



Mostly about People

By Wally Traling

To my friends who have been anxiously awaiting a decision, I am happy to announce that the Crisis Oscar for 1962 will go to Fidel Castro of Cuba.

I plan to make this award annually to the national leader whose crisis stimulates the greatest progress toward the completion of our family's fallout shelter.

Castro's show edged out the Berlin crisis by two points.

Earlier this year when Russian and American tanks rubbed noses across the wall, I washed out eight Mason jars, two one gallon wine jugs and a fancy pickled pigs feet container, filled them with water and stuck them in the garage.

Comes the holocaust, we got water.

Just standing there looking at the line of water jars sent a wave of security down my spine. It appeared that Khrushchev was a cinch for the 1962 Oscar.

Then, just a few weeks ago up pops the Cuban crisis and the wave of security left my spine.

When Adlai presented those Cuban missile base photos to Zorin in the United Nations I gave the 11-year-old 100 pennies to clean out the cellar.

It's a dingy, tiny hole, too shallow for comfort; but my feeling was, in giving the winning nod to Castro, that while the cellar was a lousy fallout shelter, at least now we had a safe place to keep the water.

I am fully aware that Khrushchev may pound his shoe in protest over my decision and claim that the Cuban affair was more his crisis than Castro's, but one of the unalterable contest rules is that each leader may enter one crisis only.

Then, too.

During the height of our naval blockade I whipped out and hauled two yards of sand for sand baggin. This, of course, gave added points to Castro.

We had our survival interests whipped to a fever peak when the Russians picked up their mis-

siles and started back to Redsville.

U.S. helicopter crews and Ivan tars even begin exchanging pleasantries and vodka at sea. It definitely dampened our fallout spirit.

The kids built an elaborate fort and castle on the sand pile.

Every day their tunnels and freeway systems become more complicated and it's going to take a more worrisome crisis than Castro can produce to win eminent domain action over their squatter's rights.

This has been a tough two years for crisis evaluation. I mean they come and go as fast as the film changes at the local theater.

The Algerian crisis was good for \$5 worth of canned gourmet food which I stored in the hall behind the badminton supplies, but I am a de Gaulle fan and when he crushed the revolt I celebrated on pate de foi gras, artichokes hearts, and baby quail livers.

Now, come the holocaust we'd have to make do on two cans of kipper snacks.

And 12 cans of beans as the result of sending U.S. warships to the Dominican Republic to scare away the Trujillo brothers last November.

But as beans are not a prestige item, the Trujillos were tossed only six points toward the Oscar.

One can't be too flippant about minor crises, but on the other hand they can sometimes be misleading.

For example I purchased seven extra flashlight batteries when Jack Parr filmed his TV show at the Berlin wall last year. As it turned out a crisis did not develop. If the Congo crisis sharpens, I may get the flashlight switch fixed.

So I send hearty congratulations to Mr. Castro.

I am planning a rather elaborate dinner and show for the Oscar presentation. Right in Cuba, too.

It's a quaint little spot called Guantanamo.