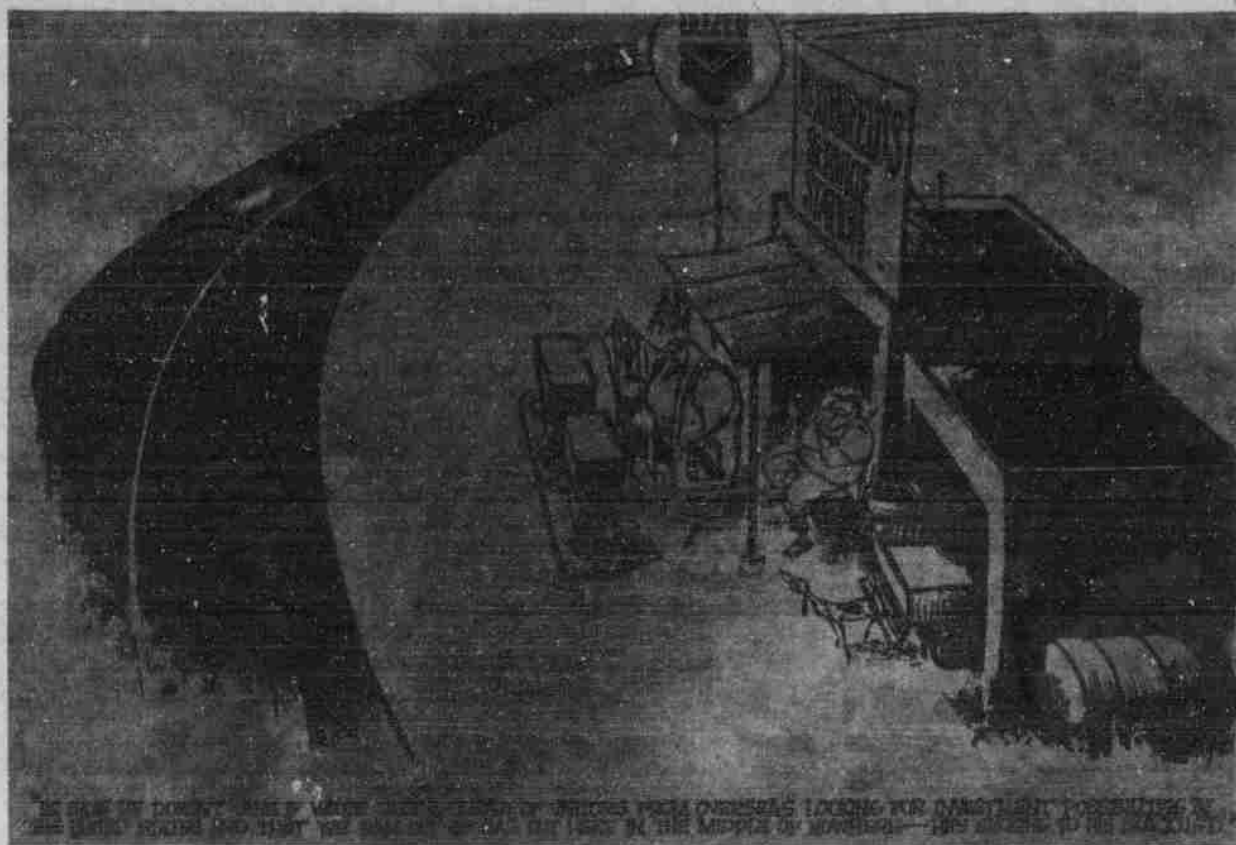


# 'Gold and silver' names stop Arab oil embargo



"He says he doesn't care if we're just a couple of visitors from overseas looking for investment possibilities in the United States and that we ran out of gas out here in the middle of nowhere—he's sticking to his blacklist."

Credit must go to my friend David Goldman for ending the Arab boycott, bringing peace to the Middle East, plugging up the dollar drain and thus revitalizing the economy.

It all began when Mr. Goldman drove into Houlihan's Friendly Service Station and said, "Houlihan, dear friend, kindly fill 'er up while I, as usual, clean my windshield, inflate my tires and check under my hood."

"Sorry, Dave, old buddy," said Mr. Houlihan, looking uncomfortable, "but I cannot."

"You are out of gas?"

"No, it is this Arab boycott," said Mr. Houlihan nervously. "I cannot sell you gas because my distributor would then not sell me gas because the importers would then not sell him gas because the Arabs would not then. . . But cheer up, Dave. Everybody's thinking about you."

"It's very Christian of them," said Mr. Goldman angrily. In fact, he was so angry that he went home and hatched his fiendish plot.

As a first step, he quit his job and took another at a 50 per cent pay cut. But he was very happy in his work, humming all the time.

The fruition of his plans came a month later when the Sultan of Swat triumphantly inspected the very newest in his fleet of C-507 Super-Luxury-Troop-Transport-Fighter-Bomber-&-Red-Carpet-Service \$500 million aircraft.

"Ahah!" he cried, rubbing his hands. "Thanks to the greed of the Americans, we now have precisely enough weapons to launch our jihad against the Israelis and drive them into the sea!"

Of course, the first thing he examined, like any passenger, was the seat pocket in front of him. He quickly perused a copy of the monthly magazine, "Friendly Skies," studied "The Safety Features of Your C-507" ("In case of emergency, please write the factory"), and carefully read, "How to Inflate Your Life Vest." ("Very handy for desert fighting," he commented. "Those Americans think of everything.")

Finally, he fished far down in the pocket and came up with a tiny scrap of paper. He glanced at it and blanched. "By the beard of the Prophet!" he shouted, turning purple. "This is too much!"

arthur hoppe

## innocent bystander

"What does it say, O Fountain of Love and Brotherhood?" inquired his Really Grand Vizier.

"It says," said the Sultan with a shudder, his hands trembling with rage, "Inspected by David Goldman."

Needless to say, the outraged Arabs returned every single bullet's worth of the \$16.3 zillion in arms we had sold them. What's more, they quadrupled the price of our oil.

"We will bankrupt them," fumed the furious Sultan, "by bleeding them dry of every single dollar bill they've got!"

But Mr. Goldman was prepared for that. He simply sent a suggestion to the President, who said, "By gosh, that's a dandy idea. I'll do it."

Mr. Goldman's suggestion was, to wit: "I see where we've got a U.S. treasurer named Francine Neff, who signs all our dollar bills. Why don't you appoint my cousin, Emily Silverstein, instead?"

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....from "South of the Border"

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