



Our Man Hoppe A Fiendish American Plot

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BY THE SPRING of 1974, the Arab nations faced a crisis of undreamed of proportions. By quadrupling the price of oil, they were raking in an extra \$50 billion a year.

While this was destroying the international monetary structure and bankrupting the Western nations, the dilemma confronting the Arabs appeared insoluble: They didn't know what on earth to do with the money.

This led to the historic meeting of the all-powerful Sheiks of Araby at the Irrawaddy Wadi in May. Each appeared burdened with camel-loads of \$1000 bills.

"I have already purchased, effendis," said the Sultan of Swatt gloomily, "16 Cadillacs, 145 camel saddle hassocks and 32 Pierre Cardin herringbone burnouses. Furthermore, I am up to here in myrrh. Now what?"

"We must invest our profits, by the Beard of the Prophet, profitably," said the Oman of Iman. "Now I've got a hot tip on a flier on the New York Curb..."

"Are you out of your, may Allah be with you, skull?" cried the clever sheik Emup Quik. "Would you put your money in the American economy which is, thanks to us, going bankrupt? No, we must consider the needs of the poor, starving Americans and deal with them as they would with us."

"You mean feed them?" asked the Sultan incredulously.

"No," said the Sheik, rubbing his hands, "exploit them."

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SO IT WAS that the Arabs formed a consortium known as "Arabco," which began buying up land in depression-ridden America dirt cheap.

Wells were sunk, unemployed native

American workers were hired for a pittance (with a pittance-and-a-half for overtime) and Arabco announced it was "happy to help underdeveloped America tap its untapped resources" for which it would generously pay a royalty of ten cents a barrel — each barrel then being sold to Japan for \$14.62.

Arabco executives lived in luxurious Arab compounds, tended by large staffs of native American servants, while their wives shopped happily in native bazaars and flea markets for such native handicrafts as antique gas pumps, erased tape recordings and native television-set heirlooms which made lovely coffee tables.

Needless to say, the Arabs grew richer and the Americans grew poorer. The richer the Arabs grew, the more dependent they became on their highly profitable American oil exploitation. And the angrier Americans got.

Student firebrands demonstrated around the Arab compounds. Congressmen made fiery patriotic speeches. And at last the President grimly took the ultimate step: He expropriated all Arab oil holdings.

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THE ARABS, who had been developing cheaper American oil rather than their own, now faced an energy crisis. The Sultan of Swatt traded his 16 Cadillacs for a used Toyota. Thermostats in all air-conditioned tents were raised to 78 degrees and the economies went bankrupt.

"Whatever happened to international trust and cooperation?" groaned the Sultan.

"What can you expect," said Sheik Emup Quik, "from a bunch of shifty, backward unbelievers?"