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Heil, Fidel!

Arthur Hoppe

OH, NO! We're in for another Munich, warns Secretary Kissinger, unless we stop the blatant Cuban invasion of Angola.

"There are other Cuban forces of much smaller size all over Africa," he says grimly. "There are Cuban forces in South Yemen. We cannot remain indifferent!"

A few spineless, umbrella-toting pacifists in Congress probably still think that knuckling under to Fidel Castro will mean peace in our time. But that's solely because they didn't hear this madman's recent speech at the opening of The Fidel Castro Summer Camp for the Study of Marxist-Leninism & Weight Reduction.

The six-hour address, entitled, "Mine Camp," was a clear blueprint for world conquest.

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"**T**ODAY, Angola! Tomorrow, South Yemen! And next week," cried Castro, who, as usual, was wearing a mustache and military uniform, "Upper Volta!"

"Lebensraum, muchachos!" shouted the crowd, crazed with blood lust.

There was an insane gleam in Castro's eye as he pounded the rostrum with his fist. "All we members of the Cuban master race demand is a place in the sun," he said. "And now that the decadent democracies have proved themselves too cowardly to fight, the Angolan Sudetenland is ours!"

"All over Africa, our much smaller forces are ready to move on my signal. The brilliant tacticians on our glorious Cuban General Staff have evolved an irresistible new method of warfare

called, 'Vaya con Blitzkreig.'

"Once Upper Volta is ours, Benin (formerly known as Dahomey) will fall like a ripe plum. Our Cuban hordes will roll unchecked over Gabon, Cameroon, Mali, Togo and Chad. Then what choice will Botswana have, I ask you, but abject surrender?"

"Nada, mein Fidel!" roared the crowd.

A fiendish smile softened Castro's satanic features. "As you know, I have cleverly signed a peace pact with the Russians," he said. "So they won't interfere as I swallow up these weak little countries one by one.

"Only too late will the decadent, pleasure-loving Western democracies wake up to realize that all of Africa has fallen to my heroic panzer squads. My global strategy will then be complete, my preliminary purpose accomplished.

"For then my vast armada of ships and planes will be poised to invade my archenemy, America, from the one spot they least expect — the west coast of Africa!"

Oh, the crowd went wild! The patriotic rally closed with the people linking arms and singing the new national anthem, "The Cuber eber. Alles Cha-Cha-Cha."

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SO IT well behooves us to heed Mr. Kissinger's grave warnings of the Cuban menace now gathering only 5000 miles from our shores. Otherwise we will be fighting them on the beaches and in the hills.

In the immortal words of Winston Churchill, "Honest to Betsy, if it isn't one thing, it's another."