





## The Floating Revolution

By Warren Rogers, Jr.

At half past one, on the morning of Sunday, January 22, 1961, the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* throbbed through the calm waters of the Caribbean. Among the 612 passengers aboard was a small group of secretly armed Portuguese rebels, poised ready to launch one of the most fantastic and extravagant hijacking operations in the annals of the high seas.

Carrying an array of small arms, the rebels entered the bridge and engine room. Suddenly the quiet Caribbean night was shattered by the bark of a submachine gun. Within a matter of minutes, the sleek, \$1,600,000 cruise ship was completely in the hands of twenty-four hijackers, led by Henrique Carlos Malta Galvao — the almost legendary soldier, bureaucrat, big-game hunter, playwright, novelist, rebel, fugitive, and implacable foe of Premier Antonio de Salazar of Portugal.

From his vantage point as a leading *New York Herald Tribune* reporter, author Warren Rogers, Jr., tells the whole story of the political realities and ideals that led to the *Santa Maria's* seizure, and

*(continued on back flap)*

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THE FLOATING REVOLUTION



BY WARREN ROGERS, JR.

# The Floating Revolution

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*For Patricia and Sean*

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## PREFACE

Flying back from Rio de Janeiro on Monday, February 5, 1961, after covering the *Santa Maria* story, a group of us got to rehashing it from beginning to end. As usual, we found that there was an awful lot we did not know and much more that we did not understand, even though we had been reporting it, in that omniscient way of modern journalism, for something like two weeks.

"Somebody ought to write a book about it," Saul Pett of the Associated Press said. Andrew Tully, then of Scripps-Howard, who has written three or four books, promptly agreed. So did I, without really thinking. But then I got to thinking about it, and by the time the big jet liner had set us down in snow-clogged New York, so utterly different from the steaming heat of Equatorial Recife, I had decided to give it a try.

This is not the kind of scholarly book that somebody ought to write about the *Santa Maria* and Captain Henrique Galvao some day. But a great deal of reading and research has gone into it. It is as accurate and as honest as twenty-three years of training can make it.

Captain Galvao has written a book himself about his

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grand coup. Unfortunately, as often happens, the persons deeply involved in a great adventure see only part of the picture and therefore do not place in full perspective everything that is going on. Galvao's book does not always jibe with the memory of others nor with what he said and wrote when the floating revolution was fresher in his mind. Consequently, my reportage differs in some instances from his. In resolving conflicts, I gave priority to what the courts call "immediate past recollection."

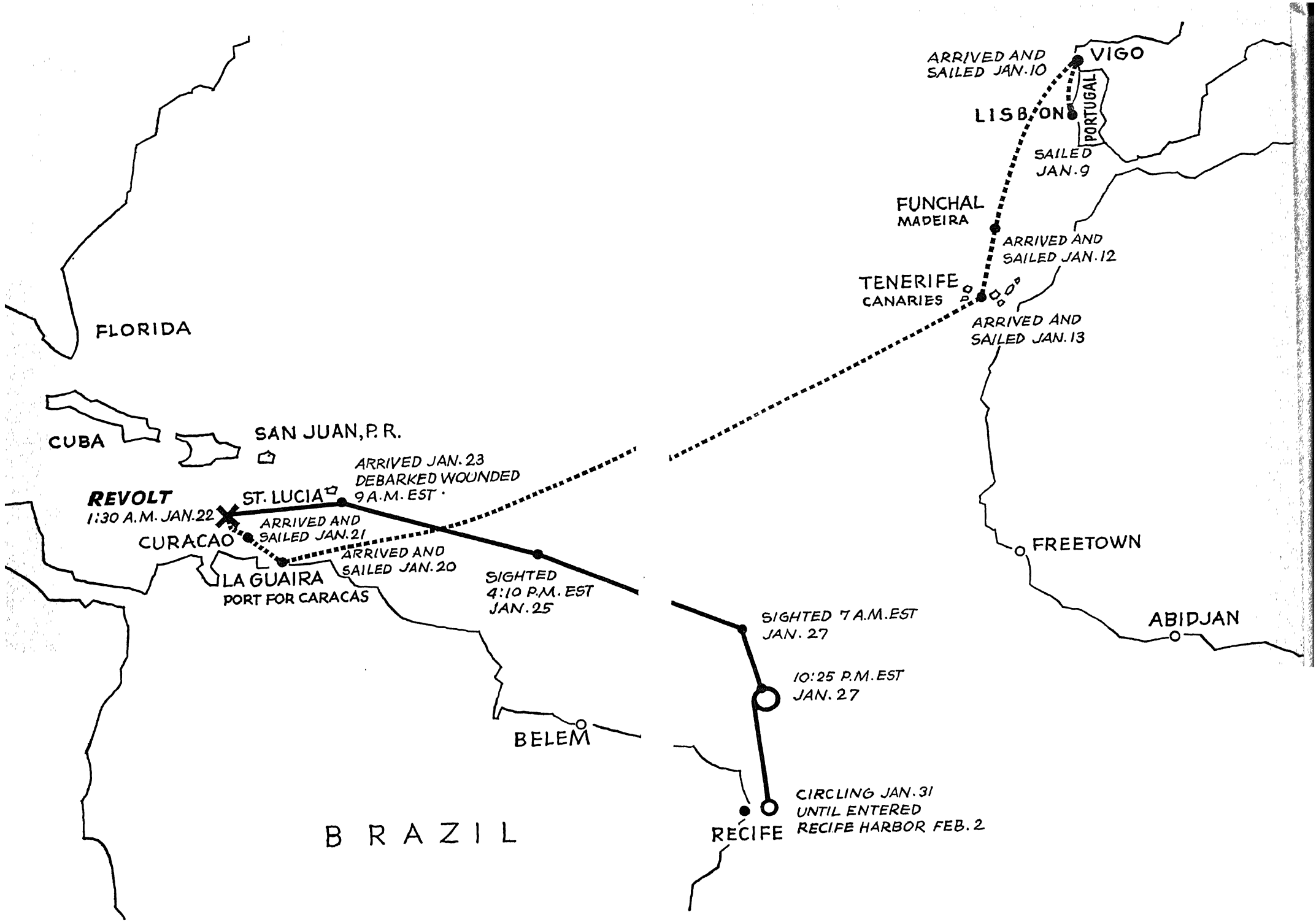
Many persons contributed information and guidance. I regret that almost all of them must remain anonymous, for they hold positions whose sensitivity requires anonymity and it would be a disservice and a violation of our understanding to say who they are. They know, however, that I am deeply grateful.

I am indebted to the American passengers aboard the *Santa Maria* with whom I talked at length, particularly Mrs. Edna P. Chubb, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Douglas Patton, and Professor and Mrs. Floyd W. Preston, all of whom kindly permitted the use of their vivid diaries as source material. I am indebted also to Dale L. Brown, for his broad knowledge of the Iberian Peninsula and his discovery of several useful volumes; to Charles Wingenbach, for a detailed chronology; to my wife, Hilda Kenny Rogers, and my good neighbor, Mrs. William M. (Muriel) Stafford, both of whom helped type the manuscript, and to Robert J. Donovan, chief of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune*, for his active encouragement and understanding.

Warren Rogers, Jr.

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## YO HO HO

When was ever a finer cruise  
Than the one on the *Santa Maria*,  
The gallant ship that stole the news  
From Rio to Korea?

From now on, never a day on board  
A boat on a tropic ocean,  
But folks will yearn for an overlord  
To set their lives in motion.

What end the games and the souvenirs,  
The daily caviar ration,  
When never a rebel chief appears  
To switch their destination?

With never a navy on their tail  
Or 'copters on their yardarm,  
What use romancing by the rail  
Or bending the bar-and-card arm?

So, travel agents, hearken ye:  
Each cruise ye sell from now on  
Must guarantee a mutiny  
Or someone like Galvao on!

—SEC \*

\* Marya Mannes, *The Reporter Magazine*, February 16, 1961.

## CHAPTER ONE

### HIJACKED

There are nights at sea of exquisite quiet, the time all mariners love. The sea is smooth and the ship runs proud. The wind is gentle and friendly, and evokes a delicious melancholy, a peace that stirs memories and hopes that lie buried in the bustle of day. So it was at half past one on the morning of Sunday, January 22, 1961, as the *Santa Maria* throbbed through the calm Caribbean, thirteen days out of Lisbon and bound for Port Everglades, Florida. The moon was bright, though badgered by fleeting clouds, and balmy breezes caressed the Portuguese luxury liner's sleek lines.

She was the undoubted queen of the line. Built for the government-controlled Companhia Colonial de Navegacao of Lisbon at a cost of \$1,600,000, she had graced the mid-Atlantic and the Caribbean for seven years, averaging ten round trips a year between Lisbon and Port Everglades. Now on her seventy-first run, a pleasantly uneventful one thus far, she had already cleared five ports since leaving Lisbon January 9—Vigo, Spain; Funchal, Madeira; Tenerife, Canaries; La Guaira, Venezuela, and Curacao, Netherlands Antilles. She was due

at Port Everglades, which is the port for Miami, at eight on the morning of January 24. She would sail at dusk of the next day for Lisbon, with calls on the way back at Tenerife, Funchal and Vigo.

And wherever she went, people would come out to admire her streamlined profile, marvel at the statistics of her dimensions and performance, and envy those fortunate enough to be aboard what her owners called "Your Portuguese Palace Afloat." She was 609 feet, 5 inches in length, with a beam of 75 feet, 5½ inches. Her draft was 28 feet and her tonnage 20,906.5. Her trial speed had been 22.08 knots, and she could maintain a sustained speed of 20 knots. Her total maximum complement was listed at 1,561, including room for 1,242 passengers (148 First Class, 250 Cabin Class and 844 Third Class) and 319 crew.

On this trip, however, there were many empty cabins. Her crew numbered 356 but there were only 612 passengers, two-thirds of them Portuguese and Spanish peasants on their way back home after years of working and saving in Latin America. These made up the bulk of the Third Class passengers, quartered deep below deck and denied the swimming pools, nightly dances and daily deck strolls available to the First and Cabin Class passengers, mostly well-to-do, retired Americans and Dutch.

The *Santa Maria's* Captain Mario Simoes Maia, in the prime of a vigorous middle age, was very proud of his job. As a Portuguese, he loved the sea, and, since Fate had also made him a handsome and personable man, he enjoyed his other role as genial host to the First and Cabin Class passengers. He welcomed the looks he drew as, resplendent in white uniform with black and gold shoulder boards, he presided over the merry shipboard parties. With his crew, he was a strict disciplinarian. To Third Class, he



was a courteous if distant master of the vessel. But to the doting First and Cabin Class passengers, he was the able and affable friend who tried unceasingly to provide what the *Santa Maria's* brochure had promised:

You'll find every shining moment packed with the carefree enjoyment of life at sea. In the lounges there is gayety and laughter as you dance to the rhythmic melodies of the ship's orchestra . . . converse with friends and make new ones. And when the moon rises over an indigo sea, your luxury liner becomes a fairy ship, aglow with a myriad of lights that cast their dazzling prisms into the darkling waters beneath.

At half past one on the morning of Sunday, January 22, 1961, Captain Maia slept soundly in his cabin. He was tired after two busy days. On Friday, the *Santa Maria* had entered and departed La Guaira, and on Saturday she had repeated the maneuver at Curacao. The business of unloading and taking on passengers and cargo at two ports in as many days was always taxing.

On the navigation bridge, all was well. Third Officer Joao Jose do Nascimento Costa, whom Captain Mario Simoes Maia considered a young officer of promise, was in charge. Two crewmen were with him, one at the wheel and the other standing by, respectfully awaiting orders. In the adjoining chartroom, Apprentice Pilot Joao Antonio Lopes de Souza, sat bent over his charts. He plotted the course which, in less than two and a half days, would take the *Santa Maria*, with bright flags flying from stem to stern, into snug harbor near Miami.

Third Pilot Costa studied the horizon. He was a lucky man. At twenty-seven, he had a job he liked and a wife

he loved and their brand-new baby daughter to care for. Soon he would be in Miami, and then would begin the long, pleasant voyage back home to Lisbon. He fetched a cigarette and fumbled for a light. Life was good.

Suddenly, a door opened and five men in khaki burst onto the bridge. All were armed. A husky, handsome man in a black beret barked commands. Costa moved toward the telephone. Two shots rang out and the slugs tore into Costa's left arm and lower abdomen. But he kept going. He reached the chartroom door, and a fusillade of bullets slammed into the bulkhead all about him. One struck him in the right collarbone, broke it, grazed his right lung and went out through the ribs. Costa staggered through the door and, hand outstretched toward young de Souza, he gasped, "Call the captain!" He fell unconscious at the feet of the navigator.

Joao de Souza was out of his chair in a flash and running. He dashed to the radio room, about forty-five feet aft of the bridge, and flung open the door. Operator Carlos Garcia was there, but a man in khaki was standing beside him. The stranger raised a submachine gun and fired point-blank. A bullet caught de Souza in the right arm. He spun around and raced for the ladder leading to the captain's cabin below. He heard more shots behind him and then felt a crushing blow in the middle of his back. He tumbled down the twenty steps and sprawled senseless a few feet from the captain's side door. Blood poured from three wounds, near the spine and in the right chest and left arm.

In the navigation room, the helmsman was beaten about the ears with a pistol and roughly shoved aside. The other crewman pressed flat against a bulkhead, hands clasped behind his neck, horrified and confused by the pistols

and submachine guns aimed at him. The two youngest intruders, a boy of seventeen and a boy of nineteen, looked at their smoking guns and at each other.

In his cabin, Dr. Cicero Campos Leite of the Portuguese Immigration Service heard a commotion in the passageway outside his door. He sleepily pulled open the door, and then came wide awake. There stood two men, with a machine gun and a pistol pointed his way. The doctor ducked back into his room in a hail of bullets. He dropped to the deck and started crawling for cover. Another burst, a long one this time, sprayed bullets all around him. One struck him in the back just below the base of his neck.

Men in khaki, armed with pistols, submachine guns, rifles, hand grenades, knives, machetes and blackjacks, moved about the ship with a precision born of practice and determination. In the officers' quarters, one of them knocked at a door. The officer opened it and quickly jumped back. Machine gun bullets thudded about him as he kicked the door shut. More slugs tore through the door but he was unharmed. In the engine room and the radio shack and other duty stations, officers and crew found themselves suddenly taken prisoner by the grim and businesslike gunmen.

Carlos de Carvalho, an attendant in the ship's hospital, stirred in his bunk. He had been asleep for only about an hour and a half, having played cards with his shipmates until midnight. He heard a sound like the muffled report of a firearm and struggled to rouse himself from the deep well of a sleep just begun. Crew members raced through the passageway, babbling in voices of near-hysteria, and he caught snatches of words amid the shouts, "guns . . . shooting . . ."

Carlos stopped a man and asked what was going on.

The story came out in a rush. Armed men had taken over the bridge. Third Officer Costa was shot. The men were all over the ship, firing machine guns and pistols. Some had hand grenades.

Carlos was incredulous, but he knew this was no joke. The look of shock and terror in the man's eyes was too convincing to be play-acting. He pulled on his clothes and walked the few steps to the hospital. There would be work to do tonight. He was forty-four and he loved the sea, but after this night he was to say, "I want a job on land, for I don't feel secure any more on the sea."

Captain Maia awoke to the rude sound of someone pounding on his door. He called out to enter, and a seaman leaped in. Some passengers had attacked the bridge, he said, and two officers were wounded, one of them seriously.

"Madmen," the captain thought. "Or drunks."

Still in his pajamas, Captain Maia brushed past the frightened seaman and started up the ladder to the bridge. As his eyes came level with the deck of the bridge, he saw a man on the other side of the bridge, aiming a sub-machine gun at him. He dropped down the ladder and bolted back into his cabin. He locked the door and cut off the lights. Then he called the engine room and ordered the engines halted.

He went to the side door of his cabin. Perhaps he could round up some of the men in his crew, arm them with pipes and bars and wrenches, and lead a counter-assault against the bridge. Opening the door, he looked through the glass pane and saw an officer stretched out on the deck and covered with blood. It was the young navigator, de Souza. He seemed to be dead, but then a leg twitched.

The captain decided to drag the officer into his cabin. He stepped into the passageway, and froze. A man was there, aiming a rifle at him.

Captain Maia jumped back into his cabin, locking the door behind him. In the dark, he felt his way to the telephone. Counting the holes, he dialed the crew rooms. There was no answer. Though he did not know it, the crewmen were all spread-eagled face down on the deck, with guns aimed at the base of their skulls.

He dialed all the numbers he knew so well, counting the holes as each number spun into place. The frustration was overwhelming. He could get no answer. Then he heard a voice on the ship's intercommunication system, and he yelled in vexation, "Who is talking there?"

"Who is calling?" came the reply.

"This is the commander of the vessel," he snapped.

"Ah, Senhor Commander," the voice said. "This is the doctor of the Portuguese Immigration Service speaking. I am badly wounded. Galvao and his followers have taken over the boat."

"Galvao!" Well did Captain Maia know that name. Captain Henrique Carlos Malta Galvao, soldier, bureaucrat, big-game hunter, playwright, novelist, rebel, fugitive, and implacable foe of Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar of Portugal. He was the most feared of Salazar's enemies, for he towered above them all in intelligence, force of personality, physical endurance and undying hatred of the bookkeeper-dictator of Portugal.

No Portuguese, not even the pompous and arrogant General Humberto da Silva Delgado, was as dangerous as Galvao, who at sixty-five combined the cunning of experience with the fatalism of age. And there were re-

ports that he had been consulting with Delgado, who himself had fled to South America after his defeat in Portugal's 1958 presidential election.

Captain Maia turned back to the telephone and laboriously dialed the bridge. An authoritative voice, unknown to him, said hello. Captain Maia took a deep breath and in a voice still hoarsened with sleep declared, "This is Captain Maia. What's going on up there?"

"Oh, nothing much, Captain," the man replied. "Except that I have just taken over your ship. Allow me to present myself. I am Captain Henrique Galvao. In the name of General Humberto Delgado, I have just taken your ship by assault. You must not try any kind of resistance because it will be violently repressed. Surrender will bring you benefits."

Captain Maia was silent a moment. Then he said, "Captain Galvao, it is impossible for me to surrender until I have met with my officers and the principal members of my crew."

"Very well," Galvao said. "That can be arranged."

Captain Maia sent for his officers and chief crewmen. Some of them arrived at his cabin still in their pajamas and bathrobes. Briefly, hopelessly, they surveyed their situation. They came to the sad realization that, without arms, they were forced to submit to Galvao and his men, who had proved how far they would go to gain their end. Captain Maia telephoned the bridge.

"Captain Galvao, would you come to my cabin? I must ask you to come unarmed because, as you know very well, we don't have any guns."

"Certainly," Galvao replied.

But he came with a pistol tucked into a half-holster on his hip. Four of his men accompanied him, their pistols

and submachine guns at the ready. Two of them stayed close to his side. They were Jose Velo Mosquera, forty-five, a fiery Spaniard from Galicia on the Portuguese border, known also as "The Professor," and Jorge Sotomayor Portela, fifty-two, another tough Galician, whose code name in numerous undergrounds had invariably been "Hernandez." Velo, orator and organizer of repute, was Galvao's political adviser, Sotomayor his naval-military chief of staff. Behind them, in strategic positions at one end of the cabin, were the icy-eyed son of Velo, seventeen-year-old Victor Jose Velo Perez, and nineteen-year-old Jose da Cunha Ramos.

Captain Maia opened the talks bluntly. With all the dignity he could muster, considering his position, he took the offensive.

"You promised me you would come unarmed," he said. "You have a gun and the men with you are armed. You are common pirates and you will be punished for it."

Galvao smiled and held up a hand. Slowly, contemptuously, he withdrew his pistol from its holster and tossed it carelessly on the desk in front of him.

"Pirates? Pirates? Nonsense!" he said. "We are political insurgents. This ship is Portuguese property and we are taking it in the name of General Delgado, the duly elected president of Portugal, and in the name of the Portuguese people."

"You are pirates," Maia persisted.

"No, Captain," Galvao said, with a trace of anger. "The pirate is Salazar, who robbed General Delgado of the presidency. You are witnessing a political insurrection. It is only the first ripple of a mighty wave of liberation which will sweep Portugal and her provinces and crush Salazar and his detestable dictatorship."

"You have committed an act of piracy," Maia grumbled, and he was about to go on, when the elder Velo interrupted.

"We are not here to bicker," Velo said. "Get on with the business at hand."

"Yes," Galvao said. "Captain Maia, I did not come here to argue with you. Your ship is completely in our hands. You may choose freely between three situations: you may join our movement and become our comrade. You may recognize the hopelessness of your situation and, on your honor, pledge to abide by our orders and offer no resistance. Or, you may refuse both of these and become our prisoners."

Tears of fear and humiliation filled their eyes and a few lost their struggle with their Latin emotions. Galvao looked away from the sight of grown men weeping.

Captain Maia turned to his men and consulted with them in whispers. In a very few minutes, it was all over.

"We are cut off and we submit to you only because of the force of arms," Captain Maia said. "We are surrendering because the crew is unarmed and you have already captured vital points of the ship. We think that this is the best way to defend the lives of the passengers and of the ship itself. We will continue to work only under the force of guns."

Galvao nodded agreement. At Velo's prompting, he directed that the ship get underway again. The engines were restarted, this time with an armed rebel overseeing the work of the engine room crew. Sotomayor gave orders for a ninety-degree turn, pointing the *Santa Maria* at the channel which separates St. Lucia and Martinique. It was the route to Portuguese Angola on the African west coast. Galvao told Captain Maia he was confined to



quarters and then returned to his post of command on the bridge.

Almost without an order being given, the rebels began to dig in. They set up watches. They were too few to guard all parts of the ship, so, while some slept, others walked post in key sections, keeping an eye on all activity. When a crew member walked past a guard in one section, the guard would call out to the guard in the next section, telling him where the crewman was going and why. They maintained this team surveillance from the start, like stations tracking a nose cone on a missile range. In less than forty-five minutes, they were in full control.

In the ship's hospital, Attendant Carlos de Carvalho did not have long to wait. Crewmen carried in Third Officer Costa and laid him on the examining table. He was half-conscious and kept muttering, "They killed me, they killed me." Carlos looked at the wounds in the chest, abdomen and side. Blood coursed from them unstanched. He did his best, but he knew the third officer was beyond help.

Doctor Leite was brought in by other crewmen. Carlos saw that the wound high up on the back was slight, despite the doctor's panicky self-diagnosis to Captain Maia. He listened sympathetically as the doctor told of how all he did was open the door and a young man sprayed him with machine gun bullets. If he had not dropped to the floor, he said, he might not be alive.

Apprentice Pilot de Souza came next. He was unconscious and his wounds seemed almost as serious as those of the dying third officer. There were holes in his back, chest and left arm, and Carlos thought it possible that one slug had lodged in de Souza's liver. His right lung

appeared to have been punctured. He had lost much blood and, like Costa, already was in a state of shock.

Theodomiro Borges, the ship's doctor, came in and patched up the three men. He had no trouble removing the bullet from his fellow physician. But he was worried about the other two men. The ship's chaplain, Father Xavier Yrigoyen, was awakened. Sleepy-eyed, he administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church to Costa and de Souza.

Carlos de Carvão worked through the night in the ship's hospital. He made his three patients as comfortable as he could, fought to dam the flow of blood and treated them for shock. Sometime before dawn, he had a visitor. One of the rebels came in, with drawn pistol, to inquire after the wounded. Guilty conscience, maybe? The rebel did not indicate. Carlos stole a look at the man and his pistol and wondered if more shootings were to come. Possibly he himself would be killed. The man left and Carlos, plagued with anxieties, busied himself with the wounded.

At twenty minutes past seven, Third Officer Joao Jose do Nascimento Costa, aged twenty-seven and with much to live for, died.

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE MAKING OF A REBEL

Taken in the context of Portuguese history, there was nothing truly remarkable in Galvao's plot, however visionary it might appear to the world at large. From the revolutionary founding of the republic in 1910 until the Salazar crowd took over in 1926, no less than forty cabinets had arisen and been overthrown. There had been, during that period, twenty-two *coups d'état*; and only one president, Dr. Antonio Almeida, ever served out his full four-year term.

Galvao had watched his country stand still while virtually all the world progressed. He was convinced that the downtrodden people of Portugal had had their fill and were ready for a bold move. The bitter irony was that he had welcomed the overthrow of the old regime with high hopes. As a thirty-year-old career Army officer, he had joined with typical gusto in the May 28, 1926, military *coup* provoked by a parade of corrupt and inefficient governments. On that date, the Portuguese Army, under the leadership of Commander Mendes Cabecadas and General Gomes da Costa, tried once more to seize power—and succeeded. By June 1, 1926, Cabecadas and da Costa were in

control of all Portugal. They sent for prim Professor Salazar, drafting him for the most onerous duty in the "Estado Novo," Minister of Finance.

At the age of thirty-seven, the man Galvao was to rise against lived in an untroubled world of his own, admirably keeping his head while all about him were losing theirs, in more ways than one. He was a bachelor and a solid Roman Catholic, puritanical to the point of asceticism. He was a social scientist without doubts, a respected professor of economics at the University of Coimbra. His economic theory, indeed his philosophy—for the figures and statistics with which he worked were also the code by which he lived—was simple. In American terms, it might be expressed this way: If you have \$1,000,000, spend \$900,000 and save \$100,000; if you have a dollar, spend ninety cents and save a dime; but whatever you have, above all else, live within it, and always start by putting ten per cent aside in savings.

Salazar was aghast at the state of his country's economy. Unpaid bills, corrupt raids on the Treasury, millions in counterfeit money, uncollected taxes and few sources of revenue—all these he had expected. But he was totally dismayed by the attitude of the new military regime. He had wisely not quit his job, having instead negotiated a leave of absence. After less than a week, he packed and went back to Coimbra, leaving the military squabbling among themselves over plans and programs each more grandiose than the other.

However, his ten-cents-on-a-dollar philosophy was not to languish untested. Within two years, the Cabecadas-da Costa team had been bounced, General Carmona was in the saddle and, despite one more abortive and bloody revolt in 1927, riding high. Carmona, elected and pro-

claimed president on April 15, 1928, remembered the pinch-penny professor and, again, Salazar was called to Lisbon.

This time, however, Salazar attached conditions to his acceptance of the Finance portfolio before he applied for another leave of absence. The conditions were strenuous: absolute powers for dealing with the economic chaos. But the times were strenuous, too, and he had his way.

Thus, on April 27, 1928, one day short of his thirty-ninth birthday, Salazar took over a country without firing a shot. He was an unprepossessing figure, a small, bespectacled man in a neat but inexpensive business suit among all the strutting, bemedaled generals and admirals around him. But in a year he had balanced the budget. In two years, he had cut the government payroll by more than fifty per cent. In three, he had raised taxes and paid off almost all of the public debt. In four, the tail was wagging the dog; he had become premier and, instead of depending upon the president for appointment, it was he who in fact chose the president and, for that matter, anybody in any job anywhere in Portugal and its colonies.

Whatever his misgivings, Galvao was as discreet as the three wise monkeys during the early Salazar years. He profited by it. Out of the Army, he became head of the infant radio broadcasting industry. It was customary in those days for performers to present gifts of money to officials for the privilege of appearing on the government-owned network.

Galvao lived well off this socially acceptable payola and, although married, acquired a reputation as quite a romantic-about-town. He also became Portugal's impresario of fairs, running two of them in 1934, at Oporto and Lisbon, and climaxing this career brilliantly with the 1940

Lisbon Exposition celebrating eight hundred years as a nation and the three hundredth anniversary of liberation from Spain. In the meantime, he managed to become one of Portugal's leading novelists and playwrights.

In 1931, Galvao's novel *The Sun of the Tropics* won the Prize for Colonial Literature. His avant-garde approach to drama, including adaptations in Portuguese of plays by Eugene O'Neill and others unknown in Portugal, was hailed as one of the most important changes in the theater of his country.

Premier Salazar rewarded him with the governorship of Huila Province in Angola, then in 1936 made him Inspector Superior of Colonial Administration as well as an Angola delegate to the National Assembly. In all three posts, the way things go in Portugal, he was set up to live better than ever, while able to stow away his entire government salary in a good little Swiss bank as insurance against an indigent old age. All he had to do was to play the game of see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

He did very well for a time. He traveled through Africa, learned many African dialects, turned out a number of highly successful adventure stories, and became a well-known big-game hunter. During his African decade, he killed more than a hundred elephants and three hundred lions. He does not boast of this any more. Now old and infirm, living always with the prospect of his own death, he regrets having shot down so many animals whose only fault was in remaining untamed in a world run by Salazar.

As events proved in 1947, he shared this fault. The government asked him, as Inspector Superior of Colonial Administration, to prepare a report on conditions in An-

gola. The report he filed, in his well-disciplined and vivid rhetoric, was too hot to handle. It wound up in a pigeon-hole and, despite his persistent demands to make it public, it stayed there.

Galvao took matters into his own hands. He read the report at a public session of the National Assembly. The other members of the Assembly were as astonished as the passengers and crew of the *Santa Maria* would be when, fourteen years later, he again took matters into his own hands. It was not that the Assembly was unaware of the bloody Angola situation. What confounded them was that anybody, even the outspoken and unpredictable Galvao, would have the temerity to drag it out in the open.

He described Portugal's three African colonies as suffering from critical "demographic anemia." Not enough workers were available because native manpower flowed out of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea in quest of a better life—a million from Angola alone during 1936–1947. He denounced the system of compulsory labor as "more grave than that created by pure slavery."

"Under slavery, the bought man, acquired as a head of cattle, was regarded as an asset by his master," he said. "He was interested in keeping him healthy and strong and agile in the same way as he would look after his horse or his bull. Today, the native is not bought. He is simply rented from the Government, though he may have the status of a free man. . . . When he becomes unable to work or when he dies, the master can always ask to be supplied with other laborers."

While some natives were volunteer workers, all were required by law to put in at least six months of labor each year. Those whose work cards did not show they had

done this or were doing it were subject to being rounded up by *chefes de posto*, the government's regional straw bosses, and put to work, sometimes in chains.

"Only the dead are really exempt from compulsory labor," Galvao said.

He painted a picture of pitifully inadequate medical care. "About thirty-four per cent of the 1,023,717 males of working age are rejected as unfit for work, primarily for physical incapacity . . . infant mortality goes up to sixty per cent. . . . Doctors try to escape going into the interior and are still concentrated in the most important urban centers. Hospitals still lack elementary sanitary arrangements, and many places which have a strategic need for a health service are still without hospitals. . . . One could say that pre- and post-natal care, infant welfare, the campaigns against malaria, sleeping sickness and other indigenous diseases are pure formalities."

Galvao ended the report on a bitter and defiant note:

"I take the full responsibility to prove that all I say is true. You can only criticize me for not saying the whole truth or rather that I do not describe all the aspects of the problem. But that would be a matter for many books and take many hours."

The lightning struck, but from behind a cloud. First, to quiet the scandal, there was a shakeup in the colonial administration. Then, in due time, Galvao found himself minus both of his jobs, politically as dead as any of the hundred elephants and three hundred lions in his African bag. Now he was a full-fledged rebel, feeling a right and a duty to fight Salazar.

In 1951, he campaigned for the opposition candidate for president, Vice Admiral Manuel Carlos Quintao Meireles,



against Salazar's hand-picked puppet, General Francisco Higinio Craveiro Lopes. Three days before the election, Admiral Meireles withdrew, charging it was impossible to get his message across. It was another overwhelming victory for Salazar and his head-busting secret police, the P.I.D.E. (Policia Internacionale de Defesa do Estado).

Galvao and his colleagues, bloody but unbowed, decided their problem was lack of organization. They formed the Organizacao Civica Nacional, hired a staff and set up shop in a Lisbon office building. But first they applied for necessary permits, since such groups were technically legal and they did not want to be arrested for clandestine political activity. They felt secure, operating above board, although they knew the P.I.D.E. was watching them. One day in January, 1952, the P.I.D.E. walked in, arrested everybody present and confiscated the files.

Eight men were charged with plotting to overthrow the government. The others were set free, although some were called as witnesses at the trial. The P.I.D.E. interrogations, which somehow leaked out, and the public trial itself were a source of great embarrassment to the government. Galvao and his followers were unreconstructed rebels. He denied all, insisting that the chief evidence, a so-called blueprint for revolution, was actually a play that he was working on. Defiant, he shrewdly seized the opportunity to do what he had done in the campaign: pummel the Salazar regime and arouse the people.

"I am not in any way concerned with revolutionary movements or projects to overthrow the government by force," he said at one point. "Nevertheless, I confess with pride that I deeply wish, not only that the government be deposed, but for the liquidation of the police and the

arbitrary system which supports them, a system which is against the letter of the Constitution and the aims inspiring the military movements of May 28, 1926.

“As a Portuguese citizen, a member of the Armed Forces, a public servant, and even as a European, I feel downgraded, betrayed and humiliated by the deviations to which the thought and intentions of the founders of the regime have been progressively submitted. These deviations have made the country a feudal domain under an oligarchy of university teachers, bureaucrats, men of affairs and other corrupt elements enjoying arbitrary powers and making eternal the transitional dictatorship established by the May twenty-eighth movement through an array of legal sophistries.

“As an adamant anti-Communist, I feel betrayed, seeing that, in the name of the country, the government has joined the North Atlantic Treaty Organization while acting like the Communist governments. It exhibits the same spirit of dictatorial violence over bodies and souls, finding its mainstay in the censorship of all the rights of the human spirit, and in a police modeled after the Cheka and Gestapo, and functioning with laws, without laws, and against laws, and in progaganda; in a word, in all the basic institutions of Communist countries long dishonored and contradicting the spirit of Christian civilization.

“I do not want to revert to the situation which existed previous to the May twenty-eighth movement unless it is the only choice over the present regime. At least then, despite the street disorders, the financial crisis, the political divisions and the backwardness of material development, the moral and spiritual values of the country were preserved. The citizens never lost their political freedoms,

corruption was never protected by imposed silence or the mystifications of propaganda, and men never prostituted their character for fear of responsibility or loss of bread, as happens now."

Galvao had many supporters among the spectators, at that 1952 trial in his native Lisbon, including both his wife and mistress, who followed the testimony with equally extravagant emotions. But the cards were stacked against Galvao and his seven co-defendants. Two men arrested with them had given incriminating evidence to the P.I.D.E., but on the witness stand they behaved so strangely that the whole affair was turned into a circus.

In the resultant uproar, six of the men were acquitted. Only Galvao and Colonel Tadeu were convicted. Galvao was sentenced to three years in solitary confinement. But the Portuguese Supreme Court, scandalized at the legal irregularities in the case, reversed the decision. Notwithstanding this, in March, 1953, he was tried again on the same evidence. Again he denied that the so-called blueprint for revolution was anything but a play he was writing.

"I won't deny that I myself and thousands of other Portuguese patriots are dissatisfied with the present regime and eager for political freedom," he said. "But dreaming is one thing and action is another."

He was convicted and began serving three years in solitary. It would have been easy to lay low for those three years. But not for Galvao. They caught him with a saw, trying to cut through the bars of his cell. Transferred to the Peniche military prison, he showed no submission. Instead, a series of pamphlets began appearing in Lisbon and throughout Portugal. They were witty and exceedingly defamatory and irritating to the Salazar regime.

The Galvao style was unmistakable. With the connivance of prison officials, he had been writing them behind bars like an imprisoned Tom Paine cranking out *Crisis* tracts in the American Revolution. There was a shakeup at Peniche, and Galvao faced a third trial, on charges of "inciting to armed rebellion."

He refused to leave his cell for the hearing, which he said was certain to be rigged. Nothing happened for years. Although his first sentence expired, the new charge hung over him and he languished in jail. There were rumors that he was not well, that his mind had snapped under P.I.D.E. abuse and torture, that he had contracted tuberculosis and other bodily ailments.

A date for the trial was set. Again he scorned it. They held it without him and found him guilty, with a minimum of publicity. A *Time* magazine issue, which carried a full account of the trial, was banned in Portugal. On May 18, 1958, he was sentenced to sixteen more years' imprisonment. His citizenship was revoked for twenty years.

Five months later, he suffered a heart attack. He seemed to be dying. Prison officials, not sure whether this was genuine or feigned, transferred him to the Santa Maria military hospital but posted a guard at his door. Soon, however, it appeared Galvao would never leave his hospital bed alive, and the guards relaxed.

What they did not know was that the weak old man, who seemed barely able to walk, was secretly doing deep knee bends and pushups in the privacy of his room. Nor did they know that he also had cached an overcoat, a hat, a false mustache, and a bag which resembled a doctor's kit.

Shortly after midnight of January 15, 1959, Galvao succeeded in distracting his guards' attention long enough

to slip from his room to the bathroom down the hall. There, he donned his regalia, squeezed out of the window and, seven stories above the ground, made his way, window by window, to an annex whose hallways were unguarded. He went unseen to the ground floor, crossed the hospital gardens, and ambled nonchalantly out the main door.

“Good night, doctor,” the doorman said.

“And a very good night to you, my friend,” he replied.

A month later, on February 17, 1959, a little old workman with a huge box on his shoulders staggered to the front door of the Argentine Embassy in Lisbon. The guard who opened it said icily that deliveries were made at the rear. The workman dropped the heavy box, whipped off his sombrero, and declared, “I am Captain Henrique Galvao and I ask for political asylum.”

## CHAPTER THREE

### THE REBELS UNITE

When Galvao walked into the Argentine Embassy demanding asylum, he was in distinguished company. Already holed up in the Brazilian Embassy was General Humberto da Silva Delgado, the man in whose name Galvao was to seize the *Santa Maria*. Little more than a month later another Army man, Major Luis Cesariny Calafate, was to dash to sanctuary in the Venezuelan Legation, where the P.I.D.E. sought him as the mastermind behind the aborted May 12, 1959, plot to kill Salazar. The scheming of all three of these wanted men was to give the passengers and crew of the *Santa Maria* an unforgettable twelve days.

Like Galvao, Delgado had fought in the military *coup* which ultimately brought Salazar to power, and proudly bore the scars of wounds suffered in the street fighting. In recent years, Salazar and Delgado had become bitter enemies. Now the pincers which had held Galvao imprisoned for seven years were closing on Delgado. When they took his medals away from him, Delgado knew it was the end of the line. With dignity, he checked in with

his old friend, Brazilian Ambassador Alvaro Lins, and began life as a political exile.

He was a colorful guest and immediately made himself at home. Like The Man Who Came to Dinner, he was a take-charge type. The servants were given to understand that, as a soldier since the age of ten, he expected instant obedience. And as a national hero, the "father" of Portuguese aviation and the people's choice, robbed of the presidency by the hateful Salazar, he was to be accorded unquestioning respect. They understood his commands, as only Portuguese can. But they must have wondered whether such a man would democratize their country or simply change the guard.

This hero had a hero of his own. Someone once had commented that Delgado looked like the American general, Douglas MacArthur. He consulted the mirror and acknowledged to himself that there was a likeness. The same aquiline nose and strong jaw. The same keen eyes. The same military bearing. He had met MacArthur and studied his brilliant military operations. He admired him immensely, and he liked the comparison. Delgado began covering his bald head, by letting the fringe hair grow long, combing it forward and plastering it to the skull. Yes, the physical resemblance was strong.

In his campaign for the presidency in 1958, Delgado borrowed a stunt from another American general, the late George Patton. Wherever he went, he carried a pair of pearl-handled revolvers. And he made it plain that they were always loaded. There were times when he could have used them, for the way he stirred up the voters in that campaign provoked the P.I.D.E. to many excessive measures against him.

"I stand for justice and historical freedom!" he would

bellow, and the P.I.D.E., taking offense at such subversive talk, would crack a few heads among his audience.

Delgado was born in Torre Novas in 1906. At the age of ten he enrolled in the Colegio Militar, moving up to the Escola Militar, from which he was graduated in 1925 at the head of his class. With the advent of Salazar's regime, Delgado's career flourished.

He helped organize the Portuguese air arm and by 1941 held the rank of major. He played a key role in acquiring the Azores as an air base for the United States and Great Britain. It took no small doing, for at that time Salazar was still wavering as to which side to support in World War II. For his efforts, Delgado was awarded the United States' Legion of Merit and Britain's C.B.E. His citation as an Honorary Commander, Military Division, of the Order of the British Empire, praised his eighteen months of work and declared: "He combined to an extraordinarily successful degree the qualities of staff officer and politician and staked his whole future on what, for political purposes, was on behalf of the Allies."

It was like handing a honeycomb to a bear. He has been a staunch friend of America and Britain ever since. He helped see to it that by 1952 Portugal had a separate Air Force, like the United States and Britain. He enhanced this amity after the war with long tours of duty in Canada and the United States. In Washington, during 1952-1957, he was chief of the Portuguese Military Mission and Portugal's North Atlantic Treaty Organization representative.

"He was very pro-American," one Washington official recalled. "But he was a funny bird. A free-wheeling extrovert, impetuous, always ready to speak his mind. He did not seem to be popular with his colleagues. His close friends were men in high places."



Indeed they were. They included Marshal Francisco Higinio Craveiro Lopes, president of Portugal during 1951-1958 despite Galvao's spirited campaigning against him, and General Julio Botelho Moniz, Portugal's Minister of National Defense.

Delgado returned to Lisbon from Washington in 1957, picked up the third star which made him a full general, and accepted appointment as Director General of Civil Aviation. His contentment was short-lived. To the consternation of his friends in high places, he accepted the anti-Salazar coalition's nomination for the presidency in April, 1958.

"I am not a politician," he said, and then proceeded to give Premier Salazar's man, Rear Admiral Americo Deus Rodrigues Thomaz, a run for his money.

Delgado's campaign slogan was simple and direct: "Throw Salazar out." In a vague way, he favored fewer government restrictions, such as ending censorship, and a general relaxation of the government's all-pervading control over the destinies of the Portuguese. But his main pitch, delivered in swashbuckling eloquence, was that it was time for a change.

"Everywhere I go in Portugal, crowds come out to see me," he said. "It is not for me that they come. It is because they are opposed to this regime. They are weary after thirty years. They want a change. We all want a change."

Delgado's confidence grew as the campaign gained momentum. He predicted that, in a free election, he would win eighty per cent of the vote. But it was no more a free election than any other since 1926. Salazar's orators called Delgado a "tool of Washington" and a pawn of the Communists. They ridiculed his "give 'em hell" tactics, complaining he had damaged the dignified tone of Portuguese

electioneering. The P.I.D.E. broke up crowds when Delgado spoke, sometimes thereby provoking a riot. They harassed and arrested his campaign helpers. They destroyed ballots with his name printed on them, so that on Election Day voters who favored him had to write in his name. Finally, early in the morning of June 8, 1958, the day of the election, they arrested Viera de Almeida, his seventy-year-old campaign manager. The old philosopher was charged with subversion and "inciting rebellion." His offense? He had quoted an ancient Portuguese verse containing the words, "March on against the cannons."

The returns were astonishing. Not only was Delgado the first anti-Salazar candidate ever to finish the presidential race, but, in spite of all the governmental brutality and chicanery, he had polled about twenty-three per cent of the vote in continental Portugal. He did even better in the colonies, which are constitutionally provinces. He won thirty-one per cent of the ballots in Angola, thirty-four per cent in Mozambique. There were rumors that he actually had carried Angola and Mozambique, and with big enough margins to have won the election—only to have it taken away in falsified returns and ballot box stuffing.

Delgado reacted in the classic tradition. "I was robbed," he said.

His first thought, typically, was of himself. He had offered the people a change, with perhaps a little civil liberty. Now he could see a change ahead for himself and there was little liberty in the prospect.

"They are sure to kick me out of my job as head of civil aviation," he said. "They will trump up some charge of subversion against me. I'm not afraid. In jail or out of jail, I am a kind of myth. I want to remain a myth, an anti-Salazar myth."

Delgado submitted a detailed list of election irregularities. The Interior Ministry, without reference to his list, acknowledged that there had been a hundred arrests during the campaign. Salazar contemplated the election returns, both those officially announced and those which truly reflected the will of the electorate. It was time for a change, all right. There would be no more of this election nonsense. Henceforth, the president would be picked by the National Assembly and Corporative Assembly, whose delegates and members were picked by, of course, Salazar. And Delgado had to go.

But Delgado had grabbed Portugal by the neck and shaken it like a turgid, recalcitrant puppy. With no organization, no program, no public support, he had scored a stunning moral victory. He had done it by sheer personality, courage and resourcefulness. The country was aroused.

The Bishop of Oporto, Dom Antonio Ferreira Gomes, wrote to Salazar in July, 1958, and accused the government of "despoiling the Portuguese worker," who lives, he said, in "rags and tatters, hunger and misery." Salazar was incensed when he learned that copies of the letter had gone to 200,000 persons. The bishop was barred from returning to Portugal after a vacation in France.

Delgado was dealt with obliquely. Salazar suggested that he go to Canada, enroll in McGill University and study economics. Delgado refused. He retaliated by firing off a string of "open letters," denouncing the McGill move as an attempt to shanghai him out of the country. One such letter was published October 4, 1958, in *The New York Times*. The next day in Lisbon, the P.I.D.E. used tear gas to break up a rally of three thousand, assembled to hear Delgado speak and celebrate the forty-eighth

anniversary of the Portuguese Republic. On October 9, 1958, Delgado was told he did not have to go to Canada. But he was forbidden to address any public gatherings. On November 25, 1958, four of Delgado's aides were arrested and charged with subversion. Their chief offense, it seemed, had been to criticize the cancellation of a Portuguese lecture tour by Aneurin Bevan, the leader of the British Labor Party. The pincers were closing.

On January 7, 1959, Delgado was cashiered from the service. They cut him to three-quarters pay and took away his uniform. Knowing the next step would be prison, he resolved to flee and to continue the fight in exile.

On January 12, 1959, Delgado took refuge in the Brazilian Embassy. After much negotiation, on April 20, 1959, he was permitted to leave the Brazilian Embassy and fly to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Galvao had preceded him into exile by more than a month, flying to Buenos Aires, Argentina, on March 12, 1959. Soon they were in touch.

Delgado, settling into his new role in South America, liked the way Galvao deferred to him. Nonetheless, he worried about the captain's passion for action. He believed in patient scheming, careful preparations and constant propaganda. He busied himself with the details of building an empire. He set up shop in Sao Paulo, the biggest city in Brazil and its banking center. There he found enough sympathizers with the wherewithal to sponsor his activities, including a headquarters and a secretary who was both efficient and decorative. He had a title on the door, President of the Movimento Nacional Independente, and the Brazilian equivalent of a Bigelow on the floor. He helped publish a monthly newspaper, *Portugal Democratico*, in Sao Paulo, and saw to it that Salazar was regularly lambasted in its columns for stealing that election

from him. He got into serious trouble with the Brazilian authorities only once. That was when he roared into a banquet being given by loyal Portuguese in Sao Paulo in honor of the Portuguese Ambassador. His temper tantrum, aimed at breaking up the dinner, almost got him thrown out of the country. He was dressed down by the Brazilian Foreign Ministry and he had to promise to behave more circumspectly in the future. His political asylum depended upon his not engaging in any overt activities flagrantly hostile to the mother country.

Galvao had no taste for the slow, steady way. He did not openly dispute Delgado, for he recognized his claim to titular leadership and his importance as the man to back against Salazar. But he switched his base of operations from Buenos Aires to the hotbed of Caracas, there to plot in his own way.

In Caracas, Galvao became the rallying point for a dozen and more Portuguese and Spanish exile groups, all bent on destroying Salazar in Portugal and Franco in Spain. They talked of propaganda and bombings and assassinations. They broadcast via clandestine "Radio Claridad" to the Iberian Peninsula, calling signals on terrorist activity. Later, when the navies of the United States, Great Britain, Portugal and Spain were out looking for the *Santa Maria*, this little outlaw station was to throw the searchers off the scent by sending confusing messages.

In October, 1959, men of every political complexion assembled to solve the problem of too many exile groups and to coordinate them under a single organization. Gustavo Machado, president of the Venezuelan Communist Party, sat down with Galvao, whose politics were only a step or two to the left of Salazar, and Delgado, who was even more conservative. Among the others were Julio Cid

da Costa Motta, the secretary of the Junta Nacional Independente de Libertacao de Portugal; Fernando Queiroga, a former officer in the Portuguese Army; Major Luis Cesariny Calafate, another former Portuguese Army officer held responsible for the abortive May 12, 1959, attempt on Salazar's life; Rodrigo Abreu, an ex-officer of the Spanish Army; Julio Vayo, one-time foreign minister of Spain, and Spanish "General" Alberto Bayo Girod, who taught guerrilla warfare to Fidel Castro. They quarreled immediately over whether Communists should be admitted. The bickering annoyed Delgado, and he left Caracas in disgust. With his buxom young secretary, he flew back to the quiet comfort of his apartment in Sao Paulo, Brazil. But Galvao stuck to it and, finally, with no direct link to the Communist Party, the *Diretorio Revolucionario Iberico de Libertacao* was born.

Long before Galvao, in black beret and gilt-trimmed epaulettes, proudly painted "D.R.I.L." in red letters on the bridge of the *Santa Maria*, the *Diretorio* was making its presence felt in Lisbon and Madrid. Its program to publicize and terrorize the Iberian dictatorships was launched almost immediately after that autumn, 1959, meeting in Caracas. During 1960, an epidemic of bombings broke out in Spain. In Madrid, the targets included the City Hall, the Iberian Air Line Terminal and the Art Treasure House. A fellow named Perez blew himself up in the town square of Toledo, a victim apparently of a bomb which accidentally went off before he could get it to its destination. An explosion rocked the Bilbao-San Sebastian train. Antonio Abad and several others were arrested in Spain and jailed for "D.R.I.L. activities." A D.R.I.L. unit cropped up in Morocco, where Fernando Queiroga was reported to be running its headquarters at Tangiers. It was said, however,

that he was later fired in a row over alleged misappropriation of D.R.I.L. funds. When last heard about, Queiroga was in Switzerland, offering his services to an Angola nationalist movement. At Liège, Belgium, miners from Spain formed a Spanish-Belgian friendship society, but somehow D.R.I.L. agents moved in and took it over. In France, D.R.I.L. groups were formed, but the headquarters kept shifting between Paris and Toulouse, depending apparently upon when it could pay the rent.

While this loosely coordinated pressure was being applied around and inside the Iberian Peninsula, the fortunes of the D.R.I.L. in Caracas were placed in the hands of the tall, cadaverous, hollow-cheeked Spaniard, Jose "The Professor" Velo Mosquera, whose eyes were fixed intently on the goal of exterminating Salazar and Franco. He could talk for hours on end about why and how this had to be done. Galvao, with a Latin's love of eloquence, dignity and sincerity, respected Velo beyond the others.

For more than a year before he seized the *Santa Maria*, Galvao pecked at the world's conscience. In widely published writings, he was particularly bitter about the seeming indifference of the Western world to his country's plight. In one article, printed in *Nation* magazine on January 9, 1960, Galvao declared from his Caracas asylum:

Governments and leading parties in the great Western democracies look upon the human and universal aspects of democratic principles from vantage points much too dehumanized to allow for any interest in the sufferings of a people not American, English or French, and lacking in oil riches or international influence. . . .

Salazar's old and proven ability to lie has led to an

easy and prolonged success. It has apparently transformed him into a dictator different from the rest—the caretaker and shepherd of the Portuguese people. . . .

Thus he built up the image of a humble, modest person, one who eschewed worldly glory and ambition—a mask which seemed to make his regime one of peace and order (of the kind, one notes, that are found in cemeteries). . . .

He appeared as a sort of medieval saint . . . a tyrant in the service of God . . . a rare, peculiar species of carnivorous lamb. . . .

But behind the façade built up for the world, there remained the effective reality of a dictator like the others, basically more dangerous because he was better disguised. . . .

Of the Portuguese budget, thirty-two per cent is spent on the military and less than six per cent on health. The Portuguese diet is among the most meager in Europe; twenty per cent of the population suffers from malnutrition. Portugal has one physician for every 1,400 inhabitants. In contrast, no country in Europe has more drug stores in proportion to population. . . .

The country's death rate from tuberculosis—forty-five per thousand in 1958—is more than twice that of any country in Western Europe.

How long could the old “carnivorous lamb” stand up under attacks like these from such an articulate and bold exile as Galvao? Or the discontent of the Roman Catholic hierarchy at home? Or the adverse votes of the United States on colonial questions in the United Nations? Or,



potentially far more disastrous, the terror that grew with each "night of the long knives" in Portuguese Africa?

All in all, things were not going well for the Portuguese Spartan who for three decades had successfully imposed his personal foibles on his nine million countrymen.

It was against this background that President Dwight D. Eisenhower, on May 20, 1960, made a one-day visit to Lisbon. The American president, in a few words, helped immeasurably to pull some Salazar chestnuts out of the fire. Eisenhower congratulated Salazar for "the real progress" achieved during his regime and urged closer cooperation between the United States and Portugal in the struggle against Communism.

In his furnished room in Caracas, Galvao must have gnashed his teeth at the news. His efforts to wake up America and the other democracies to the Portuguese dictatorship had been unavailing. How much, he must have wondered, were the Azores bases worth to Washington? What would it take to awaken the West?

It would be another month before he found the answer in a little newspaper story about the sailing schedule of the *Santa Maria*.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### OPERATION DULCINEA

Galvao was getting restive. He was a man of action and there was no action for him. He agreed wholeheartedly with the general plan laid down by the D.R.I.L. high command, of which he was a part. But it was far too long-range for his tastes. He was already sixty-five and, weakened by the illnesses and beatings of his imprisonment, he knew his days were numbered. Although he did not fear death, he wanted to live long enough to strike a mortal blow at the hated Salazar. He wracked his brain for a plan. On June 18, 1960, as he sipped coffee and read the morning newspaper in his furnished room, the idea jumped out at him from the printed pages.

It was a routine little story. It reported simply that the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* made a round trip from Lisbon to Port Everglades, Florida, about once a month, touching at a number of other points, including La Guaira, the nearby port for Caracas, and Willemstad in neighboring Curacao. And it was due at La Guaira that very evening!

If they could seize the *Santa Maria*, they would capture the attention of the whole world! They could sail to An-

gola and organize an Army of Liberation! It was a good omen that *Santa Maria* was also the name of the hospital in Lisbon from which he had escaped a few months before. And Saint Mary of the Immaculate Conception was the patron saint of Portugal.

He jammed his floppy straw hat on his head, set his extra-large sun glasses on his nose and set out to learn all he could about the *Santa Maria*. He went out, conscious that he was always under surveillance, hopeful that the disguise would throw off his furtive followers, as it always had before. Only his square jaw, thin-lipped mouth and tip of his nose showed, to give away his identity.

By nightfall, he had rounded up the most trusted of his fellow conspirators and they were at the docks in La Guaira, lost in the crowd of visitors going aboard the *Santa Maria*. For two hours, he and his colleagues roamed the eight decks of the ship. Each had his assignment. They already had obtained and studied the detailed plans of the ship, for H. L. Boulton & Co., agents in Caracas for the *Santa Maria*, had many copies and were only too happy to supply them to prospective passengers. The men checked all ladders and passageways, determining how to block any counterattack at the time of seizure. They tried to find out how much fuel, water and food the ship required, and how many passengers it normally carried. They especially wanted to know whether it stored any small arms and whether it carried any P.I.D.E. police as guards. The answer to the last two questions, as far as they could tell, was negative.

Galvao himself inspected the three top decks. He went to the bridge, passed by the steering wheel and even poked his head into the captain's cabin, where he saw Captain Mario Maia entertaining a few friends. Galvao

came away convinced that whoever controlled the uppermost deck controlled the *Santa Maria*. And there were only six ladders to hold on that deck to beat off any attempt at counterattack.

The preparations began. Galvao estimated he needed a hundred men to seize the ship. They would become his officer corps when he had raised the Army of Liberation at Angola.

In his romantic's eye, Galvao was a twentieth-century Don Quixote and the *Santa Maria* his trusty Rozinante. He had not one Sancho Panza, but many to squire him to the lists against the foe, Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. Together they would free the people of Portugal from the tyrant just as that other Don Quixote had fought for "fair Dulcinea." What did it matter that many of the people of Portugal, like those earlier unsympathetic Dulcineas, were ignorant of their plight or indifferent? He smiled and, in his writer's mocking awareness of his own romanticism, he dubbed his fantastic plot "Operation Dulcinea."

Galvao rallied his followers with his vision: "When we overthrow Salazar, then Franco will fall in Spain. And then the people of Portugal and Spain, of Angola and Mozambique and all the rest will control their own destinies in a confederation of equal states—The United States of Iberia!"

They listened and they believed in him and their hearts almost broke as they saw their manpower dwindle when the money they had hoped for simply did not materialize. They kept their amazing scheme to themselves. Not even the ultra-dignified General Humberto da Silva Delgado, who came occasionally from Brazil to consult with them, knew the intricacies of the plot.

Galvao, the man of action, needed Delgado, the symbol of the oppressed and persecuted people of Portugal. He admired Delgado's courage. But he did not trust so consummate an egotist with all the dangerous details.

Galvao sent word to Delgado in September about "Operation Dulcinea." He needed money to finance his commando training and to pay the fares aboard the *Santa Maria*. Could Delgado raise funds among the rich Basques of Sao Paulo? Delgado did what he could, delighted to be back in the swim again.

Delgado had suffered serious setbacks in power and prestige since the fall of 1959. At that time, he went on a grand world tour to whip up enthusiasm for his cause in such a way that Salazar would find the pressure unbearable. He set out with high hopes. Everything went well at the start. In London, the Laborites made much of him. But soon, wherever he went, the people stayed away. There simply was no interest in him. The controlled Portuguese press hooted at the fiasco, and he called off the journey ahead of time. He returned to Sao Paulo heartbroken but determined not to show it.

"Five minutes . . . five minutes . . . all I can give you is five minutes," he would say, with characteristic bustle, to reporters who requested an interview. They usually went along with this portrayal of a very busy man, although in truth two or three minutes was all it really took to get his story. He had become a rebel with a lost cause. Foreign diplomats, whom he importuned in Brazil, characterized him in their reports home as "a has-been."

In May, 1960, the Portuguese Communists gave up on him, like rats deserting a sinking ship. Whereas they had pitched in to organize street demonstrations for him in the 1958 election, now they denounced Delgado, Galvao and

the D.R.I.L. as representing "an undesirable type of orientation." Their activities, in the view of the two to three thousand hard-core Communist Party members in Portugal, could only cause more Salazar-like oppression.

Delgado hit bottom in June, 1960. Salazar dismissed him from the Portuguese Air Force for "making treasonable statements." His three-quarters pay was stopped. He had no money, no status at all at home, and no medals.

Now, with Galvao's message, the tide began to turn for him.

Other messages passed between them. One, intercepted by the Portuguese agents keeping an eye on Delgado, was dated September 23, 1960. It made reference to operations aimed at liberating a ship or airplane. The reference was not clear and, in any event, sounded awfully harebrained to the P.I.D.E. Orders went out to be especially alert on Portuguese ships and aircraft. For a while, the *Santa Maria* and her twin, the *Vera Cruz*, carried P.I.D.E. agents disguised as passengers.

The rebels needed about \$30,000. But they couldn't get it, not even from the rich Basques in Venezuela and Argentina who seemed always anxious to ante up for anything that would hurt Franco. The most they could raise was \$10,000. Galvao reduced the number of men from a hundred to fifty, to forty, to thirty, and finally to twenty-five.

With D.R.I.L. blessing, Galvao set up a commando camp about sixty-five miles from Caracas, in a wild, mountainous region. He and his men bought arms on the black market—a battered old submachine gun for \$300, a reasonably good Thompson submachine gun for \$250, three pistols at \$100 each, five Colt .45 automatics at \$80 each, and four rifles at \$200 each. Four hand grenades, donated

by a Venezuelan politician who had no idea what they would be used for, completed the arsenal. For that matter, only ten of the twenty-four men who joined Galvao at his mountain hideaway were in on the secret. The fourteen others followed blindly.

As his chief of staff, Galvao selected Jorge Sotomayor, a powerfully built, middle-aged Spaniard who had distinguished himself as a naval officer on the Republican side during the Spanish Civil War. With three others, he had blown up the Nationalist cruiser *Baleares*. He was a man of great courage and, furthermore, the only one among Galvao's conspirators who knew how to run a ship. D-Day was set as October 14, 1960.

Galvao wanted to book passage from Caracas to Port Everglades, Florida, because that would be far cheaper than paying for a trip all the way to Lisbon. But the American Embassy in Caracas refused, without explanation, to issue his men entrance visas to the United States. He had no choice but to buy twenty-five Third Class fares to Lisbon at about \$200 each. There was not enough money. Frantically, the men set about trying to raise it.

Galvao turned to the various organizations in Caracas which had dedicated themselves to opposition to the Salazar and Franco regimes. They had no money to spare, although Galvao noted bitterly that his whole expedition could have been financed by the money they spent at meetings, congresses, and commemorative outpourings on dates in history on which various liberties had been lost to their peoples.

A Spanish millionaire who had written a book critical of Franco's regime looked like a good prospect. Galvao and his men called on him, seeking only the price of two Third Class fares. He treated them to a lunch, whose cost

alone would have bought one such ticket, but he sent them away emptyhanded.

Three days before D-Day, Galvao was short \$600, the price of three fares, and he could not spare the manpower. Fund-raising efforts were redoubled, but October 14 arrived and they were no better off than before. With a heavy heart, Galvao rescheduled the coup to the *Santa Maria's* next arrival in Caracas, November 16.

The delay ate into his meager resources. While he searched for capital, what little he had trickled through his fingers in subsistence allowances for his little band of commandos. And then he struck it rich. He found an angel who promised to deliver \$5,000 by November 13—enough to pay Third Class passage for everyone and with three days to spare. But his joy was short-lived. He was later told that the money could not be made available until November 20, four days too late.

He accepted another month's delay, until the *Santa Maria's* return on December 19. This D-Day, too, was not to be.

On December 10, in the middle of a Saturday afternoon, Galvao suffered a terrific pain in his chest. He was rushed to a clinic, where doctors diagnosed his trouble as a heart attack. They ordered him to rest for at least a month, if he wanted to live.

"The only thing that really concerns me," he told them, "is that I am able to keep alive for another six months."

There were some in Caracas who thought he would not be able to. Police agents, keeping an eye on the slippery old man as best they could, learned of his illness. After checking with the doctors, they cabled Lisbon that Galvao was through.



In December, 1960, Delgado mysteriously left Sao Paulo. The P.I.D.E. lost his trail, but he was thought to have gone either to Havana, Cuba, or Caracas. In Havana, there were rumors that Premier Fidel Castro planned to use blocked Spanish funds to help finance the D.R.I.L. It seemed more likely that Delgado had gone there and not to Caracas, where surely he could expect no such help from old rebel Captain Galvao, who was obviously near death with a faltering heart.

Word that Galvao was "enjoying his last illness" was accepted and surveillance was withdrawn.

D-Day was postponed again until Friday, January 20. This time they were ready. The submachine guns and rifles were taken apart and packed with the pistols and hand grenades in three suitcases marked with an X in white paint. A Caracas customs guard was bribed to pass this marked luggage without opening it for inspection.

One of Galvao's men, a radio specialist, failed to show up. The others went on without him, chagrined at his loss, for his skill as a telegrapher could not be approached by any of them. At La Guaira nineteen of the twenty-four rebels went aboard, singly and in twos or threes, mingling with the crowd unobtrusively. Sotomayor took a Second Class cabin which would give him greater freedom of movement about the ship. Fourteen others went quietly to Third Class compartments on D and E decks below him. Five others were the most unobtrusive of all; they had no tickets, only visitors' passes, and they hid out as stowaways. The three suitcases marked with an X were delivered to Cabin 358, where four rebels were quartered.

Galvao himself had already left Caracas, his face hidden by his straw hat and sun glasses. At the last minute, he

decided his name and face were too well known to risk boarding the *Santa Maria* openly at La Guaira. He could not fake a name because, if credentials were demanded, he would have to show his emergency Venezuelan passport which gave his true identity. He spent his ticket money for airplane fare for himself and Jose Frias de Oliveira, and together they flew to Curacao, Netherlands West Indies, on the ten-o'clock plane that fateful morning of January 20. At Curacao they would be joined by two others, Emanuel Jorge Pestana de Barros and Graciano Esparrinha, who were delayed overnight by minor difficulties in getting their travel documents.

As the plane gained altitude, Galvao looked down on the *Santa Maria*, which his men would be boarding in about eight hours. Would they get safely aboard or end up in a Caracas jail? The great anxiety he felt was to stay with him for the next twenty-four hours.

At Willemstad, Galvao and his companion checked into the Brion, a small roominghouse on the waterfront. It was a rather run-down hostelry, but the people were pleasant, and the window of his room was a scant sixty yards from the channel through which the *Santa Maria* must pass.

The first thing he did was to telephone Julio da Costa Mota, his trusted lieutenant in Caracas, who was remaining behind to run things there and to spread false rumors as to Galvao's whereabouts. But it was only two o'clock and there was little news, for it would be four hours yet before the embarkation began.

At dinner, he eavesdropped on the conversation at the table next to his. His neighbors talked knowingly about ships. At mention of the *Santa Maria* he listened intently.

The men said she had a damaged turbine and that her hull was overdue for a cleaning. He recalled the scandals associated with the construction of the *Santa Maria*—charges of excessive costs, shabby workmanship, and pay-offs to politicians—and his anxiety deepened.

That night, shut up in his room, he painfully endured the slow passage of time. He tried to telephone Caracas again but failed to make contact. He wrote letters, to Delgado and to Alvaro Lins, who as Brazil's ambassador to Portugal had given asylum to Delgado in Lisbon. He went to bed early, fretful and uncertain.

After a night spent tossing and turning, he arose early and stood by the window, looking out to sea. At eight-thirty, his vigil was rewarded. A commotion announced the opening of the bridge across the channel of the port. There, in all her majesty, steamed the *Santa Maria*. She moved slowly past the window toward her berthing place. An hour and a half of anxiety and apprehension passed. Then someone knocked at the door. It was Sotomayor.

"All is well," he said in his grave, dignified way. "But there are only twenty-four of us now. The radioman failed to answer roll-call yesterday morning."

Sotomayor sat with him in the little room. He told Galvao how, instead of sleeping, he had spent his first night aboard the *Santa Maria* studying its operation. From bridge to engine room, from port to starboard, Sotomayor knew the ship, and he had no qualms about his ability to make her go. As the day passed, they reviewed their plan. H-Hour was set at 1:30 the next morning, a time when most of the passengers and off-duty crewmen, tired out from calling at La Guaira and Willemstad, should be fast asleep. Sotomayor figured there were

about 650 passengers and 350 crewmen aboard. Shortly before 1:30, Galvao and his men were to rendezvous in the Second Class recreation area at the aft end of A deck. Weapons would be distributed there and, upon Galvao's command, the men would divide into two groups. Sotomayor and seven others would seize the radio room, the chart room, the navigation center and the bridge. These were all located on the topmost deck, the boat deck, two flights above A deck. Galvao and the remaining fifteen men would subdue the captain and the ship's officers in their quarters on the sun deck, which was just below the boat deck and the bridge. He would also post guards at six ladders connecting the boat deck and the sun deck. Two of these were far aft, two forward on the flying bridge, one just forward of the radio room, and the other leading from the bridge to the passageway outside the captain's cabin. One man with a rifle or submachine gun could hold off an army at these points, for, no matter how many would-be attackers there were, they would have to mount the ladders one or two at a time.

Once in command of the *Santa Maria*, Galvao planned to sail swiftly and secretly to the Spanish island of Fernando Po off the west central coast of Africa. There, with the help of hoped-for volunteers from among the *Santa Maria's* crew and passengers, he would stage a commando raid, seize control, sever communications with the outside world, rally the natives to his cause, press into service a captured gunboat and any available aircraft, and launch an attack on Luanda, the capital of Angola. With Luanda in his grasp, after a blitzkrieg lasting two or three days, Galvao would proclaim it liberated Portuguese territory and declare war on the Salazar regime. He anticipated that

this would touch off revolts in Portugal and Mozambique, Portugal's other big African possession, and total victory would soon be his.

A pipe dream? Certainly. But Alexander and Napoleon and others had had pipe dreams and lived to see them come true. And even if it failed, in whole or in part, its utter boldness would capture the world's fancy and expose the Salazar regime to the searing glare of unfavorable publicity.

It was seven weeks to the day since his heart attack, but, listening to Sotomayor lay out the familiar plan with such crisp confidence, he felt like a very young man again. At noon, Galvao, Sotomayor, and Jose Frias de Oliveira were joined in the tiny hotel room by Emanuel Jorge de Barros and Graciano Esparrinha, just arrived from Caracas on a KLM airliner. Galvao's spirits soared when he received at that time a gift from Julio da Costa Mota, a copy of Ambassador Lins' new anti-Salazar book, *Mission in Portugal*. In a joyous mood, the five conspirators went out to lunch and to sight-see.

At four o'clock they checked out of the Hotel Brion. Galvao paid for it with the last money he had in the world, except for a few coins in his pocket. His eyes twinkling behind the sun glasses, his old straw hat flopping around his ears, Galvao led the way to the docks. Only Sotomayor had a ticket. Galvao and the others had visitors' passes, which they had scrounged in Caracas. In a half-hour they were at the pier, mingling with the mass of people going aboard and coming ashore. The man at the head of the gangplank did not even bother to look at his visitor's pass.

As Galvao put his foot on the deck of the *Santa Maria*,

seven months of anguish and frustration miraculously fell away. It seemed for an instant that, simply by stepping aboard, he had gained complete possession.

"Mine," he thought. "You are mine."

One of his men in the crowd in the D deck embarkation hall caught his eye and motioned to him to follow. Galvao was led discreetly to an inboard Tourist Class cabin. To save money, they had chosen such rooms, the cheapest because there were no portholes. Some of the men were in the cabin. He looked at their faces, and he saw the same contentment he knew must be shining out of his. Young Jose da Cunha Ramos had it. So did Joaquim Manuel da Silva Paiva, the loquacious mechanical engineer. And long-nosed Professor Velo. Even that valorous old sea dog, Sotomayor. Galvao suddenly realized that sweat was dripping from his fingertips and his khaki pants and shirt clung to his skin in great, dark blotches.

"No air conditioning," someone said. "It broke down three days ago."

At seven o'clock, the *Santa Maria's* screws began to turn and soon she cast off and headed to sea. Galvao went topside to breathe the cool fresh air. By eleven o'clock, he was back in the heat of Cabin 358, helping assemble and load the weapons. They were hidden under mattresses. Before the men broke up to wait tensely for H-Hour, Galvao assigned the weapons.

He gave the two submachine guns to Paiva and Agustin Romara Rojo, and rifles and pistols to Camillo Tavares Mortagua, Julio Rodrigues, Luis Fernandez Ackerman, Manuel Mazo Bravo, Graciano Maquis Esparrinha, Francisco Rico Leal, Sotomayor, Professor Velo, and Velo's son, Victor Jose Velo Perez. Galvao kept for himself a Colt .45, which he stuck in his belt and covered up with

his shirt. He shoved into his pocket a hand grenade which he had made himself. It was actually a bomb, for it had no detonator. If he had to use it, he planned to set it off by lighting it with a cigarette. The three other hand grenades he gave to Sotomayor, Rojo and Perez. The ten men who had no firearms were not without weapons. They carried knives, machetes and blackjacks.

Back in his cabin, Galvao studied his watch as the minutes dragged by. After an eternity, it was 1:25. H-Hour minus five minutes. Into the pockets of his shirt he stuffed the trappings of his new life—a black beret, black epaulettes with their three golden stripes, and an arm band in the green and red national colors of Portugal.

He went on deck. It was an extraordinarily beautiful night, all clear overhead and with a few clouds scudding about on the horizon. Passengers were lying about the deck, enjoying the fresh air denied them in the sweltering holes their cabins had become without air conditioning.

In Second Class Cabin 106, on the port side of deck B aft, almost directly under the rendezvous point toward which Galvao was headed, Arthur Douglas Patton and his wife slept peacefully. Since they had left New Orleans in October aboard the American freighter *Dick Lykes*, they had visited thirteen countries. It had been a nice three months. They would still be going strong if the bankroll had held out.

The way they did it, it was an adventure. No particular plans, no reservations. Exciting things happened, like arriving in Venice at midnight, with no hotel arrangements and knowing not a word of Italian, and winding up in that strange little hotel where people kept arriving

and departing all night long. But the most exciting thing of all had happened only the day before, in Caracas. The Pattons were ambling along a street when all of a sudden an Olds 88 came hurtling along with three fellows and a girl in it. A police car was in close pursuit. Another police car hemmed in the Olds from the opposite direction, shots were fired from a submachine gun, and the fleeing car squealed to a halt. Three more police cars roared up. The three men and the girl were hauled roughly out of their automobile. The police looked menacingly at the Pattons, who suddenly realized that, except for them, the streets were deserted. The Pattons took off on the run. It would be a long time, they told each other, before anything as exciting as that happened to them again. Arthur, Jr., would be delighted to hear about it when they got back home to Boulder City, Nevada, in a few days.

In Second Class Cabin 240, below and a little forward of the Pattons on deck C, Mrs. Edna P. Chubb slept fitfully. Friday had been an exciting day in Caracas. "The highlight," she wrote in the travel journal she always kept for her children and grandchildren, "was hearing the last ten minutes of President Kennedy's inaugural address at the U.S. Embassy." She had nothing to write about Curacao, for she had described it at length during her 1958 visit there. Lonely since the death of her husband in 1955, Mrs. Chubb had begun traveling in 1956, usually taking a trip a year.

She was grateful that throughout the voyage home she had had her cabin all to herself. She had been abroad since September, traveling in Greece, Turkey, the Canary Islands, Portugal and Spain. Now she was a little weary and wanted to be left alone. They would arrive in Florida in three days and, six days after that, she would be cele-



brating her seventy-first birthday in the bosom of her family at Pasadena, California.

Henrique Galvao climbed the ladder three flights up from D deck to A deck. He entered the open-air recreation area near the Second Class swimming pool and surveyed his men. A few of them appeared a little emotional. But most were sprawled casually in deck chairs, smoking cigarettes, or chatting amiably around the swimming pool. Many other passengers were lying about and a number of crew members passed by, on their way to duty posts or to bed.

Galvao looked at his watch. It was exactly 1:30. He pulled out his black beret and put it on at a rakish angle. He attached the epaulettes and the arm band. The twenty-three other men followed his example.

*"Vamos!"* he said. "Let's go!"

## CHAPTER FIVE

“PIRATES! REAL PIRATES!”

Mrs. Caroline Boyce, a bright and cheerful widow of sixty from Lutherville, Maryland, near Baltimore, awakened in her cabin about two in the morning. For no particular reason, she felt wide awake. The engines were pounding so hard that her cabin was vibrating. That was certainly a change. Only a few minutes before, she had been awakened when the engines stopped altogether. She had then dozed off again. This time, she looked out her port-hole and sniffed the fresh, warm salt air. The sky was mostly clear, and she remembered she had neglected her nightly custom of checking the ship's course by the constellations. She clucked in mock disapproval. At this rate, she would lose her standing as an amateur astronomer. Somebody was sure to ask about it at breakfast.

Mrs. Boyce threw on a robe, went topside and looked for the Big Dipper. She had trouble finding it, for it was not where she thought it should be. Ah, there it was. She followed the pointers thirty degrees over the located Polaris, the North Star. But something was wrong. If the ship's course was northwest, as it was supposed to be, what was Polaris doing off the port fantail and not off the

starboard bow? And Orion seemingly due east instead of due west?

“Jogging around, I guess, to get through these islands,” she thought.

Mrs. Boyce formed a mental picture of Willemstad, Curacao, in the Netherlands West Indies, their last port of call only the day before, and of the island-speckled Caribbean to the north. She could not conjure up any land that would call for such zigzag navigation. She dismissed the thought and went back to bed.

About four o'clock, Mrs. Sarah Jane Hamer Smith, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, came slowly awake, and wondered why. Then she felt a strong breeze blowing through the porthole. That was nice. The cabin had been unbearably hot and stuffy ever since the air conditioning broke down before La Guaira. It was just her luck to be on the side of the ship away from the prevailing wind. But now the wind had shifted, and it was even stronger than before. It would freshen the sticky cabin for her and her husband, Delbert Carl Smith, Jr., thirty-nine, and their pretty, pony-tailed, blonde daughter, seven-year-old Deborah Caroline. Mrs. Smith went back to sleep. It never crossed her mind that the ship had turned about and increased its speed to more than twenty knots.

It was about half-past six when Mrs. Boyce realized that somebody was pounding on her door. She threw on a robe and answered the summons. It was Mrs. David R. Crockett, fifty, of Pompano Beach, Florida. In a strained voice, Mrs. Crockett suggested that she hurry and get dressed because somebody had been shot and killed. Mrs. Boyce looked out and saw blood on the deck of the passageway. Crewmen were beginning to swab it up.

Arthur Douglas Patton and his wife Myrtle were up

bright and early. At seven, they went on deck to walk around awhile in anticipation of the generous breakfast they had come to enjoy aboard the *Santa Maria*. They noticed that the crew was not washing down the decks, as usual at that hour. They met Mrs. Henry A. Bates, sixty-six, of Washington, D.C., and she told them that a man with a gun had barred her from going topside for her regular morning stroll. They talked about the blood they had seen in the passageway to the hospital, and wondered what it was all about.

Nat Logan-Smith, a burly, red-faced man of fifty-seven who was a retired civil service administrator from Honolulu, Hawaii, was a late arrival on deck. He was met by a fellow passenger he had come to like, a quiet, sensible man named Martin Yunker, fifty-eight, a retired contractor from Warren, Connecticut.

"Did you know we were taken over by pirates last night?" Yunker asked.

Logan-Smith gave him a look of disbelief and waited for more.

Mrs. Yunker was at her husband's elbow, a little distraught, as he went on. "They were all over the place this morning, carrying guns and wearing red and green arm bands, searching the boats. Are you ready to walk the plank?"

He was laughing, or trying to, when he said that last.

Logan-Smith was taken aback. He had been through a war, traveled the world and was along in years. What happened to him was not important. But he was hanged if he was going to let anybody, guns or no guns, take away from him the Karman-Ghia sport car he had bought in Germany. It was sitting down in the hold at that mo-

ment, and it was the first thing he thought of at the mention of pirates.

“Aw, searching the boats for stowaways is customary after leaving a port,” he growled. “Come on, we’re late for breakfast.”

In the First and Second Class salons, the breakfasters were mystified. Gone were the cheery smiles of the maître d’hôtel and his waiters. Gone were the sumptuous, many-course meals to start the day right. The men wore long faces, and there was no choice of a menu. It was fruit juice, bread, butter and coffee—take it or leave it.

Mr. and Mrs. Patton marked how tense the maître d’hôtel was when, without explanation, he announced they could have only coffee and rolls.

Logan-Smith thought he would loosen up his waiter and maybe find out something. “Well,” he said, “we’ll be with you only two more days.”

“Don’t be too sure of that,” the waiter sighed, and scurried for the galley.

The maître d’hôtel went around to every table. In an anguished voice, he disclosed there would be a meeting of passengers in the lounge. He refused to say why, but the word had gone the rounds. A few made jokes about their predicament. It was inevitable that someone should recall that this was, after all, the old Spanish Main, breeding ground of pirates for centuries. But there was really nothing very funny about it. One man was dead and two were wounded. Who knew what was next in store?

A hush fell over the passengers as Captain Maia and a tall, dark stranger entered the lounge with an escort of khaki-clad gunmen. They all stood at attention as the Portuguese national anthem was played on the ship’s

loudspeaker system. It was their first good look at the rebel uniform with its arm band of green and red.

Captain Maia made a long speech in Portuguese stating that he was no longer in command because Galvao had seized the vessel, killing one man and wounding others. At length he was finished, and the newcomer, Velo, addressed the passengers for the first time. He spoke in Portuguese too, and the Americans, straining for a familiar sound, kept asking each other, "What was that?" "What did he say?" The speeches by Maia and Velo were translated into Spanish and, finally, into English. Velo's was a political harangue, denouncing the governments of Salazar in Portugal and Generalissimo Francisco Franco in Spain. Velo pledged fervently that they would be overthrown, and he would never rest until they were. He wound up with a promise to the passengers.

"Passengers have nothing to fear as long as they cooperate," Velo said. "But we will brook no interference. This ship is not going to Miami. We regret the inconvenience but it can not be helped. There is no cause for alarm. All passengers will be disembarked at a 'neutral' port in five or six days. Every effort will be made to insure your safety and comfort." And Galvao, who had quietly joined the group, nodded sagely at his words.

The meeting ended with Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* banging and crashing over the loudspeaker.

In general, the passengers breathed more easily. Perhaps things would not be too bad. Velo was a handsome chap, nearly six feet tall, healthy suntan, flashing white teeth. And when he talked, it was hard to believe that he and the others could kill a man.

But Mrs. Floyd W. Preston, thirty-seven, of Lawrence, Kansas, did not like the uncertainty. She wondered how

she could keep her four robust sons out of mischief for another five or six days. The boys—Carl Bruce, eleven; Harold Wayne, nine; Donald Floyd, five; and Steven Dean, two—would not take kindly to being cooped up. And what about all her things down in the hold? The station wagon, the furniture, the clothes—in short, everything the Prestons owned, for her husband, also thirty-seven, a professor of petroleum engineering at the University of Kansas, was transferring back to campus after a two-year sabbatical in Caracas. Eleven-year-old Carl might be manageable. The little ones would probably be difficult to keep amused. But nine-year-old Harold was the one to watch. He had already served notice.

“Boy!” he had said, spectacles bobbing on his button nose, as if he were a flirtatious owl. “Pirates! Real pirates! Boy!”

Nat Logan-Smith was still concerned about the fate of his Karman-Ghia. He talked it over with Martin Yunker, who pointed out that, in all Velo’s talk about a “neutral” port for disembarking passengers, he never once hinted where that might be. They decided to find somebody who knew and could say. The two men climbed to the bridge. The regular mate was on watch, but to his left a uniformed rebel had him under surveillance. The rebel was extremely courteous. They were perfectly safe, he said, and yes, all the passengers could take their belongings with them when they left the ship. Where? Ah, that was a secret!

Eben Neal Baty, sixty-four, of Paradise Cove, California, a veteran traveler who once wrote a best-selling book about his experiences abroad, rather liked the adventure of it all. He turned to his wife Emma, sixty-six, and said, “You know, I’m glad we didn’t take that other ship we were thinking about.”

But Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, sixty, of Los Angeles, could not believe her senses. "Such a thing isn't possible," she insisted. "It doesn't make sense!"

It remained, however, for Manuel Lourenco, a Portuguese en route to Lisbon from Venezuela, to come up with the most plaintive reaction of all. "This is a hell of a thing to happen to a man going home to retire after thirty years in a foreign country," he said.

A number of the American women got together to talk about something that was troubling them. These men, however courteous they might appear, had shot three officers. Who knew what other depredations they might commit as time went by? It might be well to take no chances. They decided they had better not wear anything enticing, so they ruled out bathing suits, shorts and plunging necklines.

About eleven that morning, a small freighter appeared on the horizon. Then it came so close that the excited passengers, looking through field glasses, could make out its Japanese flag. The freighter slowed down and everybody wondered if it suspected anything wrong on the *Santa Maria*. Or was the freighter's captain simply curious for a long, close look at the rakish lines of the \$1,600,000 luxury liner? The *Santa Maria* cut crisply away to the southeast and soon, at more than twenty knots, left the Japanese ship far astern.

Lunch and dinner, like breakfast, were ample in quantity but restricted in choice. There was no longer any menu to pick from. And glum waiters set it on the table without flourish, too demoralized to care for the niceties any more. The little extras were missing, but there were no significant shortages.

In the afternoon and evening, the passengers gathered



about portable radios, listening intently to the news. The rebels made no attempt to interfere. But the news was routine. No mention of the *Santa Maria*. No word of any uprisings in Portugal or any of its “provinces.” People talked of the legend of the *Flying Dutchman* and of how that ship was doomed to sail forever, with never a port of call. Arthur Douglas Patton remembered the two bottles with messages inside that he had dropped over the side in happier days for a lark. Maybe now was the time to do it again, seriously. Maybe tomorrow.

“It is a terrible thing,” he told his wife, “to be a prisoner, and nobody in the world knows it.”

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE KINGDOM OF SILENCE

Despite a heart attack, a dwindling cadre of supporters, a lack of ready cash, and the sharp eye of the P.I.D.E., Galvao had captured the *Santa Maria*. He had carried out the first phase of the bold scheme which came to him on June 18, 1960, when he read of the *Santa Maria's* schedule, and he was now headed for Angola and Phase Two—the raising of an Army of Liberation against Salazar. As he stood on the bridge and watched the prow turn toward the channel between St. Lucia and Martinique, he decided to rechristen the ship.

“Santa Liberdade,” he thought. “Blessed Liberty.”

He made a note to have a sign painted with the new name and strung across the railing of the bridge on which he stood. There would be another smaller sign above it bearing the initials of his revolutionary organization. Together, in letters three feet high, they would say:

D.R.I.L.

SANTA LIBERDADE

Galvao chuckled, pleased with his originality. But there is an old saw about nothing being new under the sun. And

so it was in the case of even so daring a feat as his. The American comic strip "The Phantom" was at the time featuring an adventure in which pirates disguised as passengers smuggled arms aboard a ship.

The pirates of the China Coast long had worked with the order and discipline of the Galvao crew.

*The New York Times* of December 12, 1929, in describing the China Sea pirates, might just as well have been referring to Galvao's operation when it reported:

To recruit a reliable gang, select a likely victim, gather the essential information, carry through the enterprise and plan a retreat with spoils and prisoners, requires no ordinary ability. . . .

The whole gang goes on board, some in the saloon, the majority in the steerage and one or two among the crew. They are not slinking, cowardly ruffians, but men who know their job and usually try to do it efficiently and humanely—provided that humanity is compatible with efficiency. . . .

But it is not every piracy that works smoothly. Often the Indian guard on duty is shot dead by a treacherous volley, and when the Norwegian coaster *Solviken* was captured the master, Captain Jastoff, was murdered because he did not immediately open his cabin door.

Stranger still, there had actually sailed in those very waters the fabulous French pirate, "Good" Captain Misson, who founded a democratic Utopia aboard his ship and dedicated it, fifty years before the French Revolution, to Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

The amazing Misson, whose exploits are chronicled but

not too well documented, took over the French man-of-war *Victoire* off Martinique early in the eighteenth century. The captain had been killed in a victory over the English man-of-war *Winchester*. Misson and his counselor-companion, an unfrocked Dominican priest from Italy named Caraccioli, apparently were as glib a pair of talkers as Galvao and his theoretician, Professor Velo. After a harangue denouncing tyranny and extolling liberty, Misson and Caraccioli were elected by the cheering French sailors as captain and executive officer, respectively.

They rejected the black flag of piracy, choosing instead a white one embroidered with the motto "For God and Liberty." Thereafter, they scourged the seas, politely robbing ships and apologizing for each murder. Their ship was not a ship but a "nation" and, according to C. Johnson's *A General History of the Pyrates*, published in London in 1726, "they were no pyrates but men who were resolved to affect the Liberty which God and Nature gave them."

Misson eventually led his men to Madagascar, where they established a strictly socialistic colony and named it "Libertatia." All property was commonly held, even money, and there was no race or color bar. Libertatia had a navy of two ships, the *Childhood* and the *Liberty*. Finally, however, the previously friendly natives rose up for some reason and attacked the flourishing settlement. Misson and a few others escaped to sea, only to go down with their ship in a hurricane.

It may be that Galvao knew all this as the *Santa Maria* plowed on another voyage of liberation toward Angola, where he hoped to find thousands of volunteers for a military assault on Portugal. He had good reason to expect support from the inhabitants of that oppressed colony.

In Angola, Galvao's goal, one of the great horror stories of the century was being played out to its inexorable denouement. On the one side were the black Angolese, becoming aware of the rising expectations sweeping Africa and straining for the first time against the bonds that have held them to Portugal for nearly five centuries. On the other side were Salazar and his government, sworn to expend "the blood from our veins" rather than accept the inevitable. There could be no other end but tragedy, and the floating revolution aboard the *Santa Maria* was to play a role.

Angola has belonged to Portugal since Diogo Cao discovered the mouth of the Congo River in 1482, ten years before Columbus discovered America. Those were the days of Portugal's pre-eminence in the Era of Exploration, and her kings—Henry the Navigator, Alphonso the African, John the Perfect and Manoel the Fortunate—sent intrepid men into strange worlds with the Gospel in one hand and shackles for slaves in the other. Quickly, Portuguese settlers spread down the west coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope to the east coast, advanced in South America and crossed the seas to the Near and Far East. By 1540, Portugal had acquired, through discovery, conquest, cession and colonization, a maritime empire extending across half the globe. Portugal was thus one of the first of the Western colonial powers, and today has elected to be the last.

There is still a yearning in those stout Portuguese hearts which quicken at mention of names like Diogo Cao, Bartholomeu Diaz, Vasco da Gama, Pedro Alvares Cabral and Ferdinand Magellan, for the power of an earlier Portugal. Small wonder, then, that any threat to the colonies is met with such fierce determination to fight to the

last man. With them, Portugal boasts a territory of 805,586 square miles, a population of 22,419,666, a balanced budget, international stature, and a protected market for goods which would find few buyers anywhere else. Without them, Portugal would be reduced to 34,230 square miles, a population of 8,980,000, a monstrous trade deficit, and a tenth-rate level, wallowing in a depression which would make its current per capita income of \$245 a year seem high.

Angola, nearly twice the size of Texas, is the biggest, richest and by far the most important of the Portuguese provinces. Its loss would produce an estimated \$100,000,000 a year adverse balance of trade for Portugal. This is so because Angola, together with Mozambique, buys twenty-three per cent of what Portugal exports. Besides, Angola and Mozambique send back millions every year in diamonds, coffee, sisal and minerals. And, politically, as Angola goes, so goes Mozambique, although not quite so quickly.

As France did with Algeria, Salazar technically ended Portuguese colonialism with a stroke of the pen, by saying in his new constitution that the colonies were no longer colonies but "provinces" and therefore an integral part of Portugal. Technically, this was like giving statehood to Alaska and Hawaii. Actually, it changed nothing.

"Forced labor in the Portuguese provinces is today indistinguishable from outright slavery," Captain Galvao had written.

Galvao's was not a lone voice crying in the wilderness of the "Kingdom of Silence," as the Burmese delegate to the United Nations called Angola. Over the years, despite a censorship worthy of the Kremlin, journalists and political observers have gone to Angola, looked and

listened. They have been reporting for decades that, despite the Congress of Vienna in 1815 and the Berlin Conference of 1885 and all the other international denunciations of slavery since then, hundreds of thousands of human beings live and die in bondage, however subtle the legalities.

What happens is that the law says one thing and the exigencies dictate just the opposite. The Portuguese Constitution forbids the exploitation of native labor either for the state or by the state for private enterprise. But there is also a law which requires every African in Angola to work at least six months a year. This is the legal basis from which the abuses flow.

At eighteen, an *indigena*, or native Angolan, gets a plastic-covered *caderneta*. It contains his photograph, fingerprints, record of payments of his seven-dollar annual head tax, and the log of his employment. Instead of paying the tax, he may work it out on road-building or similar public projects for one month. He must always carry the log of his employment. And he must always make sure that his work is recorded. If he cannot prove that he is working or already has worked his six months, he may be hauled away to a remote camp, tied up or flogged with hippopotamus-hide whips should he protest, and forced under guard to accept Salazar's conception of "the dignity of labor."

If he is still uncooperative, he may be shipped away, to Sao Tome or Principe or even some non-Portuguese territory like the Union of South Africa or, until the Belgians gave it up with such disastrous consequences, the Congo. For the especially recalcitrant, such as a man caught bandying about subversive words like "freedom," even in his native tongue, there is always the *palmatoria*. This is a sort of ping-pong paddle with holes in it. Applied to the

palms of the hands or the soles of the feet, its holes suck up tiny patches of flesh. The victim may be all right in a few days or he may be crippled for life. There is a law against the hippo whip and the *palmatoria*, and it is sometimes observed. The laggard may suffer nothing more than a stretch of road-building for the government, and at no pay.

In that case, he might just as well have gone off to the sugar fields or the coffee plantation, where the pay is about fifteen cents a day. Of course, he does not get this pay all at once, whether he is a *contradado*, or contract worker, or a *voluntario*, signed up on his own with an employer. He is paid about four cents a day. The rest is saved until he has fulfilled the contract, usually for a year or a year and a half. It is then sent to the *chefe de posto*, usually a white man or mulatto, who is the government's straw boss in his home town. If the *chefe* has sticky fingers, as so many of them seem to, the worker may wind up with very little to show for his long stay away from his family.

Portuguese officials argue that this is the only way to get things done, that the native Angolan is likable but lazy. They are fond of such sayings as: "An African is like a woman. The more you beat her, the more she loves you." And another: "Don't you slap a puppy if he soils the carpet? Isn't he the better for it?" But their arguments are not nearly so patronizingly pat when it comes to the other fields to which Galvao pointed his damning finger—health, education and even the social, of which the Portuguese are so proud.

Galvao estimated that sixty per cent of the Angolese who are born die in infancy. One-third of the labor force is rejected as physically unable to work. Medical services, he said, are non-existent or confined to the cities like



Luanda, where, in the *senzala*, the native quarter, 120,000 Angolese live in filth and poverty. In the bush, the witch doctors are the only available medical practitioners.

The Portuguese, from Salazar on down, are quick to boast that they have no color consciousness. Certainly Brazil, long a Portuguese colony, is the world's greatest example of how people of different racial strains can live and work together without a color bar. But what happened in Brazil was not happening in Angola. Society had become highly stratified and, with the recent influx of thousands of new white settlers from mainland Portugal, a color consciousness was beginning to creep into the social attitude. No matter how black or how white, it was how Portuguese a man was which fixed his station in life.

A black native might go to a four-year "rudimentary" school run by missionaries and learn a little Portuguese language and history, plus basic personal hygiene. But he would be taught nothing of his tribal language and traditions. And if he completed the course, he would be among the four per cent who do. To get into primary school, located in one of the larger towns, he would have to be able to read and write Portuguese and to afford the fees and living expenses. To move on to secondary school, he would have to show that he had completed seven years of education before the age of fourteen.

And always he would be bucking The System. The schools in each case would accept him only if there was room after the white students and the *assimilados* had been accommodated. Small wonder that fewer than a thousand Africans are in the primary schools of Angola.

The *indigena* can get on the social escalator by becoming an *assimilado*, an assimilated person. This is fixed by law. All he has to do is prove he is truly Portuguese in

spirit. He must cut himself off completely from his ancestry, speak only Portuguese and live like a Portuguese, including wearing shoes. Once he has proved all this to an examining board, he may be allowed to turn in his *caderneta* for a *Bilete de Identidade*. He may now marry a white Portuguese or a mulatto with social impunity and fraternize freely in movies, restaurants and bars. But his living expenses go up, for he no longer is treated as a ward of the state. And if there is any backsliding into the old tribal ways, he is severely punished according to Portuguese law.

This, to Salazar, was the best of all possible worlds, with perhaps a little room for improvement. What happened in Portugal or any of its "provinces" was Portugal's business and had been for nearly five hundred years.

As he put it, in a speech to the National Assembly on November 30, 1960: "We are not disposed to accept the interfering intervention of others in our internal life and affairs. . . . Any person of good faith can see for himself that peace and complete calm reign in our overseas territories, without the use of force and merely by the habit of peaceful living in common."

He said forces in the world, Communist and otherwise, were working in Africa and elsewhere to threaten the Portuguese way of life. It was then that he pledged: "I do not see that we can rest in our labors nor can we have any other care than to hold with one hand our plough and with the other our sword, as did your ancestors through many centuries. . . . Great sacrifices will be called for, as well as the most absolute devotion and, if necessary, also the blood from our veins. . . . This is our destiny, this is the mission of our life, which we should not curse but rather bless for the loftiness and nobility."

But other destinies were casting their shadow across Angola. After nearly five hundred years, there were among Angola's 4,500,000 population only about 70,000 *assimilados*, half of them black, the other half mulatto. Yet, white immigrants from the mother country, fleeing a grinding poverty in which the highest-paid skilled worker could get no more than the equivalent of \$2.80 a day, were settling in Angola at the rate of 20,000 a year. As a result, in the scramble for jobs and status, racial "color blindness" was being put to a severe test. Illiterate and poverty-stricken, the newcomer by birth had rights and privileges denied the African, the *assimilado* as well as the *indigena*. He was genuine Portuguese, not ersatz.

This was the Angola toward which Galvao was headed. He figured he needed four days of secrecy in which to get the jump on the Portuguese Navy, which would surely oppose his move with all its force. The *Santa Maria* was due in Port Everglades, Florida, from Curacao in three days. Nothing would be thought amiss until she failed to arrive on time. To cover that one-day lag, he radioed ahead to Shaw Brothers Shipping Company, the Miami agents for the *Santa Maria*, that she had been slowed down by minor engine trouble. She would therefore arrive a day late, on January 25 instead of January 24, as scheduled.

But about ten o'clock on the morning of January 22, after his first, sleepless night in command of the *Santa Maria*, Galvao was approached by the ship's doctor, Dr. Theodomiro Borges, with distressing news. The wounded navigator, Joao Lopes de Souza, would die unless the bullet he harbored was removed. This required a delicate operation possible only in hospital surroundings. He had to be put ashore, or die.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE ALARM

Galvao faced a grave ethical crisis. They would be near St. Lucia in the morning. Souza could be put ashore there, but that would give away the *Santa Maria's* secret. The whole world would know that she had been seized, and the Portuguese Navy would intercept him before he could reach Angola. One man already was dead. Should he accept responsibility for the death of another? Was the success of the enterprise worth the life of this young man? Could he control the crew if he let this man die? Galvao talked it over with Velo, Sotomayor and some of the others. He went to his cabin and wrestled with his conscience.

The situation was a severe blow to Sotomayor. As the second in command and, in fact, almost the equal in authority, his advice would weigh heavily with Galvao. He meditated on the alternatives, too, as he steered the course for Angola, with Captain Maia helping with the navigation under the guns of the other *pistoleros*. Sotomayor had suffered much in his fight against the Iberian dictatorships. He had seen many men die.

At fifty-two, Sotomayor was still tall and darkly handsome. But his life, the conspiratorial life of the fugitive

rebel, had made him aloof and taciturn. It was strange that a man in whom the fires of hate burned so high could be so cold. "Franco and Salazar will receive analogous blows," he would say and that, to him, said it all.

He had joined Galvao in Caracas after slipping away from secret-police surveillance in Lisbon, where he had been living in exile. He could never go home to his native Galicia or, for that matter, anywhere in Spain until the Franco regime had been destroyed. He was one of the generalissimo's most hated and feared foes.

Next in line to Sotomayor came another Spaniard, the lean and hungry Professor Velo. With his bushy hair, high forehead, sunken cheeks, expressive eyes, hatchet nose and assertive Adam's apple, he looked like a brooding figure out of an El Greco painting. Indeed, some of the American passengers called him "El Greco," after Henry A. Bates of Washington, D.C., pinned the name on him. Like Sotomayor, Velo was a Galician, having been born April 26, 1915, at Celenova in Orense.

Velo had fought in the Spanish Republican Army during the Civil War. He dropped out of sight during World War II, but in 1947 the Franco police arrested him. They charged that his home in Galicia had served as the clandestine meeting place of an anti-Franco underground for three years. He was accused of being a Communist and put in jail. He was freed, however, and he went to Lisbon. In 1950, he made his way to Caracas, where he and other Spanish revolutionaries soon banded together in old Alberto Bayo's Union de Combatientes Espanoles. By 1959, he had become "secretary for special affairs" of the U.C.E., which meant that he was calling signals for the organization's terrorist campaign inside Spain.

He was a spellbinding orator, and even the Americans

who could not understand Spanish were enthralled by his harangues aboard the *Santa Maria*. As Galvao's chief theoretician and organizer, he hardly let an hour go by that he was not out trying to recruit new rebels among the crew and Third Class passengers. Mrs. Chubb, the indefatigable *sympatica*, would sit on the stairway leading up from the lounge, hug her knees and revel in the sound of the Professor's importunate speeches—thrilled by them without understanding a word. David R. Crockett of Pompano Beach, Florida, liked to discuss Spanish and Portuguese politics with Velo, although Crockett had little knowledge of either. He liked to see the sparks fly as "El Greco" lit into the subject which had engrossed his life since youth.

"I am from Spain but Portugal is just as bad," Velo told Crockett one day, when the American found an interpreter. "The people are downtrodden. There is no freedom there. General Delgado actually won the election in 1958 but they stole it from him. Any who raise their voices in protest are killed or put in jail and tortured."

Crockett nodded agreement, remembering a *Santa Maria* crewman a few days out of Lisbon, before the rebels came aboard. The crewman had popped a cork into his mouth and said, "This is Portugal."

"I sympathize with the aims of your revolution," Crockett told Velo.

Velo and Sotomayor—these were the two men upon whom Galvao most depended, the one his strong right arm and the only man among them who could operate the ship, and the other his ideologist and persuasive recruiter for The Cause. Galvao gave great weight to their views in trying to decide whether to dash for Angola and let young de Souza die, or send him to a hospital ashore and sur-

render the element of surprise. He had to consider also the desires of the twenty-one others who had joined him in "Operation Dulcinea." They had come far and sacrificed much to be with him. They were:

Victor Jose Velo Perez, seventeen years old, the son of the Spaniard, Velo. He lived with his parents in Caracas, where he attended school. A fierce patriot, he was imbued with his father's hatred for Franco and Salazar. He had begged to be taken along on the seizure of the *Santa Maria*. A cold youngster, it was he who fired the first of the shots which mortally wounded Third Pilot Joao do Nascimento Costa.

Jose de Cunha Ramos, nineteen and the youngest of the Portuguese. He worked as a carpenter in Caracas, where his family had moved from his home town of Porto in Portugal. He teamed with young Velo and throughout the trip the two were inseparable.

Francisco Rico Leal, forty-four, Spanish, married and the father of two children. The Venezuelans to whom he sold furniture as a salesman at a store in Caracas would have been shocked at his background. He boasted aboard the *Santa Maria* of having killed many "right wing Spaniards" during the Civil War, and to Franco's Guardia Civil he was known as "the King of the Assassins." Rico was a member of the Anarchist Party in Spain before and during the Civil War. He is reputed to have led an assault against a Guardia Civil barracks in Alicante, where he was born, and taken six of the guards prisoner. As the guards were being led away, the story goes, Rico and his men opened fire, killing four and wounding two. In 1937, he was arrested for robbery. He shot one policeman, wounded another and fled. He turned up fighting in an Anarchist Division and, after the war, left Spain with a price

on his head. He eventually arrived in Caracas, where he married a Venezuelan, and settled down to a new life. But to him, the Spanish Civil War was not yet over.

Fermin Suarez Fernandez, forty-six, Spanish, married. A native of Gijon, Asturias, he was a mechanic in Venezuela, where he had become a citizen. For him, too, the Civil War was still alive. He had made a number of trips back to Spain. During the months prior to his going aboard the *Santa Maria*, he had helped plant bombs in San Sebastian and in the Atocha Railroad Station in Madrid.

Joaquim Manuel da Silva Paiva, thirty-five, Portuguese, married. A civil engineer, he was a native of Lisbon. It was Paiva who fired the submachine gun bullets which cut down the young navigator, Joao de Souza. Toward the end of the rebel cruise aboard the *Santa Maria*, Galvao must have become disenchanted with him. A note apparently in Galvao's handwriting, found in the cabin which he had just left, remarked on Paiva as follows: "Absolutely without morals. Marked deceitful personality, great vivacity, no culture, and perverse intelligence. Disloyal. Dangerous by reason of ability to attract persons. Vanity and cynicism. Great ease and ability in difficult situations. Doesn't merit the confidence of anyone. Concerning his personal bravery I have doubts; he is too great a braggart to merit confidence in this respect. I judge him susceptible of committing acts of cowardliness. Patriotism, ideals and ideas: zero. Venal. Surrounded by moral incapacity. All of companions, or the majority of them, judge him capable of treason."

Rafael Ojeda Henriquez, thirty-one, Venezuelan, single. A civil engineer in Caracas, the city of his birth. A calm, pleasant man, to whom the passengers turned naturally. He was gentle, dignified, well-mannered. He was a close



friend of Velo. Galvao liked him, too, and appointed him a lieutenant.

Manuel Perez Rodriguez, twenty-eight, Spanish, a bachelor. He had come from Porrino, Pontavedra, where he was born, to Caracas in search of work. He found it, as an automobile mechanic.

Camilo Tavares Mortagua, twenty-seven, Portuguese, married. He was a native of Oliveira de Azemeis-Ul. In Caracas, he was a radio announcer.

Luiz Manoel Mota de Oliveira, thirty-three, Portuguese, a bachelor. A native of Espinho-Anta, he had lived in Barcelona, Spain, before going to Caracas, where he worked as a carpenter.

Graciano Maquis Esparrinha, twenty-four, Portuguese, married. He went to Caracas from his native Oliveira de Asemeis-Loureiro.

Emanuel Jorge Pestana de Barros, twenty-three, Portuguese, single. He made his home in Caracas but he was born in Funchal-S. Pedro.

Filipe Viegas Aleixo, forty-six, Portuguese, married. He was born in Almancil. He worked in Caracas as a chauffeur.

Basilio Losada Losada, twenty-nine, Spanish, single. Born in Lugo-Escairan, he was a furniture-finisher in Caracas.

Alfredo Illanez Ferro, thirty-one, Spanish, a bachelor. He was a mechanic in Caracas.

Jose Frias de Oliveira, thirty-seven, Portuguese, married. He was a native of Albergaria-a-Velha. In Caracas, he worked as a salesman.

Julio Ferreira de Andrade, thirty-four, Portuguese, married. Born in Anadia-Arcos, he lived in Barcelona before going to Caracas. By trade he was a locksmith.

Jose Perez Martinez, forty-seven, Venezuelan, married. A civil engineer, he made his home in Caracas.

Manuel Mazo Bravo, thirty, Spanish, single. He was an electrician in Caracas.

Luis (Federico) Fernandez Ackerman, twenty-one, Spanish, a bachelor. His father, Jose Fernandez Vasquez, was a Spanish diplomat assigned to the Spanish Embassy in Paris. As a boy, he shocked his parents and friends with his extremist views. He talked often about joining a terrorist group to assassinate Franco. In Caracas, he worked in an office.

Augustin Romara Rojo, forty, Spanish, married. An anesthetist, he had left Madrid some time earlier and gone secretly to Moscow. He turned up in Caracas two or three months before "Operation Dulcinea" was launched.

Antonio de Almeida Frutuoso, twenty-six, Portuguese, a bachelor. A native of Espinho-Anta, he had lived in Barcelona, Spain, before going to Caracas, where he worked as a carpenter.

These were the twenty-four men—eleven Portuguese, eleven Spaniards, two Venezuelans—who took the *Santa Maria* with two submachine guns, four rifles, eight pistols and four hand grenades. None was an avowed, card-carrying Communist, although there were some incriminating associations. And they all, in one way or another, were disciples of that doughty old guerrilla expert, "General" Alberto Bayo Girod.

Nobody seems sure about how Bayo came by his title. Some say the Spanish Republican Army gave it to him. Others say he gave it to himself. But there is no doubt that he knows a lot about guerrilla fighting. In fact, he wrote a pamphlet about it, drawn from experiences in

Spain, and this little booklet had great effect on the Caribbean area.

Alberto Bayo was born in Cuba, in Camaguey Province, on March 27, 1892. He first went to Spain as a youth, to enroll in the Infantry Academy at Toledo. He saw his first combat in the 1916-1917 Moroccan Campaign and, smitten by the new aerial warfare, returned to Spain to enter the Four Winds Academy. He was almost thrown out in 1922, after he beat to death a Spanish nobleman, Don Joaquim Gonzalez Gullarza, in a fist fight. But the academy relented and he was graduated with the title of "Pilot in Military Skills."

When the Civil War came, Bayo fought on the Republican side. He led the Republican attack on Majorca which failed miserably. For a time he served as aide-de-camp to the Republican minister of war, with the rank of colonel. He spent the last days of the war in England, trying to buy airplanes, and in Paris, recuperating from injuries. At war's end in 1939 he went back to his native Cuba and started calling himself "General" Bayo. He studied and taught mathematics in Havana until 1942, when he shifted to Mexico City to teach aerodynamics and aerial navigation at the Mexican Army's Aviation School.

It was in 1957 that Bayo, his military life put aside and his attention turned to running a Mexico City book store, was first approached by Castro with an appeal to help him learn guerrilla warfare.

Bayo had written a pamphlet, *150 Questions for a Guerrilla*, drawn from experiences in Spain. It caught the eye of Fidel Castro, who also was in Mexico City then. Bayo agreed to set up a school of instruction, with Fidel and Raul Castro, "Che" Guevara and Camillo Cienfuegos as his first students. They quietly organized a guerrilla

training camp at La Rosa Ranch in Charco, a few miles from Mexico City. A number of Cuban exiles went through this school, but Bayo always afterward referred to the Castros, Guevara and Cienfuegos as his "star pupils."

When they had triumphed over the Batista regime in Cuba, Fidel Castro brought old Bayo to Havana as his chief of guerrilla tactics.

Soon, age began to catch up with Bayo. To some, he had become a tiresome old man, quick to reminisce and quicker to embroider each tale with the retelling. But he kept his hand in. He wrote two more pamphlets, *Tempest in the Caribbean* and *My Part in the Cuban Revolution*, and he popped up all over the area, holding secret meetings with Latin dissidents from the Old and the New World. He organized the Union de Combatientes Espanoles, which sought to bring all anti-Franco exiles under central authority, and he was on hand in Caracas in October, 1959, when he and other Spanish and Portuguese, including Galvao and Delgado, joined forces in the creation of the Directorio Revolucionario Iberico de Libertacao.

Bayo's connection to Castro suggests that the Cuban leader had an interest in the *Santa Maria*. He was probably kept informed as the plotting progressed.

One strange event might indicate as much, and more. Two Cuban revolutionary leaders, Major Elroy Gutierrez Menoyo and Major Armando Fleitas, were picked up in a small boat with about fifteen other Cubans off Key West, Florida, late in January, 1961. They were thought to be defectors and were taken to the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service camp in Texas. There they told a weird tale. They claimed they had set out from Cuba and were hanging around waiting for the *Santa Maria*, in order to board her as rebel reinforcements.

Whether or not a rendezvous had been planned, and missed by design or poor coordination, they were far from the *Santa Maria's* redirected course.

The *Santa Maria-Liberdade* was steaming at more than twenty knots away from Miami's \$35-a-day hotels and toward Angola, where most men count themselves incredibly lucky to hold that much money in their hands once in a lifetime.

As Galvao balanced de Souza's life against his venture's precious secrecy, black men and brown men and even white men in Angola schemed for freedom and waited for some signal to rise up against nearly five centuries of repression.

Just outside Angola's boundaries, the revolutionaries watched and waited. Uniao das Populacoes de Angola, a moderate organization, made its headquarters in Leopoldville in the Congo. FRAIN, a radical group dominated by Communists, was set up in Conakry, the capital of Guinea. They aimed their propaganda broadcasts at the Angolans and sent their agents into northern Angola. They waited for some signal, some word or deed that would touch off the bloodletting.

Aboard the *Santa Maria*, Galvao reached his decision. The life of the young navigator had to be saved.

Dawn was breaking and a light rain was falling when the *Santa Maria* raised St. Lucia on Monday, January 23. She steamed to within two miles of the docks at Castries. Lifeboat No. 3, the second one on the starboard side, was reeled into the placid water. In it were an engineer, a coxswain, two deckhands, a crewman suffering with yellow jaundice, the wounded de Souza and the hospital attendant, Carlos de Carvalho.

As the big launch sputtered to life and headed for

shore, Carlos turned from his patient and looked up at the ship. Captain Galvao and Captain Maia stood on the outcropping of the flying bridge. Around them were a number of armed rebels. Lining the rails from bow to stern were what seemed to be every last one of the ship's passengers. The men looked grim, and some of the women and children were softly crying. They were silent, all eyes on the launch.

But not all of the passengers were topside that misty morning. Arthur Douglas Patton and his wife Myrtle had been on deck earlier, about half past six. They saw a coastline but could not tell what it was. A radio was playing and the announcer was speaking French, so they figured they were near Martinique, and the land they saw was either Martinique or St. Lucia. A large aircraft flew over.

"Look!" Patton cried. "It dipped its wings! Maybe it recognized us!"

The *Santa Maria* made a sharp turn, almost a hairpin, and seemed to be heading back in the direction from which it had come. The Pattons returned to their cabin, as mystified as ever, torn between the hope inspired by the aircraft and the depressing signs of the land receding in the distance.

In their cabin later the Pattons were startled at the sound of an engine. They went to the porthole and looked out. They saw the lifeboat pulling away from the idling ship. They went back on deck, where fellow captives swapped dozens of versions of what was going on.

In her cabin, Mrs. Chubb was just starting to stir. She had been up until nearly four o'clock in the morning, writing in her journal. She still could not believe she was actually living through the strange adventure that seemed

so much like a dream. But she was beginning to get a little worried. She wrote:

January 23, 1961—3 A.M. It just simply isn't true—and can't be true. In my wildest dreams of something dreadful or something wonderful that could happen to me, this I never dreamed of—to be held a prisoner of pirates (actually revolutionaries) in mid-Atlantic on a large ocean liner in this day and age.

Tomorrow I shall awake. But here I am and it begins to look serious. Small things I do not write about—huddled groups; grim stolid faces; gay fretfulness; watchfulness. The crew remains kind, helpful but uncommunicative and we do not try to break that down, thinking of their interests. The menu slashed by  $\frac{2}{3}$  leaves plenty of food; the new promptness demanded is not difficult. The flag flown from our ship is gone. It may be to make it less recognizable.

Rumor says we go to Belem or Cape Verde Islands. We shall, because we have no choice, wait and see. A Portuguese man let me listen to Voice of America. We were not mentioned. . . .

The sea is beautiful and calm and wholly untroubled. Most of us are showing, we think, proper poise and control, a few fussers. . . .

On the flying bridge, Galvao's face was a serene mask of resignation. He felt the wind quicken as the *Santa Maria* picked up speed and his hopes for a secret dash to Angola went bobbing away behind him with the seven men in the lifeboat.

The alarm, he knew, would be spread around the world.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THE CHASE BEGINS

The *Santa Maria* broke free of St. Lucia and the other Windward Islands, strung like a gate across the eastern end of the Caribbean. As she knifed east-southeast through the lower North Atlantic, still bound for Angola on the African west coast, Galvao took stock of the situation.

There was enough food and water to last almost a month, if properly conserved. He already had ordered rationing. Food was being served on a no-menu, take-it-or-leave-it basis, and water for bathing and laundry was available only three times a day, in the morning, midday and evening, and for two hours each time. His fuel, about 1,600 tons of oil and normally good for about five thousand miles, was burning up at an alarming rate as Sotomayor pressed ahead at more than twenty knots. But how beautifully she sailed! It was only the beginning of his second day in command of this 610 feet of Portugal, but already he loved her.

It was crucial that the world understand why he had seized the *Santa Maria*. Soon the chase would begin. If the world adjudged them pirates, they would be shown no mercy and The Cause would be lost. As insurrectionists, they would at least be heard and The Cause would



flourish, no matter what happened to them as individuals. This was what he and Professor Velo and the others who spoke to the passengers and crew were trying to get across. This was the message he hoped would rally the passengers and crew to his side, or at least deter them from active opposition, for he wanted no more bloodshed aboard this ship, his ship.

Galvao was worried about the progress of the indoctrination. The first thing he did after seizing the *Santa Maria* was to make the rounds of the crew's quarters and talk to the seamen.

As he looked at their strong bodies and smooth-browed Portuguese faces, a note of entreaty came into his voice. He was a leader with very few followers, and he could be forgiven if he felt an urgency about recruiting more men for his assault on Salazar. The series of meetings with the crewmen started about seven o'clock that first Sunday morning. Galvao followed up with an address to the passengers over the ship's loudspeaker.

The impassioned speeches won over few new recruits. But they had one noticeable effect on the passengers and crew. They seemed to ease the shock. The crew was still melancholy but deferential and cooperative. The passengers were no longer in a near-panic. Some, in fact, were beginning to smile faint greetings at the *pistoleros*, and one or two had even struck up conversations. Galvao wondered how he could improve relations.

There were a lot of passengers to be concerned about, for only twenty-four men and fourteen guns. Nevertheless, the ship was far from crowded, especially in First Class and Cabin Class, and Galvao gave orders for his men to move into the empty rooms. They chose the First Class Cabins, for human as well as tactical reasons. They

were the most comfortable and spacious. Besides, being high and forward, they were closer to the boat deck and the bridge, from which the small band of armed men controlled the whole vessel. Altogether, there were 612 passengers—239 Spaniards, 189 Portuguese, 87 Venezuelans, 44 Dutch, 42 Americans, 7 Cubans, 2 Brazilians, 1 Italian and 1 Panamanian.

The 44 Dutch and the 42 Americans comprised the bulk of the 165 First Class and Cabin Class passengers. The 447 others were in the cramped Tourist Class quarters on the lower three decks aft. These were the least desirable areas of the ship and, with the air conditioning out, they were pestholes of muggy heat and trapped stale air. But the Spaniards, Portuguese and other Latins in Third Class did not complain at first. Of peasant stock, weighed down for generations by poverty and lack of status, they were used to adversity. With typical stoicism, they were ready to sweat patiently while the masters of their fate played out the string. Soon, they hoped and prayed, it would be all over. They would be back home, after working in the dollar-rich New World, and they could resume the old way or, with the savings they had accumulated, live a notch above the old way. Such was the mental attitude at first of the people "in steerage."

The Americans saw immediately that few, if any, of their prerogatives were likely to suffer. Galvao had indicated as much at the outset. The steel barriers in the passageways, separating First, Cabin and Tourist Classes, were kept locked. And Galvao even left the first two classes their deck chairs, for which they had paid two dollars rental at the start of the trip. The Americans were confident that their government would not let them down. The world's most powerful navy would soon be on their

trail and somehow they would be rescued. As the Americans talked, in little groups which then passed the word around, they decided that it was all really out of their hands and there was nothing much they could do except to maintain a dignified calm until others dissuaded Galvao from his mad scheme and they could be put safely ashore.

Thanks to her many years as a social worker, Mrs. Chubb had a towering interest in people. Unlike some of the passengers, she looked kindly upon "the pirates." She felt no animosity toward them, although she could not condone their violence. She had spent some time in Portugal and she knew what its police-state repression was like. The rebels' goal was certainly laudable.

Relaxing in her deck chair in the open air that first Sunday night, Mrs. Chubb had discussed things with those in nearby chairs. She was as confused as anyone else about what would happen next. But she was sure of one thing. She knew it would be many days before they would be allowed to leave the ship.

Mrs. Chubb went to her cabin and, with a touch of sadness, broke the cellophane off a set of bridge cards. They would come in handy, to while away the long hours ahead. She was sad because they were particularly beautiful cards, and she had bought them as souvenirs for her grandchildren. There were full-color pictures on the backs depicting Portuguese and Spanish explorers and settlers in North and South America.

When Henry Bates saw them, he was inspired. Mrs. Chubb's gesture seemed ceremonial, like cutting the ribbon on a new bridge or highway. It marked the beginning of a great adventure in their lives. He could do no less than respond as generously. He went below and came back with one of his precious bottles of Cointreau. Laugh-

ing, they all had an after-dinner drink—Mrs. Chubb, Bates and his wife, and Mrs. Caroline Boyce—and played the first of what were to be many hands of bridge with Mrs. Chubb's donated cards.

John W. Dawson, born in the bush country of Australia sixty years before but living in the United States since 1923, was of another mind on how to meet the situation. Dawson and his sixty-two-year-old wife Hedwig had run a bookstore in Palo Alto, California, and they made money. But thirteen years before they boarded the *Santa Maria* at Lisbon, they sold the bookstore and began to travel the world.

Dawson was a prolific reader, and as he often said, "I don't read junk." His tastes ran to meaty, non-fiction works from which he could glean useful information and attitudes which were grist for his philosophy, which was rugged individualism-conservatism. He directed his reading toward his travels, so that as he trotted the globe his knowledge of it increased through books as well as personal observation. Gerald Brenan, an authority on Spain and Portugal, was a favorite while the Dawsons were contemplating the Iberian Peninsula. They studied his *Face of Spain*. They also brought along Aldous Huxley's *Collected Essays* and E. M. Forster's *Passage to India* and—what could be more appropriate?—Max Nomad's *Aspects of Revolt*.

Dawson thought Salazar's economic plan was sound, all things considered. And his favorable inclination toward Salazar, although not generally shared among his fellow passengers in Cabin Class, was reinforced by his detestation for the Galvao rebels. He had no use for men who, in flagrant immorality, as he saw it, seized a ship at sea and shot down members of the crew.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO



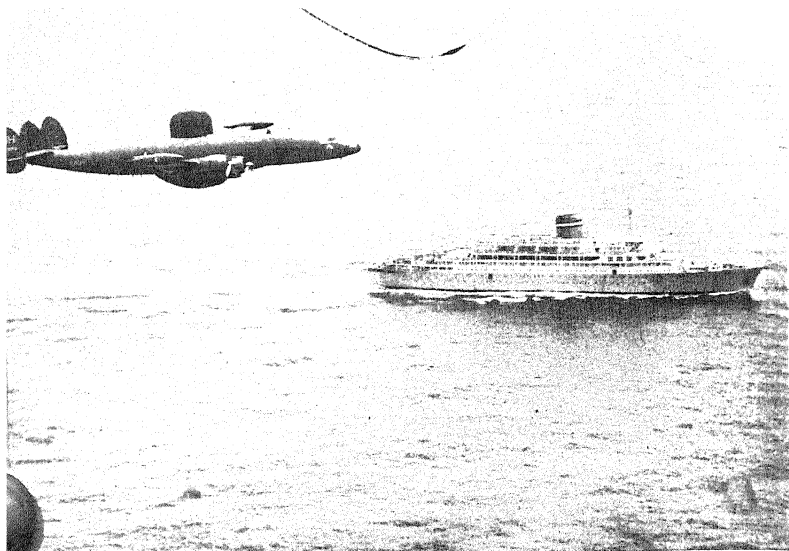
UPI

(Left) Captain Mario Simoes Maia, skipper of the *Santa Maria*, who gave over his ship to Captain Henrique Galvao under force of arms to protect passengers and crew. (Right) Captain Henrique Galvao, rebel-politician-playwright extraordinary, who seized the *Santa Maria* at gunpoint on January 22, 1961, as Phase One of his anti-Salazar campaign, Operation Dulcinea.

(Below) The luxury liner *Santa Maria*, pride of Portugal, is renamed *Santa Liberdade* by rebel Captain Galvao, in honor of his mission.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

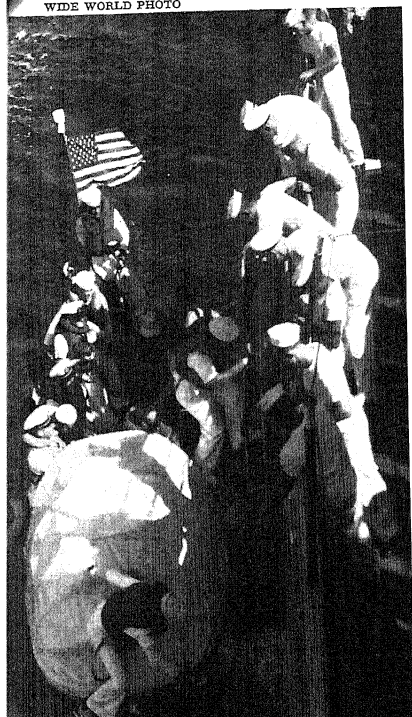




WIDE WORLD PHOTO

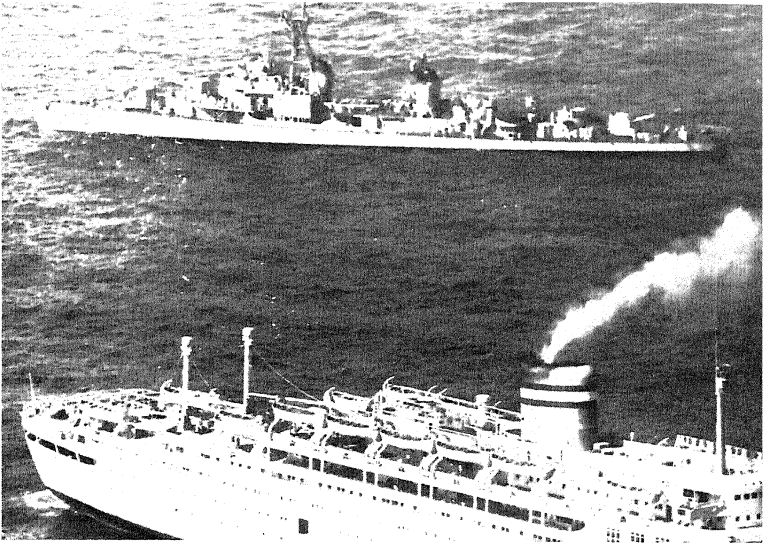
The rebel-held *Santa Maria*, once found, receives a U. S. Navy patrol plane escort as it heads toward the Brazilian coast. It was this escort that gave hope to the passengers that they would be rescued.

At a rendezvous point some fifty-five miles from Recife, Admiral Allen Smith enters launch from the U.S.S. *Gearing* on January 31 to discuss safe removal of the passengers.



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

UPI PHOTO



The U.S.S. *Gearing* stands by as the admiral boards the *Santa Maria* to consult with Captain Galvao.

Admiral Smith and Lieutenant Commander Reaney try to reassure the passengers of the *Santa Maria*.

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH





An emotional moment: co-conspirators Captain Henrique Galvao and General Humberto Delgado embrace as the general boards the *Santa Maria-Liberdade* at Recife.

A proud moment. General Delgado, who opposed the Salazar régime in the 1958 election, considered by the rebels the true leader of Portugal, receives a salute from his followers.



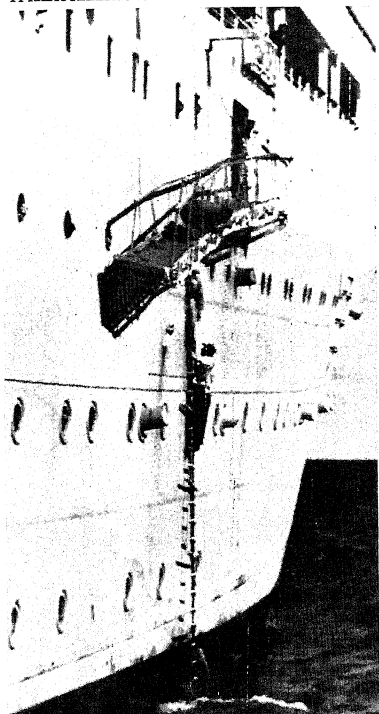


(Top right) A pensive moment: as General Delgado ponders, perhaps, how Operation Dulcinea will end, how it will affect the Salazar régime.

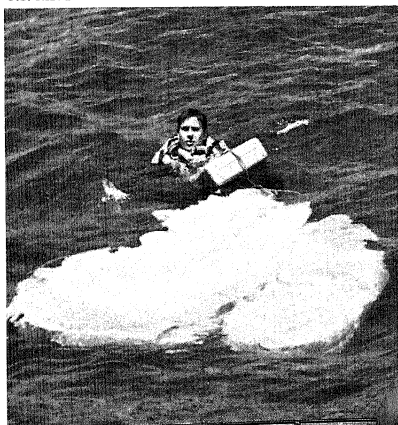
(Below right) French photographer-parachutist Charles Bonnay makes his first attempt to drop in on the *Santa Maria* and misses. Picked up by the U.S.S. *Gearing*, he kept trying and eventually boarded the ship before passengers left—one of the few newsmen to succeed.

(Below left) *Life* photographer Joe Sojerschet hangs from a ladder while trying to board the *Santa Maria* in Recife harbor on February 1. Not so lucky as Charles Bonnay, he was ominously warned off by a rebel guard, had to retreat to a waiting fishing boat.

PI RADIOTELEPHOTO



U.S. NAVY





UPI PHOTO

The twelve-day ordeal is over. Waiting hands reach out to lift a baby from the landing stage to the tug that will carry him to shore.



UPI RADIOTELEPHOTO

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bates of Washington, D.C., wait with their luggage on the Recife dock for arrangements that will get them home.



(Top right) Delbert Carl Smith of Johnstown, Pa., looks thankful and weary as he holds his daughter Deborah in his arms after leaving the *Santa Maria* at last.

(Below) Mrs. Floyd Preston and her sons Harold and Stephen peer joyfully through the portholes as they await disembarkation.





UPI TELEPHOTO

Brazilian Admiral Dias Fernandes reads a document putting the *Santa Maria* in the hands of Brazil on February 3. Captain Galvao stands at attention during the dramatic shipboard ceremony. In the document, Galvao was promised political asylum for himself and his rebels.

Captain Galvao signs the document handing over the *Santa Maria*. Later, he was incensed because Brazil returned the liner to Portuguese government-controlled Companhia Colonial de Navegacao. The adventure is over; the *Santa Maria* is no longer his.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

He knew a lot about books and he had a mind that was quick to grasp and sift details and then form opinions, firmly. Why not, he thought, write a book himself about the *Santa Maria* incident? He kept on the lookout, observing and recording, and he asserted himself as one of the leaders among the forty-two American passengers. He was thus able to talk personally to Galvao on two occasions, and each time he did not bite his tongue.

Dawson, in his blunt way, was contemptuous of the bridge players and other dawdlers among his fellow passengers. He occasionally stomped around in fits of anger at Galvao, the American passengers, the rambunctious children, President John F. Kennedy and the United States Navy. On such occasions, a mild cuss word would slip out. He would "damn" the *Santa Maria* and the confusion, and sometimes he would say, "Nobody knows what the hell's going on in this damn boat. They all stay in their cabins and play cards. I'm going down to Third Class. That's where the fighting's going to be, and that's where I'm going to be when it starts."

Mrs. Caroline Boyce, widowed mother of four, grandmother of ten, knew something about the Portuguese, too. When she boarded the *Santa Maria* at Lisbon on January 9, 1961, she had just spent three months in Madeira and five weeks in Portugal.

It was her first visit to Portugal and her principal reaction was, "The Portuguese are desperately poor people." She wondered about a regime which permitted its people to live in near-starvation. She was impressed, therefore, with the perorations of Galvao and his rebel chieftains aboard the *Santa Maria*. And, like Mrs. Chubb, she felt tolerant toward them, not at all harshly, like Dawson.

The forty-four Dutch passengers, mainly vacationing

tourists, lacked the security of any of the others. Galvao ignored their existence, not bothering to have anything translated for them. Portuguese, Spanish and English were the languages aboard the runaway ship. The Dutch spent much of their time running around trying to piece together what was being said and done from among those in their number who understood any of the three languages. Those Dutch who lived in Curacao, and had boarded there for the trip to Europe, were generally fluent in English.

Paul Venetian of Noordweijk, the Netherlands, was not one of the confused Dutch. With three others, he plotted a sudden counterattack which he hoped would overthrow the rebels. Huddling at the rail, leaning against a bulkhead with studied nonchalance, innocently promenading the deck, they plotted furiously as the second day of captivity waned, trying to reach a decision on when and how to act. This was despite the fact that their inability to speak either Spanish or Portuguese made it hard for them to keep up with much of what was going on.

For another Netherlander, William van der Meer, the situation was no trouble at all. He was seized in a different kind of captivity. Laura Mendes, a lovely brunette passenger from Spain, had captured his heart and he had no thoughts left for piracy or politics. He was in love with her, and she with him, and they vowed to be married as soon as they got off the ship.

Mrs. Delbert Smith had a special problem. First of all, she was terrified of Galvao, his men and their guns. She was afraid for herself, her husband and their seven-year-old Deborah. They had decided to go for their usual morning swim that first day. But when she saw men lurking around the pool with guns, she called it off. Worst of

all, Debbie seemed to have come down with something. She was feverish and bleary-eyed, listless and cross. Fortunately, the Smiths' call for a doctor was promptly heeded. The diagnosis was unhesitating: measles. That meant confinement to the cabin for all three. Jane resented it at first as a piece of tough luck. But gradually she came to look on it as a blessing in disguise. It kept her away from the gunmen and it gave her a chance to prepare Debbie for the extraordinary situation in which they were all caught. She swabbed Debbie's wispy blond hair off her feverish forehead and helped her count the measles as they popped out all over.

About noon on Monday, the second day of captivity, Mrs. Chubb went to her cabin to tidy up for lunch. She was surprised to find in her bureau drawer a handsome and obviously expensive radio set. She heard her cabin door open and she turned quickly. There was a ship's maid, one she had not seen before. The woman's eyes were as big and round as only frightened Portuguese eyes can get, and she held an index finger to her pursed lips in a gesture of silence. Without a word, the maid gently embraced Mrs. Chubb, motioned to her to cover the radio with a scarf and to close the bureau drawer. Mrs. Chubb, her heart thumping, followed directions and went to lunch.

On the dining room stairs, a ship's officer took both of her hands in his and whispered, "God bless you." At her table, the waiter came up solemnly, shook her hand and said, "Thank you." Mrs. Chubb, baffled by it all, hurried through lunch and hastened back to her cabin. She was in the dark but she was game. It was like something out of a good British spy thriller and at seventy (really seventy-one in a few days) one does not deal lightly with adventures. Throwing herself into the spirit of whatever the

conspiracy was all about, Mrs. Chubb unzipped the big suitcase she kept flat on the deck, put the radio inside, covered it with clothing, zipped the suitcase shut and laid on top of it a folded kimono and a batch of unanswered letters. She rang for the maid and, with sign language, showed her the new hiding place. She resolved to keep feeling for it once or twice a day, to make sure it was still there and not ferreted out by rebel searchers.

Mrs. Floyd Preston's big problem was laundry. After mothering four lively boys and living two years in Caracas, where riots and even assassinations are not uncommon, she had built up a certain equanimity. She and her husband were taking the violence in stride. But laundry was not so easily ignored. The maid assigned to her in First Class Cabin No. 15, Maria Sousa, had carted off a huge load of laundry on Saturday, just after the departure from Curacao. Mrs. Preston had not had time to do it in the hubbub of packing all her belongings, selling or giving away unwanted furniture, saying farewells to friends and herding her brood to the docks at La Guaira. She had looked forward to having all the clothes and diapers nicely done up by the ship's laundry in time for disembarkation at Port Everglades on Tuesday. But Maria had brought them back on Saturday and, with tears in her eyes, explained that the laundry was closed because of water rationing.

"However, I have washed the clothes with my hands," Maria said. "I am sorry, but all of them are not yet dry."

June Preston expressed her great thanks and, with Maria's help, festooned the bathroom with the limp, wet diapers, shirts, shorts, socks, underwear, blouses, skirts and dresses. And that was the way it would be for the rest of the trip for her. She managed a pretty good schedule,



although taking advantage of the midday water meant skipping lunch now and again. She figured out an extremely effective, if unorthodox, method of rinsing. She used the *bidet*. Its fountain of fresh water was more practical than sloshing the clothes in the wash basin or tub.

June and the two younger boys with her in Cabin No. 15, Donald and Steven, awakened early on Monday, January 23, and popped their heads out of the portholes. In Cabin No. 17, next door but not connecting, Floyd Preston and the two older boys, Carl Bruce, and Harold, were also awake. The ship had stopped and either that or the heat, intense when the ship was not moving, even with the electric fans, had disturbed their sleep. Outside they saw the lifeboat being lowered with the wounded navigator and the others in it. Floyd and the big boys went on deck to see what it was all about. They soon came back with word that Galvao was sending some sick men to a hospital ashore.

All that day, the Prestons tried like the other passengers to find out what would happen to them. There was a great guessing game among the passengers as to where the *Santa Maria* was headed. Some said northeast, others said southeast, but all agreed it was east and toward the open mid-Atlantic. They listened to portable radios but as night fell they still had heard no mention of themselves on the news.

The older Preston boys amused themselves by playing chess with some of the Spanish children in Cabin Class. They climbed over the steel barriers in a passageway to go there. The younger Prestons pulled wooden toys around on strings or went for endless rides on the slide in the First Class playroom. Floyd turned in early that night, but June went on deck. She intended to go to the movie

but instead fell into guessing-game conversations with her fellow passengers, especially Howard R. Weisberger of Las Vegas, Nevada, who had a battery-operated radio and a good chart of the Atlantic sea lanes. The evening ended on a grisly note for June. She had to sit politely through a long dissertation by the Portuguese Immigration Service doctor as he explained how he had embalmed the body of the slain officer and put it in one of the ship's large storage refrigerators.

On the bridge, Galvao was mystified. He had put the lifeboat ashore at St. Lucia about eight o'clock in the morning. Yet, by midnight, he had not received a single message. Surely, the arrival of the men from the *Santa Maria* would sound the alarm. Where were the messages? Was his secret, by some miracle, still preserved?

Not quite. The men in the lifeboat had indeed gone ashore at Castries shouting about pirates and murder on the high seas. The startled fishermen and workers on the quays in the sleepy, tropical port had thought them madmen at first. But gradually, the truth dawned. Word was rushed to the authorities.

Commodore Clinton Shand of the British Royal Navy, the Senior Naval Officer in the West Indies, was contemplating the start of another routine week when the incredible news reached him. Pirates? In the twentieth century? Certainly, one knew about Bartholomew Roberts, Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd and John "Long Ben" Avery, and even of the lady pirates Anne Bonney and Mary Read. They had roamed these waters, murdering and pillaging until they came to the end that all pirates come to—well, almost all. But that was long ago. Piracy had not been a real menace to shipping in American waters since the public hanging of Captain Gibert and

four others from the pirate ship *Panda* at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1835. But all this notwithstanding, Commodore Shand reacted without hesitation. He ordered the British frigate H.M.S. *Rothsay* to get underway immediately. With one of the men from the lifeboat along as a guide, he set out in the *Rothsay* in hot pursuit of the *Santa Maria*.

But the authorities had delayed too long. The British commodore, for all his determination, was badly outdistanced. The *Santa Maria* had a start of more than two hours and a half on the *Rothsay* and was clipping along at more than twenty knots on an unknown course. Besides, the *Rothsay* was low on fuel. Commodore Shand searched out as far as he dared and then sailed, frustrated and still a little stunned, back to St. Lucia.

The mills of bureaucracy (even a military bureaucracy), grind slowly. Commodore Shand messaged promptly to Barbados Radio and his message was relayed without delay. But it was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that Rear Admiral Allen E. Smith, Jr., United States Navy, Commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, heard about the hijacked liner at his headquarters at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The admiral ordered an immediate air search. By half-past four that hot Monday afternoon, January 23, the first P2V Neptune reconnaissance plane had taken off from San Juan in quest of the needle in the haystack. An hour later, the second one was in the air. Soon, a third was sent up.

The chase was on.

## CHAPTER NINE

### WHERE IS IT?

Commodore Shand's "TTT"—code for "Urgent"—had skipped out via Barbados Radio to London, Washington and Lisbon. Understandably, Lisbon was the first to react.

In Lisbon, American Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick received an urgent summons late Monday, January 23, to the Foreign Ministry. There, excited officials told him of what had happened. Pirates had boarded the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* and the United States, as an ally in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, should do something about it. Elbrick, completely in the dark but an experienced foreign service officer, expertly covered up. Talking with great self-assurance but saying nothing which might commit him or his country, he beat a graceful retreat and made straight for the telephone.

"The Portuguese Government has just handed me a formal request for American assistance in rescuing one of their ships from pirates," Elbrick reported to the State Department. "What in the world is this all about?"

Hastily, State Department specialists in Portuguese affairs filled him in. It was true, they said. The United States Navy had a report from the British frigate H.M.S.

*Rothsary* that pirates had boarded the *Santa Maria*. The *Rothsary* had tried pursuit but gave it up for lack of fuel and clear knowledge of where the ship had gone. Another British frigate in the area, H.M.S. *Ulster*, was joining the hunt. Dutch aircraft were up also and Spain had promised some warships. The American Navy had aircraft aloft and had assigned two nearby destroyers, U.S.S. *Damato* and U.S.S. *Wilson*, to scout the scene. Clear orders were being dispatched to the Caribbean Sea Frontier by Robert L. Dennison, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, from his headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia. It looked like piracy, believe it or not, and Elbrick was to notify the Portuguese of the United States' intentions to cooperate fully.

At twenty-three minutes past eleven on the evening of January 23, Admiral Dennison, acting on the information available to him, radioed Rear Admiral Smith at San Juan, Puerto Rico, to follow this procedure:

1. Identify and determine destination.
2. Intercept and search if required to ascertain if reported piracy is true.
3. If act of piracy occurred bring ship into nearest U.S. port (presumably San Juan). Follow applicable provisions of international law in accomplishing above. Use force as necessary, bearing in mind safety of passengers and crew.

These were clear orders, the kind all military men love to receive but seldom do.

Far to the north, on snowbound and windswept Cape Cod, Francis Doane reported as usual for his midnight-to-eight "lobster shift" at the Radio Corporation of America wireless station at Chatham, Massachusetts. It promised to be a fairly busy night for Doane and the other operator

on duty. Chatham Radio, with its fifty kilowatts on a frequency of five hundred kilocycles, was one of the world's most powerful. Since its inauguration in 1914, it had been one of the busiest marine stations on the Atlantic coast, handling messages from North America to ships at sea all over the world.

Doane had four routine messages for the *Santa Maria*, and he was having trouble raising her. Over and over he tapped out the Morse code contact signal on five hundred kilocycles.

"CSAL DE WCC," the coded message clicked out. "Calling the *Santa Maria* from Chatham Radio."

At eighteen minutes past midnight, the *Santa Maria* sputtered a response. It came in the nonchalant "hand" of an experienced Morse operator, a dying breed in this day of voice-radio communication. Doane sent his four messages and the ship signed off, without giving Doane a hint of anything unusual aboard.

At half past two in the morning on January 24, Doane had a fifth message for the *Santa Maria*, this one from Lisbon. He raised the ship, sent the message and stood by for a sign-off. Instead, the *Santa Maria's* operator came through with a message of his own. It was in Portuguese, which neither Doane nor his colleague comprehended. But they figured out that it was addressed to The Press, so they sent it to the R.C.A. network, the National Broadcasting Company in New York. Translated there, it let the cat out of the bag:

To all newspapers: All normal aboard. We will inform the world in due time. Due to weather we will make a telephone broadcast on 2037 kilocycles.  
(Signed) Captain Henrique Galvao.

Galvao had decided not to wait. To achieve his goal of exposing the abuses of the Salazar regime, he needed maximum publicity. He had expected a deluge of Press inquiries once the word spread from St. Lucia. But not a single question had been sent all day. Now he was fishing for them, by a teaser message that was bound to provoke queries.

N.B.C., thanks to having Chatham Radio in its R.C.A. family, had a running head start on its news competitors. It rushed back a message to the ship requesting more information, thereby establishing the first contact with Galvao's floating revolution. N.B.C. then released Galvao's first message to "all newspapers," to whom it had been addressed, and began lining up reporters and television cameramen and sound technicians for the race to be the first to board "the pirate ship" and interview the participants in the fantastic drama.

At half past seven Francis Doane pricked up his ears at Chatham Radio. Galvao was transmitting a reply to the N.B.C. query for information. Striking a blow at the piracy theme, the message said:

First official communique to all democratic newspapers of the free world from the command of the forces occupying the S.S. *Santa Maria* in the name of the National Independent Junta of Liberation led by General Humberto Delgado, legally elected president of the Portuguese Republic, who has been fraudulently deprived of his rights by the Salazar Administration:

After a brief combat at about 1:45 A.M. I captured and occupied the S.S. *Santa Maria* with the forces under my command, the first free group from the

national territory. The crew accepted the act as a political one in accordance with international maritime law, and the majority of the passengers welcome the action enthusiastically. There is complete calm and safety on board, services are being furnished as normally as on an ordinary voyage. Best relations with the occupying forces. I give you this on my word of honor. Passengers and crew request their families be informed that they are well, and I add that they are well and free.

We can not reveal our destination without open hostilities against the tyrannical government of Salazar. We shall try to reach it. Political objectives purely democratic, therefore purely anti-totalitarian, against all forms of tyrannical governments (and) peoples.

We ask not only the support of all truly free governments and peoples but also political recognition of this party liberated from the national territory, led by General Delgado, whom the Portuguese people elected chief in a legal election.

In executing our action, we did not have the slightest political or material aid from any foreign government, only the sacrifice and patriotic devotion of the occupying forces under my command and the base personnel. None of us and none of those who came over to our side of their own free will is willing to surrender.

We shall put the passengers ashore in complete safety and as quickly as possible at the first neutral port that assures non-internment of the ship.

We salute the Portuguese people and other oppressed people of the Peninsula with many thanks for their behavior and understanding of the circum-



stances, and invite them to join the democratic uprising which will follow us. We salute the Brazilian people and press for their constant support of our cause. The occupying forces are well and ask the press of the world to greet their families in their names.

Henrique Galvao

Galvao followed this with a message addressed to Delgado:

Mission integrally accomplished. After briefest combat, occupation. All our companions acted serene bravery worthy of praise. I confirm the communique and at same time I give it to free world press that from all world asks information.

As it was and will be, Salazar's newspaper insult and calumny. Crew accepted consummated fact and maintains itself disciplined, majority passengers enthusiastically with us.

Aboard there is absolute tranquility, safety in perfectly normal life. All are well, asking their health be communicated families. I beg obtain, as rightful, recognition of insurrectional act and consequently state of belligerence, through hearing of specialists international law.

We follow our secret destiny and we hail in Your Excellency, Chief of State, elected by people. I shall communicate whenever possible without prejudice of secrecy of destination and operational plans. In no event shall we surrender.

I beg to make known to our families and Portuguese people, whom Your Excellency represents, that

we are well and we salute you. Everything established according to powers conferred me by Your Excellency and National Independent Liberation Junta as the political, military, administration organ of National Independence Movement.

We shall land passengers in first neutral port that assures us this possibility without internment of ship. Our desire is ever so much greater since all are showing themselves in sympathy and understanding, including foreigners.

We salute people, press, president-elect Brazil, very sensitive their support of our cause. For Motherland, for Liberty!

Henrique Galvao

And then, until half past nine, came a stream of messages from passengers to their families.

"Destination unknown. Love. Mother," Mrs. Boyce wired her son, C. Prevost Boyce, Jr., in Baltimore, Maryland. He was relieved and said he felt little concern about the future because "Mother always is able to adapt to difficult situations."

"Everything is all right," Mrs. Joan Densmore Harber-son messaged her father in Lincoln, Nebraska.

"We're safe. Don't worry," was the wire from the Delbert Smiths.

"Safe. Well," the Henry Bateses said.

"We are OK," the John W. Dietzes wired.

And Mrs. Chubb settled for one word: "Fine."

Galvao was fighting back against the piracy charge. In Sao Paulo, Brazil, eager to join the battle, General Delgado chimed in. Besieged by reporters, and therefore in his element, Delgado declared:

"We are not pirates, only politicians."

Delgado said he had sent telegrams to John Moors Cabot and Sir Geoffrey Wallinger, the American and British Ambassadors to Brazil. He read the identical telegrams:

The *Santa Maria* case does not represent mutiny or piracy but is an appropriation of a Portuguese transport by Portuguese men for Portuguese political purposes. I ask insistently that your government does not interfere in the case.

Holding a copy of the radiogram he received from Galvao, Delgado described himself as "the land-based commander" and said that Galvao was acting as his agent in the seizure of the ship. He emphasized that the passengers would be safely put ashore somewhere, but he became vague when asked where that might be.

"That's something I can not tell you under the circumstances," he chuckled. But he warned that, if attacked, Galvao and his men would resist.

In London, a howl of protest went up from the Labor benches against the hunt for the *Santa Maria* by the two British frigates. Hugh Gaitskell, the Labor Party leader, was cheered when he questioned whether the British Government should interfere "where people are seeking to escape from a dictatorial regime." Laborite Reginald Paget asked testily whether the British Navy "will be equally at the disposal of the Russian or Hungarian Governments in the event of one of their crews making a dash for liberty." And George Brown, deputy Labor leader, contended that "we seem to have dashed in here to take part in what is really an internal affair." Ian Orr-Ewing, civil Lord of the Admiralty, shot back that, after all, one

man was dead and another seriously wounded and he would always expect the Royal Navy to assist a N.A.T.O. ally "when murder has been committed on the high seas and serious injury has been done to other people."

"I think it is in the tradition of the Royal Navy that when asked for assistance you should provide it, and we have done exactly that," Orr-Ewing argued.

However, he agreed to one concession. He said Her Majesty's Government would bear in mind the Labor Party suggestions that Britain should refuse to surrender to the Portuguese Government any of the *Santa Maria* revolutionaries who might be arrested.

The Portuguese Government lost no time in getting its case before the world. Salazar denounced the incident as "a preposterous crime." His regime issued its first *Santa Maria* communique, a factual account of what had become known up to the delivery of the wounded officer in St. Lucia. A Portuguese Government spokesman said:

"The men who attacked the *Santa Maria* are not politicians or ideologists. They are just outlaws. . . .

"The conscience of the civilized world cannot fail to reproach with indignation this return to the barbarian practices that made the Caribbean Sea an area of dishonor which took centuries to clean up."

In Washington, the new Kennedy Administration, just four days in office and already faced with an international incident, was having misgivings about the Navy's attitude that it was "a clear case of piracy."

That Tuesday morning, the telephone rang in the State Department's Legal Division and a well-known voice said: "This is the President. Let me talk to your expert on piracy."

While the President held the line, they searched high

and low for an expert on piracy. But there was none, and the best they could do was to give him a curbstone opinion and a promise to look into the situation thoroughly.

However, these qualms had not had time to burble through the cumbersome machinery through which all public statements must go in the American Government before they see the light of day. While the soul-searching was going on, the State Department's press chief, Lincoln White, ran out of time. He went before his daily noon-time press conference at the slick, new State Department building and put out a statement prepared by his superiors.

"The Government of Portugal has asked certain countries, including the United States, to provide assistance in locating and intercepting the *Santa Maria*, and the United States is acceding to this request," White said. "As a United States Navy spokesman stated last night, destroyers and airplanes have been dispatched to intercept the vessel under the well-defined terms of international law governing piracy and insurrection aboard ship."

State Department reporters who had been reading the Galvao and Delgado statements all morning on news tickers, were taken aback. Where, they asked, did one find these "well-defined terms of international law"?

White looked a little distressed. Try a government lawyer, he suggested, or look it up in *Digest of International Law*, edited by Green H. Hackworth, former State Department legal adviser and the first American member of the International Court of Justice at the Hague.

"The objective of the operation," White said, "is to protect the passengers and crew and return the ship to the control of the rightful owners and operators."

Would the United States grant political asylum to Galvao and his men if they surrendered?

"That seems a little far-fetched," White said.

The idea was not far-fetched at all in Latin America. There was speculation that Galvao might head for Cuba, but Delgado scouted that one by snorting, "Cuba? Why Cuba? There is no reason for Cuba." Neither Galvao nor Delgado was willing to be tagged with an affinity for Fidel Castro's Communist-oriented Cuba. But almost any other country in Latin America was at their disposal. Public opinion there seemed overwhelmingly on their side, especially in Brazil, where an old friend of theirs, Janio Quadros, was being inaugurated as president in a few days.

But whatever the *Santa Maria* was, pirate ship or patriotic beachhead, and wherever she was headed, West Africa or South America, by evening one certainty began to dawn on the world. The United States Navy could not find her.

## CHAPTER TEN

### FOUND AT LAST

All of Tuesday, January 24, the Navy had six aircraft from San Juan and one from Trinidad out looking. The destroyers *Damato* and *Wilson* had refueled at Trinidad and were crisscrossing below the droning aircraft. The British frigates *Rothsay* and *Ulster* were searching. Three Dutch reconnaissance planes were in the air trying to track her. But still they could not find the *Santa Maria*.

At the Pentagon, the Navy was taking its lumps. It was bad enough that the Navy Press Desk was getting such queries as this one, from the *Long Island Newsday*: "Is there any reason why the Navy can't find the *Santa Maria*?"

To make matters worse, the Air Force was snickering at the Navy's dilemma. The Wild Blue Yonder boys made no secret of their contempt for the Navy's performance. "Hell, just give me an old DC-3 and I'd find that ferryboat for you in an hour," they would say to their chagrined sea-going colleagues over coffee at a Pentagon snack bar.

And in that sanctum sanctorum, the conference room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arleigh A. "Thirty-one Knot" Burke, the Chief of Naval Operations, took some high-level ribbing. Army General Lyman L.

Lemnitzer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, teased the admiral about his lack of success in the Caribbean. And then he let him have it, in the best tradition of inter-service rivalry. "Or maybe you don't want to find it," General Lemnitzer said. "That would prove your contention that an aircraft carrier cannot be found at sea, wouldn't it?"

It was all in fun, but the edges were barbed, aimed at a prize Navy argument. Every time somebody wanted to cut an aircraft carrier out of the budget on the ground that it was too expensive and too vulnerable, the Navy came back with the flat assertion that carrier task forces are difficult, if not impossible, to find at sea because they can maneuver and escape detection.

The State Department had its troubles, too. The Salazar Government in Lisbon was hopping mad that the United States had not already located the *Santa Maria*, fired a shot across her bow, boarded, and clamped Galvao and his men in irons. Ambassador Elbrick was deluged with complaints, and the wire between Lisbon and Washington hummed with them. State Department officials were perturbed, too, because they realized that close cooperation with the dictator Salazar would not sit well with the Latin American peoples.

Admiral Burke, no man to take professional criticism lightly, decided it was time to bail the Navy out. He knew that finding the *Santa Maria* with the limited forces available was no easy task. The area first being scanned covered 130,000 square miles, bigger than New Mexico. In those waters, there normally would be seventy-five to a hundred ships as big as the *Santa Maria*, plus scores of smaller vessels. Every one of them sighted by the harassed search pilots would have to be checked, a time-consuming



chore, especially at night. He knew all this but the public did not. He ordered Navy press officers in Washington, Norfolk and San Juan to explain the problem. Meanwhile, he directed a step-up in the effort. Two messages went out on Tuesday, January 24.

The first, relayed by Admiral Dennison from his Atlantic Fleet headquarters in Norfolk, went to Admiral Smith, the Caribbean Sea Frontier commander at San Juan. It virtually invited him to write his own ticket, saying:

“1. Desire maximum effort locate *Santa Maria*. 2. Nominate any additional forces required.”

The second message went from Admiral Dennison to Task Group 88, which was taking a leisurely good-will tour along the west coast of Africa. The orders detached two destroyers from the group, U.S.S. *Vogelgesang* and U.S.S. *Gearing*, and ordered them to take up blocking positions in the middle Atlantic. Their job would be to intercept the *Santa Maria* if she should dash for Angola. To keep the destroyers in fuel, the oiler U.S.S. *Nespelen*, also with Task Group 88, was directed to tag along.

Admiral Smith, the man the Navy sent out after Galvao, was used to doing his best and coming out of it with little more than the traditional “well done.” He had given thirty-seven of his fifty-six years to the Navy. He had served in the Nicaraguan Campaign, World War II and the Korean War, as one of the Navy’s first patrol pilots, flying the same kind of unglamorous, fatiguing missions he was to direct in the search for the *Santa Maria*. His service in the decade before World War II was in the Caribbean area, alternating two tours at the Pensacola Naval Air Station with service aboard the carriers U.S.S. *Marblehead*, U.S.S. *Ranger* and U.S.S. *Sandpiper*.

He served in the Caribbean and Atlantic during the war. It was while executive officer of the U.S.S. *Bogue* that he won his Letter of Commendation with Ribbon and Combat "V" for meritorious service "in operations against enemy submarines from July, 1943, until March, 1944." His second Letter of Commendation with Ribbon (but without a Combat "V") was awarded for his work in the Aircraft Division at the Navy Department in Washington during 1944-1945.

Smith divided his career immediately after the war between shore-based assignments and commands of the carriers U.S.S. *Thetis Bay*, U.S.S. *Solomons* and U.S.S. *Norton Sound*.

His Legion of Merit came in 1952, when he was in command of the U.S.S. *Philippine Sea*. The citation praised his "exceptionally meritorious conduct . . . during operations against enemy aggressor forces in Korea from 25 January to 6 July 1952."

Thereafter, duty took him to posts in Bermuda, with the fleet in the Mediterranean, in Norfolk, Virginia, and in Glenview, Illinois. In May, 1960, he was designated Commander Caribbean Sea Frontier, with additional duty as Commandant Tenth Naval District and Commander Antilles Defense Command, with headquarters at San Juan, Puerto Rico.

By late January 24, Admiral Smith had two destroyers behind the *Santa Maria* and two destroyers ahead of her. His complement of aircraft had grown to fourteen, and the four-engine planes, with their unsightly radar humps, were flying a tightly coordinated schedule out of San Juan. If he had any doubts he was involved in a Big League operation, they were dispelled when in addition he was authorized by Admiral Dennison to send the

nuclear submarine U.S.S. *Seawolf* after the elusive run-away. The *Seawolf* glided out of Roosevelt Roads at San Juan and raced for the widening search area.

Aboard ship, Galvao was taking measures to defy detection. When Mrs. Chubb went to her cabin to rest a bit between dinner and the movie, she had no sooner settled down with a book when a hurried knock came on the door. It was the maid, who without a word snapped off the lights, walked over to the porthole and lifted the wooden awning into place to cover every inch. Then she went to the bed and turned on the weak reading light.

"But it's so warm!" Mrs. Chubb protested. Remembering then that the maid spoke virtually no English, she got the idea across in sign language. She grasped her blouse near the collar and shook it. "Too warm! Phew!"

The maid shook her head sadly. With gentle firmness, she emphasized that only the bed light was to be used, and that the porthole was to be kept covered even then. Galvao was running without lights to avoid being sighted.

Galvao had neglected one clue to his position. Throughout the day he wore out two radio operators as he carried on a running press conference with American news services and unloaded reams of messages of the "safe and well" variety to distraught families in two hemispheres. Apparently it never occurred to him that his pursuers might set up a "fix" with radio direction-finders to triangulate the ship's position.

At Chatham Radio on Cape Cod on the morning of January 25, Francis Doane was just past the halfway mark of his midnight-to-eight "lobster" when, at half past four, the *Santa Maria* began sending on 8330 kilocycles. The messages were mostly routine, but a few repeated Galvao's theme that he was an insurrectionist and no pirate. Three

other R.C.A. communications stations were monitoring the transmission—stations at San Juan, Lantana in Florida, and Riverhead on Long Island. They triangulated on the stream of dots and dashes which emanated from the *Santa Maria* until twenty minutes past five. The “fix” was on.

At seven minutes before six, an urgent message from San Juan reached the Navy’s Flag Plot Headquarters at the Pentagon. In that room of charts, the Navy keeps track of every warship in the world, marking their movement from port to port and on the high seas as reports pour in twenty-four hours a day. The message from San Juan Direction-Finder put another marker on the Flag Plot charts. The cellophane tag bore the legend, “*Santa Maria*.”

The tag was positioned at latitude  $11^{\circ} 6'$  north, longitude  $48^{\circ} 18'$  west.

Five and a half hours later, at twenty-eight minutes past eleven in the morning, the Danish freighter *Vibeke Gulwa* reported sighting the *Santa Maria* at latitude  $10^{\circ} 43'$  north, longitude  $47^{\circ}$  west, approximately 810 miles northeast of Trinidad, on a course of 105, speed unknown.

The surface sighting confirmed the radio fix. The Navy in Washington flashed the news to the searchers. The closest ship was the U.S.S. *Wilson*, about 100 miles east of Martinique. But the Navy’s Flag Plot knew it would take the *Wilson* twenty-four hours to reach the coordinates, and she was in a bad position to try to overtake the shifting *Santa Maria*. The closest aircraft, a P2V Neptune from San Juan’s Patrol Squadron 18, was also hundreds of miles away. The pilot, Lieutenant Daniel L. Krauss, gunned his big plane to its top speed of 150 knots and headed for the quarry.

In Washington, State Department spokesman Lincoln

White steeled himself for an onerous duty. The United States was about to do an international rowback. As usual, the State Department handed the soiled end of the oar to Linc White. The day before, he had read the statement prepared by policy officers that Galvao would be collared under the "well-defined" laws of piracy. But, after hours of dusting off legal tomes, the State Department's lawyers had found the laws of piracy about as well defined as the rules of exotic poker games at a clubwomen's tea. White hauled his tall Tennessee frame to the State Department's Press Conference Room shortly after noon on Wednesday, January 25, and grasped the oar firmly.

"The facts concerning the seizure of the *Santa Maria* are not entirely clear," White began. "Information available to the Department is conflicting and not sufficient to form the basis of a firm opinion as to whether the crime of piracy under international law has been committed."

White, a genial man of fifty-one who can still blush, did so.

"There are grounds for suspicion of piracy," White continued. "This, together with the request of the Portuguese Government for assistance, are considered to afford ample basis for the action now being taken by United States naval authorities to ascertain the whereabouts of this vessel and to make an appropriate investigation."

Gone was the idea of intercepting the *Santa Maria*. Gone was all hint of the Navy's order of the day before to "use force as necessary." It was a different situation now.

It was 4:30 P.M., Washington time, when Lieutenant Krauss saw a ship on the horizon as dusk and a misty rain engulfed his lumbering aircraft. He started letting down in a shallow glide. At a thousand feet he leveled

off and switched on his searchlight. The powerful beam raked the ship from bow to stern. Hundreds of people lined the rails and clustered on the fantail, shouting and waving. As he flew past the ship, Krauss and his men looked back. On the stern, in big white letters was the name he had been hoping would be there:

SANTA MARIA

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### PIRATES OR PATRIOTS?

Arthur Douglas Patton and his wife were at the ship's rail, straining to see the aircraft as they heard the engines grow louder somewhere in the mist of approaching night-fall. When Lieutenant Krauss in the Navy Neptune switched on his searchlight, Doug Patton's heart skipped a beat, and he turned instinctively to embrace his wife.

Found at last! Uncle Sam's boys had come through! National pride coursed through his veins like a wonder drug.

"I feel," he said, "like singing 'God Bless America!'"

Mrs. Patton felt the same emotion. The Portuguese and Spaniards near them were just as moved. They ran to the rail and waved and cheered at the big aircraft, tears in their eyes and a lump in their throats. They went to the Americans and began pounding them on the back and pumping their hands, as if the Americans personally had arranged this salvation.

The relief of all those on deck was incredible. The plane was something tangible, after all of Galvao's shilly-shallying and vague promises of a disembarkation at some mysterious "neutral port." Here was a new element, a pressure

on Galvao to follow through on the soothing assurances which flowed so easily from him.

A little boy hopped up and down and pointed and hollered at the airplane. It was nine-year-old Harold Preston. He had been walking the deck with his father and his older brother.

"Go get Mother, quick," Preston said to the lad, and Harold lit out for Cabin No. 15, howling like a banshee.

June Preston was preparing her two little ones for bed, ducking under and around her drying laundry as she guided the boys through their bathroom chores. She heard a pounding of footsteps in the passageway, then the door flew open and her No. 2 boy burst in.

"Airplane! And it's got a light a real bright light and it's flashing signals and going around and around and Daddy says for you to come on up," Harold said in one breath.

Mrs. Preston gathered up Donald and Steven and, with Harold energetically leading the way, they all headed topside. Passengers were crowding to the deck to see the airplane. There was a hum of voices as everybody seemed to be talking at once, and there were shouts and gestures as, though the haze, the dark blue, sharklike aircraft showed itself, flashing dots and dashes with its light.

"What a comfort!" June Preston thought, as she looked for the plane and followed the sound of the engine. "Uncle Sam to the rescue!"

On deck, Mrs. Chubb shared the exuberance of the others at sight of the Navy plane. Despite Galvao, his doubletalk, his zigzag course, his blackout, they had been found.

To John W. Dawson, it was about time. For the life of



him, Dawson could not understand what had taken the Navy so long. He had been watching things deteriorate aboard the *Santa Maria*, and it was he who had organized a committee to look after the Americans' rights. Dawson was glad to see the long-awaited aircraft, but he could not shake the feeling that something ominous was going on. He hated the sight of the sign which Galvao had put up on the railing of the bridge, saying "Santa Liberdade." Darned if he could see any "Blessed Liberty" on the ship.

Even Galvao may have felt a sense of relief when the Navy Neptune swooped by. For two days he had messaged back and forth with the United States Navy and a growing clientele of newspapers and television stations. He studied the Morse signals from the plane as the light spelled out a request for a radio conversation. Galvao ordered the *Santa Maria's* signalman to blink back that the ship's radio was on 2182 kilocycles. He walked quickly aft to the radio room. Professor Velo was already there, and together they heard the voice of Lieutenant Krauss.

Was everything all right on board? The *Santa Maria's* radio operator, prompted by Velo, said it was. Lieutenant Krauss, following his instructions, suggested the *Santa Maria* turn back and enter a United States port. The response was terse: No. Lieutenant Krauss asked the ship's destination. Galvao replied: Angola.

But then Galvao the Word Warrior took over. He gave the twenty-four-year-old naval lieutenant from Sea Island, Georgia, his favorite lecture—that he and his men were patriots, not pirates—and wound up with a flourish. He was ready, Galvao declared, to negotiate for debarkation of the passengers. He would negotiate with officials of any nation but Portugal and Spain.

Lieutenant Krauss, with one eye on his falling fuel gauge, kept circling and talking. He signed off long enough to message his headquarters at San Juan, Puerto Rico:

All well aboard. Destination Angola. Captain Galvao refused return San Juan. Will accept conference on board *Santa Maria* with U.S. or any authorities other than Portuguese or Spanish. Wishes to discharge passengers unharmed earliest.

The message was quickly relayed by Admiral Smith at San Juan, to Admiral Dennison at Atlantic Fleet headquarters in Norfolk. Admiral Dennison moved it along to the Pentagon, which notified the White House.

At 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, John F. Kennedy, in his sixth day as President of the United States, was cramming for his first presidential press conference. The news came just in time. Armed with the information sent by Lieutenant Krauss from his perch halfway between San Juan and Angola, Mr. Kennedy was ready when a reporter popped the question: Would the United States board the *Santa Maria*?

"Well, I believe that the location of the ship has been determined," President Kennedy said, conveying the idea that it had been no trouble at all to find the needle in the haystack.

"At the present time," he continued, "the instructions are for the Navy to continue its accompaniment of the ship. The *Santa Maria* has been located by a Navy P2V aircraft and the position is approximately six hundred miles north of the Amazon River, headed on a course of 117, a speed of fifteen knots, and the exact position at

ten minutes after four was ten degrees thirty-five minutes north, forty-five degrees fifty-two minutes west.

"It is being trailed by aircraft to be picked up by destroyers of our African task force.

"There are Americans involved and their lives are involved. But I have not given any instructions to the Navy to carry out any boarding operations, though of course we are concerned about the lives of the Americans involved, and also we are concerned because the ship belongs to a country with which the United States has friendly relations."

Mr. Kennedy had touched all bases—violence was out, he was concerned for the Americans aboard, and he favored friendly relations with Portugal. He had also put on a little razzle-dazzle, by reciting the *Santa Maria's* position, speed and course with the aplomb of an old Navy hand, indicating the Navy had things under control.

At Norfolk, Admiral Dennison burned up the air with two major messages.

The first, to Admiral Smith at San Juan, canceled the original orders to use "force as necessary" in bringing the *Santa Maria* to heel. It took the tack dictated by President Kennedy, saying: "Keep *Santa Maria* under constant surveillance. Make no attempt to stop ship or to board. Use of force prohibited."

The second message was addressed to Galvao via Chatham Radio and said: "Request you proceed any port northern South America you choose to discharge passengers. Please advise port selected and time of arrival. Will attempt to arrange conference aboard *Santa Maria* as you request."

No question about it, the Navy was moving in. In Flag

Plot at the Pentagon, a hasty check was made to see what ships were available in the area in case Galvao insisted on a transfer of passengers at sea. It would be a risky business, since so many of the passengers were either children or elderly. Even in the best of seas, with trained Navy men, it was not uncommon to have injuries and deaths in such a maneuver. But, if Galvao were adamant, there would be no alternative. What ships were available? A nuclear submarine, four destroyers and two oilers already were assigned to the chase. There were also two landing ships and the carrier U.S.S. *Boxer*, all three loaded with combat-ready Marines, and a number of destroyers. There were no big attack aircraft carriers in the Caribbean, although two were at Jacksonville, Florida. But the Navy was determined to talk Galvao out of any sea transfer, although it had yet to figure out how to do it.

On the bridge of the newly christened "Santa Liberdade," Galvao was doing some figuring of his own. He delayed replying to Admiral Dennison's message while he assayed the situation. Although Sotomayor kept the prow of the ship pointed toward Angola, Galvao already was resigned to his inability to get there. His old friend Janio Quadros, who would be president of Brazil in a few days, had made no promising response to the feelers broadcast by Galvao in many of his radioed messages. The present Brazilian Government, headed by President Juscelino Kubitschek, had said flatly it would take the ship away from him if he landed in Brazil, although he would be welcome to remain as a political refugee. The United States Navy had locked onto him, and the big reconnaissance aircraft were now hardly ever out of sight or earshot. His every movement was tracked and reported to

Lisbon. He had heard by radio that Portugal was rendezvousing five warships, including the new frigate *Pero Escobar* with its three-inch guns, off Cape Verde Islands. He had also heard the Spanish cruiser *Canarias* would sail with the Portuguese to intercept him if he stayed in the open mid-Atlantic.

Droning overhead, the American pilots studied the *Santa Maria*, moving toylike on the serene sea. As Navy men, they admired the sleek lines and checked her specifications on their data charts.

She was indeed a queen, although not quite as heavy as her twin, the 21,765-ton *Vera Cruz*, now at Sao Paulo, Brazil. The *Vera Cruz* had arrived there Wednesday, January 25, but her captain, Ambrosio Pereira Ramalheira, refused to sail out again until he could guarantee her and her seven hundred passengers against a possible seizure. He was to wait twenty-four hours, in fact, while a detachment of ten Portuguese secret police flew from Lisbon and marched aboard, each with a submachine gun. The captain also strapped a .45 automatic on each of his officers.

The government-controlled Companhia Colonial de Navegacao concurred in these precautions. While company spokesmen boasted in Lisbon that the Portuguese frigate *Pero Escobar* would catch up with Galvao in a matter of hours, officials worried about the future of the line. Galvao's adventure had disappointed passengers scheduled to board the *Santa Maria* all along her route. The *Vera Cruz* would pick up some of them, but many would cancel and go by other means. This would be bad for the entire fleet—the 13,196 ton *Patria*, 13,185-ton *Uige* and the 10,000-ton *Infante D. Henrique*, as well as the ten cargo vessels, ranging in tonnage from 5,981 to 1,699.

Galvao was studying *Santa Maria* specifications, too. Unaccountably, things had been happening to the \$1,600,000 luxury liner, the "Portuguese Palace Afloat." Fresh water was being used up very fast, despite the rationing. The air conditioning had gone out and one of the huge turbines was giving trouble. A leak was reported in the propellor shaft housing on the port side, and a couple of feet of Kelly-green Plimpson line was showing to starboard aft, as the big ship listed out of ballast. Galvao could not understand it, and he wondered whether Captain Maia and his crew, for all their docile air, were committing sabotage.

As his fourth day in command came to a close, Galvao was plagued by other signs of unrest. The tranquility and resignation aboard ship had been disturbed by the appearance of the American airplane. The crew seemed less servile and the passengers, especially the Americans, looked less afraid. He resolved to have the silver-tongued Professor Velo talk to the First and Cabin Class passengers in the morning. In Third Class, restrictions on food and water and the intense heat might well drive men to make desperate decisions. Galvao knew it was commonplace in South America for men to go armed. There were many in the bowels of the *Santa Maria* with pistols and knives in their bundles and cardboard suitcases.

In First and Cabin Class, the forty-two Americans, emboldened by Lieutenant Krauss' feat of navigation in locating them, discussed various demands to be put to Galvao and Professor Velo. The meeting with them was set for ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth day of captivity, Thursday, January 26.

In the meantime, Galvao fired off a reply to Admiral Dennison. He curtly rejected the admiral's suggestion that

he land in a South American port of his choosing. The suggestion, he declared, was "an impertinence and an offense." He considered himself a Portuguese politician, a freedom fighter and a representative of the duly elected president of Portugal who had been robbed of his victory by Salazar.

"I and my followers will not be confused with pirates," Galvao messaged. "I don't have to receive orders from a foreign country."

In Washington, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, in shirt sleeves, his thick brown hair characteristically disheveled, sat before a television set in the dining room just off his spacious office at the Department of Justice watching his older brother John hold his first news conference as President of the United States. At a quarter past six, as the President was replying to a question about the *Santa Maria* and breezily commenting that the Navy had no orders to try to board her, "Bobby" Kennedy turned and said to nobody in particular, "Get somebody in here from the Office of Legal Counsel."

Within seconds, Harold F. Reis, First Assistant in the Office of Legal Counsel, stood before his youthful new boss. Reis ordinarily would have been home by that time of evening, but he was hanging around on the sixth day of the "New Frontier" for a very good reason. The new Attorney General put in long hours and expected his help to do likewise. Only a couple of days before, he had called after hours for legal advice on the new Food-for-Peace program. Reis, who had already gone home, had to return to the office that time. This night, he was taking no chances. He stuck around just in case he was needed. His foresight did not go unrewarded.

"I've got to have a paper on this *Santa Maria* business,"

Bobby Kennedy said. "Do we have a right to go aboard? I'd like a paper on that for tomorrow morning's Cabinet meeting."

Reis nodded. He would work up something even if it took him all night. He did not mind the extra work, but he hated to have to throw together a legal opinion, however informal, on such short notice. He stayed for the end of President Kennedy's first presidential press conference.

Then he headed for his own office. It was a quarter to seven and he knew he had a long night ahead of him. As the legal tomes began coming down off the shelf, he put in several telephone calls. He called the State Department's Legal Division and the Navy Judge Advocate General's office, as well as half a dozen private lawyers he knew who might be helpful.

The Navy obliged by sending over a briefing officer from the Pentagon. He came equipped with elaborate charts of the Caribbean and Middle Atlantic, and for half an hour held forth on everything the United States Navy knew about the *Santa Maria* up to that time.

Neither the State Department nor the Navy had prepared a formal legal opinion. Nobody had asked for one, and so, in the conservative way of lawyers, none had been prepared. Reis realized that, although there were a number of theories and the documentation of jurisprudence available to him was useful, he was breaking fresh ground on the case. With three co-workers—Harry Sellery, who had been summoned back to the office from his home, Mary Lawton and Leavenworth Colby—he sought the answer to the legal riddle.

Finally, at one o'clock in the morning, they started



writing the memorandum to the Attorney General. They argued out each sentence, and then Reis wrote it down in longhand on a yellow legal notepad, read it aloud, made whatever changes they agreed upon, and handed the sentence to a stenographer to be typed. They worked this way for two hours. At three o'clock it was ready for the signature of Robert Kramer, Assistant Attorney General, Office of Legal Counsel, and they walked wearily to their cars through the snow and ice which had piled up around Washington in the bitter cold spell which began Inauguration Day.

The three-page, closely typed memorandum to Attorney General Kennedy said in part:

You have requested a brief memorandum with respect to the question whether this government may authorize its naval vessels to board, presumably by force if necessary, the Portuguese registered vessel *Santa Maria*. In the time allotted, it is not possible to supply you with a definitive opinion.

Nevertheless, it is believed that international law supplies a reasonable justification for such action if it is undertaken at the request of or in cooperation with the Portuguese Government. In this connection, it is understood that the government has requested that assistance of the United States.

The need for protecting U.S. nationals would further support such action.

It might also be possible to support boarding as an act to suppress piracy. This contention may need further investigation since most of the experts on the subject whom we have consulted doubt that piracy

has occurred. Nevertheless, it is believed that a reasonable argument may be made that the capture of the ship constitutes piracy. . . .

There appears to be room for a contention that piracy has occurred both as a matter of international and domestic law. The 1958 Geneva Convention on the High Seas defines piracy in terms broad enough to include the seizure here involved. . . .

Attorney General Kennedy had the memo in his pocket when he attended his first Cabinet meeting the next morning.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### THE "SANTA MANANA"

Galvao's stiff rejoinder to Admiral Dennison's overture had in no way daunted the American Navy. Rather, Rear Admiral Smith followed up with a radiogram that sounded as if, back in San Juan, he was poised to dash across the Caribbean and out to the middle Atlantic for a rendezvous.

"I note your intention to land passengers in neutral country as soon as possible," Admiral Smith had messaged. "I am concerned about the safety of passengers and am anxious to arrange their safe disembarkation soonest. What are your plans for landing passengers?"

Galvao allowed Admiral Smith and the Navy to stew awhile. But he did not neglect press and television inquiries. Pounding his propaganda home, Galvao wired United Press International in New York on Thursday, January 26:

Our plan is to give insurrectional continuity to our stroke for the liberation of the Fatherland from the odious Salazar dictatorship. We seek recognition of our insurrectional political position and facilities im-

plied in the right to disembark passengers in a neutral port.

We will not surrender nor will we stop in the face of attacking ships. They must bear responsibility attacks on ship which we regard as first liberated part national territory.

That one had an ominous ring to it, as far as the safety of the passengers was concerned. So did Galvao's message the same day to the Columbia Broadcasting System in response to an inquiry:

We will disembark as rapidly as possible in a neutral port which will grant facilities sufficient for the safety of them, for us and this ship, considered part of a liberated, patriotic territory.

We will never surrender nor halt before all the squadrons of the world. . . . We are fighting as a democratic opposition on behalf of the Portuguese Chief of State, General Humberto Delgado, the only legitimate chief of state by a popular majority vote which we recognize.

Delgado, accepting kudos from the press in Sao Paulo as the "mastermind" behind Galvao's bold coup, when asked where the *Santa Maria* was headed, smiled enigmatically and said, "We did not take this ship just to keep it on this side of the Atlantic."

In another interview, he seemed to forget Galvao and the twenty-three other rebels aboard the *Santa Maria*, saying in that omnipotent way of his, "Seventy-five per cent of the Portuguese people are on my side and if I succeed in overthrowing Salazar a provisional govern-

ment will be set up immediately and free elections held right away."

In Rio de Janeiro, his old friend and benefactor, Dr. Alvaro Lins, chimed in with a threat calculated to scare off the United States Navy. Dr. Lins put out a statement expressing complete solidarity with Galvao and Delgado, and adding:

"If the United States and Great Britain commit the terrible mistake of taking sides with the anachronistic dictatorship of Dr. Salazar, I will reveal the secret plans of the Pentagon concerning the establishment of military bases in Portugal and Spain, which I had occasion to learn during my stay in Lisbon as Ambassador."

But the opposition was getting in some licks in the war of words, too. In Portugal, the Salazar-controlled radio and press berated Galvao and Delgado as irresponsible fugitives from justice now reduced to piracy. In Spain, the Franco regime not only dispatched the cruiser *Canarias* in pursuit of the *Santa Maria*—too late, some said sourly, ever to hope to catch her—but the government-controlled press blossomed with anti-Galvao articles.

The Americans, Dutch and other non-Iberians who assembled for the ten o'clock meeting with Galvao could not have cared less about all these pros and cons. What they wanted to know most of all was: When do we get off? What they next wanted to know was: And what about my European sports car in the hold?

Martin Yunker settled himself into a comfortable chair in the lounge as Galvao, rolling his sheepdog's eyes about the room in search of sympathy, went into his spiel. He spoke in Portuguese, and the Second Class maître d'hôtel stood by as interpreter. But that poor man was doing a bad job of it. His English was not good. The Americans

felt they were losing a lot in the translation. Indeed, some felt they were catching more of the Portuguese than of the English. Finally, the impetuous John Dawson could stand it no more. He stood up and interrupted:

“See here, we’re not getting this at all, and you seem to be talking about things we should know about. There’s no need for this. We’ve got a fellow right here among us who speaks Spanish fluently. Put it in Spanish, and Martin Yunker here will interpret for us.”

Martin Yunker was taken aback. He would hardly have called his Spanish fluent. He had worked at it for some years, unofficially doing commercial translations while general traffic manager for a transportation company in New York. Since his retirement, he had talked Spanish every chance he could get. During his recent weeks in Spain, he had practiced in long talks with his Asturian gardener. He liked Spanish music, Spanish dancing, Spanish literature—in fact, everything Spanish except the Franco regime. Even so, this to his mind did not qualify him as fluent, much less as an interpreter. But a challenge was a challenge, and when Galvao agreed, Yunker found himself up among the rebels, putting it all into English, although occasionally he had to go around Robin Hood’s barn to get across the sense of what was being said.

Galvao’s Portuguese-accented Spanish was difficult to follow, but Professor Velo spoke the most beautiful Spanish Yunker had ever heard. It flowed from the man, and Yunker had no trouble at all turning it into English.

The gist of what they said was that they had been in touch with the United Nations, the Navy, the Human Rights Commission, the State Department and a number of other organizations. Also, they reported the Navy had

recommended going to San Juan but Galvao had refused, although he welcomed a conference with any but Portuguese and Spanish officials. On top of this, they again went over the reasons for which they had seized the vessel, and begged for some understanding of the fight they were waging against Salazar.

Galvao and Velo offered to answer questions. The passengers responded with what was uppermost in their minds: When do we land? Yunker found himself running the whole show, saying whose turn it was to ask questions, keeping order and generally behaving as the chairman of the meeting. It was a good deal more than he had bargained for. Fortunately, the business sessions he had attended during his working years had acquainted him with Roberts' *Rules of Order*. After about twenty minutes of questions, most of them answered with strong assurances that "tomorrow" would be debarkation day, the meeting came to an end with an offer to send any messages the passengers desired. Generally, there was a good feeling between the rebels and the passengers. It was hard to believe that at last they would be getting off, but the rebel leaders had sounded sincere. A few diehards were just as pessimistic as ever, recalling that "*manana*" was Galvao's stock answer to every question.

Dawson was more convinced than ever that Galvao and Velo were rascals and not to be trusted. But, like the others, he and his quiet, gentle wife—so different in every respect from her fireball of a husband—resolved to get their luggage in order, just in case a departure signal was given without warning.

Yunker was pleased with how things had gone, despite his distaste for the limelight. He thought both Galvao

and Velo were fine men, and he was beginning to have doubts about the efficacy of the Americans-First Committee organized at the insistence of Dawson.

"We ought to work for the welfare of all the passengers," Yunker said. "I don't care if a person is a Hottentot as long as he's human."

Yunker had almost missed out on all this. He and his wife had started out with Tourist Class tickets on the S.S. *United States*. They exchanged these for Tourist Class tickets on the *Santa Maria*, simply because they wanted some warm weather coming home. Since May, when they arrived in Europe, they had been fruitlessly chasing a warm climate. Italy was cold, France was cold, Spain was cold, and—judging by reports of record snow in the States—New York would be the coldest yet. That was why they chose the *Santa Maria*, to make the trip through the South American tropics to Florida, where they hoped to arrive without the feeling of chill which had pursued them for months. If their home town of Warren, Connecticut, was still snowbound, they could simply hole up in Florida.

Luckily, as they were boarding at Lisbon, Yunker struck up a conversation with Chester Churchill. They promised to look each other up on the voyage and compared notes on where they were quartered. Churchill exclaimed in horror, "Good heavens, man, they've got you in Tourist! You can't stay there! Those cabins are for refugees. Impossibly cramped and dingy!"

Yunker went with Churchill to look at the cabin assigned him. Churchill was right. Tourist Class on the S.S. *United States* was in no way comparable to Tourist Class on the *Santa Maria*. While he went to change his ticket, Churchill staked out Cabin No. 113, starboard aft on B



deck, right where First Class left off and Cabin Class began. He was grateful for Churchill's friendly gesture.

Mrs. Chubb was pleased with the ten o'clock meeting, too. But she pondered the significance in one of Galvao's replies that there was about fourteen days of fuel remaining. Would he try to last out to the end? She was pleased to hear Galvao say that, if any medicines should run short, he would cable for replenishments to be dropped from the Navy planes which were now their constant companions.

Mrs. Chubb approached Galvao after the meeting. She had received a cable from Thomas Daly, night editor of the Pasadena *Independent*, asking for a statement from her and from Galvao. Galvao listened gravely to her request, nodded and, turning to an aide, dictated a long statement. He accepted the one she had written and both messages were dispatched to the radio room.

Arthur Douglas Patton and his wife sat quietly through the conference. They listened attentively and, later that day, wrote out all that had been said in their joint diary. Some of the questions sounded inappropriate to them. Here they were, imprisoned on the high seas, in such suspense that almost everybody was keeping bags packed for any sudden order to get off, and yet most of the questions were about automobiles and souvenirs and whether passengers would be reimbursed for any extra travel expenses incurred. Galvao promptly pledged that whatever Portuguese government was in power would make it all good. But this sounded a little glib and pie-in-the-sky to the Pattons.

Following the meeting seven Americans in First Class decided to take Galvao up on his offer to send any cables. Floyd Preston, John Dietz, Leon Miller, Delbert Smith,

Robert Harberson, Mrs. Dorothy Thomas and Dr. Irene M. Dunn got together and drafted a message which, in effect, was a calm appeal to their government to rescue them from their predicament. The cable was addressed to the Army, Navy, Air Force and State Department, and it said:

Majority American citizens aboard request rendezvous U.S. fleet. Captain Galvao says he is receptive to negotiate soonest for disembarkation at sea of passengers onto U.S. vessel. Americans confident prompt action will be taken by their government.

(signed) Harbersons, Smiths, Millers, Prestons, Thomas, Dunn, Dietzes.

Floyd Preston was not concerned particularly about the safety of himself and his family. The worst that he foresaw as likely was that he would be late to the University of Kansas for the new semester. He had made friends with some of the crew, however, and he was keeping an eye out for a possible quick flareup, either from the crew or some of the passengers, that could lead to gunplay.

Mrs. Preston was so busy juggling the schedules of her four sons and keeping them occupied and out of mischief that she hardly had time to contemplate either the danger or the inconvenience. There was the matter of the swimming pool. None of the children could swim, and both parents knew it would be no fun hauling the boys around in nine feet of water. They kept making excuses. One day, they put them off with the tale that it was too rough. The next day it was too cool. The next the water was dirty. But, sooner or later, they knew they would run out of excuses, and they would have to take the plunge.

Then there was also the matter of the movies. The two older boys, who could read, had been pestering their mother to go. They had read somewhere that movies were shown nightly. But the titles discouraged June Preston. How could she take the boys to "Hatful of Rain," for example? That Thursday night she relented enough to take the No. 1 boy, Carl Bruce. It was an Indian epic, "White Feather," and although he did not understand it all, the boy enjoyed it and did not ask too many questions.

The lifesaver for June was the Navy aerial tracking team. Whenever a plane came close, its red and green traveling lights blinking in alternation, the young Prestons would charge to the rail to watch. As the plane circled, it was great sport for the boys to rush across the ship to see the plane from the other side. They never seemed to tire of it. The only chaperoning necessary was to see that, in their mad dashes, they did not topple overboard.

The name "Santa Manana" had really caught on, now. Nobody really believed Galvao any more when he talked about disembarkation. But it was not a hope to be lightly given up. The best thing was not to raise expectations but to be prepared all the same, just in case for once a Galvao "*manana*" came to pass.

June could not entirely suppress a feeling that she ought to be laughing out loud at the whole thing. There was just too much comic opera about it all for it to be taken seriously. The rebels' hip holsters were a case in point. The pistols were real enough, but the holsters obviously had been bought in a Caracas five-and-dime store. They were made of cheap, roughly finished leather, exactly the same sort of holster the children had for their cap pistols. And Galvao, in his insistence on formalities

and on acting the role of genial host, had opened the Thursday meeting by proposing drinks all around. At ten o'clock in the morning! It was suggested that coffee might be more appropriate, but nobody seemed to care for either coffee or drinks.

But not all the comic opera was on Galvao's side. Two American men in First Class came up with what they thought was a bright idea. They pooled their resources and found they had \$4,000 between them. They offered it to Galvao for the movie rights to the seizure story. Galvao courteously turned them down.

The discouraging thing was that, despite the constant air patrol, nothing seemed to have changed aboard the "Santa Manana." Galvao and Velo were all sweetness and light, as when Mrs. Dietz complained that the posting of the rebel guard deprived her of access to a shuffleboard. A new one was promptly painted for her on the deck just outside her stateroom. But their promises of a landing tomorrow always evaporated when tomorrow dawned.

Nevertheless, Galvao's freedom of choice was being constantly restricted. The approaching Portuguese and Spanish fleet had ruled out his run for Angola. Opposition to him was being rallied there, anyway, judging by the statement of Angola's Governor General Alvara da Silva Tavares that "necessary precautions" had been taken in Luanda, the capital, and that "the entire population is in a state of rage against" Galvao. Galvao's best bet seemed to be Janio Quadros. He had been quoted as saying Galvao could keep the ship. There appeared to be little choice—short of scuttling the vessel, which he had been reported considering if threatened—except to wait for Quadros' inauguration as president of Brazil on February 1 and to take him up on the offer he was said to have made.

At San Juan, the American Navy was deeply disturbed by a report that Galvao might sink the ship rather than give up. With eighteen airplanes, four destroyers, two oilers and one nuclear submarine on the job, the Navy was confident it would not lose sight of the ship. But still the destroyers pressed closer, even though the Navy had emphasized that under no circumstances would it attempt a sea transfer. Then why the surface vessels?

Captain Edward R. Hunt, Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, had a ready answer.

"It would be nice to have ships around just in case," he said.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### TEDIUM AND SYMPATHY

Aboard the *Santa Maria*, Galvao's "old sea dog," Jorge Sotomayor, studied the statements issued by the American Navy as he guided the ship along the upper coast of South America. His mind, however, was really on those other navies, the Spanish and Portuguese. The Portuguese frigate *Pero Escobar* mounted three-inch guns and could sink the *Santa Maria* in minutes. As for the Spanish cruiser *Canarias*, he knew her well. She had figured in that one great moment in Sotomayor's battle career. It was ironic that now, almost twenty-three years later, he should again be pitted against her.

Sotomayor had been in the Spanish merchant marine when the Civil War started. In those first uproarious days, when seamen were revolting against their officers and slaughtering them without quarter, Sotomayor had become one of the new breed of officers in the Republican Navy. Like the others, he had none of the schooling and social status of the old officer class. And this lack of training in the naval niceties soon showed. Administration and discipline were chaotic. By contrast, the Falangist Navy was in fair fettle, and always it was protected by ac-

companying warships of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy.

But one night—it was midnight of March 5, 1938—the cruisers, *Canarias*, *Baleares* and *Almirante Cervera* led a Nationalist fleet past Cartagena, and there were no German or Italian escorts. A Republican fleet steamed out to meet it—the cruisers *Libertad* and *Mendez Nunez* and the destroyers *Lepanto*, *Sanchez Barcaiztegui* and *Admiral Antequera*. There also were a number of smaller craft, and on one of these were Sotomayor and three other men. In the resulting confusion of battle, Sotomayor maneuvered his little launch alongside the *Baleares*, let go with his torpedo and fled. The *Baleares* blew up and sank.

The *Canarias* and all the rest of the Nationalist ships sailed on, impervious to the plight of the 1,000 men aboard the *Baleares*. All of them would have been lost but for the appearance of the British non-intervention patrol. The H.M.S. *Kempenfelt* and the H.M.S. *Boreas* picked up 400 survivors and took them to the *Canarias* just as Republican aircraft appeared and began dropping bombs.

Now the *Canarias* was on the trail of the *Santa Maria*. Sotomayor could be forgiven if he felt that, after two decades, she was coming just for him, to take her revenge.

Galvao's thoughts were turned, too, to the Spanish and Portuguese warships. As he studied the American Navy's statements, one of them stood out above the others as best suiting his purposes for the next step. It was the description of the role of the four American destroyers, as expressed by Lieutenant Commander Charles Rainey, Information Officer for the Caribbean Sea Frontier Headquarters at San Juan. It read: "The destroyers will serve as a plain guard and will be available to escort the liner if the *Santa Maria* herself so desires."

Galvao consulted Sotomayor and Professor Velo and together they drafted a response to this most welcome invitation. While it was a conciliatory reply, Galvao was not going to let the United States Navy forget that the passengers were hostages, his pawns in the increasingly tense chess game he was playing. He sent by wireless on Friday, January 27:

We accept protection escort American Navy against action of Portuguese warships until landing port.

Will land passengers near South American or West African port, giving preference Africa with all guarantee as political insurgents, that is, without losing our ship or action against crew or forces under dreadful dictatorship, with the right to carry on our political defense Portuguese people freedom without further protection after landing passengers.

Meeting aboard ship or landing port. We are very interested to show the world our respect for life, not forgetting your rights to protect American citizens. We beg your early reply.

We have permitted all crew and passengers to have cables sent to families but we are having difficulties sending messages to you because radio officers are overworked. For freedom and democracy. Best wishes.

This did not exactly fit the American Navy's plan. Admiral Smith and his boss, Admiral Dennison, certainly did not want to be cast in the role of protectors of the *Santa Maria* against the Portuguese and Spanish warships. Nor did they want to be maneuvered into transferring the passengers at sea. Admiral Dennison, from his Atlantic



Fleet headquarters at Norfolk, sent another message to Galvao.

Dennison's cable emphasized again his desire to protect the Americans and his "humanitarian concern for all the passengers." He said their well-being "requires that they be disembarked as soon as possible." Dennison accepted Galvao's offer to have a Navy spokesman go aboard the *Santa Maria* for negotiations. Then, in an effort to entice Galvao into a Brazilian port, he pledged he would "take no action to interfere with the *Santa Maria's* entering and departing a port or lying off a port for the purpose of discharging passengers."

Admiral Dennison took one look at the latest report on the *Santa Maria's* position and decided it was time to make another move.

The *Santa Maria* by now was almost smack on the equator—35' south latitude and 31° 45' west longitude, on a course of 140° southeast. That would put her about 875 miles from Belem and about half that distance from Fernando de Noronha, a tiny island off the Brazilian coast used by the United States as a missile-tracking station. Neither place was ideal for the transfer of hundreds of passengers, but Dennison felt he had to be in position to do it, if there was no alternative.

His decision was doubly confirmed when, for more than three hours, the *Santa Maria* was lost in the equatorial mists. One four-engined Constellation hurricane-hunter searched fruitlessly for that long before giving up and returning to its base at Belem. Happily, the *Santa Maria's* radio chatter, almost endless now, provided an accurate fix on her whereabouts and, when the mist melted away, the Navy patrol planes spotted her blithely cutting through the smooth waters of the mid-Atlantic.

After checking with the Pentagon, which in turn cleared it with the State Department, Dennison ordered Admiral Smith to fly to Belem, an insect-ridden, jungle-threatened, happy-go-lucky port at the mouth of the Amazon River.

Dennison ordered the destroyer U.S.S. *Wilson* to Belem, also. His plan was to put Admiral Smith aboard the *Wilson* for the rendezvous at sea with the *Santa Maria* for negotiations. If Smith could talk Galvao into port, Dennison would be ready. He dispatched the landing ship U.S.S. *Hermitage*, big enough to take on all the passengers, to the general area of the *Santa Maria's* zigzag course.

The American Navy was all alone now. The British, after that corking debate in Parliament and with criticism of the American and British efforts whistling about South America, had quietly bowed out of the chase. The frigates H.M.S. *Rothsay* and H.M.S. *Ulster* did an about-face and returned to the Windward Islands, to take up the politically safer duties of refueling, restocking and minding one's own business.

In Lisbon, American Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick was on the carpet again. The Portuguese Foreign Ministry read him the diplomatic riot act. What he was told went something like this:

"The Portuguese Government is not at all pleased with the way your Navy is handling the *Santa Maria* affair. You want to assure the safety of the American passengers, and that is natural and good. But what about the ship and the crew, which is being forced to work at gunpoint?"

"The Portuguese Government wants to assure the safety of all the passengers and all the crew. And it wants the return of the ship to its rightful owners, in accordance with international law.

"The United States is proceeding as if Galvao were

some honored old friend, not a pirate and a refugee from Portuguese justice.

“This is not living up to the United States Government’s obligations under the North Atlantic Treaty. And it is not a friendly action toward the Portuguese Government. We need hardly remind the American Ambassador that Portugal has freely given his government use of the Azores as an air base, and that the agreement covering this will be up for renewal in 1962.”

No, they need not have reminded Mr. Elbrick of that. He was fully aware of it. He promptly notified the State Department that the whole tone of the Navy’s negotiations was irksome to the Portuguese who, after all, held a trump card in the Azores base. The State Department informed Elbrick: “We purposely make no reference to the crew because we do not want Galvao to get his back up. We can legitimately negotiate for the safety of the passengers, but we are afraid that, if we start talking about the crew, he may call off all bets and steam for Angola. Once we get him in or near a port, our first duty is to get the passengers off. Then we will work for the safety of the crew.”

But Elbrick was instructed not to pass on this strategy disclosure to the Portuguese Government. It was considered too crucial to the whole maneuver. To let the Portuguese know might tip off Galvao. As long as Portuguese Government spokesmen were publicly complaining about the Americans’ lack of expressed concern for the crew, Galvao could still cling to the hope that he could keep enough of the crew aboard to navigate the ship to wherever he chose.

In Sao Paulo, Brazil, Delgado called a news conference at his apartment, crammed to the rafters with cheering

Portuguese exiles who said they came to volunteer to fight Salazar. Amid all the tears and flapdoodle, Delgado announced with a flourish that he was naming Galvao "delegate plenipotentiary" for revolutionary action, whatever that might mean.

In a high-sounding declaration, Delgado, as the self-styled mastermind of the seizure of the *Santa Maria*, ordered Galvao to prepare for "operations of liberation, occupation, administration, and public order." He directed that Galvao set up aboard the ship "an independent Junta of Liberation." And he called on all governments "to give directly or indirectly major help, moral and material, with the objective of liberating the Portuguese nation from slavery imposed by a totalitarian government."

But, more importantly, Delgado tipped off the world to the very real possibility now that Galvao was weakening in his determination to bolt for Angola. Asked a question on this point, Delgado replied with a sigh, "We did not intend to go to Brazil but plans could change any time. Everything is in the hands of Galvao."

Aboard the *Santa Maria*, Galvao had his hands full. He knew by now that he had a tiger by the tail. The trick was to figure out how to let it go without being devoured.

Galvao still clung to a lingering hope that he could keep the ship in his possession even if he should surrender his hostages. When he received a wire from Admiral Dennison that promised no interference if Galvao chose to debark passengers at a port, he wanted to be sure this meant he could sail away again, in command. He called in Yunker to help him out with the message.

Things were not going well aboard the ship. The crew grew more surly by the day, moving silently about their

tasks like caged animals. The heat along the equator gnawed at the nerves.

The First and Cabin Class passengers, emboldened by the daily appearance of the American planes, approached Galvao now with little or no deference, some of them even with a patronizing air. These passengers had, in fact, lost almost all of their fear of the rebels. Few bothered to lock their cabin doors any more. Rather, many doors were left ajar at night, in hopes of catching a stray breeze.

Galvao had little concern about the First and Cabin Class passengers. He had seen to it that very few of their rights and privileges were impaired.

The danger, he knew, was in the Tourist Class, where food and water rationing were working a real hardship. Strange to say, it did not strike him at all as ironic that the democratic revolt which he was leading left class lines undisturbed. Although he preached a square deal for the poor people of Portugal, he took only a few steps to give a square deal to the poor people of the *Santa Maria*. And even these were on the spectacular rather than the substantial side.

He at first allowed the Tourist passengers to move freely about the deck space and passageway previously reserved for Cabin Class. But he later curtailed this privilege because it was abused. The Tourists usurped the deck chairs, for which Cabin Class passengers had planked down two dollars each at the outset of the trip, and scattered orange peels, cigarette butts, scraps of food and paper about the decks. This litter lay where it fell for a couple of days, until Cabin Class complained, and the crew was goaded into sloshing it all away with fire hoses.

Galvao also decreed that the Tourist children could use the Cabin Class playroom. In this he persisted, true to his Latin's love for children, despite complaints about the youngsters—particularly when some of the older ones extended their suzerainty to the adults' lounge, racing around with cap pistols and playing pirates, much to the discomfiture of their elders. One American lady was almost reduced to tears when a small Spanish boy crept up behind her, jammed a cardboard pistol into her back and yelled, "Bang!"

But First Class was inviolate. Except for Sotomayor and Velo, none of the rebels moved into First Class. While the others, as well as scores of Tourist passengers, flowed upward and took possession of Cabin Class rooms, Galvao rigidly maintained the barriers between First Class and the remainder of the ship.

The American passengers had been made aware of the food problem in Third Class. A Spanish woman, obsequious in manner but determined to make her point, accosted a group of Americans. With tears welling in her eyes, she showed them what Third Class had been served for dinner that night. It was a boiled potato, as hard as a rock, and beans which scarcely had been near a fire. There had been only soup for lunch, she said, and there was no milk at all for the children.

The Americans talked about forming a committee to go into Tourist Class and investigate. But, in the end, the investigating committee could never get together. Instead, they sent a message to Galvao, imploring him to improve the Tourist fare. He sent back word that he would try and, in the meantime, he ordered milk for the children.

As if these administrative problems were not enough,

Galvao's optimistic scheme for enlarging his band of rebels was not doing well at all. He had depended upon the pulling power of Professor Velo to swell the ranks of his Salazar-hating entourage. Despite the best that Velo and others could do at the daily indoctrination sessions with the crew and Tourist passengers, only five persons among the hundreds on board had elected to throw in their lot with the rebels. None of the five, significantly enough, came from the number of native Angolans in the *Santa Maria's* crew.

The five, all unmarried Portuguese crewmen from Lisbon, were:

Victor Manoel Figueira Dias Algarves, eighteen, a bus-boy.

Jose Prudencio Tinoco, twenty-three, a steward.

Hermogenio Antonio Borges da Silva, twenty-five, a steward.

Joaquim Andrade Goncalves, thirty-seven, an electrician.

Joaquim de Almeida Tempero, thirty-three, a seaman.

As Tourist Class struggled against the heat and hunger, especially the fretful children and the many pregnant women aboard, and as the crew worried silently about what Galvao would do with them, the Cabin and First Class passengers faced two major concerns: uncertainty and boredom. These took their food, ample and well-cooked, as a matter of course. But they fussed over the necessity of always keeping their bags packed, for they never knew when Galvao's "*manana*" might come, and time hung heavy on their hands. The card games, the reading, the traipsing to meals three times a day, the tea dances in the afternoon, the alternating dances and movies in the evenings—these were not enough to fill up the day.

The idle hours were devoted mainly to talk, usually speculation about when and how they would disembark. Occasionally there were sharp words, as when they chose sides for or against Galvao or argued whether the American Navy was doing too much or not enough. John Dawson, for one, was against Galvao and could not for the life of him understand why the Navy had not yet rescued them. On the other hand, Eben Baty liked Galvao in the three talks he had had with him, and growled that the worst thing of all was the continual "buzzing" of the ship by American planes.

At week's end, seven-year-old Debbie Smith made her reappearance. She looked a bit wan, but her rash was gone, and she started doing the rounds of the First Class area, looking for things to do. Her mother, still fearful of violence, was not sleeping well. But Mrs. Smith conquered her distaste for the armed rebels lounging about the pool and resumed swimming.

Mrs. Chubb had no time for boredom. She was still catching up on her sleep after her bout with illness at Seville before boarding the *Santa Maria*. And she devoted her waking hours to trying to find out what was going on in the drama being played about her. Nights, she wrote all she had learned in her journal, taking care also to note family events in it, such as:

"Friday, January 27, 1961 (Grandmother Patterson's 113th birthday)."

Arthur Douglas Patton decided it was about time to throw over another bottle with a message in it. He had already tossed out two on his European vacation, one on the way over from the S.S. *Dick Lykes* out of New Orleans, and the other from the *Santa Maria* after leaving



La Guaira, Venezuela. One such bottle of his had been found once, by a man on the beach at Devon, England. The man's daughter, an attractive twenty-one-year-old named Diana Quirk of Braunton, North Devon, had written the Pattons and sent them a snapshot. They had sent her a small collection of stamps in fulfillment of the message's promise to reward the finder with "something of value." He wrote a similar teaser message this time. On a *Santa Maria* postcard he wrote, "If the finders of this contact Douglas Patton at Boulder City, Nev., they will learn something to their advantage." His intention this time was to tell the finder that the bottle had been floated from a "pirate ship," the *Santa Maria*.

The tension had ebbed, and that night, Friday, January 27, good looks and good manners scored a complete victory over fear. A number of the lady passengers got up and danced with some of the rebels.

These were certainly among history's strangest "pirates." All of them, from Galvao down to the youngest teenager, were possessed of an Old World courtliness which enchanted the American women aboard. It was hard now to recall, on that sixth day of captivity, that it had all started with a burst of death-dealing gunfire from these exquisitely polite Latin gentlemen.

Some of the younger women among the third-class passengers were obviously seized with more than idle curiosity about their well-mannered captors. It soon became a common sight—groups of three or four young Spanish and Portuguese girls, some of them strikingly lovely, clustered about a rebel posted on guard duty. In the evenings the younger men faced the happy dilemma of which among the beauties to "date." They never lacked female com-

panionship, at any time. Galvao watched the shipboard romances bloom, pretending not to notice but secretly pleased, like an indulgent father.

In the lounge, on the nights when there were dances instead of movies, they "dressed" for the evening. The khaki uniforms with red and green armbands were shed in the commandeered cabins, and the rebels appeared at night in tropical business suits or sport shirts and slacks. They paid for their drinks with American dollars, although sometimes they put it on the cuff by writing "D.R.I.L." across the check. And they never drank too much. Their conduct was always exemplary. It was assumed, however, that they always carried their pistols with them.

June Preston was feeling a bit queasy. At lunchtime she had not been able to finish her meal. She wondered whether it was seasickness, a reaction against the heat and the uncertainty, or something worse. In any event, she passed up dinner for a light snack in her cabin and, after putting her two youngest boys to bed, joined her husband on deck to enjoy the night air and look at the Southern Cross and other stars of the Southern Hemisphere. They ignored the dance in the lounge, but it was good to listen to the music while collapsed in a deck chair. Like most of the other passengers, June drew comfort from the winking green and red lights of the Navy plane as it circled ceaselessly over the *Santa Maria*.

But the next day it was gone.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### THE TENSION GROWS

Rear Admiral Allen E. Smith, Jr., was all dressed up with no place to go. Pursuant to his orders, he got set in San Juan, Puerto Rico, for the hop across to Belem on the morning of Saturday, January 28. There he was, in a fresh white uniform, his four-engined Constellation standing by, and a half-dozen reporters tagging along to watch him at work. But his new orders were to hold it. The Brazilian Government had stopped all flights of American planes to and from Brazilian soil.

The State Department in Washington was baffled at first. How could it be? The explanation, as the Brazilian Embassy gave it, was simple. The United States had neglected to gain the proper clearances. A fast recheck with American Ambassador John Moors Cabot in Brasilia soon clarified the matter. There had been a misunderstanding. The United States had asked permission for two types of aircraft to land and take off from Recife and Belem. The Brazilian Foreign Ministry had understood this to mean a total of two airplanes and these were authorized. When more than a dozen began zooming in and out of the two airfields, local officials complained to their government,

and Brasilia, ever mindful of its sovereignty, called a halt.

By Sunday morning, the necessary formalities were completed. The American planes were flying patrol again, and Admiral Smith climbed aboard his four-engined charger and took off for Belem—almost a whole day late. No real harm had been done to the chase, for the Navy kept watch on the *Santa Maria* through radio “fixes.”

But the temporary absence of the aircraft jolted the passengers aboard the *Santa Maria*. The ship’s beauty shop operator grew so nervous that she could no longer dress her customers’ hair, and she canceled all her appointments. The Cabin Class maître d’hôtel went berserk. He was locked in a cabin in the aft section of B deck. A little later, two women telephone operators became hysterical. They were locked into a cabin next to him. Their howling and screaming and pounding on the door could easily be heard by the Americans quartered in that part of the ship.

Laurence Williams, a Canadian, was so wary of the rebels that he went to great pains to hide his journal. He wrote on the backs of ship’s menus and he tucked other notes between sheets of music.

Tension developed, too, among the Americans. Mrs. Chubb, the mildest of souls, lost her temper at Mr. Churchill, accusing him of talking endlessly about nothing and suggesting tartly that he try silence for a while. Angry words between two men even led to a scuffle—a shoving match and not really a fist fight—in which one of them fell to the deck and broke his eyeglasses. Mrs. Bates was shocked speechless when one of the little Preston boys turned on her, as she sought to correct him, and snapped, “Aw shut up!”

The behavior of the rebels did not help matters. They were seen pulling covers off of lifeboats and inspecting

the interiors of the craft. Rumors immediately swept the ship that Galvao was going to set the passengers adrift in them on the high seas. The question naturally arose as to what one wore in a lifeboat. Somebody remembered that in the movie "Lifeboat," Tallulah Bankhead had worn a full-length mink coat. This set all the American women to wondering whether they should take their fur coats along. The Americans considered asking Galvao for a lifeboat drill. But they rejected this on the grounds that the Portuguese and Spaniards aboard, as volatile Latins, might mistake a drill for the real thing and set off a panic.

The Americans were at a loss as to how to cope with the increasingly deep depression of the crew members they knew.

Mrs. Boyce was disturbed by the despair of a third engineer whose family she had met during her stay in Portugal. The man was convinced that, as soon as the passengers were unloaded, Galvao would head out to sea and certain destruction by the Portuguese and Spanish warships lurking there. The Portuguese officer was sure he would die, and he asked only that Mrs. Boyce remember him to his family if she ever visited Portugal again.

Mrs. Chubb was still trying to divine the mystery of the radio set which somebody had smuggled into her room. She checked faithfully every day to see that it was still undisturbed in its hiding place in her zipper-bag luggage. But whenever she broached the subject to her maid or the officer who seemed to be implicated, she was invariably met with finger-to-lips signals to keep quiet about the whole thing.

Galvao came up with a new wrinkle on Saturday night to make the prospect of imminent debarkation even more tantalizing. Over the loudspeaker he announced that two

American warships would come alongside and escort the *Santa Maria* to a port, which would be reached in a couple of days. It was maddening. Would this really happen? Or was it just more of Galvao's "*manana*" talk?

The trouble was that, as soon as the temporizing made the passengers completely impatient with Galvao, something charming would happen to take the steam out of their anger. Professor Velo and his close friend from Venezuela, the civil engineer Rafael Ojeda Henriquez, won many a passenger away from wrath by the simple graciousness of their manner.

There were always little incidents, such as the time Mrs. Chubb, going upstairs in semi-darkness, turned a corner and bumped into Galvao, walking along, head down, deep in thought.

"Oh, hello," she said.

"Good afternoon, Senhora," he replied, with a sweeping bow, and went on his way, leaving the little old lady from Pasadena delighted at the chance encounter.

"They really are gentle, quiet, courteous gentlemen," she said later.

But the adventure was beginning to pall on Mrs. Chubb. That Saturday night, as she contemplated the possibilities, she wrote in her journal:

Not knowing where I'm going, how I'm getting to U.S. or when, I am uncertain of plans. A ride on a battleship would be fun but crossing the Atlantic again and again is tiresome. I'm tired. I'd prefer Pasadena, but could I exert myself to get to Florida later?

The Portuguese company fine print seems to think piracy is like an act of God! So they aren't responsible. I surely would like clean clothes and a bath in clean

water, and relief from soggy, soggy hair. Most women wear head scarves. We need them even in heat!

Things were beginning to get June Preston down, too. Washing for her husband, herself and the four boys took up all her spare time. She was forever doing laundry, and the uneasy feeling at the pit of her stomach was persisting. The boys were getting harder to manage. Steven, the two-year-old, and Donald, five, were growing bored playing *choques*, the Venezuelan term for automobile crashes, with their string-pulled, wooden cars. Steven lately had taken to rushing up to rebel guards and butting them like a billy goat. Always, the men were tolerant of the little boy's mischief. They played with him, indulgent but wary whenever he lowered his head and went into his butting stance.

Mrs. Lucille Williamson, forty-two, a widow from Battle Creek, Michigan, grew in personality as the tension increased. Whereas at the outset she had seemed cold and withdrawn to her fellow passengers in Cabin Class, now she seemed to blossom with each passing day. She had struck up a cordial, restrained friendship with one of the ship's officers and, somehow, this seemed to make her prettier, more congenial. She voiced no complaints about the uncertainty of the ship's fate and she accepted cheerfully whatever privations accrued from the strange activity. She was with a cheerful group, the others at her table being Mrs. Chubb, the friendly and talkative Nat Logan-Smith and Martin Yunker, who entranced his fellow diners with detailed reports on his chats with Galvao.

Yunker was called to Galvao's side on Saturday to join in a radio conversation with a circling Navy Neptune. It was an important talk. After assuring the pilot, Com-

mander William Webster of Bingham, Massachusetts, that all was well aboard, Yunker translated Galvao's new offer. Galvao, for the first time, said flatly he would be willing to let the passengers off at "any selected Brazilian port," as long as nobody would try to take the ship away from him.

Webster promptly relayed this to his superiors. It was the break they had been waiting for. It was clear that Galvao had been prompted to make his offer by reports of a newspaper interview with Janio Quadros, to be sworn in on Tuesday, January 31, as president of Brazil. The interviewer quoted Quadros as saying: "Henrique Galvao is my old friend. Being my friend, he knows I will not turn over the ship to Portuguese authorities in any manner."

This was a far cry from the statements of the outgoing regime of President Juscelino Kubitschek. The Kubitschek government had offered political asylum to Galvao and his men, but said the ship had to be taken over and returned to Portugal under international law. Galvao was delighted. If Quadros would take off the passengers, allow him to refuel and replenish and be on his way, there was still a chance that he could continue to defy Salazar. What did it matter if the *Santa Maria* were torpedoed and sunk? All the better, for that would further dramatize Salazar's contempt for human life. Galvao did not mind dying at all, if it were for The Cause, and his men were prepared to die with him. The crew, however, had other ideas.

Captain Mario Simoes Maia, obedient but sullen, did what Galvao and Sotomayor told him to do. He assisted in the navigation and, by his example of cooperation, helped keep the crew in line. But the captain and his crew, except for the five who went over to the side of the rebels, did not fancy themselves as sacrificial lambs on the altar



of Galvao's hatred for Salazar. They wanted to live. Lacking the courage to revolt, they resorted to sly sabotage. Water taps were left running all night at times, to drain away the *Santa Maria's* meager supply of fresh water. The engines were tinkered with, to make them less effective and to increase fuel consumption. Captain Maia purposely made slight errors in navigation, so that the ship kept moving closer to the Brazilian coastline as it steamed in circles below the equator.

Sunday, January 29, dawned exceedingly warm. June and Floyd Preston, sweltering with the rest of the passengers, had an added botheration. The four Preston boys were clamoring again to go swimming. A few children already were in the pool, Dutch children mostly, and they looked so cool and carefree, straw-colored hair plastered to their heads, as gracefully at ease in the water as otters.

"All right," June sighed. "Let's go get our suits on."

There was a mad dash to Cabins No. 15 and 17, and in less time than it takes to tell, all six Prestons marched out in bathing suits. June led the way, hoping to be able to share the two life rings she had spotted at the pool earlier, since none of her boys could swim a stroke.

"Me first! Me first!" cried two-year-old Steven.

June went down the ladder into the pool and Floyd handed over a squirming Steven. Bobbing in the life ring, Steven reached down with both feet for the bottom. He was about ten feet too short to reach it. He let out a howl. He wanted no part of all that much water. In a few seconds, he was back on the deck, content to do any further "swimming" in the big bathtub of Cabin No. 15.

Donald, five, went in up to his ankles on the ladder, thought better of it, and solemnly joined Steven on deck. The older boys, Harold, and Bruce, put on the two life

rings and splashed about happily. This emboldened Donald and, after awhile, he tried again, and this time he found it great fun being towed about the pool in a life ring by his mother.

After an hour or so, the Prestons shoed their children out on deck so they could enjoy themselves without having to watch little boys in life rings. June dove in and stayed under, swimming below the surface. Steven screeched in terror.

"Mommie! Mommie!"

He thought she had disappeared forever in that bottomless pit. He was incredulous but relieved when she bobbed up at the other end. There was more to this swimming business than sitting in a bathtub.

It was a pleasant diversion for the Prestons, and that afternoon, tired out from the water, they all took naps. They trooped to tea afterward and, in the early evening, stood at the railing and cheered when the Navy reconnaissance plane appeared. They had taken to calling it "The Evening Mail" and its absence the day before, when flights out of Brazil had been grounded in the protocol mixup, had been acutely felt.

That night June and Floyd were in the bar when Galvao entered. He looked bedraggled, as if the heat were getting to him, too. The black beret was set at its familiar jaunty angle. But his khaki shirt and trousers were soiled and rumpled, and those shoulder boards! They drooped dismally toward Galvao's armpits, giving him the classic look of a military sad sack.

Galvao talked to Cecil and Joan Harberson. He told them he expected to confer the next day with the American admiral. Any day now, he said, the passengers would be getting off the ship. He said some newsmen were going

to parachute to the *Santa Maria*. And he explained how his old friend, Janio Quadros, who would become president of Brazil in two days, had apparently promised to let him deposit the passengers at a Brazilian port and sail on without interference.

This news was all over the ship before the sun had fully risen on the next day, Monday, January 30, the ninth day of captivity. To some, it gave new hope. But the majority snorted in disgust. Galvao's "*manana*" promises had produced more cynics than the boy who cried, "Wolf!" Even that perennial optimist, Mrs. Chubb, was at last disillusioned.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### A FAREWELL FIESTA

Mrs. Chubb had the clear impression, from Galvao's announcements on Saturday, the American warships would come alongside on Sunday to escort the *Santa Maria* into port for debarkation of passengers. She had gotten ready. She stayed up until one o'clock Sunday morning, repacking her bags. She washed out her brown and blue gingham dress by hand and tipped her maid a dollar to iron it. She saved the dress, wearing around during the day what she later called "most distressingly mussed clothes." She said goodbye to her friends in the crew in the morning, and she said goodbye to them after lunch. By tea time, it was apparent nothing was going to happen, and so, feeling pretty downhearted, she changed into fresh clothes and played bridge until dinner. She turned in early. Monday was her birthday and she recorded it in her journal:

January 30, 1961—This 71st birthday opens drearily. . . .

The ship just marks time, an hour or so south, an hour or so north, a turn about. The water is supposed to be seven miles deep so there is no anchor and we can't stand still. Moving is helpful, air is dislocated,

but it is always hot and humid eight degrees south of the Equator. . . .

I am not unpacking in this heat and humidity. Clothes can't get more mussed. I dig my fingers in and hunt for what I need. This morning a pair of stockings. I roll them way down and my feet are more comfortable than when bare in my heavy shoes.

The children grow more noisy and freer in their scampering. Few cry and all are remarkably clean. How mothers manage it, I do not know.

We are jealous! First Class has no invaders. Even the three Liberator leaders appear rarely for meals. With fifty-seven or so passengers, they have a swimming pool, wide almost empty decks, dining room, library, empty lounge, bar, writing room. With 100 passengers we have most of Liberators, and at least 100 or so Third Class passengers on our decks. . . .

Everyone is lackadaisical, boredom and weather. Our food is less and less appetizing, again boredom, and also fewer changes. Rumors are terrific, people are less attractive. Escaping is practiced by the people I like best. Each of us goes to our rooms to read or sleep or tries to find an out-of-the-way corner. A few blustering American men worry me more than the Liberators. They can't see that arguments with our captors could produce a riot in our congested, almost inflammable situation.

The restraint of a Liberator should have put them to shame yesterday when a man tried to tell him off and show him his sins. The Liberator replied vehemently in Spanish, shook his fist and walked away. He could have pulled the gun at his hip.

Our stairs and cabin corridors are quite dark. A riot

would cause accidents at best . . . heart attacks . . . anything could happen. I'd sure hate to have restrictions put upon us, but loud argumentative people need to be sent to their cabins. . . .

If the Cruise in the South Atlantic lasts much longer, the population will increase. A dozen or so women's time must be approaching fast. (A baby was born last day).

But Mrs. Chubb's pessimism was short-lived.

All in all, it was an amazing day, with tension flowing up and down like a barometer gone haywire. It was, as Mrs. Chubb was to remark many times afterward, "quite a birthday for an old lady!"

There was, to begin with, land. Not much of it, just three vague points showing on the horizon. Rumors buzzed about the ship that it was Brazil, and there was sound like a low keening as the people gathered at the rail and murmured about those beckoning patches of bluish purple so far away. It was the first land they had seen since pausing at St. Lucia exactly one week before.

Soon, it became clear that it must be Brazil, Recife in fact. In the bar, television sets were receiving broadcasts from the Recife station. Every time the words *Santa Maria* were mentioned, a crowd of viewers quickly gathered. Many of the rebels spent hours in the bar, watching television. The passengers speculated that Galvao was circling between twenty and fifty miles off Recife, waiting for his conference at sea with the American admiral and killing time until his friend, Janio Quadros, became president of Brazil. A low-silhouetted ship, possibly a destroyer, lay far off on the horizon, too. Could the American admiral be aboard that craft?

It was on this day, too, that the people of the *Santa Maria* first felt the direct impact of the scores of reporters, photographers and cameramen who had swooped down on Brazil to record the floating revolution.

They had come from four continents, more than a hundred of them, and they swarmed into Recife like locusts. Recife, slumbering in the equatorial backwaters of the world, was totally unprepared for the invasion. But it learned quickly, and the economic boom was great while it lasted. It would be a long time before boat owners, telephone operators, telegraphers, cab drivers, bell boys, bartenders, waiters, hostesses, bank clerks and various and sundry factotums forgot the week that The Press came to town in quest of the *Santa Maria*.

Struggling with bulky television cameras and lights or strutting jauntily with trench coat and attaché case, they made themselves unselfconsciously at home, for home to them was anywhere that big news broke. They were globe trotters who always kept a suitcase handy and their passports and expense accounts up to date, ready to cover an Asian war today, an American presidential inauguration next week and a French film festival the week after. They all had the same orders from their editors: get aboard the "pirate ship," and get there first.

The Grande Hotel, because it had the best accommodations as well as a commanding view of the harbor and the ocean beyond, was their natural headquarters. They met in the lobby, with great hoorahs and handshakes, like Old Grads on Founders Day, and in the second-floor bar, where they could sip and look out the French windows at the ocean.

"Hi, there! Ottawa, wasn't it? Queen Elizabeth's visit in fifty-seven?"

"Hi, there! Haven't seen you since Khrushchev at Coon Rapids!"

"Hi, there! I remember—the Summit Conference last May!"

"Hi, there! The Tokyo riots . . . right?"

Soon they got down to the business at hand. They brought each other up to date on what the *Santa Maria* and the Navy were doing. But it was understood that, when it came to the main event, the actual effort to slip aboard the runaway liner, it would be every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost.

What a grand race it was! They called it "The Recife Regatta," and they pressed into service every ratty, leaky tub that could float. There were tugboats, sloops, launches and—when the *Santa Maria* came within sight—even skiffs. The wily fishermen of Recife soon saw they had a good thing going, and the rental prices skyrocketed. For one sortie in a tugboat, when the *Santa Maria* was about fifty miles offshore, the price was \$2,900, and a clever skipper might be able to work in two trips in a day. The going rate for a fishing launch, thirty to forty feet long, was \$1,200.

"Not all the pirates are at sea," the correspondents grumbled. But they shelled out and wired home for more money. The boat owners, wallets bulging with twenty-dollar bills, held out one hand for the money and, with the other, waved away would-be clients who had arrived at the dock too late.

The first view the passengers had of the "rats of Recife" was a little single-engined airplane, painted a gay green and red, circling low overhead. In the opening where the door had been, a young man braced himself in a kneeling position. The plane dropped down and flew just above the



water, at about deck level, and the young man pressed a camera against his face, squinting as he sighted in on the *Santa Maria* and pressed a button to start his camera whirring. Then late in the afternoon, a battered old fishing boat appeared and pulled alongside the *Santa Maria*. Passengers crowded to the rail to look down on it. A rope ladder was lowered, and five men, as unkempt a lot as the *Santa Maria's* passengers had ever seen, clambered up from the bobbing fishing boat. It was hard to believe, but these five ragged visitors were newsmen, the first to board the elusive liner. They conferred at length with Galvao and then mingled with the passengers, asking questions and shooting pictures all over the ship. Their presence assured the passengers that they were no longer isolated.

Most encouraging of all, Galvao finally made two moves that gave credence to his pledge that relief was near. He posted landing instructions on the bulletin boards and had them read over the loudspeaker system. Also, and this was really the most unbelievable sign—he announced that he was throwing a farewell dinner that night for the First and Cabin Class passengers.

Galvao's landing instructions were clear enough. Passengers would be allowed to carry a small bag of personal belongings with them. The rest of their luggage was to be left in the cabin, to be searched and taken ashore later. Passengers were not to carry ashore anything for the crew. Nor were they to take with them any firearms or records of the ship. A strict priority of departure was set up: pregnant women, sick persons and the families of these would be first. Next would go married couples and their children. Finally, single persons could leave. It looked good for the passengers, but there was small comfort in this program for the crew.

This was becoming a very sore point on the international scene as well as aboard the *Santa Maria*. The Portuguese Government, in its daily contacts with American Ambassador Elbrick in Lisbon, hammered at the theme that sheer humanitarianism demanded that the United States seek the release of the 356 crew members. It went beyond that. Dr. Jose Soares da Fonseca, chairman of the board of the Companhia Colonial de Navegacao, owners of the *Santa Maria*, cabled President Kennedy from Lisbon. He urged that the American Navy work for the freeing of the crew members "who are also human beings and have been in even bigger danger." The company disclosed that it had called on Interpol, the international police organization, to intervene to restore the ship "with the same expediency as it deals with other cases of international assault and robbery." Portugal's National Syndicate of Seafarers also cabled President Kennedy, appealing for an effort to save the crew. A similar plea came from Manuel Cardinal Goncalves Cerejeira, patriarch of Lisbon.

Aboard the *Santa Maria*, as cooks scrambled about preparing the night's banquet and the print shop dropped everything else to turn out an especially designed souvenir menu, Galvao was having one of his busiest days in the radio room.

Galvao's spirits were buoyed by two messages from Carlos Lacerda, governor of Guanabara, the state in Brazil which encompasses Rio de Janeiro. First, Lacerda suggested Galvao stay out of a Brazilian port until after Quadros' inauguration the next day. The governor promised to do all in his power to see that the *Santa Maria* remained in Galvao's hands. Then, Lacerda reported that he had talked with Alfonso Arimos and Silvio Heck, des-

ignated as Foreign Minister and Navy Minister, respectively, in the incoming administration. Lacerda added:

“President Janio has declared to the press that he will assure disembarkation of passengers, political asylum for you and your companions as well as to maintain you in command of the ship *Santa Maria*.

“While these declarations are not confirmed officially, I can tell you this is really the thought of the new President.”

Galvao promptly messaged his thanks to Lacerda. He emphasized that his mission aboard the *Santa Maria* was “to open most active hostilities to advance the liberation of the motherland.”

Galvao swapped a number of messages with the American hurricane-hunter plane, piloted by Commander William Webster around the *Santa Maria* that bright, sunny Monday.

“Admiral Smith will board the destroyer *Gearing* at daylight tomorrow to proceed to rendezvous area,” Webster told Galvao. “Disembarkation of passengers to take place tomorrow if possible.”

Galvao agreed to the rendezvous, and he added, “We will be looking forward to arriving in Recife.”

Webster messaged that the Brazilian Government, as such, had given no formal assurances that Galvao could sail on after he entered Brazilian waters. But Galvao dismissed this word of caution with lavish praise for Quadros, saying he would settle details with Admiral Smith on the morrow.

“There is no doubt that with the new Government we will have the best reception and treatment,” Galvao said. “I am sorry that the passengers had to have their route

changed. But I was also obliged to change my route. All passengers have had their rights respected and to the present moment there has been no trouble between them and us."

Galvao called Howard Weisberger of Las Vegas to the radiophone. He wanted Weisberger to confirm for the Navy plane that all was well between the captors and captives aboard the ship.

"Our morale is good, primarily because of the frequent appearance of American naval aircraft," Weisberger said.

Galvao was pleased with his day's work. He looked forward to the banquet with relish. If there was anything he loved and understood, it was style. Sometimes, during this hot and taxing cruise, things had not gone as stylishly as he desired. But this night he hoped to make the passengers forget any little crudities or lapses in protocol. With the banquet all laid out, the First and Second Class passengers seated, and the ship's orchestra playing gay, unobtrusive music, Galvao had one more order to give.

"Champagne for Third Class," he told the ship's commissary, and it was duly sent down.

And then, flanked by Velo and Sotomayor, Galvao swept grandly into the First Class lounge. With a flourish, they seated themselves at a "captain's table." Galvao admired the menu, printed to his precise specifications. Its heading, in Portuguese and English, said:

## SANTA MARIA EN ROUTE TO LIBERTY

Farewell Dinner

Monday, January 30, 1961

It offered a wide variety of choices. There were three kinds of soup. As a fish course, one could have either salmon or lobster. The entree could be either Tournedos

Sauté Montmorency or Chicken Chipolata. Vegetables included artichokes, potatoes cocotte, green peas, and asparagus with Dutch sauce. The salad was lettuce with just about any dressing imaginable, including A-1 sauce and Miracle-whip. There also was a cold buffet offering York and smoked ham, chicken, roast lamb, and leg of pork. There were Portuguese wines, of course, and to top it all off there were cheeses, orange pudding, nuts and fruits, and instant coffee.

For once, there were no political harangues. It was a happy, carefree evening, the strongest sign yet to the passengers that their ordeal might truly be nearing an end. Galvao would not squander his limited resources in so profligate a gesture if he did not expect to stock up again very soon. And that meant, hopefully, that the passengers could leave the ship.

Many of the Second Class passengers came to the head table, menu and ballpoint pen in hand. Galvao, Velo and Sotomayor were busy for the better part of an hour, signing autographs.

Arthur Douglas Patton got all three. He went up on a dare, and he was glad he did.

"Something to show our grandchildren," he told his wife.

The evening went well until instant-coffee time. Shortly before ten o'clock, when the tables had been cleared of dinnerware and the orchestra swung into dance music, the First Class passengers rose and left. It was a calculated snub, but Galvao gave no indication that he noticed.

Other people began to dance. After-dinner drinks flowed and the party was soon in full swing. Galvao, signing autographs and chatting benevolently, basked in the warm glow of the get-together. Somebody started tossing colored

paper streamers over the dancers and there was merry laughter as the tempo of the orchestra quickened.

"A real fiesta," Nat Logan-Smith said.

June and Floyd Preston walked out with the other First Class passengers as soon as the dinner was over. Floyd repaired to the bar to watch television. There was more about the *Santa Maria* now, even jokes, such as "The Santa Maria Dance Step—one with lots of back and forth movements."

It had not been a very pleasant day for June Preston. She had come down with dysentery the night before and spent the day in bed. The ship's doctor dropped in about noon to give her antibiotic pills and prescribe a diet of water, tea, and sweet biscuits. Her husband had undertaken to keep their four boys out of mischief.

June went to her cabin, where the sight of over-used towels almost sickened her again. She had had to ask for clean sheets that day. Bed bugs. They had nibbled on her all day as she lay a-bed during her indisposition, and the sheets were stained with blood where she had inadvertently squashed them.

Nobody enjoyed the farewell dinner-dance more than Galvao. Unhappily a brief encounter on the way to his cabin robbed him of his gay mood. As he passed a crewman in a dimly lit passageway, he caught the man's eye. He was taken aback by the cold insolence of the stare. What dangers lurked in the mind behind such eyes?

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### “SET THESE PEOPLE FREE!”

Galvao was disturbed by the sullen new look of the crew. But it was only one of many worries. His ship, his beloved “*Santa Liberdade*,” was in trouble. It was not only the air conditioning breakdown, and the Third Class droppings littering the Cabin Class area like a picnic ground on a summer weekend. Worse still, one turbine could do little more than limp along. Water, food and fuel were low. The sea was intruding through a defect in the packing of the port propeller shaft, and the list to that side was becoming very noticeable. There was no hope of making these repairs, or even of fixing the air conditioning, without a stay in port of several days. But how could he swing it?

So far, he had only a newspaper report and the word of Governor Lacerda that Quadros would permit him to keep the *Santa Maria* if he entered Brazil’s territorial waters. Quadros would be sworn in as president at noon that day, Tuesday, January 31. Galvao waited impatiently for official word from Quadros assuring him of nonintervention. In response to queries from the Brazilian press, he sent a message aimed at drawing out Quadros. It said, “I hope to enter Recife on the same solemn day that Brazil initiates

a new era headed by your admirable and honored President Quadros."

But first there was Rear Admiral Allen E. Smith, Jr., to deal with. At dawn, the admiral steamed from Recife, about forty miles northwest of the *Santa Maria's* position. With him aboard the destroyer U.S.S. *Gearing* were sixty-six reporters and photographers from all over the world. Smith sailed amid a great whoopeddoo about having secret instructions from Washington. Navy spokesmen said the orders were in a sealed envelope brought by Commander J. E. Tingle of Fort Worth, Texas, skipper of the *Gearing*. In a move to forestall reporters' inquiries, but hardly flattering to Admiral Smith, the spokesmen had announced on Monday, January 30, in Recife:

"The admiral will meet Captain Henrique Galvao aboard the *Santa Maria* at daylight tomorrow morning. The purpose of the meeting will be to confer with Captain Galvao and to attempt to reach an agreement with him on the disembarkation of passengers, in accordance with instructions which he will receive from the destroyer *Gearing*, which is to arrive in Recife at five o'clock local time.

"The Admiral emphasizes that at the moment he doesn't know what his instructions will be."

The announcement added that the destroyers U.S.S. *Vogelgesang*, U.S.S. *Wilson* and U.S.S. *Damato* "are expected in the Recife area shortly." It said they would "be available to assist Admiral Smith in carrying out his instructions in accordance with agreements reached with Galvao."

That sounded as if the Navy might finally accede to Galvao's demands that the passengers be transferred to other ships on the high seas. How else would all those destroyers be helpful?



If Galvao wanted to, all he had to do was to steam into Recife at high tide, tie up at a pier, drop a gangplank and wish the passengers Godspeed. But he still was not sure that he could then set sail again. To make him even more uneasy, he had picked up a news broadcast in which Quadros had cast doubt on the newspaper story quoting him, declaring, “When I have something to say about the *Santa Maria* I will not say it in this manner, and I have nothing to say right now.”

Galvao, mindful of the surly mood of the crew and the restiveness in Third Class, took certain security precautions. He knew the presence of official visitors aboard would create excitement, so he ordered the barriers separating the three classes to be raised and locked in place.

From the flying bridge, Galvao watched the *Gearing* approach at a fast clip from Recife. A few thousand yards away she slowed down and ran up flags, announcing her presence and requesting a radio frequency for voice contact. Galvao was annoyed at the smartness with which the *Gearing* sailed and executed her turns.

“We are obliged,” he snapped over the radio in Spanish, “to reject as an unfriendly act toward our conduct the fact that the American destroyer has come into a position of combat. I recognize your dress.”

From the *Gearing*, Ernest S. Guaderrama, the American consul in Recife, hastened to assure Galvao that the Americans came in peace.

“I beg your pardon,” Galvao said, after a pause. “Thank you very much.”

At the prompting of the newsmen, the *Gearing* asked if Galvao would permit reporters and photographers aboard. He replied that all of them were welcome except Arthur Agostino, a Portuguese who, in a radio broadcast from Rio

de Janeiro, had called the rebels "killers, murderers and thieves." Agostino was not aboard. It made no difference, however, for Admiral Smith had orders not to take any newsmen with him except a reporter and a photographer from the Navy, both enlisted men.

When she spied the *Gearing* early on that morning of January 31, Mrs. Edna Chubb thought it was one of the most beautiful sights she had ever seen. The lean, greyhound lines of the destroyer made the *Santa Maria* seem fat and gross by comparison. She studied the number on the *Gearing's* bow—"871" in black and white block lettering—as if it were the "Mona Lisa." She saw the newsmen lining the *Gearing's* railing and she watched intently as the *Gearing* put a launch over the side and about ten men, some in uniform and others in mufti, got aboard. Their bright orange Mae West lifejackets gave them a gay, carnival air. This impression was heightened as the launch bobbed across the two hundred yards of choppy water separating the two ships and Mrs. Chubb saw that the bowed canvas sunshade of the launch was decorated at either end with short, fat tassels, dancing with the pitch and roll of the boat.

The *Gearing* arrived at half past seven, but it was an hour before Admiral Smith set foot on the boarding ladder of the *Santa Maria*. Galvao, Velo and Sotomayor stood stiffly at attention at the top of the gangway. Their khaki uniforms, although carefully pressed, lacked the immaculate look of the white tunics and trousers of the American and Brazilian officers who came silently aboard, saluted and shook hands with a mumbled, "How do you do?"

Martin Yunker walked with the entourage to the First Class library, and a number of other Americans trailed along, too. Yunker had been asked by Galvao to serve as his interpreter. He had balked at doing the job alone,

however, and at his request Galvao agreed to a second interpreter, Senora Consuelo Gonzales del Tanago of Madrid, Spain. She was a lovely young woman, about thirty, the mother of three children with another on the way. She had those big, round Spanish eyes that seem always on the verge of tears, and a small mouth with full, pouting lips. Senora Gonzales was perfectly bilingual and Yunker was pleased that she would sit in on the conference. As it turned out, however, very little Spanish was used, and the interpreting was done by Ernest Guaderama, the bespectacled, solemn-faced American consul at Recife, who was in Admiral Smith's party.

Passengers and crew crowded around. Women wept unrestrainedly and there were shouts of “Gracias, Americanos!” The hopes of all aboard went into the conference room, and there was a mêlée of knees and elbows as many of the onlookers managed to fight their way inside, too, to stand silently by as the talks began. But they were soon asked to leave, which they did, only to hang around in the lounge and on deck, waiting and watching. The *Gearing* circled the *Santa Maria* as the conference wore on.

A tugboat loaded with newsmen came alongside, belching black smoke that poured into the hot cabins and passageways amidships and smarted the nose and eyes. The reporters and photographers clamored to come aboard, but the rebels on guard at the gangway grimly shook their heads. Two tiny light planes droned overhead, like dragonflies reconnoitering a fishpond. The passengers, waiting as their fate was being decided, watched all this and envied the people aboard the destroyer, the tugboat and the airplanes who were there by choice and who knew as a certainty they would soon be ashore, on dry land.

On the *Gearing*, there was a commotion. A low silhou-

ette had been sighted on the horizon, moving quickly toward the rendezvous point. Was it the Portuguese frigate *Pero Escobar*, come to wreak revenge on Galvao? Navy binoculars trained on the intruding warship. A blinker message, requesting identification, was flashed. Back came the response, and a sigh of relief went up on the *Gearing*. It was the American destroyer U.S.S. *Damoto*, arriving to give a hand. It joined the *Gearing* in circling the *Santa Maria*.

In the library, Galvao and Smith conducted their talks with a caution worthy of a summit conference. Adhering strictly to his instructions, Admiral Smith appealed to Galvao's humanitarian instincts, arguing that he should dock at Recife and set the passengers free. But Galvao was adamant. He would gladly surrender the passengers but he would never give up the ship.

"I would sink it first," Galvao declared. "I will defend myself. And I think the Americans should protect my ship, because American passengers are aboard. But I do not believe the Brazilians will try to interfere with the ship."

The admiral, his pink face turned almost beet red by the exertion of coming aboard, the heat and the tension of negotiating, asked with deceptive calm what would Galvao do if the Brazilians refused his request.

"I would decide right away to go to another place."

"Where?"

"Accra, in Ghana, and we would need American protection and fuel."

Smith could see he was getting nowhere. Galvao would give up the passengers, but only with assurances which the United States could not provide. It was by no means certain that a President Quadros would be as firmly pro-

Galvao as a President-elect Quadros. And it was unthinkable that the United States would allow itself to be maneuvered into a position of providing food, fuel and protection. At the same time, Galvao could not be allowed to sail off to Africa with a shipload of hostages. Smith suddenly lost his temper, as he looked into the beautiful, perennially sorrowful eyes of Senora Gonzales, seated at the table in her role as standby interpreter.

“You must set these people free!” he cried. “Why, here’s a young lady with tears in her eyes!”

Galvao was unmoved. The conference floundered along a bit more until, at the end of two hours, it reached its inconclusive end. Galvao would release the passengers but he wanted the ship and the crew as well as food, water, fuel and an armed escort against the Portuguese and Spanish warships. Smith arose with a feeling of frustration.

In the lounge, he addressed the passengers as Guaderama, armed with a pencil and a huge pad of paper, sought out the Americans and took down their names and addresses and whatever comments or requests they had. Guaderrama was a gentle, slow-moving man who did his work with the bedside manner of a good country doctor. Talking to him and listening to the admiral over the public address system, the Americans felt their hopes rise.

“You have the sympathy of the entire world,” Admiral Smith said. “I have just conducted a conference with Captain Galvao. He has given me strong reason to believe that he intends to discharge all passengers.

“Within twenty-four hours, I hope all of you will be disembarked. Do not, however, be too optimistic. He has promised to confer with me again if his plans are changed.”

Just as the admiral and his party prepared to leave, a shout arose on deck and people looked up, pointing and jabbering excitedly. Two men had leaped from the two light planes and they floated toward the water, their white parachutes brilliant against the deep blue of the midday equatorial sky.

One of them was Gil Delamar, daredevil French parachutist and photographer for the Dalmas Agency. He had announced in Paris that he would go to Brazil, hire a plane and bail out over the *Santa Maria*. An "old friend" of Galvao, he was confident he would be picked up and taken aboard. The other jumper was Charles Bonnay of the Black Star Agency. Also a French parachutist and photographer, he had vowed to board the runaway ship, too. Both landed at least a thousand yards from their target. Delamar had the better luck. He was picked up by the newsmen's tugboat but, before the tug could reach Bonnay, the American destroyer U.S.S. *Gearing* went alongside him.

A line was tossed to Bonnay from the *Gearing*. Making a great show of struggling with his shroud lines and the waterproof aluminum box containing his photographic gear, Bonnay allowed the line from the *Gearing* to slip away from him. He waved for the tugboat to come for him. Again the *Gearing* heaved him a line. Again he let it get away from him and waved to the tugboat.

By that time, Bonnay's sinking parachute was pulling him under. The shroud lines sank and fouled about his feet, pinning them so that he could not tread water. He pulled out a knife and stabbed at the lines, but the choppy waves were banging him against the hull of the *Gearing*. This time, when a line was thrown, he grabbed it for dear life, wrapped it several times around his wrists and

yelled to the American sailors to pull him up. He swallowed a lot of salt water before he finally broke free and made it to the *Gearing's* welcome deck.

The tug veered away and went alongside the *Santa Maria*. Galvao, in recognition of the bravery of his old friend, Gil Delamar, permitted him aboard. Bonnay was hauled before Admiral Smith, now back on his own ship, who began to dress him down for defying his orders that no newsmen were to attempt to board the runaway liner. But before the admiral could get started, the younger man—at twenty-six, Bonnay could have been Smith's son—tore into him, denouncing the *Gearing* for interfering with his plan to parachute his way aboard the *Santa Maria*. Not a word of thanks from Bonnay for saving his life, only reproaches for preventing him from boarding the *Santa Maria*! Outraged, the admiral ordered the saucy young Frenchman out of his cabin. He was taken back to Recife with the sixty-six other, less daring newsmen. Then the admiral returned to his prime problem.

“The picture is not as definite as all concerned would like it to be,” Smith told a press conference on the *Gearing*. “Our only interest is to get the passengers off safely. We talked with quite a few passengers aboard the *Santa Maria* and they were very nervous and apprehensive, living on hopes and promises.”

And what of the crew? They had little hope and no promises at all. Only the guns of the rebels kept the crew from mutiny. They worked listlessly, and the clutter of one day became part of the next day's. Nobody bothered to sweep or wash down the decks. Refuse accumulated undisturbed. Clean towels and linen were almost impossible to get. More than a hundred Third Class passengers had moved into Cabin Class, and it was noticed that some

of these squatters were pretty girls who danced with the rebels and went off with them in the evenings. Some crewmen were seen talking with small groups of grim-faced passengers from Third Class. There was an affinity here, a mutuality of suffering, and it was beginning to strike sparks.

Galvao and Professor Velo met with the crew that night. They outlined the talk they had had with Admiral Smith, and they sought understanding for their position. But there was none. The crew wanted off. Galvao left the meeting deeply troubled. Some crewmen had cried during the meeting. It was a dangerous thing when men publicly shed tears of fear and frustration.

Ashore, there was emotion, too. Delgado flew into Recife from Sao Paulo at dusk. He played the conquering hero bit to the hilt, making a speech at the airport on arrival, allowing himself to be swept triumphantly into town, and appearing later at a window of his hotel, the Sao Domingo, to address a crowd of tearful followers gathered in the street. He topped off the evening with a press conference.

"I consider it my duty to take the greatest risk in the affair of the *Santa Maria*," he said. "If this means going aboard the ship and sailing to Africa or Portugal, I am prepared to do it."

Galvao slept little that night. He faced his most important decision since he elected to sacrifice the element of surprise in order to drop off the wounded officer at St. Lucia. How long ago was that now? Only eight days?

Galvao made up his mind he could not risk another day tooling around off Recife. He sensed the tension among the crew and Third Class passengers was nearing the breaking point. He would force the issue.



## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### THE PLOT: MUTINY

At fifteen minutes before eight on the morning of Wednesday, February 1, Galvao messaged Admiral Smith that he was sailing for Recife, to anchor just outside the three-mile limit of Brazil's territorial waters. He hoped the sight of Recife would calm things down aboard ship, and he gambled that his gesture of trust would inspire President Quadros to follow through officially on his reported pledge of assistance.

In less than three hours, as the *Santa Maria* glided slowly toward Recife about five miles offshore, Quadros' reply began coming in over the ship's radio. Galvao listened, his head cocked to one side like a wise old owl, as the message said:

"I reaffirm my loyalty to our unshakeable democratic convictions.

"You may be sure that in the exercise of my constitutional duties you and all who want to will receive the right of asylum in our territory and all else which laws and treaties permit.

"The government and the people of Brazil follow with profound emotion the fate of the passengers who are under your care and responsibility."

It was not the message Galvao wanted. It was not the

flat assurance that he could sail on unmolested. What did Quadros mean when he promised "all else which laws and treaties permit"? Surely Quadros could easily find laws and treaties which prohibited him from allowing Galvao to keep the *Santa Maria*. If Quadros could not, Salazar certainly would.

Galvao was depressed when the *Santa Maria* dropped anchor at what he thought was a hundred yards or so outside the three-mile limit. Actually, Captain Maia, practicing his subtle sabotage, had maneuvered the ship so that at least half of it was inside the three-mile line, hoping the Brazilian Navy would take a reading and come out and seize the vessel. The Brazilians and Americans did take readings and they knew exactly where the *Santa Maria* was. But no effort was made to seize the ship, lest it cause further bloodshed.

The officer the Navy sent after Galvao was a hard-working man who had trained himself all his life to do what he was told in the best way he knew how. His quarry was a swashbuckling maverick who followed the rules if it suited him and, if not, made his own.

It would have been an uneven chase, a Farmer Brown plodding after a wily old Reynard the Fox. But Andy Smith knew how to chase, after decades of patrol duty, and his resources in aircraft and ships increased as Galvao's troubles with food, fuel, water and dissension multiplied.

Above all, Andy Smith knew when to punt. As soon as the *Santa Maria* nosed past the three-mile mark, he let the Brazilians have the ball, to take it from there.

As soon as Admiral Smith looked through his glass and checked with Admiral A. R. Dias Fernandes, commandant of Brazil's Third Naval District at Recife, and Com-

mander Helio Leite, captain of the port of Recife, who also agreed that the *Santa Maria* was within the three-mile limit, he put out a statement saying:

"It has been determined by Brazil that the *Santa Maria* is within territorial waters. Therefore, the entire situation has been taken over by the Brazilian Third Naval District. Any further information will come from Brazilian authorities."

It was a neat maneuver on that Wednesday, February 1, one calculated to please Washington, which had been trying for some time to get off the hook in the extremely delicate situation. It was left for his Brazilian colleague, Admiral Dias Fernandes, to take over. Admiral Smith could now confine himself to making sure that his reconnaissance aircraft, four destroyers, two tankers and nuclear submarine U.S.S. *Seawolf* were alerted to continue the tracking if Galvao decided to head for the open sea after all.

"If the *Santa Maria* gets away from the *Seawolf*, that's something I want to see," Admiral Smith could say, with a new sense of confidence.

President Kennedy, standing before a 6 P.M. press conference in Washington on the same day, noted that Portugal had expressed its "great interest" in getting the *Santa Maria* back. He said America's prime concern was for the safety of the passengers, but he added that "we hope all . . . interests can be protected." Finally, he said he knew of no threats by Portugal to stop the United States from using the Azores as an air base out of pique at the way the *Santa Maria* search was handled.

It was a good day for winding up a lot of things. Following President Kennedy's press conference, Secretary of State Dean Rusk called in the Portuguese Ambassador,

Luis Esteves Fernandes, and for the first time explained the American tactics to the Portuguese Government. The explanation went something like this:

“When the Portuguese Government requested help in locating the *Santa Maria*, the United States, as an ally, responded immediately. Unfortunately, because of the time lead and the expanse of ocean to be searched, it took some time to find the vessel. There was apparent by then a dispute as to the legality of stopping, boarding and confiscating the ship. The United States therefore sought to convince Captain Galvao to take it into a northern port of South America.

“The United States expressed prime concern for the safety of the passengers, particularly the forty-two Americans, as it had a legitimate right to do. It deliberately avoided raising the question of the crew in order not to arouse Galvao to the point where he would make a run for it. The United States felt that, in view of that danger, the less said about the crew the better, although this did not reflect the government’s genuine humanitarian concern for the crew.

“Now that the *Santa Maria* has entered the territorial waters of Brazil, we are confident that the crew will make every effort to disembark. It is no longer necessary to keep silent the United States Government’s concern for the safety of the crew as well as the passengers, nor to refrain from expressing a hope that the *Santa Maria* itself will be returned to its rightful owners.”

Ambassador Esteves Fernandes dutifully cabled this revelation to his government. The attacks on the United States in the Portuguese and Spanish press, as well as caustic official comments in Lisbon about the American effort, ceased with miraculous suddenness. In fact, in a

couple of days the Portuguese Government publicly expressed "thanks and sincere appreciation for the efficient cooperation" given by the United States Government and its Navy.

Secretary of State Rusk was pleased, too. He sent a note of congratulations to Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, who promptly made it public. Mr. Rusk's message said:

"Please convey my respect and appreciation to Admirals Dennison and Smith and all Navy personnel who have handled the *Santa Maria* problem so ably. This is just one of many instances in which the Navy has shown that its fighting spirit is matched by its diplomatic skill. Congratulations."

Admiral Robert L. Dennison, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, also had his say. In a message to all concerned, he expressed congratulations and, just in case any Congressional Appropriations Committee members were tuned in, he threw in a bit of boasting about the Navy's "mobility and flexibility":

"Just when we all think we've heard of or been involved in almost every type of situation involving the use of naval forces, along comes a new requirement, involving a different approach, making new demands and presenting new tests of the flexibility of naval forces.

"The United States Navy's part in the *Santa Maria* saga has been marked by a dedicated, efficient and successful effort on the part of many ships, planes and the men in them. Your mission stems from the age-old tradition of prompt assistance to those in peril on the sea but it also served to point up once again the important mobility and flexibility which is the unique characteristic of naval forces. Well done to all concerned."

Along the busy waterfront of Recife, crowds began to gather. It was the beginning of carnival time, and a festive mood was in the air. Never before had a show like this hit town, and nobody wanted to miss it. Already, police were blocking off streets so that workmen could festoon them with arches of tinsel for the annual celebration. At the docks, the well-to-do mingled with shabby fishermen and dock wallopers, democratically akin as they stared at the shiny gray bulk of the *Santa Maria* so close at last.

The morbid had much to discuss. It was known that Galvao had boasted he would scuttle the ship rather than surrender it, and there were reports in the newspapers and on radio and television that he had nearly a hundred pounds of dynamite aboard.

As Recife stared, the *Santa Maria* stared back. Passengers and crewmen looked longingly at the tile rooftops and the beckoning palm trees shimmering in the heat waves of a hot, cloudless day. It was a haven tantalizingly near, yet frustratingly far away. Three miles is not too much to swim, but there were sharks in the water and gunmen on deck.

Admiral Dias knew the Brazilians had the legal authority to go aboard and take possession. What is more, they had the strength to do it. The *Santa Maria* was listing badly to port and, with a variety of ills, was probably unseaworthy. She was surrounded by American and Brazilian warships, and there was a battalion of well-trained, well-armed Brazilian marines awaiting only the order to throw themselves against Galvao's two dozen. It would have taken less than an hour.

But they had orders not to do it the easy way. The man who brought the orders from President Janio Quadros was Dario Castro Alves of the Brazilian Foreign Ministry.

The small, dark, mustachioed diplomat flew over to Recife from Rio de Janeiro. He took little part in the actual negotiating besides asking a question or two, leaving it to gruff old Admiral Dias to do the talking. But it was he who worked out beforehand what the admiral would say, and it was he who plotted each step of incredibly patient negotiations whose purpose was to see that neither lives nor face were lost.

Castro was sent to Recife to prevent bloodshed and to get the *Santa Maria* away from Galvao without hurting anybody or anybody's feelings. The biggest problem was Galvao himself. The old battler already felt let down, with Quadros backing away from his reported willingness to permit the *Santa Maria* to sail on after discharging passengers at Recife. Galvao was talking, too, about scuttling the ship as soon as the passengers were off. There was also a fear that, on a romantic whim, he might force the crew at gunpoint to sail out to possible destruction by the Portuguese frigate *Pero Escobar*, hovering just over the horizon.

The Portuguese Government was not making Castro's task any lighter. In Lisbon, spokesmen publicly urged the forcible seizure of the *Santa Maria*. Formal representations to that effect were being made by the Portuguese in Brasilia. And in Recife, the Companhia Colonial de Navegacao went to court, demanding an order which would force Admiral Dias to seize the ship and return it to its legal owners. The court agreed in principle but delayed issuing the order for ten days, ostensibly to give Galvao time in which to contest the claim.

Twice that afternoon, the Brazilian corvette *Cabala* went alongside to put Brazilian officials aboard. The first time, almost symbolically, she crashed hard against the

*Santa Maria*, putting a big dent in her plates and bending the boarding ladder badly. The rude shock set off a demonstration among Spanish and Portuguese passengers on deck.

"For the love of God, get us out of here!" screamed a woman in Spanish, over and over, and she held out her arms imploringly to the Brazilian vessel.

Others among the Spanish and Portuguese passengers, almost all from Third Class, called out similar pleas. They waved white handkerchiefs overhead at arm's length, in a mute call for help. Some crewmen joined in the demonstration, and there was much wailing and weeping.

Admiral A. R. Dias Fernandes, a stern old man, tall and dark-browed, led his delegation through the writhing crowd and made no promises. In the library, dealing with Galvao at two sessions, he could make no improvement on the situation he had inherited from Admiral Smith.

The Brazilian proposal was a compromise. It offered to let Galvao bring the *Santa Maria* into the harbor, unload passengers at dockside, and return to anchorage outside the three-mile limit. There, negotiations could be resumed on whether the crew should be allowed to disembark and whether Galvao could keep the ship.

Galvao refused. He said he needed the crew to operate the *Santa Maria*. He insisted on his terms: discharge the passengers, retain the ship and crew, restock and refuel, make minor repairs and sail on.

Both meetings ended in that deadlock. A night meeting was arranged. The Brazilian negotiators, threading their way through the milling ship-board crowd for the ride back to shore, said nothing to guarantee an end to the ordeal. They pledged, however, to return that night and, if necessary, argue all night with Galvao. They knew from



the crew's demonstrations that tension had drawn the nerves of those aboard almost unbearably taut.

The crew was angry and restless now, like a pack of hungry dogs. They crowded into the lounge to hear a report on the negotiations from Galvao and Velo. Galvao began calmly, going over the arguments they all knew by heart about why it was necessary to overthrow Salazar. As Galvao developed the case so familiar to them, the crewmen realized that no progress had been made, that Galvao still intended to keep them aboard the ship in defiance of the American and Brazilian navies and to sail to the seas where the *Pero Escobar* waited.

"No! No!" the crewmen shouted, and out came the handkerchiefs, waved overhead. "Everybody leaves the ship! Everybody!"

The men were on their feet, advancing toward Galvao, Velo and the handful of other rebels in the lounge. The rebels drew their pistols.

"Get back!" Galvao commanded. "None of you leaves. The passengers may go but the crew must stay!"

The crewmen retreated, yet continued to shout.

"Everybody! Everybody!"

Galvao was beside himself with rage. He shouted orders to a rebel with a submachine gun to shoot down the first man who made a menacing move. Then he stalked out of the lounge and walked stiff-legged, head down, to his cabin.

Velo spoke to the crewmen. At first, he could hardly be heard in the hubbub. But the magic of his mellifluous voice soon cast its spell. The men subsided and listened as he went over the whole problem once more. In the end, he promised that every consideration would be given to their desires. And he emphasized that negotiations were

continuing. If an alternate solution could be found, he said, those who so desired might be allowed to go ashore. It calmed them down for the moment.

Meeting aboard for the third time, that night, Castro knew that Galvao's demands were impossible. If granted, they would wreck Brazil's relations with her onetime mother country, Portugal. And, if the *Santa Maria* and her crew should sail to destruction, either by foundering because of unseaworthiness or under the blazing guns of the *Pero Escobar*, Brazil would stand disgraced before the world. Yet, he could not flatly reject Galvao, for that might anger him to the point of capricious bloodshed. And so, explaining that they were not authorized to grant such a request, Admiral Dias and Castro promised to consult overnight with their government. Galvao, who could do the diplomatic fandango with the best of them, promised that he, too, would ponder the Brazilian proposal during the evening.

In the Grande Hotel in Recife that night, American Consul Ernest Guaderrama ate a lonely meal. His thoughts were on the *Santa Maria* and he hardly tasted his food. Staring at the linen table cloth, he conjured up images of the captive passengers he had talked to during his visit to the ship the day before. He recalled all too vividly the anxiety in their faces, and his conscience troubled him.

"Why did I leave?" he thought. "I should have stayed aboard, to represent those people and to comfort them. Those rebels are a hard lot. Some of them are seasoned soldiers who have seen much violence, and they are determined to get their way. They are gentlemen, but they are desperate men."

One of the reporters in the dining room came over, introduced himself and sat down. With the *Santa Maria* so

close, the reporter asked, why not simply go aboard in force and take over?

"Galvao has all the cards," Guaderrama said sorrowfully. "We would sooner let him go than risk the life of a single passenger. But I'll tell you this: I'm going back aboard tomorrow and I'm going to stay there until this thing is finished."

That night an American delegation called on Galvao. The spokesmen were Martin Yunker, John Dawson, Chester Churchill and Henry Bates.

"The American passengers have had a meeting," they told him. "We have decided that none of us will leave the ship unless the crew is allowed to leave, too."

Galvao hung his head. He felt very tired. He was, he knew, losing control.

Tension spread through the ship like an invisible, combustible vapor. A spark from any of the many frictions could touch it off. Galvao detected a wavering among his own men in favor of the crew's demands, and unquestioning discipline was the assumption on which he had staked all. Now it was open to challenge.

Down in the littered, odoriferous, steaming Third Class area, desperate men who had waited with peasant patience while others in higher station argued their fate, looked at their children, whining in instinctive fear, and their women, in many cases in advanced pregnancy, wilting under the physical and emotional strain. The men determined to act. They argued in whispers, not about how to rebel—their plan was a simple mob assault—but about when.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

“FREEDOM! FREEDOM! FREEDOM!”

It was time for General Delgado to get back into the act, and he did, in the style he loved. Under cover of darkness, but with a *Life* magazine reporter-photographer team along to record the feat, he slipped aboard a sixty-foot fishing launch and putt-putted out to the *Santa Maria*.

His hair carefully crisscrossed to hide the bald spot, his gray lightweight suit set off with a flowered lavender tie and matching pocket handkerchief, Delgado was in high good spirits. He showed the newsmen, reporter David Snell and photographer Art Rickerby, a flashlight. When they got to the ship, he said, he would shine the flashlight on his face.

“They might not receive us if they were unaware that it is the chief of state who has come calling at this strange hour,” he said.

The general burst out laughing at the landlubber antics of the newsmen as they struggled to maintain their balance against the rocking and rolling of the bucket of a boat.

“I hope you gentlemen are not feeling any seasickness,”

he guffawed. “Me? Never! I have been a flier for more than thirty years, and the motion of the sea is the same as that of the air.”

Alongside the *Santa Maria*, Delgado flicked on the flashlight, holding it low so that his face took on the grotesque leer of a Halloween mask. Suddenly, a blinding spotlight stabbed down on the boat from the bridge. Snell suggested nervously that Delgado call out his name, but the general had a more dignified approach.

“I will ask one of the crewmen to do it,” he said. “My voice is not very good.”

A crewman shouted up in Portuguese that General Delgado had arrived. The name echoed in many voices from the ship, mingled with shouts of “Viva Liberdade!” The gangway was lowered and Delgado hopped onto it, with one last comment to his companions in the boat.

“I am going aboard like a fifteenth-century pirate,” he laughed. “I must confess it is rather exciting. Quite a way for a chief of state to make his entrance, eh?”

Galvao had a ten-man honor guard waiting at the head of the gangway. The two men embraced emotionally and then marched past the smartly saluting rebels and into the lounge. For more than two hours they conferred there, as each told the other what he knew and they made plans for the crucial conference on the morrow with the Brazilian negotiators. Delgado decided his place of duty was his room at the Hotel Sao Domingo and he took his leave in the early morning hours. But before he left, he arranged for Snell and Rickerby to board the *Santa Maria*, in gratitude for the fact that *Life* magazine was picking up the tab for the boat ride, no mean sum at the fantastically inflated prices the skippers of the “Recife Regatta” were demanding and getting.

Delgado's midnight visit did not go unnoticed by the passengers, who were having trouble getting to sleep after the day's excitement. Martin Yunker heard the commotion of Delgado's arrival right under his cabin. He noted Delgado's dignified air and, later, he observed him in the lounge, "talking to Galvao and everybody else like a Dutch uncle."

June and Floyd Preston heard Delgado come aboard but, unlike many of the Americans who stayed up to watch the conference, they were too tired to bother. June had recovered from her bout with dysentery but tending the increasingly restive children was a wearing job. She took many meals in the stateroom, although it pained her conscience, because the servings were so generous and she knew that food was scarce below decks. That night she had ordered dinner for herself and Steven and they brought enough steak, fish, potatoes, fruit and milk to feed all four of the children. Steven, at two, had no understanding of what was going on, but he must have felt the tension. He clung to her all the time now. The night before, when she left him and five-year-old Donald sleeping while she slipped out to dinner, he woke up and went roaming the passageway looking for her. He was dragging his pink nylon nightshirt, the security symbol he hung onto the way some children do with blankets. Isidro the steward found him and put him back to bed. June had her own security symbol—the sight of the Brazilian destroyer *Paraiba* and the four American destroyers, anchored close to the *Santa Maria* or tied up at the docks in Recife.

Mrs. Chubb watched Delgado make the transfer from the fishing boat to the starboard boarding ladder. Al-

though the *Santa Maria* was standing still at anchor, the little boat rocked fearfully and she fretted that Delgado might be crushed against the ship's hull or thrown into the ocean. For the umpteenth time, she repacked her luggage. She had managed, finally, to talk her maid into relieving her of the mysterious little radio. She still had no clue as to why the crew planted it in her cabin, and she guessed she never would. There was an addition to her belongings—a pair of gold colored roosters presented to her as a souvenir by the maid, grateful for her help in hiding the radio. It was a strange voyage indeed when the crew gave gifts to the passengers instead of lining up at trip's end for tips.

The “Recife Regatta” was out bright and early that Thursday, February 2. Passengers were awakened at dawn with shouts from reporters and photographers clinging to perilous perches aboard a motley flotilla of fishing boats, each more decrepit than the other. They circled the *Santa Maria* like shabby minnows about a great gray whale. The newsmen importuned Galvao, standing proud as a peacock on the flying bridge, for permission to board. But he shook his head, smiled benevolently and wagged a negative index finger at them, like a kindly but stern schoolmarm correcting mischievous boys. Failing there, the newsmen turned to hollering questions at the early morning rail-leaners aboard the *Santa Maria*.

Shortly before ten, when the hot sun had melted away the morning mist, more than one hundred Third Class passengers, joined by more than a score of crew members, assembled aft on A deck. It was the exact spot from which Galvao had launched his attack twelve days earlier. Directly below them, on the B deck fantail, a fright-

ened-looking woman shouted in Spanish to newsmen in a nearby fishing boat. They could not make out what she was saying. She reached down, picked up a brown-skinned baby about a year old, dressed only in a short little shirt. She lifted the boy up and down several times and the men in the boat understood. She wanted to drop the child the twenty-odd feet into the boat, so that he at least could be rescued. The newsmen cried out that she was not to risk it. They tried to keep their boat away from the stern, lest nearness tempt her to throw the infant at them. A man fishing off the fantail watched the tableau impassively.

The crowd on A deck began milling around. Many of the Third Class passengers and crew members had handkerchiefs out, waving them overhead at arm's length. They began to chant, stomping feet and waving handkerchiefs in tempo with their chant.

"Liberdade! Liberdade! Liberdade! Todos! Todos! Todos!" they chanted. "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! Everybody! Everybody! Everybody!"

Antonio Garcia Cabrera, leader of the insurgent passengers, moved around, urging the people on like a cheerleader. After a few minutes, he waved to them to follow him. Garcia, his dark eyes glistening, sweat standing out on his mustachioed, beard-stubbled face, strode purposefully in the lead up the promenade toward the First Class lounge. The crowd swayed behind the chunky Spaniard, working to a fever pitch.

"Liberdade! Liberdade! Liberdade!"

Admiral Dias Fernandes and his Brazilian negotiating team arrived just as the crowd began its forward surge. The old admiral scrambled off the corvette *Cabala* and up the gangway. He reached the deck as Tourist passengers



and crew members swarmed around Galvao and the dozen or so armed rebels waiting for him there.

“Save us! Save us! Save us!” the crowd yelled in Spanish and Portuguese, applauding the Brazilians and clapping them on the backs. The applauding was done overhead, as if to make sure the Brazilians could see it as well as hear it. Some of the rebels were jostled rudely aside.

Two levels below the deck, a woman in a white dress appeared at a porthole. She pleaded with the corvette’s crew to take her off right away. Wringing her hands and talking excitedly in Portuguese, she cried over and over, “By the grace of God, rescue me!”

Garcia, struggling to get close to Admiral Dias in the mêlée, felt a pistol club him on the shoulder as a rebel intervened. Garcia called out, “Arrest them! Arrest them! Take them off the ship and let us go on our way!”

The tumultuous crowd stumbled toward the First Class lounge. Khaki-clad rebels on guard before the huge plate-glass doors there drew their weapons and braced for the assault. The crowd broke around them in a wave. Everybody was pushing and shoving and shouting. The rebels held their fire and retreated a half-step at a time.

Suddenly, there was a resounding crash as a rebel guard fell backward through the door in a shower of broken plate glass. He bounced up immediately, bleeding from cuts on his face and hands, still holding his pistol on the crowd. Other rebels inside the lounge drew their guns, too.

Little Debbie Smith, in the lounge with her parents, screamed hysterically. Delbert Smith grabbed his wife and daughter and shepherded them quickly toward a door on the port side. Mrs. Smith was almost numb with terror, thinking, “My God, it’s happening—so close to the end and

it's happening!" Howard Weisberger leaped from the easy chair in which he had been sitting. David Crockett took his wife by the elbow and said, "Let's get out of here before the shooting starts!" There was a general exodus of passengers toward the port side as the crowd, momentarily stunned by the loud crash of the falling plate glass, halted on the starboard side.

In that brief moment of hesitation, as the crowd paused like an animal before its final leap, a Brazilian officer raced forward. He threw up both hands and commanded, "Get back! Get back! You will all get off!"

The people were disbelieving, but they gave ground. They kept their distance from the rebel guards, still talking in high-pitched voices. Women near hysteria cried and leaned against other women who soothed them with pats and daubed at their tears with handkerchiefs. Men stomped their feet and waved their arms. But they all waited, and Galvao and the Brazilian negotiators sighed in relief and began their conference.

Arthur Douglas Patton, ducking in and out of the commotion, rushed to the ship's rail. He had been carrying on a running news account to reporters in a fishing boat. He cupped his hands and shouted through them as the reporters scribbled down every word, "The crew is threatening mutiny. They don't want to stay aboard. The Third Class is backing them. But it looks good for the passengers. We may be allowed to go ashore today."

Floyd and June Preston gathered their three older boys, who had been playing on A deck when the crowd swept toward the lounge. The boys had been "helping" Tomas, the bartender of the First Class lounge, to dispose of empty bottles. What they did was help load the cartons of bottles on a dolly, climb aboard the dolly for the ride to

the rail, and then help the cabin boys toss the cartons overboard. June had been in her cabin with the baby, changing his diapers, during the uprising. Now, all the Prestons locked themselves up in their hot, airless cabins because a Venezuelan passenger had told them, “It is better to take cover. Go to your cabin and lock the door. There will be a counter-revolt at noon. The Tourist passengers have decided it. If Galvao has not agreed to let everybody off by noon, there will be a revolt.”

The ten o'clock uprising had been a demonstration of strength and determination. The plan was that, unless Galvao gave in by noon, the Third Class passengers would arm themselves and attack their captors.

In the conference room, as the cries of “Liberdade!” and “Todos!” rang outside, Admiral Dias reviewed the situation. The passengers and crew were clamoring to get off. Galvao admitted that his supplies were dangerously low and that the *Santa Maria* was far from shipshape. President Janio Quadros, an old friend and admirer of Galvao, sympathized with his cause. But there were international obligations which had to be taken into account. If Galvao would dock and unload the passengers and crew, they could renew negotiations on the two remaining points: political asylum for Galvao and his men, which President Quadros would be most happy to guarantee, and disposition of the *Santa Maria*.

“Perhaps it is over,” Galvao replied at length. “But we will not dock. We will anchor at the harbor entrance, where the water is calm. There you may effect a transfer. All those who wish to leave may do so. My men and I and those of the crew who elect to stay shall stay aboard. And then we shall see what happens next.”

They shook hands solemnly, and went out to the crowd,

which greeted them with fresh cries of "Liberdade! Todos!" It was fifteen minutes past eleven.

Galvao, his teeth set on edge but still managing that thin, fatherly smile of his, held up a hand. As he spoke, his body seemed to sag and his dark eyes to glaze over.

"Be calm," Galvao said quietly. "You are all getting off. Right now."

Somebody shouted, "Viva Brazil!" Others took it up and it swelled into a mighty roar, as when a football team makes a crucial touchdown. Men and women began running around the ship, embracing and slapping each other on the back.

Arthur Douglas Patton padded back to the rail, waved to the nearest fishing boat and shouted, "They won! We are all going ashore, passengers, crew and baggage! In a half hour. Galvao gave in!"

Admiral Dias moved grandly down the gangway and aboard the *Cabala*, which quickly cast off. The *Santa Maria's* anchor chain began moving slowly up out of the water. The little red boat of Recife's port pilot sped out from the harbor.

At twenty-one minutes past eleven, the huge anchor swung clear, and a minute later the *Santa Maria* began to move. Her gay pennants, which had hung dejectedly as she lay at anchor, suddenly sprang to life. From stem to stern, they snapped happily. The ship's public address system blared march music. The man who had been fishing off the stern hauled in his line and went below, without altering the impassive look on his lugubrious Latin face.

On the bridge, Galvao braced both hands on the railing and stood as tall as he could. He watched, silent and sad,

as the distant harbor resolved itself into clearer focus and the *Santa Maria* skirted the rocky finger of a breakwater protecting it.

At high noon, the *Santa Maria* dropped anchor at the mouth of the harbor, five hundred yards from the docks. Galvao announced, "I am in Brazilian water exclusively because I have faith in the attitude of the Brazilian Government, and I am certain I will not be disappointed."

Two hours later, the first tug pulled alongside and sixty Brazilian marines came silently aboard to take off the passengers and crew. Galvao ordered his men to comply with their polite request to stack all arms in the lounge. He then announced, "This should be interpreted as a friendly gesture."

With the marine officers as witnesses, Galvao counted out the \$40,000 in the ship's safe, to show that none of it had been looted. He watched without a show of emotion as the young marines positioned themselves about the ship. Then he called his men together. He faced them as they stood silent, sullen and defeated.

"The fight goes on," he told them. "We will win. We will win."

As the tugs pulled alongside, the passengers and crew streamed off the *Santa Maria* like refugees fleeing before an invasion or some great natural catastrophe. Men, women and children came down the starboard debarkation ladder that Thursday, February 2, carrying suitcases, bicycles, velocipedes, bird cages, fur coats, doll carriages, teddy bears, and an amazing variety of other impedimenta. Divers in bathing trunks stood at the foot of the ladder, helping passengers make the tricky transfer to the shifting deck of the tugboats.

In the crush to get off, Floyd Preston lost his jacket, which he had thrown over a chair in the jampacked lounge. When he went to get it, it had disappeared. Mrs. Yunker, before leaving, sought out young Velo. On a motherly impulse, she kissed the teenaged rebel good-bye. Mrs. Dietz located Galvao, thanked him for the shuffleboard he had had painted for her and held out her hand to shake his in farewell. Instead, Galvao bowed gallantly from the waist and kissed her hand.

Five crewmen could not stand the delay. Forbidden to go down the ladder before the passengers and fearful that Galvao might sail away with them still aboard, they went over the side. Two shinnied down hawsers and three others simply jumped. All five were picked up by launches and taken ashore.

The passengers were loaded aboard buses and driven quickly to the plush Portuguese Club. Smiling crowds thronged the waterfront, shouting welcomes. Beside themselves with joy after a dozen days of captivity, the passengers yelled back, "Viva Brazil! Viva Brazil."

"Trees," sighed Mrs. Dietz. "I didn't think I'd ever see a tree again."

At the Portuguese Club, the passengers found soap and water and—wonder of wonders!—clean towels. There also were cool drinks, sandwiches and even steaks.

Alfredo Pinto Cuelho, president of the club, moved among his guests, smiling and bowing like a genial host at a weekend lodge. Twenty-four Brazilian marines and fourteen policemen cordoned off the sprawling grounds of the club. Doctors and nurses stood by in case anyone required medical attention. The American passengers assembled in a canopy-covered area between the empty swimming pool and three tennis courts. Dutch pas-

sengers gathered in a bowling alley and Spaniards and Portuguese in a restaurant.

Finally, there were the “rats of Recife,” the indefatigable newsmen who had been chasing these passengers for a week. At last they had their story. They plied the rescued with endless questions and directed them back and forth in front of still, newsreel and television cameras.

Cecil R. Harberson wanted to talk about the Navy patrol planes. “I really felt proud when I first saw an American naval plane overhead while we were headed for an unknown destination,” he said. “I will never again object to paying income taxes.”

To his wife Joan, the symbol of eventual rescue was the marine lieutenant who accompanied Admiral Smith to the Tuesday conference aboard ship. “I said, ‘He looks just like the Statue of Liberty to me,’ and he did, too.”

Not all the passengers were in a gay mood.

“The situation was so absurd I would not have believed it had I not lived it,” Vasco Untero of Lisbon said.

“This is the last time I travel by boat,” Malvina Cesar of Madrid declared.

“If this is politics, I want no part of it,” said Manuel Joaquim Lorenzo of Aveiro, Portugal.

After more than an hour, the passengers were herded little by little into buses and automobiles and taken to private homes for the night. The owners of the *Santa Maria* promised that all passengers would be carried free to their destinations, by air to Miami, for instance, and aboard the *Santa Maria*'s twin, the *Vera Cruz*, to Europe. Howard Weisberger, in no hurry to get home, elected to stick with the *Santa Maria* rather than separate from his new sport car, still in the ship's hold.

“Fantastic! Unbelievable!” Mrs. Chubb wrote in her

journal. "Here I am in the cool shade of a wide porch looking out across a 21 palm tree yard to a stucco wall topped by green-paneled fence, onto the Atlantic Ocean."

She had been put up at the home of a Pan American World Airways official. Other families in Recife's colony of about two hundred Americans opened their homes to the American passengers, taking them as assigned by Consul Ernest Guaderrama.

The six Prestons wound up at the home of Robert Shane, treasurer of the Presbyterian Mission in Recife. The Prestons bedded down their children and sat up until all hours with the Shanes, talking and reliving their experiences as reported in the Recife newspapers. The next day, Mrs. Shane, principal of the American school, had the three older Preston boys visit her classrooms and tell her students all about the *Santa Maria*.

When it was all over, the once-gay *Santa Maria* was like a ghost ship. Her grand lounge, the scene on the climactic day of the Third Class revolt and, afterward, of the pushing, shoving mêlée down the gangway and into the waiting tugboats, soon echoed to the hollow footfalls of only Galvao and his men and the silent Brazilian marines.

That night, Galvao and his men took pot luck for dinner. They discovered that the crew, before quitting the ship, had turned on almost every faucet and there was hardly any fresh water left. They found enough for dinner and, by pooling their culinary talents, managed to put together a creditable final meal aboard ship.

On the bridge, alone, Galvao studied the fat, yellow, sensuous moon that looked so out of place against the lean, virginal brilliance of the stars. It was a cloudless night, and the glow of the sky bathed the tile roofs and



palm trees of Recife. The city's own lights winked in the distance, and, occasionally, Galvao could hear music and laughter as the citizens, no longer clustered at the wharves to stare at the *Santa Maria*, warmed up for Carnival.

He gripped the railing, roughly yet with affection, and sighed, “To us, you will always be the ‘Santa Liberdade.’ Blessed Liberty.”

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### TRIUMPHANT SURRENDER

Galvao selected his starched khaki uniform with care on the morning of Friday, February 3, 1961. On this, of all days, he wanted to look impressive. He had managed admirably the day before, standing proud and serene on the bridge while the 612 passengers and all but five of the 356 members of the crew went ashore. He was delighted with the deference with which the reporters treated him now when, at long last, they all were permitted to board the *Santa Maria*.

He told them how he had decided it was useless to try to continue. The ship had mechanical trouble. Food, fuel and water were low. At least a hundred men would be needed to operate the ship and he had only twenty-nine. Therefore, he had allowed the passengers and crew to disembark, put aside his weapons and permitted the Brazilian marines aboard, and arranged another meeting with Admiral Dias on the disposition of the ship.

"But the fight goes on," he said, and he issued copies of "The First Revolutionary Proclamation of the National Liberation Junta of the Portuguese." It was pure Galvao and it said, in part:

The *Santa Maria* was not captured as a romantic gesture and much less as a plan only to call the attention of the world to the Portuguese drama. The conquest of this grand and beautiful ship, that for eleven days cruised the Atlantic pursued by airplanes and ships of various nationalities, carries a significant lesson for us all.

We would desire to prove and we did prove that the dictator Salazar is not invulnerable. We beat him and we ridiculed him, him and his navy, before the entire free and Christian world. Tomorrow, when and where we return to face him, we will beat him once more.

We . . . are, in fact, at war with the Portuguese dictatorship in the same way that we are with the Spanish through our integration with the D.R.I.L. But we are acting with a well-defined objective. It is not only the fall of Salazar that most interests us. We seek a revolutionary objective: the reconstruction of Portuguese society on new bases. . . .

Our program is simple, most radical. We want a profound, authentic, human, total revolution. We will start with the destruction of an unjust social order, and it will have as its bases agrarian reform and urban reform.

Our propositions will be: land for those who work it and a house for those who live in it. We will liquidate large landed estates as we will liquidate stagnant speculation. We will destroy implacably privileges of the Portuguese plutocracy, which from birth divide men into rich and poor.

We are far from Lisbon and the dictator. But everything encourages us in the unshakeable certainty that we will enter there as victors to imple-

ment the Portuguese revolution of the Twentieth Century. . . .

These are the words that I have to say to you at the moment we are victoriously carrying out the first military action of the forces under my command, nucleus of the future Army of Liberation for Portugal and Spain.

The Brazilian negotiators, led by Admiral Dias, had managed the disembarkation of the passengers and crew without loss of face on either side. The deal they made was simplicity itself: let all go who want to go, and then negotiate some more.

Aboard the ship, Admiral Dias negotiated with Galvao for the last time. All morning they talked, slowly resolving differences. There really was nothing to negotiate about. The passengers were off. The crew was off. Galvao and his men were unarmed. The Brazilian marines controlled the ship. But obeisance had to be paid to Galvao's pride, and Admiral Dias was willing to go along with the game. Finally, he came up with a solution acceptable to Galvao: the ship would be turned over to the Brazilian Government—not to the line—and Galvao and his men would be granted political asylum in Brazil. They shook hands on it and made an appointment for that evening for the final ceremonies.

Nearly a hundred reporters and photographers rode the tugboat to the *Santa Maria* that evening of Friday, February 3. As they climbed aboard, they saw half-empty whiskey glasses on a table in the lounge, where Galvao and Admiral Dias had toasted their agreement.

Galvao's twenty-nine followers, trying to look military in their bedraggled khaki, were lined up on the prome-

nade deck in parade formation. In the lounge nearby, their arms were stacked and guarded by Brazilian marines. Galvao spoke to his men in a choked voice, tears shimmering in his eyes as he praised their valor and pledged that the fight would go on. Admiral Dias read the surrender agreement which Galvao had signed earlier that day.

"Do you agree to turn this ship over to the Brazilian command?" Dias asked at the end.

"I do," Galvao said softly.

The two men embraced and kissed on both cheeks, Latin fashion, and, at 6:22 P.M., the transfer of command was formally accomplished.

The photographers, flashbulbs popping and floodlights glowing in the dusk, and the reporters straining to hear and see all, surged forward in a struggling mass. The rush carried Galvao to the rail, and for a moment he seemed to be in physical danger. But the marines moved in and edged the newsmen to the ladder and back aboard the waiting tug.

On his way down the gangway, Galvao stopped, bowed his head as if in prayer and said a silent goodbye to his "Santa Liberdade." Waiting for him on the tug was Delgado and, together, they went to the little wheelhouse. Just before the tug reached shore, Galvao stepped out onto the tiny bridge, to direct the landing of his men.

Two buses waited there, to take them to the Recife police barracks for the night. This did not, by any means, indicate they were being arrested. When newsmen questioned an official on this point, he was quick to explain, "It is just that there are no hotel rooms, since you reporters have them all, and we must have some place for them to sleep."

Galvao lined his men up once more, this time in front of the buses as the cameras clicked and whirred. On command, they all tossed a snappy salute at the *Santa Maria*. He embraced Admiral Dias again, and climbed into a bus bound for the police barracks.

And that is how it ended. Yet, the strange case of the *Santa Maria*, the floating revolution which dominated the news and captured imaginations for nearly two weeks all over the world, was not yet closed.

President Quadros almost immediately turned the ship over to the Companhia Colonial de Navegacao, despite a cry of anguish from Galvao, who had expected long litigation to harass the Salazar regime. The owners brought ashore the remains of Third Officer Joao Jose do Nascimento Costa, to be shipped home to Lisbon. Then company lawyers promptly filed suit in Recife, accusing Galvao and Delgado of homicide, robbery, injuries, depriving passengers and crew of their liberty, and damage to the liner.

The company estimated it had lost \$100,000 on each of the thirteen days Galvao held the ship. The United States Navy conservatively set its expenditures in pursuit of her at a minimum of \$200,000.

But what of the cost to Salazar? Beginning on the Friday that Galvao and his men quit the *Santa Maria*, uprisings swept anguished Angola, leaving thousands on both sides dead and wounded, and requiring Salazar to pour troops into the restive territory. The Angola rebels, who said the timing of their terrorism was inspired by the seizure of the *Santa Maria*, figured that in the five months that followed they had lost 25,000 dead, against 1,000 for the Portuguese armed forces. Even in passive Goa, nation-

alists stepped up anti-Salazar terrorism, partly because they were emboldened by Galvao's example and partly because, for the first time, the United States voted in the United Nations in support of self-determination in the Portuguese "provinces."

Galvao and his men, secure in their political asylum against the vengeance of Salazar, could not escape the wrath of their fellow conspirators. On July 20, 1961, in Rio de Janeiro, Fernando Queiroga, a member of the D.R.I.L. Council, announced that Galvao, Velo and Sotomayor had been kicked out of the organization. They were accused of having made spectacles of themselves without achieving any gains for the revolution, of having performed acts of an "individual and spectacular character without political or revolutionary ends."

Even Delgado was chastised. Although not ejected from D.R.I.L., he was criticized for not having rallied the Portuguese armed forces to revolt in 1958, when he lost the presidential election. Instead of doing so, the charge said, he "preferred to take refuge ridiculously in the Brazilian Embassy."

Finally, the great blood brothers themselves fell out. Delgado turned up in Casablanca, Morocco, and on October 30, 1961, told a press conference that Galvao was a publicity hound and the floating revolution was a mistake.

"Captain Galvao conducted an action very damaging to the preparation of the revolt of Portugal," Delgado declared. "He displayed an exhibitionism almost without measure. I am obliged to say that I have broken all personal and political connection with him. Consequently, I have no connection with other theatrical measures he may take in the name of preparing for revolution or to enrich himself as he took in the case of the *Santa Maria*."

The Salazar regime was delighted, but worried, too. What "other theatrical measures" was Galvao cooking up? Up to then he had done nothing more harmful to Salazar than denounce him in a book, *Santa Maria: My Crusade for Portugal*, and in public statements while visiting the United States, France, Italy, England, and Sweden. True, there had been rumors of invasion ships being organized by Galvao, but they had never come to anything.

Delgado's split with Galvao gave all indications of being genuine. Was he grumpy because Galvao upstaged him during and after the *Santa Maria* affair? Or was there something so daring—and perhaps more effective—being concocted in that fertile imagination that Delgado wanted no part of it? From Lisbon's point of view, the ship seizure had been bad enough.

For if Galvao failed to raise his Army of Liberation, he succeeded admirably in calling the attention of the world to the repressions of the Salazar regime. And he wrote an incredible new chapter in the history of man's adventures at sea.

As nine-year-old Harold Wayne Preston put it in talking to a reporter, "Gee, at last I've got something exciting to tell about that's really true."



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Warren Rogers, Jr., is a top correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, for whom he covers foreign and military affairs. Born in New Orleans, he attended Tulane and Louisiana State University, and started his newspaper career with the *New Orleans Item*. He has worked for the Associated Press first in New Orleans and Baton Rouge, then in Washington, as foreign affairs specialist. Since 1959 he has worked out of the *New York Herald Tribune* Washington Bureau, where he followed the developments of the *Santa Maria* incident from the inside. He was at Recife, Brazil, for the finale of her incredible voyage.





(continued from front flap)

the following twelve days of drama and pathos that were to electrify the entire world.

A sweeping account of the *Santa Maria* incident, *The Floating Revolution* explores in detail the reasons behind the dramatic assault, and how Galvao used it to focus world attention on the injustices of his country's government. Drawn against the larger background of Portuguese politics, Mr. Rogers' stunning gallery of portraits emerges — not only of the rebel Galvao and the dictator Salazar, but of all the men who were actively connected with the *Santa Maria's* capture. Portugal's domestic and colonial struggles are underscored, as the route of intrigue leads from Lisbon to Caracas to Angola.

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