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The Fiendish Bombay Duck Plot



Arthur Hoppe

OUR GOOD friends have warned us of a Chinese plot so devilishly fiendish as to boggle the most Machiavellian mind.

Moskovsky Komsomolets, the Moscow Communist youth publication, says the People's Republic of China has established a world-wide spy network in Chinese restaurants — thus compelling our CIA agents to “spend their time chewing Bombay duck and gulping birds' nest soup while trying to determine which waiter is being used by Peking for illegal activities.”

And the diabolical plot, it can now be revealed succeeded all too well!

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I WAS the one who finally broke the case,” admitted former CIA agent Homer T. Pettibone, a wan and pallid ghost of his former self. “It was in 1960 that we first learned of this world-wide spy ring. ‘It must be destroyed at all costs,’ said The Chief grimly.

“But do you have any idea how many Chinese restaurants there are? Our top 19,642 agents were assigned to the case. For 15 long years I ate in a different Chinese restaurant every night, trying to determine which waiter was being used by Peking for illegal activities. But they all looked . . . No, I won't say it!

“At last, on the night of April 1, I struck pay dirt in The Wat Dat Chinese Cuisine (Booths for Ladies) Bar & Grill in Des Moines.

My suspicions were aroused by the waiter's first words. They were neither, ‘Order?’ or ‘What you want, Mac?’ They

were: ‘May I suggest the Bombay duck and birds' nest soup?’

“I observed him closely. The fact that he was wearing a trench coat with grenade hooks and a snap-brimmed fedora struck me immediately. Nor did I fail to note that he repeatedly asked me to ‘speak directly into the won ton’ and brought me egg rolls, even though there was only one of me.

“But what clinched it was the fortune cookie, which said, ‘You are a woman of mature beauty and how would you like to sell me the plans to the B-1 bomber or the Big Mac?’

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I ARRESTED him on the spot. After a week of intensive questioning (we have ways) he cracked.

“And what had he learned? ‘I learned,’ he said, ‘that Americans never know how many dishes to order and it was always better last time.’

“Then you failed!” I cried triumphantly. ‘And how went your Bay of Pigs?’ he said smugly. ‘Is Castro still alive? Who's winning in Vietnam? How . . .’

“You mean the whole purpose of your worldwide spy ring . . . I said, blanching. He nodded. ‘It was,’ he said, cackling victoriously, ‘to compel you CIA agents to spend your time chewing Bombay duck and gulping birds' nest soup while Communism conquered the world!’”

Poor Pettibone! He has since defected to Jack-in-the-Box. And all he mumbles is, “I'll steal the plans to the B-1 bomber from McDonald's or my name isn't . . . isn't “