanish ambassador at the conference says, "It was found off the coast of Spain, so it belongs to us."

The Russian delegate says, "If you give it to the Germans, it means war."

"Like we're not about to give it to anybody," one of the surfers says. "After all, we have a certain responsibility to mankind."

"That's right," another surfer says. "We wouldn't use it unless one of you countries used it against us."

The American delegate says, "What do you want then?"

"That's the trouble," a surfer replies. "We don't know what we want. If we did, we wouldn't be surfers."

"Morty says we should ask for Hawaii."

The American delegate says, "Impossible."

"Tommy Blue says the surfing is supposed to be very good in the Black Sea."

THE RUSSIAN delegate says, "Ridiculous."

"Liz the Fiz says the least we should get out of it is a seat on the U.N. Security Council."

"With a veto, of course," another surfer chimes in.

The chairman of the conference says, "We will not be blackmailed."

"You either take us in the club or we join France and Red China and go it alone."

"We don't know how long we can keep our club members in line," a second adds. "Half of 'em are for setting it off now. Like they're bored."

Another surfer says, "This is the biggest thing that happened to us since LSD. We're not just going to let the thing sit there and rot."

"All right," the American delegate says, "I'll confer with my government."

"I will have to speak to Moscow," the Russian delegate says.

"Well, don't take too long," one of the kids says. "This Geneva hangup is a drag."

© 1966, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate