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WIND IN THE OLIVE TREES

*Wind in the
Olive Trees -*

SPAIN FROM THE INSIDE

by ABEL PLENN

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PUBLISHED BY BONI & GAER, INC.
15 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY PARISH PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

FOR DORIS

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MEMORANDUM

In the following pages I have attempted to show you Spain and the Spanish situation as I was able to see them during the months I was stationed in that country in an official capacity for the American Government. The experiences and observations which I have tried to depict are by no means confined, however, to the frame of my official duties. On the contrary, I have striven to make incidents in my personal life the ready vehicle, as often as possible, whereby I might take you with me in those adventures and perhaps even share your company in the more difficult explorations of the meanings that Spain and its people hold for us and for all humanity.

Although the names of places and of people have sometimes been changed in order to protect Spanish men and women who served as my sources of information from arrest and persecution, the events related are real and the persons taking part in them are living.

In seeking to remove the heavy curtains of Spanish censorship and foreign propaganda—including that in our own country—from all that surrounds Spain today, I have also tried to present the immediate facts and some of the larger truths concerning General Francisco Franco's rise to power, what he represents both nationally and against the background of a world in conflict, and the nature of the social forces which have supported him in his own country and abroad.

If some curtains have been left hanging, they are there through no lack of effort on my part, and I trust that other writers, moved by a similar spirit of compassion for suffering Spain and admiration for its great and stoical people, will not delay in finishing the job of tearing them away.

Washington, D. C.

February 1946

*When there are no more memories of heroes and
martyrs,
And when all life and all the souls of men and women
are discharged from any part of the earth,
Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be dis-
charged from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession.*

*Then courage, European revolter, revoltress!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.*

— WALT WHITMAN

Part One

CONQUEST

The conquered conquered, and the conqueror lost.

— Spanish proverb

I

THE LITTLE SMILE

1

IT WAS nine forty a.m. by my watch when the Moors, their long, white, royal-blue and red burnouses billowing behind them like medieval banners, the spikes of their turbaned steel helmets and the spears of their lances glinting in the desert-red glare of the midsummer sun, wheeled their galloping mounts onto Madrid's broad, tree-lined Castellana boulevard, and swept into view.

There was a burst of applause. It came, not from the crowds of shabbily dressed spectators all around me, but from beyond the curb, near the main reviewing stand that towered some fifty feet above the street, where a group of excited youngsters, some in their late 'teens, others little more than children, stood at attention. They were dressed in the purple-blue uniforms of the Youth Front and the Juvenile Falanges, the boys in shorts and open-neck shirts, the girls in knee-length skirts and midgy blouses.

As their arms shot out smartly in the Falange salute, other arms belonging to men, women and even little children began pushing out hesitantly on all sides of me in salute toward the oncoming Moors. Deep in the horsemen's midst, a large black limousine, shiny as a hearse, could now be seen moving swiftly toward the reviewing stands.

A shout went up from the groups of young Falangists. In high, strained voices they began to chant something that sounded like a ritualistic refrain.

I edged my way closer to the Calle Lista to be nearer the reviewing stands where I might get a better view of the

ceremonies. In a few moments, a short chubby figure descended from the limousine which had just come to a halt.

Silent as bedouins, the Moorish Guard, wearing the khaki uniforms of the Spanish Army beneath their burnouses, quickly retired behind the stands with their sleek mounts. Their places on the freshly sprinkled pavement of the Castellana were taken instantaneously by a double file of black-clothed Falange militiamen. When the new guard closed in on the plump little figure who had gotten out of the limousine, he started toward the largest of the three reviewing stands on my right.

Snappily dressed in the summer uniform of a Falange chief, his military jacket radiantly white against the blue of his shirt and the blood-red hue of the beret worn straight across his forehead, the man walked with a slow measured gait, his right arm extended mechanically before him as though he were sleepwalking.

He began raising and lowering his outstretched right arm in the Party salute to the groups of Falangists standing rigidly at attention along the curb. As he passed in front of me, his arm was momentarily down, and I recognized the heavy-jowled features of the man whose huge portrait, hanging from the vast grey wall that overlooked the wide rows of railway tracks in the smoke-filled Delicias station, had confronted me upon my arrival in Madrid several months earlier.

Before me was the countenance—in all its pink fleshiness, the close-set eyes, the nose thick and sensual above the close-cropped moustache—which had since intruded upon my thoughts and movements everywhere, at all hours, in every street, from walls and store-windows, from the front pages of newspapers and from movie screens and magazine covers and postage stamps, in trolley-cars and subways, in theatre lobbies and art galleries, wine-cellars and cheap

dives, in fashionable metropolitan restaurants and in fly-infested, small country inns, in the flower-scented private dining-rooms of business executives and in the foul-smelling one-room flats of apartment-house porters—in all the cities, towns and villages of Spain that I had already visited.

The expression on that face, as on the tens of thousands of posters, paintings, sculptures and photographs which kept his features before the eyes of millions of Spaniards, seemed to be fixed forever in a mood of unshakeable confidence framed in a smile of complacency.

There was no time at that moment to study his countenance further. He had reached the recently constructed reviewing stand and was on his way to the top. When he got there, surrounded by the variously uniformed officials who were already waiting for him or who had followed him at a carefully measured distance, he turned and stared out at the thousands of upturned faces watching him from the long, crowded avenue below.

Neither scorn nor affection could be discerned in his expression. Only the same impassive look of smiling self-confidence.

Suddenly, from the Youth Front delegation grouped around the base of the reviewing stand, and from the lines of Falange militiamen stretched along both curbs of the wide Castellana between the main reviewing stands and the two smaller ones opposite, came the well-timed cry, in a unison of loud spasmodic bursts:

“Franco! Falange! Franco! Falange! Franco! Falange!”

Shielding my eyes from the dizzying glare of the Madrid sun, I squinted upward, trying hard to detect a change of expression in the features of the man at the top who, his arm raised in the ceremonial salute, was silently acknowledging the inauguration of the new Falangist yell which now placed the Party's name alongside that of his own.

I recalled colorful instances of the almost incredible proportions which his self-hypnosis had reached. Some of these had been described to me in lengthy detail by Spanish friends and acquaintances in Madrid and Barcelona who could boast an interesting familiarity with different periods of his life.

Among the incidents cited, one concerned a meeting between General Franco and his Ambassador to the United States, Juan Cardenas, during the latter's brief return to Spain shortly after the first American landings on Guadalcanal. Cardenas had begun to picture the rapid rise of American war production since those landings. But the Generalissimo, still certain that the Axis powers were too well prepared to lose the war, had cut short his own Ambassador's oral report.

"Don't tell me," Franco had scoffed, "that you too have begun to swallow all that guff."

A similar incident had been related to me only the previous day. It was about a recent meeting between the Generalissimo and his cousin, Franco Salgado, whom he had named civil governor of one of the provinces and subsequently his private secretary as a reward for military services during the Spanish Civil War. His cousin—a Falangist chief—had tried to warn him that worsening economic conditions in the province under his jurisdiction were beginning to cause a lot of discontent. He, too, had been interrupted by the Caudillo.

"If I didn't know you better," Franco admonished, "I'd say you were becoming a Red."

Incidents of that kind might reveal an inability or unwillingness to face the changing reality of the world or even of Spain alone; but they did not explain, I realized, the man's acquisition of that power, his attainment of utter mastery over the lives of twenty-five million people. Yet

it was here, I felt certain, that the secret of his ultimate fate, and its consequences for Spain and the world—above all, for my own country and our relations with the millions of Spanish-speaking people of the American continents and the Philippines—lay waiting to be discovered.

His official biographers could perhaps afford to grow ecstatic over the smile of the man high above the crowds that had gathered there, most of them involuntarily, to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the Uprising of the 18th of July which had led to the fall of the Spanish Republic and the rise of Francisco Franco. One of his paid writers, devoting an entire chapter to Franco's "little smile," had crowned his lavish eulogy by terming that smile "universal, like the indomitable and steely glance of Mussolini, or the imperious frown of Hitler."

I had to look for clearer, more revelatory meanings in that frozen smile. It was not only that conditions in Spain were not exactly conducive to mirth, or that Mussolini had at that time become a discredited exile while Hitler was about to be made the momentary target of some of his own military staff. There was also that little matter of the Allied landings in Normandy, past Hitler's famed "Atlantic Wall," six weeks earlier. And now American forces were driving on Coutances and the British were moving against Caen; in Italy, the British Eighth Army had just taken Arezzo and our Fifth was moving steadily up the Adriatic coast; while the Russians—who had never forgotten that Franco had once sent an army to fight against them—were pushing westward, ever westward.

Yet earlier that morning, accompanied by the Director General of Security, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodriguez Martinez, who was a prominent Falangist, by German Ambassador Hans Dieckhoff, who was formerly Hitler's envoy in Washington, and by a representative of the German Min-

istry of Communications, Franco had inaugurated Spain's powerful new medium-wave transmitter at near-by Arganda del Rey, which had been built with German materials and with the assistance of German engineers. And the day before, in a speech to the National Council of the Falange, he had clearly implied that the Axis governments had nothing to be ashamed of.

I recalled that the day's papers had shown him entering the building where he was to address the Falange's top leaders. His heavy-jowled face had worn the same set smile which now looked down on the populace of Madrid.

That face above me, looking over the crowds on this new anniversary of his triumph which was being celebrated by the Falange demagogues as a "Festival of Exaltation of Labor," was in no sense of distinguished mien. Except for the peculiar smile, almost jovial, the features might have been those of almost any other Spanish general. And yet, behind that mask of quiet contentment lay an important part of the answer to a riddle involving the destiny of one of the great peoples of the earth.

I was determined to find that answer, although the time was short, the risks were long, and other odds were heavily against me. Friends and enemies alike had warned me against becoming interested in "the Spanish problem." I was being watched by the agents of at least three foreign powers. I had to think not only of my safety but of my dual responsibility as a government press officer attached to our embassy and as an American who could not dismiss conditions in Spain—as I was often expected to do—as something unrelated to the welfare of my own country. Not least, by far, was my preoccupation with the dangers risked by men of the Spanish Underground who had contacted me soon after my arrival in Madrid and who were keeping me informed regularly of Spanish developments.

My thoughts were interrupted momentarily by the pushing of the crowd. They were giving way before a file of Civil Guards, spick and span in their new yellow uniforms, with black belts and shoulder straps that matched the color of their stiff three-cornered hats—which lent a touch of theatre to the Spanish streets and countryside—and their patent-leather boots. Civil Guards were taking up positions all along the center of the broad tree-lined sidewalks of the avenue. With that graceful agility of which nearly all Spaniards are masters, people moved away from them quickly and silently, and the Guards' new sub-machine guns shone menacingly in the empty spaces separating them from the thick crowds.

The presence of the Guards near me brought to mind the reports I had heard recently about the distribution of thousands of new pistols, sub-machine guns and hand-grenades among them. For weeks it had been rumored that there might be "trouble" during the July 18th celebrations. I had even heard that a plot to blow up the reviewing-stands while Franco and other high officials were present had been "discovered" by the political police.

But I had good reason to doubt that the genuine anti-Franco opposition would resort to such methods—as yet. In any case, there was not the slightest note of apprehension on Franco's smiling face as he raised his right arm, seconded by party minister Arrese and the Syndicate head, Sanz Orrio, who stood near him, in the Falange salute. That was the signal for the parade of the fascist Syndicates to begin.

The participants were strung out all the way from where the Castellana continued as the Avenida del Generalissimo, a distance which the human eye could scarcely cover, even in the crystalline transparency of the Spanish air. They stood, indistinguishable from the spectators in their shab-

business, dejection and silence, eighteen abreast to symbolize the date of the anniversary of the Glorious Uprising. The banners they carried were crudely painted to show which Syndicate they belonged to.

The procession began trudging along at a snail's pace. The Entertainment Syndicate came first.

Some of my actor friends were there, I knew. They, like all the other people compelled to belong to the Falange-run Syndicates, had been ordered to march under penalty of fine or imprisonment. By similar order, the closing on that day of all shops and business houses had been forced throughout Spain. From rooftops and balconies everywhere, the red-and-gold flag and other banners of "Spain of the Caudillo" hung in ostentatious display—by the same decree.

Whipped up by the excited Falangist group-leaders in shirtsleeves, who were scattered up and down the loose, listless ranks of the marchers, the parade was soon moving at such a brisk tempo that there was scarcely a single rank without stragglers trying to catch up all the way down the designated line of march between the statue of Castelar and the Plaza de Nuevos Ministerios. The men carrying the identifying Syndicate banners had the hardest time of all to keep from falling behind.

As each rank passed in front of the main reviewing stand, the Youth Front and Juvenile Falange squads stationed there joined the marching group-leaders eagerly in giving the salute of the raised arm. They shrilled out the new chant:

"Franco! Falange! Franco! Falange! Franco! Falange!"

But most of the rank and file among the marchers, and many of the spectators crowding the curbs, had evidently not been told of the new chant. They injected an oddly dissonant note into the celebration with their loud shout-

ing, sporadic and unanimated, of the cry which, until that day, had been officially in vogue all over Spain:

“Franco! Franco! Franco!”

2

Some of my friends had known Francisco Franco since his early childhood, almost half a century ago, in that north-western corner of Spain known as Galicia. The misty climate and the rocky nature of that coast jutting out into the cold Atlantic often reminded visitors of England. And the characteristic doggedness of the people, in large part the ethnic product of early Celtic migrations, had earned the inhabitants of these provinces the name of “the English folk of Spain” among the rest of the country’s population.

There, in an ancient little seaport—his native El Ferrol—where the *gaita*, or indigenous bagpipe, still accompanied the songs and dances of the hardy fishing and peasant folk, he had spent a childhood that was distinguished only by the fact that he was one of a middle-class family of six, including three sons and one daughter, the head of which, employed at the navy yard as a bookkeeper, had a local reputation for being “somewhat of a radical.” It was, perhaps, this influence which had encouraged the children’s mother, Pilar, to undertake teaching at a workers’ night school in the town.

The father’s influence had not been sufficiently strong, however, to prevent all three sons from seeking a military career—which was identified in the popular mind with Spain’s traditional ruling cliques. Yet the military, as a social class, was still not without a strong strain of the liberalism acquired during the intermittent civil wars of the nineteenth century.

The oldest son, Nicolas, had been able to embark on a naval career. But by the time the mild Francisco and his impetuous younger brother Ramón had been old enough to attend school, the naval academy was closed. That was only one effect of the Americans' destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. The disaster had cost Spain its war with the United States. Above all, it had forced Spain to give up Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, last remnants of an overseas empire which had once been the world's greatest.

Francisco was only six years old when that tragedy had broken upon a bewildered Spain. But the fact that it had forced him to turn from a navy to an army career was to remain a lingering source of shame to him, and to others, during his later school years at the military academy.

Defeat had brought nationwide cries for reform in its wake. Not since the Middle Ages had Spain so turned inward. In an effort to examine the many causes for the national plight, the Spanish conscience had rightly placed the chief blame on corrupt and inefficient government, Spain's historic malady which had weakened the nation's lifestream with the same persistence with which the dread hemophilia had drained the thin blood of the Bourbon princes who had continued to rule the country.

But against those growing cries for domestic political and social reform had risen another shout:

"Morocco!"

Spanish Morocco, a stretch of mountainous desert land in Northeast Africa, with little significance so far as its size or the wealth of its natural resources was concerned, had begun to loom large in the minds of some of the politicians and generals around the king who were later to become Francisco's mentors and patrons. These men saw in the territory across the Straits of Gibraltar a strategic bridge-head for Spanish expansion in Africa. Even more impor-

tant, it could become a symbol of certain unextinguished Spanish longings for empire; it could become a cry to muffle the voices of domestic reform which had begun to challenge the rule of the old privileged groups in Spain.

Thus, Spanish Morocco had become the training-ground for the new school of Spanish expansionism. Fostered chiefly by the army politicians who saw their careers threatened by the church, determined to maintain its traditional rights, and by the large landowners and budding industrialists seeking to build up new markets to replace those lost by the Spanish-American War, the expansionist movement became an effective barrier, centered in Spanish Morocco, against the intellectual progress epitomized in the principles of men like Miguel de Unamuno and the social progress embodied in the growth of Spanish trade-unionism.

Francisco had arrived in Spanish Morocco to serve his apprenticeship as an officer just out of the military academy, when the First World War was just getting underway. His arrival had coincided with the outbreak of a series of native uprisings throughout Spanish and French Morocco that were to continue sporadically for well over a decade.

That period of unrest had served to focus Spanish national interest on Africa to a degree undreamed of even by the most ardent expansionists. And young Franco had been given ample opportunity to show his fighting qualities as a soldier. First, as an officer of the 68th African Regiment, where he had met the other officers who, years later, as the "Africanists," were to become his most faithful military supporters. Then, as a volunteer officer in the native *Regulares*, the name given the territorial police force. And finally, as a member of the *Tercio*, or Spanish Foreign Legion, which he had helped to found.

Until the summer of 1916, he had managed to escape un-

scathed from one skirmish after another. Some of the natives had begun to believe that he had a "charmed" life. But his fellow-officers, able to observe him at close quarters, had known him as a cautious man, methodical and thorough in his planning, who took no unnecessary risks and whose tactics seldom failed.

Then, in the fighting at a little place called Buit, not far from Ceuta, after the Arabs had reorganized their broken lines several times with no success, and Franco had felt confident that the fighting was over, the Arabs had come back in a surprise attack. He had gotten a bad bullet-wound, right in the stomach.

The affair at Buit, fought with guns and knives, had turned out all right in the end, although it had almost cost him his life. Above all, it had taught him one thing which he never forgot: the enemy is not down until he is out.

His belief in that ancient and primitive principle which antedated all ideologies and all religions, was to dictate many of his later acts.

Shortly after the fight at Buit, he had been made a major. The real turning point in his career, however, had not come until four years later. A warm friendship had sprung up between the short young major, who had inherited his mother's shy ways, and the notorious Lieutenant-Colonel Millán Astray, a soldier-of-fortune whom he had known in Morocco. That coarse, eccentric adventurer, believed by many to be mad, had been able to win the favor of both King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenia. In the spring of 1920, he had been asked to organize the *Tercio*, (Foreign Legion). It was to be formed on the general pattern of the French Foreign Legion, except that the native version was to be composed almost entirely of Spaniards. One of Millán Astray's very first acts had been to choose the soft-spoken little major as his adjutant.

Chafing from four years of boredom on the Spanish mainland, Paco (a common nickname for Francisco) had accepted the offer eagerly. He had come to like Moorish Africa a lot. He had grown fond of its easy sensuous ways and the feeling of absolute power over those ways shared among the Spanish officers, who constituted a privileged minority in that territory. He was glad to get back.

From then on, Franco's swift rise had startled some of his closest friends. Thanks to the confidence and support, not only of the King and Queen, but also of the recently appointed dictator, Primo de Rivera, which Paco's dear friend Millán Astray was able to obtain for him, in two years he had become head of the Legion, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

A new personal triumph had come shortly afterward, when he had hurried to Oviedo, in the northern province of Asturias, to be married to pretty, dark-haired Carmen Polo of that city. Her middle-class, conservative and devout parents had finally dropped their opposition to the contemplated marriage of their daughter to the close friend of the notorious, widely hated Millán Astray. Carmen's parents had blessed the marriage, and he had taken his young bride back to North Africa with him.

One year later, when Abd-el-Krim's leadership of the Riffs was seriously beginning to challenge French and Spanish power in Morocco, Franco had been made a general. He was thirty-two years old at the time; he was not only the youngest general in Spain, but the youngest in Europe.

During the next few years, as the Riff fighting blazed into a full-scale war, he had come to know both the Spanish dictator, Primo de Rivera, and Marshal Pétain, who had gone to near-by Rabat as Inspector-General of the Army of French Morocco and who later was to play an important

part in Franco's life. And Franco had become familiar with the ruthless fighting qualities of the Moors, who subsequently were also to play a leading role in his life.

With Abd-el-Krim's defeat in 1927, the Riff War had come to an end. Moroccan life had returned to its slow ways and its sultry quietude. His wife had had enough of Africa. Spain beckoned like a cool oasis. And they had their infant daughter, Carmencita, to think of.

Franco's chance had appeared soon afterward, when he had been asked to head the newly restored General Military Academy at Zaragoza. For the next three years, except for brief visits around the country—mostly to the capital—and his trip to Berlin and Dresden for a quick study of Germany's improved system of military education, the dusty old capital of Aragon had been the Francos' home.

Franco's ties to the Spanish royal house, which had conferred honor after honor upon the ambitious but discreet young Gallegan, had, in the meantime, grown closer. He had remained faithful to his monarchist views even after the king's peremptory dismissal in 1929 of the dictator, Primo de Rivera, who had served Alfonso well, had helped to turn other generals toward the growing movement favoring the establishment of a Republic.

Under the guidance of Franco, the General Military Academy had become a hotbed of militant monarchism. And even the ushering-in of the Second Spanish Republic through the popular elections of April 14, 1931, had failed to dim his monarchism. He had revealed as much in a speech made two months later, after the academy had been ordered closed, to the 720 cadets gathered there for the last time. It was a speech not at all calculated to inspire loyalty toward the Republic, and he had been sharply reprimanded for it by War Minister Azaña who was later to become President.

As the star of the infant Republic had risen, amid the hysterical joy of the people almost everywhere in Spain, Franco's own meteoric career began to dim. Never before given to brooding, he had dwelt with bitterness on the thought that his career, which had promised so much, had come to a dead end before he was forty.

He had been careful, nevertheless, not to voice his complaints in public, not even before the influential "La Peña" group of officers which met regularly in informal gatherings at a prominent café in Calle Alcalá in the center of Madrid, and which included a good many men who, like Franco, had begun to see their military careers stunted by a Republic which was more interested in schools than in barracks.

While Paco had been forced into everything but nominal oblivion, first as head of an infantry brigade in his native province of La Coruña, then as commandant in the Balearics, his hot-headed young brother, Ramón, had risen to fame as Spain's leading aviator. Ramón had been nicknamed *El Jabalí*, "The Boar"—a name which might also have fitted Paco had it not been for the more pronounced characteristics of his short stature which had inspired his comrades to refer to him occasionally as *El Pequeño*, "The Little One."

But before long, Ramón had begun to achieve a new kind of prominence in which notoriety was fast displacing fame. His impetuous nature had grown more and more erratic, his tastes and inclinations more violent. Following his marriage to a lady of questionable reputation, rumors had begun to spread in Madrid of a scandalous relationship between the two and the Ruiz de Alda couple. Ruiz de Alda had been Ramón's co-pilot on the famous flight across the South Atlantic, and before long he was to become one of the co-founders of the fascist Falange.

Ramón's aberrations had come into the national spotlight as the result of the failure of a military coup which he had attempted with the aid of a few young extremist officers at an aerodrome near Sevilla. When the members of the "La Peña" group of prominent military men had met to consider expelling Ramón from the society, they had been shocked at the livid fury against his brother which had been displayed by the normally calm and restrained Paco.

In fact, little Paco's usual quiet and moderate manner, amid the most vehement discussions of that typically argumentative Madrid gathering, had previously caused more than one member of the "La Peña" group to exclaim in exasperation:

"*Hombre*, Paco, you sit there so tranquil and coy, one would take you for a pansy!"

At the meeting to discuss the proposed expulsion of Ramón, however, Paco had not given them the slightest motive for casting aspersions on his manliness even in fun. Fuming with rage, he had stormed into the café, and before anyone could ask him what he thought the group should do about Ramón, he had blurted out:

"He's a son of a bitch!"

It was a term not often used in that circle, at least not in reference to fellow-officers. The epithet had had an even sourer effect because it had been spoken by him against his own brother. Several members had walked out, and others had upbraided Paco for his attitude. Later, the two brothers had been reconciled, and the incident had been forgotten, except by those officers, some of whom I came to know personally, in whose minds it continued to stand out as one of the rare instances when Franco had really lost his temper.

He might have maintained his customary coolness and aloofness even on that occasion, perhaps, had he felt his

own situation to be less desperate. But already, a totally different set of generals, with strong Republican sympathies, had begun to assume command of the most important army posts, while he and his colleagues, who were known and distrusted as the "Africanists," were being relegated to minor posts.

Only the most earnest pleadings of Mola, Sanjurjo and his other colleagues had prevented him, at that time, from resigning from the army altogether and devoting himself wholly to politics. He had already started announcing his candidacy for the Cortes, as a Monarchist, from the district of Cuenca.

"Wait," they had urged the normally even-tempered, calculating Paco. "*Tiempo tras tiempo, y agua tras viento*—fair weather follows foul as rain after wind."

He had waited—without dropping his unsuccessful political campaign, however—and the fair weather anticipated by the generals had not been long in coming. The infant Republic, after two and a half turbulent years, had commenced to grow into a yowling youngster. Most of the two score parties representing right, left and center in the country's complex political pattern maintained a stubborn and inflexible attitude in their demands, while provocateurs continued to heap fuel on the spreading fires of internecine trade-union, agrarian, church and regional antagonisms. Paralyzed through fear and apathy, the moderates who controlled the government were unwittingly driving the Republic into a labyrinth of confusion and uncertainty.

The reaction to all this had come in the form of a heavy victory for the rightist coalition, the *Confederación Española de Derechos Autónomos*, or CEDA as it was nationally known, in the December, 1933 elections. Instead of clearing the atmosphere that was suffocating the Republic, the victory of the CEDA, led by the ultra-conservative and

arch-clerical Gil Robles, head of the Jesuit-created *Acción Popular* party, had charged that atmosphere with dynamite, literally as well as figuratively.

For the new government had soon faced a revolt of the dynamite-armed miners of Asturias. This had been seconded in Catalonia with an impotent move to establish an independent state which was to have Barcelona as its capital.

The government had then called in Paco and the other "Africanists" and told them to settle the matter in their way, the Moroccan way.

Little Paco had been made Chief of Staff; Fanjul, Under-Secretary of War; Goded, head of Aviation; and Mola, one of the "available" since the inception of the Republic, Chief of the Army of Morocco, with instructions to draw up a plan of mobilization for the entire Spanish Army.

Meanwhile, Sanjurjo, that obstinate and rather dull-witted general who in 1932 had led a small, poorly organized military revolt against the Republic which only a year before, as head of the Civil Guard under King Alfonso, he had been largely instrumental in provoking into being, had finally been granted an amnesty, as had his followers, on condition that he accept exile in Portugal.

Through the restoration of the old *Tribunales de Honor*—in flagrant violation of the Constitution which had banned those military courts—new honors signifying a return to military and political favor and influence had been showered on other high officers of the Monarchy, many of them "Africanists," who had been doing little more than drawing the considerable pensions that had been so graciously extended by the Republic. Conversely, nothing had been done to prevent the removal by Franco and the others of a long line of high officers known to be devoted to the Republic—such as Riquelme and Sarabia, who were to play

key roles in the looming fight to save, and later to restore, the Republic.

One of Paco's first acts as Chief of Staff had been to bring contingents of Moorish soldiers from the Spanish territory across the Straits to put down the uprising in Asturias—where, 500 years earlier, the initial cries of freedom against the eight-century-old Moorish domination had been sounded. Juan Yague—another of Paco's old cronies, who had been languishing in Soria, drawing his pension, until his recall for this job—had quashed the miners' revolt, with his cruel Moors and Foreign Legionaries, in a burst of bloodthirstiness that had rocked the nation.

Franco and his comrades of the old 68th African Regiment had overplayed their hand. Their ruthless repression of the 1934 revolt in Asturias and Catalonia had roused all Spain.

A "Popular Front" composed of the extreme and moderate leftist parties, together with the large Socialist and Anarchist labor federations, was formed. Fifteen months after the crushing of the Asturian miners' revolt, at the February 1936 elections, the Popular Front was swept into power.

On the surface, the wheel of fortune had turned back to the early days of the Republic. The General Military Academy, which the "Africanists" had managed to reopen, had been closed down for the second time. Goded had been ordered to the Balearics, Paco's old post. And a spot even more distant from the teeming politics of the mainland, the far-off Canary Islands, had been chosen for Paco.

This time, however, the turn of events had been anticipated. During the two years of "fair weather," detailed preparations had been made to meet the eventuality.

Within the closed circle of a secret military society, the *Unión Militar Española*, known as the UME, headed by

none other than Mola—whom the Popular Front government had permitted to remain in Spanish Morocco as chief of army forces there—the Conspiracy, timed to go off within six months, had been formed. It had been set with care and daring, and the explosive was a deadly combination of Mola's genius for organizing and coordinating, Sanjurjo's determination, Goded's intrepidity, and little Paco's cool thoroughness.

In order to divert suspicion from himself, and to enable the conspirators to put the final touches to the plan, Paco had delayed his departure by pretending that he was not anxious to leave Madrid for the Canary Islands. After his arrival at the islands, and less than a month before the scheduled insurrection, he had scored an even greater triumph for the group with a long letter addressed to the government. A brilliant piece of duplicity, the letter had suggested that the increasing changes in army personnel—an unexpected development which had begun to jeopardize their plans—were causing “unrest.” Since Paco's reputation had, on the whole, been that of a supporter of parliamentary government, his voice had continued to carry some weight in Republican circles. Because of his letter, the positions of some of the key tactical figures in the conspiracy had been safeguarded.

By the first of July, everything had been prepared. Paco had already made arrangements for the “O-H-Rapide,” a small twin-motored plane normally equipped to seat six passengers, departing from the British airport at Croydon, to pick him up at Las Palmas, the “Garden City” of the tropical Canaries. The date had been set for late that month.

But an unexpected event had advanced the opening date. News of the murder in Madrid of the prominent Monarchist deputy, Calvo Sotelo, as a reprisal for the recent assassina-

tion of a Socialist, had become known on July 13. After hurried communications by code cable exchanged between Goded in the Balearics, Mola in Morocco, Sanjurjo in Lisbon, Yague, Fanjul and others in Spain proper, and little Paco in the Canaries, the conspirators had agreed on the expediency of launching the insurrection without delay, in order to reap full advantage of the wave of indignation over the Calvo Sotelo affair that was being generated by vociferous rightist organs throughout Spain.

Within three days, on July 16, Mola had risen in Morocco and had occupied Ceuta and Melilla. Paco had joined him there on the following day, after an uneventful flight in the "O-H-Rapide." Twenty-four hours later, they had landed the first forces, consisting almost entirely of the old dependables—the Moors and the Foreign Legionaries—on the Spanish mainland across the Straits.

Simultaneously, planned insurrections had broken out in different parts of the country. The conspiracy had germinated into armed rebellion. Soon it was to grow into the bloodiest and most merciless civil war that Spain had ever known.

3

That had been eight years ago. Torrents of new blood had since flowed under the bridge of Spanish and world events. But little Paco—standing up there beneath the crudely built, narrow roof of the tall reviewing platform above me, watching from behind that smiling mask the long parade down the sun-baked avenue bearing his name, in commemoration of the Uprising—must have thought, if only for a moment, what a fortunate road he had travelled.

Yet, I wondered, was it simply through "fortune" that Sanjurjo had died in a mysterious airplane crash as he left

Lisbon to take over command of the military rebellion in Spain; or that Goded had lost his life in Barcelona, where he had flown from his post in the nearby Balearics in a patently futile attempt to win over the garrison in the Catalonian capital? Could it have been only "fortune" that had thus, from the very start, narrowed down the selection of a successor as commander-in-chief of the Uprising to the two remaining members of the quadrumvirate responsible for its planning, to Mola and little Paco?

Mola was the logical choice. He had not only helped to map out the strategy originally agreed upon by the four generals, but had undertaken to coordinate the operations, at least in the initial organizational stages. He had been looked upon by the others as the "brain" of the military rebellion, with Sanjurjo little more than a figurehead.

Yet the Junta which met on that fateful first of October, composed of two colonels and five generals—including both leading candidates—had chosen, not Mola, but little Paco.

The decision to make Franco generalissimo of the insurrection had come as a surprise to others besides Mola. It had baffled people on both the Nationalist and Republican sides who had followed Paco's steep rise in the army under the Monarchy and the Primo de Rivera dictatorship. It had even astonished men and women who had observed his quiet talent for making friends among politically influential members of the Church hierarchy, and who recalled his close ties with the rightist groups that had wielded power during the "Black Biennium" of the parliamentary control exercised by the since discredited CEDA. People aware of the shortcomings he had displayed in his 1933 campaign for the Cortes had been especially bewildered by the choice. No one, it seemed, had ever perceived in the chubby, mild-mannered young general with the disarming little smile any outstanding traits or talents that might

mark him as a true leader of men or even as a "strong" personality.

But the Junta's choice had not surprised or astonished Paco, or Serrano Suñer, the dapper young lawyer who was married to his wife Carmen's sister, or Colonel Juan Yague, or Juan March, the "Pirate of the Mediterranean." Or Benito Mussolini and his son-in-law and foreign minister, Count Ciano.

For these had constituted themselves into a conspiracy within a conspiracy, aimed at placing General Francisco Franco at the head, not of a mere military rebellion whose ostensible purpose was, at best, the restoration of a conservative monarchy, but of a totalitarian, corporative Spanish state—not unlike that of the Salazar dictatorship in Portugal, only more militant, and one which would gear its policies to the plans of the allied Axis powers.

During Paco's virtual exile to the Canaries, the fanatical, ruthless Yague had remained in Spain to serve as the military link, on the one hand between the quadrumvirate and the other generals who were to join the Uprising, and on the other hand between his close friend and fellow "Africanist," Paco, and a new political organization known as the *Falange Española y de las Jons* that was modelled after the Fascist Party in Italy which had sponsored its formation.

Yague's immediate contact with the new organization, which its followers most often referred to as "the Falange" and sometimes simply as "Falange," had been maintained through Carmen's brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer. High-strung and sensitive as an artist, but with the craftiness of a well-trained lawyer, the burning zeal of a convert, and the unscrupulousness of a *pistolero*, or gangster, Serrano Suñer had functioned as chief liaison between Yague and the Falange.

Until the generals' 1936 rebellion, the Falange had failed to win a popular following. Its young founder, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the former dictator under King Alfonso, was a wide-eyed idealist, eloquent though often verbose, who in fiery speeches had been preaching socialism-through-fascism almost since the birth of the Republic. His election to the Cortes in 1933, one year after the founding of his *Falange Española*, had been the only seat ever won by his small but noisy organization.

Serrano Suñer, who had taken Gil Robles' Catholic Youth groups, of which he was secretary, into the Falange with him, had been quick to see the Falange's numerical inferiority as an advantage rather than a drawback for the cause he represented—little Paco's cause. Moreover, with young Primo de Rivera in prison for the second time, accused of plotting to overthrow the Republic, the Falange had found itself, for all practical purposes, without a leader.

Word had meanwhile been spread to the effect that Paco was interested in the Falange's ideas and might not be averse to seeing it established as the *partido único*, the one Party—although the anti-parliamentarian Falange disliked the use of that term in reference to their organization. Before leaving for the Canaries, Paco had intimated as much.

Winning the Falange's backing would mean more than just that, Paco had known. For behind the Falange lay the active support of Mussolini, some of whose top fascist aides, including his son-in-law, Count Ciano, had helped to map out its original form. And Paco had learned that the Duce was prepared to contribute military, economic and political aid to the planned rebellion—his own aid as well as similar assistance from his ally, Nazi Germany—providing the proper exchange of political and economic guarantees was forthcoming. While Serrano Suñer had been able to offer the necessary political assurances to the Italians, a more

prominent figure had to be found to endorse the promissory note guaranteeing reciprocal economic benefits.

That figure had appeared in the person of Juan March, one of Spain's wealthiest and most colorful entrepreneurs. His specialty was shipping and tobacco, but he had also made a fortune in various smuggling enterprises. Utterly without scruples—he had even helped arm the Riffs against his own countrymen—this “Pirate of the Mediterranean” was always ready to descend on new prey, especially if the venture afforded him an opportunity to outwit some rival. After forming a small, secret corporation with such solid figures of finance as the Duke of Alba and the Duke of Infantado, the country's leading Monarchists, “The Fox”—as March was called by some of his friends—had snatched at Mussolini's offer with all four paws, as the saying went.

As a result, Italian planes had landed on Majorca—the native lair of “The Fox”—almost at the outbreak of the rebellion. Nor had the convenient presence off Ceuta, at the same time, of a fleet of transport vessels belonging to the *Compañía Transatlántica del Mediterráneo*, of which March was president, been exactly an accident.

Nor, finally, had the subsequent vote of the military Junta in favor of little Paco rather than of Mola been an act of God. For, if any mystery was attached to the generals' choice, it lay merely in the difficulty of determining the precise amount in pesetas and goods which each member of the Junta, with the possible exception of Mola himself, had been promised by the “Pirate of the Mediterranean” in exchange for their votes for little Paco.

In becoming the generalissimo of the military rebellion, Franco had, in effect, also assumed at least temporary control of the Falange, which had allied itself with that rebellion from the start. But he had also found it expedient, out of deference to his strong supporters among the mon-

archy-minded Church hierarchy and the titled landowners, to minimize the importance of his connections with the fascist, totalitarian Falange. The general's *pronunciamiento* had thus been presented by him to the high clergy and the aristocrats as a mere police operation that would last only a few weeks and was intended simply to bring "order out of chaos" while preparing the way for a "constitutional" restoration of the monarchy.

Just how that could be achieved, in view of the preponderant Popular Front successes of only eight months earlier, had not been indicated. Nor had any of the main supporters of the rebellion cared to inquire into the matter too closely. They had all been far too immersed, for that, in their common hatred of the Republic, and in their race against each other for the most secure posts, in an atmosphere charged with paranoia.

His manipulation of these conflicting groups, through carefully chosen advisers and the simple expedient of promising them separate spheres of influence, had met with a considerable degree of success, and had taught him the secret of how to maintain that delicate balance of power in the strenuous days and months ahead. A canny Basque politician, José Félix Lequerica, had been largely responsible for Franco's initiation into that secret.

Lequerica was a born arbitrator, a master of mediation and mergers. His charm and affable manner, heightened by a natural flair for sprightly, informal conversation and ceremonious speech-making, often gave people the feeling that they were in the presence of a warm "human" soul. Beneath that pleasant exterior, however, ruminated a personality as cold as any fish that ever came out of the Bay of Biscay. He was Franco's foreign minister during a large part of my stay in Spain.

In some ways, he and Franco strongly resembled each

other, though there was no physical similarity between them, and one was a lawyer and the other a soldier. But both the Jesuit-trained Basque lawyer and the Gallegan soldier were cool, deliberate and painstaking. Both were conservative and monarchist, yet more than superficially interested in the political potentialities of the new fascist movements that had sprung up all over the world. Like Franco Lequerica had managed to include some leading Falangists among his regular "contacts." Franco had not taken long to decide that Lequerica was a man to be watched intently and from every direction, as one tries to watch a parlor-magician.

Chiefly, however, he was a man to be used only when extremely necessary. Such an occasion had arisen with the urgent need to win the full support of the Church hierarchy and the leading aristocrats — the two groups with whom Lequerica was most expert at fencing. The clever Basque lawyer, politician and diplomat had obtained results surpassing even some of Franco's most hopeful expectations.

But in the meantime, the "police operation" that was to have lasted a few weeks was turning into the bitter civil war of nearly three years' standing. Compared to the guns, tanks, planes, and the vast majority of professionally trained soldiers, later reinforced by Italian and German air and armored forces which Franco had on his side, the Republic—except for the valuable but relatively small assistance it subsequently got from Soviet Russia, in the form of some planes and a few tank and air specialists, and from the International Brigades — had only the poorly armed Spanish people. Yet the bubble of easy victory anticipated by the Nationalists had begun to burst soon after the Uprising when the alert people of the two largest cities, Madrid and Barcelona, aroused by the danger which their own Government had foolishly attempted to minimize as

another Sanjurjo fiasco of 1932, had stormed into the military barracks, killed the commanders who were in league with Franco—Goded and Fanjul had been among the first to be slain—and prevented the garrisons from rising.

Mola's failure in November of 1936 to take Madrid from the populace had made it mathematically clear that the length of the war would depend mainly on the speed with which he could break the morale of the people. Franco had lost no time in initiating a large-scale campaign of terror—directed mainly by the Falange and the scientific “observers” from Mussolini's Ovla and Hitler's Gestapo—which had begun to assume, in some cases, the proportions of mass extermination.

After Franco's importation of Nazi and Fascist mercenaries, even the brutal and callous Yague had been called upon to voice his protests against the use of the foreign “beasts of prey.” That protest, which had also praised the fighting qualities of the Republicans, had supposedly earned Yague his chief's temporary disfavor. Secretly, however, Franco had been pleased. For, by that time, with the Republicans holding little more than Madrid and Barcelona and a wide strip of territory from Madrid to the Mediterranean coast which Franco had purposely left open — *al enemigo que huye, puente de plata*, a bridge of silver for the fleeing enemy—he no longer needed German and Italian assistance. On the other hand, the International Brigades had managed, after inflicting earlier losses on his armies at Teruel, to cross the Ebro in a sudden daring thrust that had cut his men down like trees and had given the Republicans strategic command of the southern bank of the river, a position which seriously threatened to break up his planned drive on Barcelona, the industrial stronghold of the Republic.

His intimation that he was willing to send his German

and Italian contingents back where they came from, providing the International Brigades were withdrawn, had followed soon after the temporary, staged "disgrace" of Yague—whom Franco had previously promoted to the rank of general—and had met with roaring success. His old enemy, Azaña, who was President of the Republic, and Negrín, the Prime Minister, had accepted Franco's offer, had agreed to remove the Brigades, in the vain hope of stilling both domestic and foreign charges that the Republic was dominated by Communists.

Three days after the withdrawal of the International Brigades, the larger part of whose members lay beneath the hard Spanish soil, the demoralized Republicans had lost their priceless bridgehead across the Ebro, and Francisco Franco's way to Barcelona was open.

The Catalonian capital had fallen on January 26, and by April 1, Franco was parading in triumph before the worn, hungry, nerve-wracked populace of Madrid itself, to the clamorous music of the Falangist hymn, *Cara al Sol*, and the *Marcha Granadera*, the old royal march which had been restored as the national anthem.

The war had lasted almost three years. Fathers had fought against their own sons, brothers against brothers—until well over a million Spaniards were dead and Spain lay crippled and starving.

"And how did those three tragic years of civil bloodshed and ruin affect Franco?" I once asked a Madrid acquaintance, one of the Falange's charter-members who had manned a sub-machine gun against the Republic.

"He gained twenty-two pounds."

The seemingly endless parade was beginning to draw to a close now. I looked at my watch. It was already past

noon. The party minister and the Syndicate head appeared to have joined some of the other high officials I could see silhouetted in the shadows against the pineboards draped with the flags and emblems of Nationalist Spain, and the Caudillo stood alone, still saluting the crowd of spectators and the procession of the Syndicates which had become more and more bedraggled. He looked a bit tired, but that little smile still held the corners of his mouth pointed upward.

Sanjurjo was dead. Mola was dead. Goded was dead. The three senior members of the quadrumvirate chiefly responsible for the Uprising that had rocketed him into power were dead and gone. Young Primo de Rivera lay dead if not forgotten in the cold ancient vaults of the Escorial. Ciano was dead, and Mussolini, a grotesque caricature, was dead in all but name. Ramón Franco, the erratic "Lindbergh of Spain" whose name, rather than that of his older brother Francisco, had once been on the lips of millions of admirers throughout Spain and Latin America, was dead too, killed in an airplane crash while fighting on his brother's side against the Republic.

They were dead. And so many others—Fanjul, Batet, Jordana—were dead.

But Franco had remained. He had become His Excellency, Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teodoro Franco Baamonde, Generalissimo of the Forces of Land, Sea and Air, Caudillo of the Glorious Movement, National Chief of the Falange, Chief of State, and master of the destinies of twenty-five million Spaniards. The Caudillo had travelled a very long way.

Yes, he appeared to be a very happy man, proud of his little family and smiling with confidence. He sometimes wore civilian clothes, and on such occasions, when his picture appeared in the newspapers, often in the company of

his wife and daughter, the little smile on his chubby countenance might almost have been mistaken for that of any *pequeño burgués* pleased with the day's business and glad to be home with his family.

Almost, but not quite. For there was no trace of a smile in the hard and calculating expression of the small, close-set eyes. And there was nothing of the peaceful burgher in those recurring pictures that showed him dressed in the uniform of a Falange chief, as he was now, or in his gaudy generalissimo's uniform with the broad, gold, tasseled ribbon of a Nationalist military *jefe* across his chest. On such occasions he was frequently photographed beside an archbishop, bestowing another medal on Franco to denote that he had been made an *hermano mayor* of one more Holy Order. The frozen little smile on his lips seemed at such times almost like something in a nightmare, it was so taut, and his eyes carried a heavy, pale look of sleepless apprehension.

I wondered about that look. I wished to think it was perhaps the sign of a troubled conscience affected by the tragic plight and suffering into which his country and his people had been plunged as the result of the Civil War, the war that had sprung from the explosive seeds of that brilliantly planned and thoroughly executed conspiracy.

But there was nothing in the events of that war, nothing in those three years of destruction of a whole country, or in the half decade that had followed of mass reprisal against a whole people, nothing in those years of his complicity with that even vaster conspiracy to shape the entire world in the image of the Axis creators who had helped him pound and pummel the natural and human clay of Spain into its present form, nothing in the atmosphere of dark ignorance and bigotry, corruption and terror, that I had witnessed and experienced since my arrival, to warrant

the hope that Franco's conscience troubled him. Still, that look haunted me—until I realized that what I had thought and hoped might be the look of a troubled conscience was simply the drawn face of fear.

5

It was the custom, established since the first Anniversary in 1937, when the war was still going on, to shoot a certain number of "Reds" — nearly all political prisoners were "Reds"—on every anniversary of the Uprising. This particular custom, I soon discovered, was more honored in the observance than the breach, and to such a degree, that it had been extended, in every city and town throughout Spain where political prisoners were being held, to include not only all the Nationalist anniversaries such as the Birth of Franco and the Elevation of Franco as Chief of State, but also the many official religious holidays of which Christmas, the Feast of the Conception, Corpus Christi and Easter were only a few.

Late that afternoon I learned that ninety-four political prisoners in the Carabanchel and Ocaña jails near Madrid, charged with having fought in the Republican Army "voluntarily" during the Civil War which had ended five years ago, had just been taken into the prison patios and shot. The last victim had fallen before the special Falange-directed execution squad at five o'clock. His death warrant, like all the others, had been signed the night before by "Francisco Franco, Chief of State."

At six o'clock, in the grand salon of his chief residence at the Pardo Palace near Madrid, Franco received the Provincial Chaplains of the Falange's Youth Front. They had come from almost every section of the country, under orders of their bishops as well as of the provincial chiefs of

the Falange and the Youth Front, to pay their respects to the Caudillo on the eighth anniversary of the Glorious Uprising.

The chaplains were presented to Franco himself by the Bishop of Madrid-Alcalá, Dr. Eijo Garay, in his capacity of National Assessor of Religion and Morals for the Falange's Youth Front. The ceremonies, I was told that same night by a Spanish newspaperman, had been very brief. On bended knees, the gathering had received the bishop's blessing. Franco had been the last to get to his feet. He had looked paler than usual. But the little smile had never left him.

II

RED BERET AND BLUE SHIRT

1

OVERLOOKING the hard serried plateau of Castile, only an hour's ride by train from Madrid, lies the desolate village of San Lorenzo del Escorial. And high above the dreary village, on a barren mountain summit close to the sky, stands the lean, brooding palace-monastery of the Escorial, the gray sparseness of whose walls and pavement courts is not the boniness of the wrinkled Castilian plateau far below, but the damp stony grayness of death.

Erected in the sixteenth century at the command of the fanatical Philip II as the sacred tomb for Spain's kings, that sombre monument to power and prayer — designed with stark majesty in the form of a great gridiron to commemorate the martyrdom by roasting of San Lorenzo, the patron saint of the Escorial — had since become symbolic of the greatness of the Spanish Empire.

Under Philip, that empire had embraced Spain and Portugal, the Low Countries, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Rousillon and the Franche-Comte, parts of North Africa and territory along the coast of West Africa, the Cape Verde and Canary Islands in the Atlantic, the Philippines and part of the Moluccas in the waters of the remote Pacific, and finally, all the discovered lands of the Americas, which meant most of the Western Hemisphere.

And under Philip, the holy war against the spreading "heresy" of Protestantism in England, France, Germany and the Low Countries had been waged with relentless zeal and mad fervor.

The unique fierceness of spirit embodied in the Escorial, and the mystic preoccupation with empire and death which it stood for, had, logically enough, captured the imagination of the restive second son of Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estella and one-time dictator — “my Mussolini,” King Alfonso had called him, only to dismiss him later in a crude and tactless manner.

The spirit of the Escorial had been reflected in a set of principles drawn up, within one year after the King himself had been forced to give way to the Republic, by José Antonio Primo de Rivera. With that set of principles as a charter, the *Falange Española* had been founded, and young Primo de Rivera became simply “José Antonio.”

“We have a will to empire. We affirm Spain’s historical fullness to be empire . . .” The words might almost have been spoken by Philip as he prepared to launch another war against one of the “infidel” nations.

José Antonio’s portrait was everywhere. The dreamy, half-closed eyes, the tieless collar always open, revealing a plump throat that seemed strikingly feminine below the large masculine jaw—this idealized representation of the Falange’s founder had grown almost as familiar to me as Franco’s little smile, whose portrait nearly always stood beside that of José Antonio. Just as the words of “The Martyr,” quoted daily through every conceivable channel of publicity, were seldom seen or heard without an accompanying quotation from one of Franco’s speeches.

On a wall in the heart of Madrid, for instance, one read: “Only the strong can be worthy neutrals—” José Antonio. And right below it: “In this supreme hour of universal apprehension, Spain can consider herself free of disturbances and threats—” Franco.

Always the strong, determined-looking soldier beside the saintly looking dreamer. The conquistador and the Fran-

ciscan monk. A perfect image of the greatness that had once created an empire and enriched the world's culture. But Franco was no conquistador, and José Antonio, who had made no secret of his liking for the sensual joys of life, had not been a Franciscan nor a monk.

But what did it matter if neither Franco nor José Antonio filled the true requirements as contemporary archetypes of the soldier-mystics and soldier-poets—Loyola, Cervantes, Santillana, Garcilaso de la Vega, Bernal Diaz and many others—who had written immortal pages in the rise of the Spanish Empire as well as Spanish literature? Spanish history was so rich with glorious chapters of militant friars and devout soldiers, that the obvious advantages to be gained by perpetuating the myth through the image of the Franco-José Antonio combination could not be ignored by the Falange's propagandists, and they were exploiting those possibilities to the limit.

The semi-deification of the synthetically-created Franco-José Antonio duality had another important purpose. It made Franco appear less autocratic, less "the god who walks alone." In José Antonio, he had a kind of fellow-consul with whom he appeared to share his power.

What was most important, of course, was that Franco was alive and all-powerful, while José Antonio was at best, a mystic symbol: "The Founder", "The Proto-Martyr of the Glorious Movement." He was "The Absent One." He was dead.

2

The men who had gathered around José Antonio had been mostly university students in their early twenties, in Madrid, Valladolid, and a few other cities with centers of learning.

José Antonio had renounced whatever ties had linked him to the aristocracy and had come to consider himself an "intellectual" voicing the aspirations of the Spanish people as a whole, although most of his followers—at least the most devoted—came from the ranks of the middle class from which his father, the ex-dictator, had risen.

Using the established "name" of Primo de Rivera as a shield of respectability, the leaders of the new fascist organization had soon launched themselves as a political party to end all parties. While they had continued to deny that their organization was modeled along Italian Fascist or German Nazi lines, their program called for a "national-syndicalist" state that would strengthen Spain internally through broad social and economic reforms, and externally through the cultural, political and economic projection of the "Hispanic spirit" to Portugal, Africa, the Philippines and, above all, the countries of Latin America. It differed only in minor aspects from Mussolini's urge to empire and Hitler's plans for a Greater Reich.

As a matter of fact, some of the Falange leaders, including José Antonio, had visited Rome and Berlin and had come away greatly impressed. Earlier, they had fallen under the influence of the fascist writings of Mussolini, Spirito, Missiroli, Ferri, Volpi and, subsequently, that fantastic German journalist who had settled in Italy and taken the name of Curcio Malaparte.

Raimundo Fernández Cuesta, who was later to play an important role in the Falange's jockeying for more power under Franco, had been a notorious "Italianist" in the early Falange. In one of his articles published in 1934, he had used the Italian Fascist term, "corporativism," rather than "national-syndicalism," in defining Spain's economic and political needs.

José Antonio and his colleagues had dreamed and

worked for the day when the national-syndicalist state might come into power in Spain, not in a coalition with the privileged groups who were conservative or reactionary by tradition, but through the mobilization of the "masses." Nevertheless, in a process similar to what had taken place in both Italy and Germany, the Falange firebrands had found it more and more expedient to come to terms with the influential dukes, archbishops and generals. One day José Antonio had said: "We must be bought in order to fool those who buy us."

But soon it had been the Falange, and not the men who stood for medieval Spain, that had been fooled. For, unlike the Fascist and Nazi leaders in Italy and Germany, the Falange "triumvirates"—cells of three that constituted the nucleus of the organization scattered in different parts of the country—had not been able to rally a mass following of their own. As a result, the influence of the others had made itself felt more and more within the Falange.

The Traditionalists were the reactionary, clerical Carlist monarchists, with their fanatical, armed corps of *requetés*. These hardshell Traditionalists, whose strength was centered almost wholly in the mountain fastnesses of the Basque province of Navarre, were justifiably suspicious of an organization in which young anti-clerical pamphleteers played a leading part. But beneath the surface of the apparently wide ideological disparity between the militant Falangists and the medieval-minded Carlists who considered everything modern as the works of the Devil, there were important tangents of agreement, such as the common interest in the Spanish agrarian communes of the 16th and 17th centuries.

It was Lequerica, an "outsider," rather than one of the *Camisas Viejas*—the "Old Shirts," as those who had belonged to the Falange before the rebellion called them-

selves — who was to prove sufficiently sagacious to note those hidden points of contact between the Falange and the Traditionalists and eventually to bring them together.

There was little doubt that José Antonio, whom I often heard my Falangist acquaintances speak of as “The Absent One,” had been missing in more than just a mystical sense from the moment the rebellion had been launched. While he and the other leading Falangists had lain in prison awaiting execution by the Republic which they had helped to undermine, the second-rate leaders like Fernández Cuesta, and the latecomers like Giménez Caballero and Serrano Suñer, Carmen Franco’s brother-in-law — whose constant whimpering had earned him the name of *La Llorona*, “The Wailing Woman,” among his fellow political prisoners— were making good their escape to the Nationalist lines. It was then that Franco had acted without delay to take the Falange under his spreading wings.

Some of my Falangist acquaintances blamed Franco for the death of José Antonio. The Republican Government, according to them, had been ready to exchange the imprisoned leader for the son of a cabinet minister held by the Nationalists, when a scathing editorial condemning the proposed exchange had appeared in a newspaper in Republican territory. Fear of arousing public opinion had compelled the minister to end the negotiations which meant saving his son’s life. Shortly afterward, José Antonio had been executed. According to the Old Shirts who told me the story, the provocative editorial which had precipitated the action had not only been inspired, but actually paid for, by high army men and Monarchists around Franco who considered young Primo de Rivera “too uncompromising” for their own plans for a restoration of the monarchy which Franco had encouraged.

In any case, he had become Chief of State and José

Antonio had been semi-deified as The Founder, The Proto-Martyr and The Absent One.

The Falange itself had also undergone considerable transformation since that time. Unlike its Italian and German fascist models, it had failed to attain dominance over the Uprising that was to crush the nation's growing democratic, republican and socialist forces and to lay the foundation for a new nationalist state. Instead, the Falange itself had been mastered by the old powers of arch-conservatism and reaction. During the first few days of the Uprising, in fact, the fate of the Falange had hung in the balance. But there had been too much at stake in Franco's understanding with Mussolini and Ciano to permit any risk of failure, and the Falange, looked upon mainly as the "creature" of Fascist Italy—even the name *Falange*, or Phalanx, was of Roman origin—had been permitted to live.

Besides, Franco must have already realized, the availability of the fascist nucleus without a real leader could also prove to be a powerful lever in his own hands, one by which he could soon supplant the Republic entirely with a tight coalition dictatorship under his small but nimble thumb.

Almost overnight, he had transformed the bedraggled remnants of the scarcely known Falange, which had never quite broken out of its small, sectarian frame even during its hyperactive days, into a vast organization with ramifications in every house, every street, every ward, every village, town and city where his armies had stamped out Republican resistance.

The initial processes of that metamorphosis were later graphically described by a French writer, Georges Bernanos, who had lived on Majorca during that period with a handful of young Falangists whom he had known and admired.

"What has become of these boys?" he wrote, in a book

published in France within a year after the launching of the rebellion. "Well, I will tell you. There were not five hundred of them in Majorca on the eve of the pronunciamiento. Two months later they were fifteen thousand strong—thanks to the brazen recruiting conducted by the military, who were interested in destroying the Party and its discipline. Under the direction of an Italian adventurer by the name of Rossi, the Falange became the auxiliary police for the army and, as such, was systematically given all the menial jobs until, finally, its leaders were executed or imprisoned . . . while many of its best elements were stripped of their own uniforms and incorporated into the army . . ."

I had heard similar and equally authentic stories about what had happened to the Falange in other parts of Spain. There was always the very important sequel, however, of how Franco had proceeded to re-create the Falange. It had been reshaped as a new counter-force to keep the political ambitions of his supporters in check, and as a party machine for manufacturing the ideological justification of his regime as something more than the "personal" type of dictatorship which had characterized the intermittent rule of the caudillos in Spain during the nineteenth century.

With the aid of Serrano Suñer, the Jesuit-schooled José Luís de Arrese, and Fernández Cuesta, he had thrown open the ranks of the new Falange to thousands of other political opportunists from the old rightist Catholic groups, Anarchist renegades, criminals let loose along with political prisoners, and members of the underworld—from the pool-halls, gambling establishments, cheap cabarets and brothels of Madrid, Barcelona and other cities.

By making the Falange the nation's sole legal political outlet, he had insured the anxious cooperation of the other groups in his "Glorious Movement." Many army officers and landowning aristocrats, and some industrialists, had

hastened to join the Falange, while thousands of priests had been made *Asesores Religiosos*—Religious Assessors—and chaplains attached to Falange-run employment and countless other bureaus.

The unification of the Falange with the reactionary Traditionalists which Franco had maneuvered through Lequerica, less than a year after the Uprising, had proved to be the last straw for many of the Old Shirts. Among these was the young hothead, Manuel Hedilla, who had, meanwhile, managed to attract some of the renegade Anarchist following around him and to make himself nominal head of the Party, under Franco. The Falange had even chosen the old red and black colors of the most extreme wing of the Anarchists, the *Federación Anarquista Ibérica*, or FAI, as it was more commonly known, as the background for its banner featuring the imperial emblem of the yoke and arrows, borrowed from the seal of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Hedilla had begun to clamor for execution of the Falange's social program that was embodied in José Antonio's famous Twenty-Seven Points.

The 26th point in this document, calling for the separation of church and state, had angered not only the church hierarchy but also the Traditionalists. Franco had met the first major crisis within his coalescing dictatorship with a rare combination of tact and forcefulness, the former supplied mostly by Lequerica, the latter by Franco himself. Hedilla and his Old Shirt followers, who had grouped themselves into a small dissident organization known as the "authentic" Falange, or FEA, had been arrested and imprisoned, while the Traditionalist leader had been sent into exile.

Franco had then decreed the unification of the Falange with the Traditionalists to form the *Falange Española Tra-*

dicionalista y de las JONS, or *FET y de las JONS*, the name by which it has since been known.

The decree was read in a rather unimpressive ceremony in which, wearing the black military suit, blue shirt and blue tie of the Falange, he had placed the Traditionalists' red beret on his head as a sign that it was henceforth to be part of the uniform, and as a symbol of the unification. Lequerica had pulled another rabbit out of his trick silk hat for Franco, and April 19 had been promptly added to the swelling list of national holidays in the Caudillo's Spain.

3

The unification had pleased the Primate of Spain and nearly all the rest of the Church hierarchy. Above all, the unification had enabled Franco to move his personally appointed "hierarchies" into the new Falange which was fast branching out in all directions.

Minister of the Interior and, later, of Foreign Affairs, Serrano Suñer had been given the position of head of the Falange's Political Council, with the old "Africanist," General Muñoz Grande, as the General Secretary of the Falange, ranking title next to that of Franco's own position as Chief. Afterward, the "lay Jesuit," José Luís de Arrese, had been made active head of the Falange.

Serrano Suñer had later lost the posts of both Interior and Foreign Affairs, and had had to step down as active leader of the Falange. But he had continued to exert considerable influence inside the Falange, on whose Political Council he still served, and within the regime as a whole. As late as 1944, Serrano Suñer was said to be writing most of the Caudillo's speeches, and Franco still listened carefully to his advice during their frequent luncheons together at the Pardo.

Fernández Cuesta, meanwhile, had also served as General Secretary of the Falange for a short time, and thus as a member of the Cabinet. Subsequently, he had been placed on the Falange's powerful Political Council. And although he had later been sent into relative oblivion as Ambassador to Brazil and then to Italy, this temporary eclipse was to be followed by his appointment as head of the influential *Consejo de Estado*, the advisory state council that served as the clearing-house for matters involving the Falange, the Cabinet, and the puppet Cortes.

Behind the continuous dress-parade of theatrically uniformed chiefs and sub-chiefs, the Falange show was being directed by these men and by such intellectual collaborationists as Francisco Javier Conde and Tomas Gistau y Mazantini.

In the former the Falange had found a convenient and willing philosopher to support its reiterated claim that the road to a just and Christian order lay through the "new Spanish state." The same idea was being expressed, on a somewhat different level, by another Falangist intellectual, Giménez Caballero, who declared:

"In Castile, only the bastards and the outcasts are not Falangists."

4

The Falange continually emphasized its role as the ideological mortar holding the regime together. Coupled with the Falange's unique position as chief dispenser of public and private jobs, it was often the prime internal lever on which Franco depended for the maintenance of his delicately balanced power. Certain key posts in the Cabinet had been considered as the Falange's "sphere of influence" from the start of Franco's reorganization.

The Falange-held posts in the Cabinet consisted chiefly

of the Interior, Labor, National Education and Agriculture ministries, besides the post of *Ministro del Movimiento*, or Party Minister, reserved by Franco's decree for the General Secretary of the Falange.

Blás Pérez, the Minister of the Interior, controlled most of the official police activity, through the well-armed Civil Guard and other uniformed police, as well as the dreaded plainclothes police of the Bureau of Security. He also exercised final supervision over the lucrative social welfare activities.

The Minister of Labor, José Girón, managed all the so-called social security measures, such as the profitable health insurance set-up, and was also co-responsible with the Minister of Industry and Commerce for supervision over the numerous syndicates through which the whole of the nation's economy was administered.

A close friend of Arrese who, like him, was also known as a "lay Jesuit," José Ibáñez Martín headed the Ministry of National Education which ran the entire country's schools and colleges, from the hiring of teachers to the selection of textbooks and the appointment of boards to pass on the qualifications of students and graduates.

José Antonio's older brother, Miguel Primo de Rivera, had been given the post of Agriculture solely because of his name—although he had been expelled from the old Falange by José Antonio. While he spent very little time attending to his official duties and a great deal of time entertaining in the bar and grill-room of the Hotel Palace in Madrid, where I occasionally ran into him during my residence at the hotel, his ministry was one of the most important in the government. In conjunction with the rural syndicates, it had charge of practically all phases of agricultural production and distribution throughout Spain, a predominantly agrarian country.

Miguel's favorite reply to those naive pilgrims who sometimes came to him for advice concerning agricultural problems was:

"Don't bother me with that foolishness. All I know is how to drink wine, hunt foxes and talk English."

Like all the other members of the Cabinet, he was known to be involved in various kinds of graft. In addition, he had the unsavory reputation of boasting of his latest seductions at mixed gatherings and in the presence of his wife.

Although the Party Ministry occupied by Falange Secretary Arrese was theoretically a Cabinet post without portfolio, it not only served as the top liaison office between the "Movement"—the Falangists, firm in their hatred of parliamentary government, still refused to term their organization a party—and Cabinet, but also included the vital Vice-Secretariat of Popular Education, the dictatorship's propaganda ministry. The *Vice-Secretaría* exercised a virtually unchallenged monopoly over all press and publications, radio, censorship, film, theatre, art, music, and a virtually unchallenged monopoly over the press and all publications, radio, censorship, film, theatre, art, music, and all other cultural, entertainment and propaganda activities throughout Spain.

But above and beyond these posts which it held directly, the Falange exerted practically unlimited influence within the other ministries by means of high-placed Falangists and armed agents, and through interlocking activities with the syndicates. These crisscrossing activities were so close, and they occurred so often, that it was difficult to know where the authority of the Government began and that of the Falange ended. For instance, while the syndicates controlling the nation's economy were supervised by the Labor, Agriculture, and Industry and Commerce ministries, actually they were organized within the Falange itself.

There was enough vagueness about the vital and delicate matter of jurisdiction to nullify any positive validity which the "spheres of influence" allotted to the Falange and to other supporting groups might have assumed. Thus, in the Spain of the Caudillo, one heard that "the Falange runs everything" as often as "the Falange is nothing." And that, of course, was just what Franco wanted. After all, the important fact was that he was in command of the Falange, as he was in command of the dictatorship. He was the country's chief. He was the conqueror.

There lay both his greatest strength and weakness, I felt, as an old Spanish saying came to mind:

"El vencido vencido, y el vencedor perdido — the conquered conquered, and the conqueror lost."

And then I recalled how Franco's recent intimation to the National Council of the Falange that he might quit the Movement if its rank and file continued to show a growing lack of discipline had just been countered defiantly by the Falange's militant University Students' Syndicate, or SEU. In a double-barreled reference to Franco's warning and to the latest rumors of an impending restoration of the monarchy, in huge letters across the front page of its weekly paper, *Juventud*, the SEU had hurled its indirect but meaningful threat:

"In the monarchy of the Falange, there is no abdication but death."

5

I had been in Spain less than a month when I received an invitation to attend an important Falange gathering. This was a privilege that was seldom extended to foreigners, particularly if they were Americans or Englishmen. I had managed to get the invitation through careful cultivation of my acquaintanceship with two young Falangists whom

I had met in Lisbon during my week's stay there prior to entering Spain.

As I took my seat near the middle of the dimly lit, long auditorium which had once echoed with the voices of Spain's most distinguished scholars and scientists, I noticed that the places of honor facing the audience were occupied by the four Falange stalwarts of Franco's cabinet. Beside the beefy Labor Minister, Girón, sat Education Minister Ibáñez Martín, bespectacled and pale; the arrogant-looking Interior Minister Blás Pérez; and the jowlish Arrese, Party Minister. This was obviously to be a display of strength by the Falange's most faithful and most trusted representatives.

From above the table of honor, against the flower-ornamented brocade backdrop, a huge half-portrait of the omnipresent Francisco Franco the collar of his field jacket thrown open with soldierly neglect, surveyed the audience.

The address of the evening was to be made by no less important a figure than Fernández Cuesta. His appearance on the pulpit-like rostrum extending midway down the auditorium, above the extreme left aisle, was greeted with a crescendo from the entire audience which rose and gave the Falange salute as the shout thundered against the old university walls:

"Arriba Española!"

I wondered if I ought to stand up as a show of courtesy in order to avoid any unpleasantness in that gathering. But the audience solved my short-lived dilemma by sitting down as suddenly as it had risen. Fernández Cuesta had already started talking about "the Falangist concept of the state."

His physical resemblance to Mussolini was slight, but it became more pronounced through his Duce-like gestures and the way he had of thrusting his chin out at times. He

had recently returned from Rome—which was to fall to the Allies in another month—and a lot of people were asking what his next job would be. There was the possibility that this speech might be his bid for some new and important post which the Falange wanted Franco to give him.

With all their high-flown vocabulary and Fascist-borrowed ways, I could not help thinking, here they were, these Falangist pundits who boasted of forging a “new, national, syndicalist, organic state,” at the mercy of a military chieftain’s favors — as hundreds of other political cliques had been throughout Spain’s caudillo-ridden history. The only difference between this caudillo and his predecessors was the greater complexity of the forces around Franco.

“Any attempt to revive an earlier status quo is doomed to failure—!”

The speaker had not waited long to begin threatening. It was obvious that the Falange was on the warpath principally against all the talk about an early restoration of the monarchy. Franco had been encouraging that talk, I knew, and for a moment I wondered if he might not also be behind this opening campaign of the Falange to scotch such rumors. It would have been a typical Franco maneuver, the kind that had enabled him to hold the power over Spain which he had won five years ago.

Regardless, however, of whether that meeting was Franco’s doing, it was a clear reflection of new internal shocks, precipitated by the increasingly favorable progress of the war for the Allies, that had begun to give the “Falangist State” serious cause for worry.

There were three hot questions at the moment, all closely bearing on the future role of the Falange in the dictatorship. First, the latent conflict between the Falange and the church over the control of education had broken out again.

Second, there had been a strong revival of talk about bringing Don Juan from Switzerland to discuss a restoration. Such talk had been attributed to the machinations of Gil Robles who, though still an exile in Portugal, was being attacked violently in the Falange-run press. Third, and most important, perhaps, was the very recent lifting of the American oil embargo against Spain.

Fernández Cuesta avoided any direct mention of these live issues, all of them political dynamite. His references to those who wanted to bring back "normalcy" or the "status quo" had merely kept the audience in a keyed-up state of suspense—which was more or less the prevailing mood in Franco Spain anyway, I had found.

But when he began to climax his comments with the angry warning that the Falange was not at the mercy of the "rise and fall of international barometers," the audience's sudden, wild response was like the firing of a gun. He had made the purpose of the meeting clear: the Falange had no intention of giving up a single one of its many outposts on the battlefield of the bureaucracy which it had enabled Franco to create.

Fernández Cuesta's concluding boast and warning that the new Falange was the same militant and determined movement which José Antonio had led a decade ago brought the whole assembly, even the Cabinet ministers at the table of honor, to its feet in the Falangist salute. Right arm extended and pointing slightly upward, in accordance with the stipulations set down by Franco in an early decree making that salute the official national greeting, they shouted in unison:

"Arriba Española!"

I had managed, meanwhile, to get past a scowling group of students, members of the SEU, and—not without some show of firmness—was beyond the open doorway by the

time the gathering began to sing the Falangist hymn, *Cara al Sol*—"Face to the Sun." Outside, I listened to the hymn draw to a close:

"The dawn of Spain has now begun!"

As I started down the Calle San Bernardo and was passing the second entrance through which the *jefes* had been escorted upon their arrival by the armed Falangist militiamen who stood waiting there now, I could hear the voice of Arrese leading the meeting in the "ritual shouts" that closed all Falange ceremonies:

"*España—Una!*"

"*España—Grande!*"

"*España—Libre!*"

Back at the hotel, Enrique, a friend from Barcelona, sharp and alert as only a Catalonian businessman can be, was waiting for me in the lobby. He was one of my best sources. We sat down at a small low table near the center of the lobby in order not to arouse curiosity, as we might have done had we chosen a more secluded spot.

I ordered a Tio Pepe, my favorite brand of dry sherry. Enrique asked for some beer. But there was a temporary shortage of beer in Madrid—a lot of people said it was because of a fight between the brewers and the Falangists who ran the black market in hops. So he ordered a Tio Pepe too.

"And what brings you to Madrid?" I asked him while we were waiting for our drinks.

"They."

That meant the Falange. He ignored the puzzled look on my face.

"They've closed down my store and fined me twenty thousand pesetas. The man who's been protecting me has been kicked out of the Falange because someone heard him say the electricity shortage in Spain was a good exam-

ple of the inefficiency of the set-up we've got in Spain. I have no recourse now except to join the Falange myself. After all, I've got a family. I can't let my store remain shut."

He pulled a wrinkled slip of paper out of his pocket. "I found out," he said, "that I could fix everything if I saw them. They were in Madrid for one of their *reuniones*. So I came here too—."

The waiter was there with our drinks. When he had gone, Enrique said: "I'm all ready to take the oath."

He handed me the paper. "You know how meaningless it is to me." It read:

"I swear by God, Spain and Franco and our National Syndicate Revolution to serve my country above anything else. I also swear to fight unhesitatingly for the spiritual and material reconquest of our lost empire in Asia and America, for the creation of Spain, One, Great and Free, which has been given to us by the victorious sword of the Caudillo."

6

The following Sunday, I went down to the Norte station with two charming English sisters who taught at the British Institute in Madrid and caught a morning train on the new electric line to the Escorial which Franco had recently inaugurated.

The train was crowded with blue-uniformed boys and girls of the Falange, from the *Flechas*, or "Arrows," as the youngest age group in the Youth Front was called, to the older "Cadets" and "Mountain Guides." They carried wreaths of flowers, and sang Falange songs all the way.

As soon as we got to the dusty village of San Lorenzo, we started up the steep winding road that led to the palace-monastery on the summit. Near the top, a bright red Packard, a sleek sport-model with a lumbering gasogene "kitch-

en" on its rear because of the gasoline shortage, came grinding past us slowly, and I got a close glimpse of the car's occupants. They were three Falange officials, and with them rode their three lady friends—one of them, easily recognized because of the peculiar pinkish hue of her dyed hair, had been pointed out to me at a cabaret in Madrid as the notorious mistress of several Falange chiefs.

Above the wide façade of the main entrance to the palace, under the gray cupola of the sky, four stone figures looked sternly down at the bleak but stately paved court. They were the Hebrew kings. We went inside, into the dark cold interior of that sombre mausoleum. Near the main altar of the cathedral, the Falange boys and girls were marching slowly past the grave of José Antonio, depositing the wreaths there which they had brought with them.

After their victory, Philip's temple to death had become the Falange's national shrine. The Founder's remains had been brought from Alicante in a ritualistic procession by torchlight and buried in the Escorial—if not alongside, at least among the same stones as Spain's kings. Every winter the procession was symbolically reenacted by a *centuria*, a group of one hundred Falangists, in shirt-sleeves, who marched to the Escorial bearing torches and chanting the Falange hymn.

Pilgrimages were made here regularly by Falange groups from all the provinces. At frequent intervals, encampments of Falange militia, of delegates from the Feminine Section headed by José Antonio's fanatical sister, Pilar Primo de Rivera—who was said to be obsessed with visions—and of SEU and other Falange groups were held here. Sometimes Franco came out to address them.

I was curious, however, about the high Falangists and their lady friends who had passed us on the road in the shining red Packard.

When we got outside, several hours later, the weather had turned chilly and it had begun to hail. We stood in the main archway talking about the austerity of Philip's palace furnishings and the inhospitable bleakness of the rooms, even the throne-room, as we waited for the weather to clear. I turned to the little, unofficial guide whom we had picked up in the village and who had showed us through the dank rooms and corridors of the Escorial.

"Where did the party of Falange chiefs go?" I asked.

"To the new hotel for tourists," he replied.

I had heard of the sumptuous Hotel Felipe II which had been built at El Escorial with the wretchedly paid labor of Republican political prisoners. Through his brother in Madrid, whom I knew well, I had sent one of those prisoners—a thin sensitive lad of twenty-five, whose hair had turned snow-white since his imprisonment as a "Red" for having fought on the Republican side during the Civil War—some packs of American cigarettes.

The hotel had been opened recently. Our guide described the luxurious appointments, the large quantities and rich varieties of food that were hauled there regularly from the black-markets of Madrid.

What a cynical contrast, it struck me, to the asceticism, the denial of the body in order to nourish the spirit, the burning fires of zeal within the cold gray shell—to everything that Philip's Escorial and the grave of José Antonio within that larger tomb were supposed to stand for. I wondered aloud:

"And who, even if they wanted to, could afford to spend a week-end at the Escorial?" I knew that the rates at the new hotel were shockingly high; more than the average Madrid workman earned in a month was spent there in a single day for room and meals for one person.

"Who," echoed our guide, raising his voice only enough

to make himself heard above the hailstones flailing the pavement court before us with a flat ringing echo that recalled the sound of whips, "who but those like the Falange chiefs you saw and their cabaret women!"

III

FUGITIVES FROM THE PLOW

I

IT HAPPENED in Valencia, at a small *tertulia* given by a medical friend of mine on the outdoor dining-pavilion of a hotel looking out on the Mediterranean. There were about fifteen of us, mostly men. A few, however, had brought their wives along to enjoy the infrequent treat of plentiful refreshments, which consisted largely of an interesting assortment of seafood hors d'oeuvres and white wine. It was a warm, informal gathering made up mostly of the doctor's closest friends, who were celebrating his saint's day.

On a lower pavilion near-by, the hotel orchestra had already begun to play its regular evening program of light classical music, with a few good Spanish compositions thrown in at intervals to comply with the regulations of the Vice-Secretariat of Popular Education.

Among the doctor's guests was a tall army lieutenant to whom he was related by marriage. The young officer, a thin bespectacled chap who, in civilian clothes, might have been taken for a college instructor, was a first cousin of the doctor's wife. He, too, was a physician. I had just learned from him that he was stationed in Valencia, and he had begun to tell me about the poor pay received by men and officers—up to the rank of major, that is, when they became senior officers—in Franco's army.

Just then an officer walked over to us from a table on one of the adjoining pavilions and greeted the young lieutenant with a handshake and an *abrazo*. The newcomer, I could

see from his insignia, was also a lieutenant. We were not introduced, as he had to get back to his table where a party of fellow-officers was waiting for him.

“That friend of mine,” said the medical officer, “belongs to the same regiment and same company as mine. He would have joined us, only he and his fellow-officers have to catch a train in a little while back to Bilbao.”

I expressed astonishment. “I thought your company was stationed in Valencia.”

“It is.”

Our conversation was interrupted by some of the other guests who came over to urge us to accompany them to a performance of Spanish dances later that evening which was being given at the Teatro Ruzafa in town, not far from the hotel where I was stopping.

The incident of the two lieutenants intrigued me, and after some inquiries I discovered that what the medical officer had told me was true in every respect. They belonged to the same regiment and same company, but one was stationed in Valencia and the other in Bilbao. Franco's army had become so large as a result of the Civil War and the subsequent need to maintain sizable garrisons in every one of Spain's fifty provinces which he had wrested from the Republic, that he had found it convenient to set up whole regiments in duplicate, with the same regimental number, banner and other attributes, in order to conceal the extent of the huge expenditures out of the public funds necessary to support—even with poor pay—that mammoth force.

2

In choosing the generals to command his army, Franco had displayed the traditional Spanish reliance on personal rather than national or even ideological loyalties.

The key spots, such as the *Capitanías Generales* or Corps Area Commands, Supreme War Council, High Staff, War Ministry, and the military governorships, had been filled mostly by his closest friends among his fellow "Africanists"—men like Saliquet, Ponte and Yague, *capitanes generales*, and Orgaz, head of all troops in Spanish Morocco; like Fidel Dávila, his Chief of Staff, and Muñoz Grande, his Chief Military Aide and head of his personal bodyguard stationed at the Pardo barracks like Esteban Infantes—for a time—who had replaced Muñoz Grande as head of the force which had been sent to fight against Russia under the name of the "Blue Division."

Beside the "Africanists," other leaders like Moscardó, the defender of the Alcázar at Toledo, who had proved their ability and loyalty to Franco during the Civil War, had been made generals and promoted to positions of confidence.

There were, in addition, older generals of prominence whom he had since eased out of top commands, but who enjoyed maximum economic and other benefits. In this group were Queipo de Llano—the "pornographic general" whose machiavellian use of the Seville transmitter at the start of the Uprising, one of the first instances of the modern coordination of radio propaganda warfare with military operations, had contributed in no small measure to the Nationalists' swift conquest of Andalusia — and Aranda, who had brought about the fall of Asturias. Both Queipo de Llano and Aranda had been "loyal" defenders of the Republic—until the Uprising, when they had lost little time in going over to Franco's side.

The Caudillo's granting of economic favors to the military was by no means confined to the group of generals whose prestige and influence he feared most. It was an "old Spanish custom" among the higher officers to engage in

profitable business and other pursuits while retaining active standing in the army. Franco had merely transformed that custom, in order to allay the traditional restiveness of the senior officers, into a gigantic enterprise.

Thus, while the vast majority of the Spanish people were kept in a state of semi-starvation and were subject to strict rationing, the army *jefes* were not only able to obtain a sufficiency of food and other necessities for themselves and their families, but they were also supplied with reserve stocks of such staple foodstuffs as rice, flour and some of the best olive oil for disposal on the black-market at fabulous prices that often permitted them to live in splendor.

In addition, many of the best *enchufes*—or sockets, as the government sinecures were popularly termed—had been handed out to the military at Franco's orders. Some of the most lucrative *enchufes* were in such branches of Falange-controlled economic activities as the Syndicate of Food and Supplies, the *Auxilio Social* or social welfare monopoly, and the elaborate *Fiscalías de Tasas*, or internal revenue bureaus, which Franco had placed immediately under his "presidential" office. A further economic guarantee was provided the army hierarchy through the appointment of numerous military *jefes* as civil governors of provinces and as *alcaldes* or mayors in thousands of towns and villages.

As a further means of appeasing the military *jefes*, and in order to prevent the Falange chiefs from gaining too great autonomy, Franco had placed some generals on the Falange's inner *Junta Política* and had put another general in command of the SEU's militia. Similarly, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors had been given key spots in the Falange-run Ministry of the Interior which had nominal control over the large armed contingents of the Civil Guard and the uniformed and secret police of the country.

Franco's friend Asensio Cabanillas, had been given the War Ministry in 1942 after the fight between Serrano Suñer, then both Foreign Minister and head of the Falange, and General Varela, Minister of War, had ended in the toppling of both from their immediate high posts. Asensio exercised even greater influence as head of the Supreme War Council, and, in effect, both Air Minister Vigón and Navy Minister Moreno depended largely on him for important decisions concerning their departments, although Moreno had considerable Falange and other connections of his own.

More useful, as a lever for manipulating political pressure, was Asensio's influence among the generals and few admirals that had been named by Franco to sit as a Supreme Military Tribunal for trying "political crimes against the State"—a category which was applied indiscriminately to any and all forms of opposition to Franco's coalition dictatorship.

The power to handle such political offenses was bitterly contested by the Falange, not only through its own militia and execution squads, but through the Interior Ministry, with its vast network of police, spies and *agentes provocateurs*, and the Ministry of Justice which was headed by the subservient and fearful Eduardo Aunós, formerly Franco's emissary to Argentina.

Army circles were less disturbed by this continuing challenge, however, than by the measures which the Falange had taken, with the aid of Franco, to establish its own power as a national armed force. Not only had the Falange militia, trained by professional army men, been greatly strengthened and expanded, but 125,000 of its most competent and fanatical members had been scattered through the regular army as new "sergeants," where they were able to maintain close and constant touch with both the lower ranks and the officers.

These men had been drawn mostly from certain agrarian areas where the Falange had recruited its most dependable henchmen from the most backward and ignorant peasants. Throughout the army and the air force, which included not only professional soldiers but a great many men from the cities, the new, Falange-trained sergeants were commonly referred to as "fugitives from the plow."

Feared by the officers and hated by the men, they, perhaps more than any other factor, served to keep the army under the constantly watchful eyes of Franco and the Falange.

The "fugitives from the plow" spent most of their time tracking down sources of discontent among men and officers, and secretly recommending—through their Falange chiefs—measures to allay or eliminate the causes of dissatisfaction. Their idol was General Yague, the Old Shirt who, though displeased with the failure of the new Falange to carry out the full fascist program originally laid down by José Antonio, had remained in the movement. Yague was the principal link, as he had been in the days of the Conspiracy, between Franco's army and the "army" of his Falange.

3

The army was the traditional center of Spanish political unrest. The generals had kept Spain in an almost continuous state of ferment ever since the restoration of the monarchy, after the short-lived First Spanish Republic of 1874. Prior to Franco's uprising, the generals' last great adventure, in which he had also played a part as a young officer, had been the disastrous Moroccan campaigns from 1921 to 1927 which had cost the country scores of thousands of lives and more than two billion pesetas.

The Moroccan adventure had helped to usher in the Primo de Rivera dictatorship in 1923, which had collapsed six years later, just when it appeared to be stabilizing itself after the French Army had saved Commander-in-Chief Berenguer's forces in Morocco from annihilation at the hands of Abd-el-Krim. And Primo de Rivera's fall had precipitated the fall of the monarchy which had been followed by the birth of the Second Spanish Republic in 1931.

With these events in mind, Franco had sought to prevent the generals from eventually uniting against him, as they had previously joined arms against their comrade-in-arms, General Primo de Rivera. Keeping alive latent antagonisms between the main groups and individual personalities within the army, Franco had added new fuel, such as the Falange, to the old frictions.

The army, like the Spanish people as a whole, was still more likely to unite against someone rather than for a cause or individual. Since the Republic had been crushed, the thing to do now, at least as far as the preservation of his own supreme position within the dictatorship was concerned, was to unite factions and individuals within the army against other groups within the army or inside the regime as a whole.

The Caudillo had quietly encouraged a good deal of monarchist talk among the generals, who had strong ties with the Duke of Alba and the other monarchy-loving large landowners and financiers. Such talk not only sharpened the conflicts between the military *jefes* and the monarchy-hating Falange chiefs, but also made it possible for Franco to capitalize on the differences between rival monarchist groups in the army.

While Varela and others sided with the Carlists in upholding the claims of a supposed descendant of Don Carlos to the throne, another monarchist group in the army, led by

Orgaz, Kindelan, Aranda and Borbón—a cousin of ex-King Alfonso—were inclined to support the claims of Don Juan, Alfonso's heir, or one of his offspring. Franco's tactics were to bestow privileges and economic favors on both groups, and when one side appeared to be gaining too much strength, he made it a point to neutralize such support by extending new honors and benefits to the rival faction. This strategy had motivated his ostentatious reception given in honor of the Carlist pretender at the Pardo Palace in the spring of 1944, soon after my arrival in Spain, when monarchist sentiment in the army in favor of a restoration through Don Juan or his little son had begun to reach a dangerous peak.

Franco, himself a general, was too astute to rely wholly on personal friendships with his old comrades-in-arms or on the strategy of "divide and rule" in order to insure the army's adhesion. A closer, more reliable check was needed.

For this purpose he had organized a special, secret corps of armed Falangist agents, some in uniform, others in plain clothes, who operated on a totally different level from that of the Falange's "fugitives from the plow" who had been scattered through the ranks as sergeants. The sole task in life of the members of this secret, élite Falangist corps was to carry out a round-the-clock surveillance of the movements of every general and every important *jefe* in Franco's own army.

4

My friend Carlos, a lad in his late teens, had been conscripted into Franco's army as a private some months earlier. Because of his superior education—his studies in engineering had been supplemented with two years of research and apprenticeship in Germany—he had been assigned to the barracks of the Pardo Palace.

My first astonishment over his huge appetite, displayed on the occasion of the initial dinner of a series we were to enjoy together at intervals during my broken stay in Madrid, had faded rapidly when he described the poor treatment which was given the soldiers of Franco's crack regiments.

Like all the other privates in the army, they received a daily wage of one-half a peseta—roughly, five cents—in addition to their “meals” which consisted of a large bowl of hot coffee and milk for breakfast, a thick soup and some bread at noon, and almost the same meal at night. Now and then, they received a small portion of rice or potatoes and, on rare occasions, a small piece of meat. And they were the Caudillo's own palace garrison.

Only the soldiers in Franco's Moorish bodyguard fared better. They ate and slept apart from the other troops at the Pardo, and were treated more like officers than like privates.

But throughout the rest of the army, among privates and non-commissioned officers—except the favored “fugitives from the plow” and the returning members of the “Blue Division,” who enjoyed special benefits—conditions were even worse. For them there was no occasional portion of rice or potatoes or meat—although the *jefes* were busily disposing of large stores of such foodstuffs on the black-market. And unlike Carlos and the other men at the Pardo, who could sleep on cots, in the rest of the army the men not only had to sleep on the barracks floor, frequently without a blanket for cover, but sometimes they were compelled to seek shelter in the crowded homes of friends because there were not sufficient quarters available to house the swollen regiments—even though thousands of buildings which had been schools during the Republic had been turned into military barracks in the Spain of the Caudillo.

The lower officers fared somewhat better than their men, but they too found it difficult to make ends meet, partly because of the "appearance" they were expected to maintain. A captain, for instance, earned between 1000 and 1300 pesetas—about 125 dollars—monthly, and out of this sum he had to buy his own food and clothes, pay rent, and often support a family. I had come to know several such families, most of them belonging to what remained of the lower middle class. They complained constantly of the miserable business conditions prevailing everywhere in Spain, which they blamed on the inefficiency and corruption of Generalissimo Franco's administration.

On the surface, there was little indication of poor discipline in Franco's conscript army. Time and again I had seen soldiers in the streets of Madrid and other cities, in constant fear of the "fugitives from the plow" and other Falange informers, deliberately go out of their way to salute.

There was, however, no real respect for the generals and *jefes*. They were accepted and obeyed as a powerful but unscrupulous and ignorant lot. From a friend in Gerona—an ancient little Catalonian city, not far from the French border—I had heard an unforgettable story illustrating the backwardness and stupidity that characterized a large portion of the higher military in Spain.

My Gerona friend was a mechanic. He had told me how a limousine driven by a military chauffeur, with one of the flamboyantly uniformed generals alone in the back seat, had come laboring into the garage where he worked. The occupants had gotten out and asked him to repair the crippled automobile, but not before inquiring where the trouble lay. He had informed them at once that the clutch was burned out.

The general had then turned on his chauffeur with fury. Giving him a violent shove, he had shrilled:

“See, idiot, the clutch is burned out—I told you you shouldn’t be smoking in the front seat, so near the engine!”

IV

END OF THE RACE

1

ALTHOUGH some of his cousins, and even several of the grandees of the blood royal, had signed up and obtained their Party cards as soon as their armies took Badajoz and they could cross over from Portugal where they had been waiting for "the Day" to end the Republic, the Marquis of Solar had not gone so far as to join the Falange.

But his two spinster sisters, who had stayed at their large estate in the northern province of Santander, had been among the ladies of the aristocracy who had met secretly at night, just after the Uprising, to sew blue shirts for the Falange.

The family had become increasingly fearful that their large landholdings might be expropriated by the Republic. A few cases of land distribution—though on a very small scale, and with compensation to the former owners—had already popped up in their district. And Franco and the Falange, they had been told by neighbors like themselves, were leading a conservative movement to prevent such measures and to bring peace and order to a country that appeared to be heading for socialism.

The marquis, priding himself on his descent from one of the soldiers who had accompanied Hernán Cortés in his conquest of Mexico more than four hundred years earlier, had hurried across the border from Lisbon to join Franco's army. That had been made simple by the honorary captaincy which he had inherited from his grandfather along with a fortune in land and pesetas. Many of his friends and

associates, moreover, had come out of the military academies to enter the army as part of that privileged caste of officers that looked down on those other officers who had risen from the ranks and whom the aristocrats had dubbed with the uncomplimentary title of "spoon officers"—*oficiales de cuchara*.

While many members of the Spanish nobility were notoriously cruel and callous, the marquis was quite a sensitive soul. A look of disgust had darkened the usual pallor of his delicate lean face as he told me of his reactions to the slaughter of thousands of Republican prisoners in Badajoz and other provinces.

He had remained with Franco, after the massacres, solely in the hope that men like the Duke of Alba, dean of the Spanish aristocracy whose celebrated ancestry included a bastard son of King James II of England, and the Duke of Infantado, whose lineage was as ancient as any in Spain, might succeed in curbing the extremist influence of the Falange within the Nationalist movement.

But when he had returned to his native Santander province, he had found his own estate turned into a filthy concentration camp for the "Red" political prisoners who were being assigned to hard menial labor by the Falangists in charge. He had seen his own servants—the women as well as the men—given the infamous castor-oil treatment that had been introduced by the Italian Fascists, and beaten severely on the charge of being "Reds." He had seen the land fall into utter neglect because the new taxes were impossible to meet, and he had watched the new Nationalist officials grow fat on bribes and graft. He had witnessed the suffering of nearly the whole population in that province from cold and hunger while the Falange officials re-routed the shipments of fuel and food, intended for distribution among the needy towns and villages under the official

rationing system, to the more profitable official black-markets of Bilbao and San Sebastian.

When I met him in Santander province, in the little town of Torrelavega, near the caves of Altamira whose ancient walls and cavern roofs held the world's oldest paintings, he had come to the conclusion that anything was preferable to this administration. And his sisters, who had once helped to sew blue shirts for the Falange, now longed for an end to the regime which had failed to restore the monarchy.

In their earlier attachment to the Falange, their continued devotion to the Church—which they attended almost daily—and their prayers for a return of the monarchy, his sisters were far more typical of the Spanish landowning nobility than was my friend, the marquis, who had never been close to the Falange.

A considerable number of the lords and ladies of Spain, however, had been in very close touch with the Falange, and some, including the Duke of Alba and even the Alfonsist heir to the throne, Don Juan, were said to have Party cards. Don Juan, I had heard, held card No. 5; the Duke of Alba, card No. 7. Other members of the aristocracy, such as the Count of Mayalde, had enlisted in the "Blue Division."

Many of those titled collaborationists had, moreover, remained loyal to the Generalissimo. Their devotion, like that of his military *jefes*, had to a large extent been purchased with extensive economic favors.

2

The Duke of Alba, the Duke of Infantado, and a wealthy old plebeian with heavy mining interests, José Lazaro, had helped Juan March finance Franco's movement with the understanding that the monarchy was to be restored. But instead of a king, they had been given a Caudillo.

But their economic power had not diminished. They and their associates still controlled the land, the banks, and even some of the budding industries of Spain.

Thus, the arrogant, close-fisted Duke of Alba, whom Franco had made first his agent and then his Ambassador to England, was one of the directors of the Bank of Spain, while the Duke of Infantado sat on the board of the *Banco Hipotecario*. Other members of the nobility who held the reins of Spanish finance were the Marquis of Aledo, Marquis of Amurrio, Duke of Bailen, Count of Gaitanes, Count of Gamazo, Marquis of Haro, Count of Heredia-Spinola, Count of Limpias, Count of Real Agrado, Marquis of Urquijo and the Duke of Sotomayor.

In addition to these figures, numerous other aristocrats wielded considerable influence, together with the Falange, in the immediate control of Spanish agriculture and many industries. This power was exercised by such men as the Count of Santamaría de Paredes, Marquis of Zurgena, Count of Albiz, Marquis of Perijaa, Marquis of Zuya, Marquis of Espeja, and about fifty other titled directors and large stockholders of corporations with extensive holdings in public utilities, sugar, oil, tobacco, cement, irrigation and public works, railways, mining, shipping, insurance, drugs, matches, steel, munitions and food-packing plants.

In the Cabinet the gentry's interests were represented mainly by Finance Minister Benjumea Burín, a reactionary old gentleman who resembled a tired collie, and by Agriculture Minister Primo de Rivera, who himself bore the title of Marquis of Estella. Benjumea had scattered innumerable financial and industrial plums among his kin both far and near, and Primo de Rivera enjoyed such succulent fare as a directorship in the corporation that owned Spain's No. 1 de luxe hotel, the Ritz of Madrid.

Franco had deemed it wise to have the support of the aristocrats, not only because they owned so much of the land and other wealth of Spain, but also because they constituted the nucleus of the monarchist movement which he might need at some critical moment in the fevered life of his dictatorship.

In the summer of 1943 that movement had reached its highest point of strength when monarchist members of the Cortes, together with several prominent generals, had asked Franco to restore the monarchy with Don Juan, Alfonso's heir, as king. He had evaded the issue by promising that he would take it under consideration.

However, even before the death of Foreign Minister Count Jordana one year later, the monarchist-minded gentry—whose influence in high British and American circles Franco feared much more than he feared their power at home, already sharply curtailed by the Falange—had been increasingly “sat upon” by the Caudillo. Marquis Luca de Tena, for example, who owned the old Madrid morning newspaper, *ABC*, had been imprisoned for a time because of a privately circulated letter in which he had taken issue with the Falange's attacks on Gil Robles and the spreading rumors about a restoration. And Count Jordana's repeated efforts to persuade Franco to muffle the voice of the Falange, at least in his department of foreign policy, had met with very little success.

In the meantime, Franco intensified his maneuvers to keep the monarchists severely divided in their allegiances. Since the followers of Don Juan had a larger following than those upholding the claims of the Carlist pretender who called himself Carlos VIII, Franco had made it appear that he favored the Carlist claims, though nearly everyone in

Spain, with the possible exception of the most hide-bound traditionalists of Navarre, knew that the Carlist claims, based on the old Salic Law of a century ago which had provided for accession to the throne by male lineage, were no longer legitimate because the male lineage on the side of the Bourbon bluebloods descended from the original pretender, Don Carlos, had died out.

Nevertheless, following the exile of their leader, Fal Conde, who had challenged Franco's supremacy just before the unification of the Traditionalists and the Falange, had extended noteworthy favors to such known supporters of the Carlist cause as General Varela, whom he had made his first War Minister, and Esteban Bilbao, whom he had appointed head of his puppet Cortes.

He had also encouraged the Falange to circulate false Carlist manifestos attacking the "Alfonsista" groups that advocated a restoration with Don Juan as king. In one Falange-concocted Carlist manifesto of this type which I managed to obtain, Don Juan was denounced as the "hope of all the Red prisoners and political exiles who seek to begin the Civil War anew."

Since Count Jordana's death, the Falange press had been more and more outspoken in its anti-monarchist stand. The death of the Princess Beatriz, mother-in-law of Alfonso, was reported in the Spanish papers briefly and without warmth. The Madrid newspaper, *ABC*, for instance, quoted an Argentine daily as having described the princess as "one of the last authentic relics of that Victorian Age, of a bourgeois pattern, that was unequalled in its imperial splendor."

Nothing that Franco had done since his establishment as the dictator of Spain, however, had so antagonized the grandees and other bluebloods as his decree providing that the Royal March should be played whenever his wife,

Carmen, arrived to attend a state function, just as it had been played for the queen on similar occasions during the monarchy. While they dared not express their disdain openly, they found subtle means to reaffirm the validity of traditional rank which was summed up in the proverb:

“Antes de que Diós fuera Diós, y los peñascos fueran peñascos, los Quiroz eran Quiroz, y los Velasco, Velasco—before God was God and mountains were mountains, the Quiroz family was Quiroz, and the Velasco family was Velasco.”

4

Beneath the surface of apparent divergencies between the nobles on the one hand and Franco and the Falange on the other, lay the more fundamental fact that the grandes, the dukes, counts, barons, and other members of the nobility who held huge chunks of Spain's land and other resources—there were instances where the major part of an entire province was owned by one family—constituted one of the most solid base-supports of Franco's state edifice.

The interest taken by the reactionary-minded Spanish nobility not only in the Falange but in the earlier Fascist beginnings in Italy, had been revealed in a book of royal memoirs written by Alfonso's aunt, Princess Eulalia, which had appeared within a year after the 1936 Uprising:

“. . . I wanted to study fascism at close quarters. I found that Mussolini was much more than an ordinary dictator; he was the creator of a new regime, the architect who had planned to rebuild the country on new and progressive lines.”

That the aristocracy of Spain had seen in fascism a worthy means of halting the rising tide of free trade-unionism, socialism and communism, had also been revealed by the Infanta Eulalia who, in her praise of condi-

tions in Italy under Mussolini, had added the following:

"The sickle was no longer an emblem, but an implement of labor to harvest the countryside, and the hammer beat out its rhythmical refrain in the workshops of craft and industry . . ."*

Aware of the Spanish aristocrat's hard, reactionary nature, the Falange had long ago made a bid for the backing of the landowning nobility by proposing to help that caste retain and extend its hold on the good land of Spain. Even José Antonio, who had often expressed contempt for the aristocracy and its rigid imperviousness to the social plight of the Spanish people, had gone so far as to promise, in Point 12 of his original program, that agricultural production would be increased by returning "a large part" of Spain's urban population to the rural areas.

Yet, because they were imbued with the dark feudalism of the Middle Ages that was the spiritual and almost physical environment in which many of the old families still dwelt, the Spanish aristocrats had tended largely to remain aloof from Spanish politics. This spirit of atavistic conservatism had been strengthened by the training which they received at Beaumont, the English Jesuit college that was the customary center of learning for the Spanish bluebloods. They recognized the existence of the "outside world" only when their own titles and social positions, their lands and cattle, or their financial and industrial holdings appeared to be threatened.

Their attitude toward science and art, and toward learning and progress in general, I often found to be one of contempt and brutal scorn. They boasted of the antiquity of their family crests and of the originality of their orgies.

* This quotation, and the one at the foot of p. 75, are taken from *Memoirs of a Spanish Princess*, by H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalia, published by W. W. Norton & Co., 1937.

"I am strictly what you would call a triple-T man," was the way one young viscount from Albacete defined his interests to me, in his breezy English. "Nothing—but nothing—concerns me except tennis, my title, and tail."

My friend, the marquis, on the other hand, was something of a rare specimen in his class because of his preference for such non-sporting activities as philosophy and aesthetics. During my brief stay in Torrelavega, he discussed the general deterioration of the Spanish nobility with me at great length. His minute descriptions of the depraved existence led by some of his friends, with which he sought to entertain me late one drizzly afternoon as we trudged up the wet mountainside to the famous Altamira caverns—the site and surrounding territory of which belonged to none other than Fitz-James Stuart Falco Portocarrero y Osorio, the Duke of Alba himself—had succeeded only in leaving me depressed.

But as we neared the caves on the summit, we turned to look back at the valley below, and at that moment a great spear of lightning, which seemed to rise out of the invisible Bay of Biscay beyond, shot across the damp grey sky. The vast solitary bowl of the ancient valley appeared to fill suddenly with a primordial greenness.

"One would somehow expect to witness the birth of a new Spanish race down there," I said to the marquis.

"And instead," he replied, pointing gloomily to himself, "you witness the end of the race up here."

V

“THE JACKASS HAS VOTED!”

1

AS FAR BACK as half a mile from the square, people were kneeling. Some of the streets were so jammed with them, and with thousands of others surging toward the plaza, that automobiles and street-cars had given up trying to get through, and they now stood still, or crawled forward almost imperceptibly, as though caught in an ice-floe.

I leaned against an archway facing the brilliantly lighted Plaza de Neptuno and watched the crowds of men, women and children, many of them carrying the white, silk Papal banners, converge toward the square from all directions. At one end of the plaza, near the Avenida del Prado, huge figures of Christ and the Virgin, supported by invisible bearers, towered over the thick, milling multitude.

The crowds were moving briskly toward the figures, above which extended a wide balcony illuminated by reflectors from adjacent buildings. What struck me with full force—I had been in Spain only two weeks—was the whole tenor of the procession, which contrasted so strikingly with the religious processions I had seen in Guatemala as well as inside the churches in Mexico.

I had come to associate the slow sensuous gait of those religious festivals with the sacred dances of the richly costumed Indians who, trance-like, stamped the maize-giving earth with their bare or sandalled feet. But this energetic procession across the great square that lay in the very heart of Madrid seemed to have all the vigorous character of a political demonstration.

Then I realized that I was in the midst of one of the "pro-peace" processions, organized by Franco and the Church, which were being held throughout Spain that night, following a week's build-up by the Falange in newspapers, over radios, in cinemas and by means of posters plastered everywhere.

"Neutral Spain," leading editorials had reiterated, "can serve as a beacon light to guide the warring world to peace."

From the spotlighted balcony near me came the liturgical sound of a bell. All over the square, the people sank to their knees. I glanced toward the balcony, where the officiating priest, clad in a bishop's vestments, had made his appearance. As he moved his lips a metallic-sounding stream of Latin roared, through a loudspeaker on the balcony, across the great square.

He paused briefly, and in that instant, standing in the penumbra of the archway looking out on the square, I heard a shabbily dressed young woman close to me whisper, evidently in reply to a question from the thin little boy who appeared to be her son and who was kneeling beside her:

"It is the bishop of Madrid blessing us—with one of his two faces."

2

Before long I was to discover that the feeling of antagonism toward the Rt. Rev. Leopoldo Eijo Garay, Bishop of Madrid-Alcalá, inadvertently revealed by the unknown woman kneeling in the capital's Plaza de Neptuno, was a mild expression of the larger, deeper hostility felt by most of the Spanish people not only toward nearly all the members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in their country, but also toward thousands of Spanish lay priests.

Everywhere I heard the same bitter story of how, in the Civil War, and following Franco's triumph, priests had singled out physicians, school teachers, union organizers and other leaders under the Republic for "extermination" by the Falange or army execution squads.

But that was only a small part of the story behind the Spanish people's growing hatred of the clergy. For a century and a half, ever since the French Revolution, the Church in Spain had waged an unending battle to maintain its wealth and prestige as a temporal power in Spanish life, in the face of the wave of political and social reform that swept Europe and the Western Hemisphere.

The Spanish Church had formulated its struggle with the recurring demand for a return to the ways of the Catholic kings when the Spanish Empire had been ruled jointly by crown and mitre and when even the king had not dared to countermand the decisions of the tribunals of the Holy Inquisition.

In fact, during the reign of one of Spain's worst kings, Ferdinand VII—with whom Franco had much in common, although a whole century separated them—the Church had actually attempted to have the Inquisition restored. Although that effort had failed only because the king had justly feared that the Spanish people might rise in arms at such a move, the Church had won all its other demands.

Led by "The Exterminating Angel," an ecclesiastical society of vengeance founded by the Bishop of Osma, a bloody campaign of despotism, terror and persecution had been unleashed against the forces that were trying to liberalize and strengthen Spain. Scores of thousands of Spanish men and women had been condemned to exile, imprisonment and death, only because they believed in some form of representative government.

That fight between the Church and the progressive forces of Spain had continued almost unabated through the decades of scarcely interrupted civil strife, through monarchy, regency, the brief First Republic of 1874, and the restoration of the Bourbons under the Alfonsos. Every time a liberal government was formed, the political and economic power of the Church would be diminished, only to be revived with new and greater authority and prestige, amid a further reign of terror, as soon as a more conservative régime emerged and was able to take over the state machinery.

Under the Second Republic, except for the wave of reaction that had swept Gil Robles and his CEDA into power for two years, the Church had begun to lose its political power as a result of the Republic's moves to separate church and state. Economically, however, discounting the scattered burnings of churches, convents and other church properties which had been perpetrated mostly by Anarchist groups as well as by paid rightist provocateurs, it had suffered very little.

There was a distinguished, elderly ex-professor of canonical law in Madrid whom I had come to know quite well. A devout Spanish Catholic, his unvarying reply to my "see you in a few days", was "if God wills it." But in one of his books dealing with the church question in Spain, he had pointed out that under the Republic, the Bishop of Madrid had received a net annual income of approximately 180,000 pesetas, compared to the 36,000 pesetas earned by a Cabinet minister.

Still, the high clergy had feared and hated the Republic. Some prelates had begun to denounce it openly soon after its inception. Moreover, early in the Civil War, Cardinal Gomá, then Primate of Spain, had admitted, in a benediction published in *Acción Española*, a fascist journal, that

the Church hierarchy had secretly encouraged the use of conspiracy and violence as a means of overthrowing the Spanish Republic. The Primate had written:

“And since . . . it was evident . . . that democracy and universal suffrage were embryonic forms of communism and anarchy, we declared that these must be fought licitly —‘even by legal means,’ we said, in order to make it clear, in spite of the censorship, that by utilizing legal means . . . we were actually paving the way for those who, dropping all scruples of legality, would some day march toward honor and glory . . .”

Whatever opposition the Primate had met within the Church to his advocacy of force had soon been overcome. He had referred to such opposition, in his benediction, almost in the tone that one might employ in commenting on the annoyance caused by mosquitoes:

“We therefore had to fight against the erroneous idea occasionally advanced in certain Catholic circles regarding the illegality of insurrection and the use of force.”

Almost all the members of the high clergy in Spain, with few exceptions, had followed the Primate’s example in supporting the Uprising, which several prelates had insisted on terming a “Holy Crusade.” Some members of the hierarchy had jumped on Paco’s bandwagon even before the Primate. Archbishop Plá y Deniel, for instance, who succeeded Gomá as Primate upon the latter’s decease before the end of the Civil War, had written a pastoral letter which, as the clergy’s first endorsement of the Uprising, had been circulated widely throughout Franco-held Spain and surreptitiously in many churches in Republican Spain.

Franco’s victory had been celebrated by Plá y Deniel, who succeeded to the primacy by that time, with another pastoral letter entitled “The Triumph of the City of God and the Resurrection of Spain.”

Throughout Spain, the lay priests had been quick to follow Plá y Deniel. In some of the Basque districts, however, including Guénica, which was later razed by Franco's pet German aviators, the clergy had refused to side with Franco because he was unwilling to recognize the ancient *fueros* or semi-autonomous provincial rights of the Basque "nation," known as Euzkadi. But in the rest of Spain, thousands of priests in cities, towns and villages had been foremost in the ranks of the "denouncers" who pointed out to the Falange strong-arm squads not only the Communists and Socialists, but also the liberal Republicans, the doctors and school teachers—pet hate of the Spanish clergy—and members of other professional groups; not only the few Protestants and Masons, but also the less regular among the Catholic churchgoers.

Thanks to the diligence of these priests, in Málaga alone, according to an American vice-consul who had been stationed there at that time and with whom I later spoke in Barcelona, more than 18,000 people had been put to death. In Oviedo, an equal number had been slaughtered. There were instances, such as that cited by the deeply religious Spanish Catholic writer, José Bergamín, where priests had even taken an active part in the raping of the wives and daughters of local Republican leaders.

The village priests had frequently found ready assistants to aid in these denunciations among the *beatas*, as the fanatical female churchgoers are called in Spain and in Latin America. Some of these warped creatures of the Church, who appeared to be harmless, innocent lambs of God, had been responsible for the deaths of as many as one hundred men apiece.

The priests who had dared to oppose Franco, like the Bishop of Calahorra, and the twenty members of the Basque clergy who were still being held in jail, constituted

a small minority of the clergy, and their voices were seldom heard. Among them was Padre Basilio, a young priest of my acquaintance. He had served as a chaplain to a large group of political prisoners in the province of Toledo. He had tried to warn officials that continued persecution of the prisoners might some day bring just reprisals. Their reply had been to remove him as chaplain.

Far more representative of the Church mentality in Spain was the nun to whom I was introduced by a medical friend at a hospital in Madrid operated by the Sisters of Mercy. Her opening question to me was:

“And aren’t you Americans terribly afraid of communism?”

When I asked her what she meant by communism, she replied at once:

“Why, such things as labor unions and lay schools!”

It was this narrow, reactionary outlook, I found, which had earned the clergy the bitterness and hatred of the great mass of the Spanish people everywhere. And just as that anonymous woman in the Plaza de Neptuno had knelt in prayer while she expressed her hostile feelings about the bishop who was officiating, so, many Spaniards whom I knew attended Mass regularly while they quietly denounced the priesthood in general. What they resented most, apart from the fact that the Church played a major role in supporting Franco’s dictatorship, was the duress constantly exercised by the priests, by means of the Falange district organizations and neighborhood informers, to compel them to attend church regularly.

Although the apartment house where I lived during most of the time I was in Madrid was occupied mainly by foreigners—Americans, British, Germans, Japanese—who were attached to their respective embassies, a few Spanish families were scattered in different parts of the building. I had

become acquainted with some of them through my maid, a bright girl from Valladolid. From them I learned that the concierge was instructed to keep a close check on Mass attendance by the Spanish occupants of the building. This sort of thing went on everywhere in Spain, as it had during the days of the Inquisition.

Even among the Spanish employees in the American Embassy in Madrid and in other cities where we had consular representation, I discovered, there was always one confidential "delegate," as he was called, who had been assigned by the Religious Assessor of his Falange district to report on the church attendance of every Spaniard.

3

Ironically, it was in Spain that the Church had perhaps failed most signally to spread the Christian faith and the Christian philosophy.

The Spanish faithful whom I knew attended Mass every Sunday, took communion, went to confession regularly, and observed all the other practices expected of them. There was, however, little humility, tolerance, or gentleness, and even less forbearance or forgiveness, in their natures. These tended, rather, to be pagan and often primitive, so that they were not at all without tenderness, which is not the same as gentleness; or without generosity, which is quite different from forgiveness; or even without patience, which has little relation to tolerance. And while they loved the simple things of life, there was only fierce pride, but no humility, in their passion for those things.

I often remembered the strange look — anguished, yet defiant — on the face of one of my Spanish friends, during a discussion on this topic, as he exclaimed:

"Look at me, I'm not really a Christian. You know, I *feel* so un-Christian!"

Another friend, equally frank but more cynical, a top writer on one of the Madrid dailies, had put it this way:

“We’ve never been a truly Christian country, at least not a Catholic one. Because all our affairs have been wrapped up with the Church. We’re too close to it. It’s one of the family, you might say. The Church is able to give us no real inspiration because we know all its weaknesses.”

4

If the Church had sold its birthright among the Spanish people by endorsing and actively backing the armed Uprising against the Republic and the constitution, it had clearly received more than a mess of pottage in return.

Not a single cranny or crevice, link or joint, in the whole sprawling pyramid of state power lay beyond the clergy’s reach. Every time a child was born, a book was opened, a cornerstone was laid, a decree was issued, a movie was released, a school was closed, or any one of a thousand other acts representing even the most minute phase of the country’s political, economic or cultural life took place, Church approval, if not initiative, had made that act possible.

While the Falange had proceeded to move in boldly where other Franco supporters had barely begun to tread, the Church had fought simultaneously, first, to hold its old reactionary positions in Spanish life as a whole; second, to win new strategic posts within Franco’s coalition dictatorship; and finally, to steal quietly into the sanctum sanctorum of the Falange itself and thereby become joint distributor of the widely sought *enchufes*, the well-paying “sockets” which had been piled up there.

In this struggle, the Church had emerged as winner, if not undisputed, at least revived after the parliamentary

system of the Republic, which had threatened to extinguish its participation in political power. The clerical-minded nobility and the generals had guaranteed the restoration of such earlier Church rights as the official establishment of the Catholic religion and outlawing of all other creeds, banning of civil marriage and divorce, renewal of the state subsidy amounting to 65 million pesetas annually, and reinstatement of the Jesuits and return of their properties valued at more than a quarter of a billion pesetas.

Franco, himself a practising Catholic, encouraged by his devout wife and their religious advisors, had conferred favor after favor upon the Church until it had reached a position of privilege unequalled since the dark days of Ferdinand VII's despotic rule. Franco's accord with the Church, for example, which had been signed on June 7, 1941, gave the Vatican the right to veto the appointment of any prelates designated by him, a right which the Church had never enjoyed under the Alfonsos.

With the elimination of liberal school teachers and physicians, the Spanish priests again dominated village life, as they had throughout the Middle Ages. Prospective married couples had to call on the village priest for several days, during which they were examined in Catholic dogma, before they were allowed to wed. Unbaptized children as well as adults were denied the rights of citizens everywhere; they were banned from public welfare benefits and were not permitted to enter public or private schools.

Perhaps the most important of all concessions was the restoration of church control over education. In this, the Church had won a major victory over the Falange, although the triumph was not absolute. The Falange continued to exert considerable influence in the schools by means of its militia, Youth Front and SEU activities.

Nevertheless, the Catholic religion was taught not only

in clerical schools, but even in business colleges and military academies. And, under Franco's orders, 700 new churches had been built in different parts of Spain. In addition, numerous buildings formerly used as public schools had been converted into church edifices. While less than 10,000,000 pesetas had been spent on the repair and construction of schools since Franco's victory, the State had allotted a quarter of a billion pesetas out of its budget for repairing and remodeling monasteries, convents and other church properties. More recently, a special endowment amounting to twice that sum had been granted for the same purpose.

Beside these amounts, there was the heavy state subsidy to help support the numerous Spanish clergy. And further aid was extended in the form of large stores of foodstuffs which—as in the case of the stores received by the army chiefs—were not only amply sufficient to meet the needs of the 50,000 nuns, the 15,000 monks, and the more than 50,000 lay priests in Spain, but also furnished the prelates with a considerable surplus that was sold on the black-market at enormous profit.

The Church continued to add millions of pesetas to its coffers every month through collections in churches and at such national shrines as Montserrat, which I found to be highly commercialized, and through rents from its extensive land, real estate and other holdings valued at billions of pesetas.

In its fight to wrest actual control of public welfare undertakings from the Falange, the ever militant Spanish Church had been less successful. It had, however, managed to place Religious Assessors in key positions within the Falange's *Auxilio Social*, which exercised a monopoly over public charity collections and distribution.

As a result of this influence, children who had not been

baptized in the Catholic faith, and adults who could not prove that they were faithful, practising Catholics, were refused admittance to the free dining rooms run by the *Auxilio Social*. Similarly, people who had been married only under civil law were deprived of such public welfare benefits as the small family subsidy normally granted by the Falange's *Instituto Nacional de Previsión*.

The Church-appointed Religious Assessors, an organization of priests headed by Father Pérez de Vibel, sat not only within the *Auxilio Social*, but in every Syndicate, every bureau, every Council—in short, on every official body controlled or managed by the Falange or operated directly by the State.

Through the intervention of such Falange leaders as General Secretary Arrese—who had studied at the Jesuit University of Deusto and whose brother was a member of the Society of Jesus—and Education Minister Ibáñez Martín, a “professional Catholic” since the days of the ultra-rightist CEDA, to which he had belonged, the clergy had even been able to play an important backstage role in the direction of the Falange's own inner councils.

The voice of the Church within the Falange, ever since the days of the old Falange when the clergy had succeeded in eliminating José Antonio's “Point 26” calling for the separation of church and state, had grown steadily stronger. The occasional protests of men like the Bishop of Calahorra—who had written a pastoral letter condemning nazism and fascism—and stubborn, defiant Cardinal Segura, who had refused to allow portraits of José Antonio to be hung inside churches in his arch-diocese of Seville, were hoarse whispers in a wilderness filled with the thunder of the Spanish clergy's overwhelming support of Franco and his Falangist state.

The graphic symbol of this close, dovetailing collabora-

tion between the Church and the Falange was the latter's widespread adoption of the letters FE as its key slogan. Those letters were the initials for the shortened term, *Falange Española*, and at the same time they constituted the authentic Spanish word for Faith. The sign FE was supposed to convey the idea that Faith in the Falange meant Faith in the Church, and vice-versa.

Publicized widely by both the Falange and the Church, the mystic symbol FE could be seen painted in great sprawling letters on walls all over Spain.

5

With the return and even enhancement of its former power, the Spanish Church had launched a campaign of extermination against all forms of religious "heresy." This meant chiefly Protestantism and Masonry.

Except on Majorca, where a few Spanish Jews still followed the faith of their ancestors and refused to intermarry with Christians, there was no "Jewish problem" in Spain because the Jews of Spain had been killed, exiled, or converted to Christianity by the Inquisition in the 16th and 17th centuries. Anti-Semitism was part of the standard line in Falange propaganda, but it had little meaning inside Spain except in its relation to the anti-Republican, anti-Communist and anti-Masonic scare campaign.

Protestantism was another matter. Although there were only about 30,000 Protestants in all Spain, representing less than one-eighth of one percent of the country's predominantly Catholic population of 25 million, the Spanish Church persisted in viewing them as a serious threat. Under Paco, Spain had again become Catholic Spain by decree, and throughout the country, Protestants were identified with Masonry and anti-clericalism and were persecuted relentlessly.

Few exceptions were permitted in the Church's crusade to wipe out Protestantism and Masonry in Spain, and these consisted mostly of such high-placed military men as General Aranda and General Borbón, who were said to be Masons. At the same time, however, the *Tribunal de Masonería*, or Court of Masonry, established by Franco's dictatorship, was composed entirely of army chiefs who had been instructed to try Masons as "political criminals."

Severe penalties were imposed on officers or soldiers found to be Protestants or Masons. At least one of Franco's generals, Pita, who had held an important post in Galicia, was said to have been shot for being a Protestant and Mason.

While foreigners were permitted to worship as they chose, the British Institute—a sort of cultural and educational center indirectly pertaining to the British Embassy and with branches in Madrid, Barcelona and other cities—had had to accept the Spanish Church's condition that only Catholics, regardless of their nationality, would be placed on the Institute's teaching staff.

Everywhere I went, I encountered cases of fanatical persecution of Spanish Protestants. In Barcelona, a manicurist, who was a Catholic, told me how an entire Protestant family to which she was related had had to agree to be rebaptized as Catholics, to go to Confession, and to study Catholic dogma over a period of weeks, in order to obtain the release of one of the sons who had been jailed for being a Protestant.

From other Spanish acquaintances and friends, who were Protestants—mostly Methodists—I heard of numerous instances of brutal intolerance, discrimination and persecution practiced against Protestant ministers and congregations by police and other officials at the behest of Catholic authorities. Raids were carried out constantly on houses

where Protestant services were held. Thousands of pesetas in fines had been wrung from those congregations. The houses had been closed down and signs placed outside, reading:

“Closed for Holding Protestant Services.”

6

The reactionary Esteban Bilbao, an avowed Traditionalist, whom the Caudillo had named to run his puppet Cortes, was also a very devoted friend of the Jesuit order and of the high clergy.

With Franco's assent, he had placed Church representatives in the Cortes in strategic spots where they were able to exercise a degree of influence far beyond the range of their limited numbers. For instance, the pious but bigoted Dr. Enrique Plá y Deniel, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, had succeeded in getting his Falangist cousin, Miguel Mateu Plá, a shrewd Catalan businessman, appointed, first as mayor of Barcelona—where I met him at the opening of the International Fair in which our government was represented—and later as envoy to De Gaulle while the question of establishing diplomatic relations between Franco Spain and the Provisional French Government was being discussed. The elderly, vain and witty Bishop of Madrid, a “court intriguer” right out of the 16th century, was another leading collaborationist whose advice and job-recommendations were held in high esteem in the top Falange circles.

Clerics such as these had been largely responsible for Franco's appointment of strongly pro-Falange priests to fill all the vacancies in the Church hierarchy. One of the last vacancies to be occupied before I left Spain was that of the diocese of Tuy. The post of Bishop of Tuy had been given

to a servile and mediocre priest, Father López Ortiz, who had been teaching at the Falange-run University of Madrid and whose dubious claim to distinction resided chiefly in the fact that, until his appointment, he had served as Assessor of Religious and Moral Questions on the Falange's militant SEU, the University Syndicate.

There was always a price to pay for the privilege of participating in the never-ending intrigues and machinations that were aimed at grabbing a more dominant position in Franco's coalition dictatorship. For the Church, that price was not only the gathering storm of popular hatred, but also the disdain of its own rivals. These sneered at the hypocrisy of a clergy that preached "the Catholic way of life" while it speculated heavily on the black-market, and they scoffed openly at the intellectual limitations of the high clergy, many of whom held important political offices.

The degrading depth to which the highest representatives of the Spanish Church had fallen in that corroding atmosphere was shockingly illustrated in an incident which took place at a session of the puppet Cortes during my stay in Spain and which was later reported to me by a Falangist member of the Cortes with whom I shared a wagons-lit double compartment on the train from Granada. The episode concerned the Archbishop of Granada, Don Agustín Parrado García, whose low intellectual calibre was a favorite topic of amusement in Granada and other parts of Andalusia. Evidently his reputation had also followed him to Madrid, where he had gone to attend the Cortes of which he, too, was a member.

At one of the sessions held shortly afterward, his appointed assembly was cynically going through the meaningless motions of taking a vote on some proposal which had already been made a decree by the Caudillo. As the

Archbishop of Granada solemnly cast his vote, one of the Cortes members cried out:

“The jackass has voted!”

And peals of contemptuous laughter from nearly the whole assembly rang through the granite halls of Franco’s stooge parliament.

7

While Franco was nominally responsible for the naming of pro-Falange priests to fill the key vacancies in the Spanish Church, the failure of the Vatican to veto such appointments, as it was privileged to do at any time, was the subject of a great deal of bitter comment among people who shared the overwhelming antagonism among the Spanish people toward Franco and the Falange, but who had remained loyal and faithful to the teachings of the Church.

All of the appointees to high ecclesiastical offices were known to be pro-Falange. All had been accepted by the Pope without a single vote of protest.

The former Cardinal Pacelli, whom many Republicans blamed indirectly for the American and British arms embargo against the Spanish Republic in 1936, had likewise failed to condemn the Nationalists’ execution of Basque and other pro-Republican priests during the Civil War or the continued imprisonment of the twenty Basque priests in the Caudillo’s jails.

Nor had the Vatican done anything to discourage the Spanish Church from granting religious honors to Franco, to the “pornographic general,” Queipo de Llano, to Justice Minister Aunós and other military and Falangist leaders of the government who were directly responsible for the persecution and death of thousands of Spanish men, women and children. The Caudillo had received the high honor of

the Cross of Pope Pius XI in recognition of his "special service to the Lord and to the Church."

The Spanish people's anguish and resentment over the Vatican's failure to criticize the dictatorship in any way had been summed up movingly in a long poem written by a young Republican exile whose family I had met in Spain and whom I later came to know in New York. The poet had pleaded with the Pope to condemn fascism:

"One word from you, Holy Father."

Pope Pius XII had spoken not one but four words: "honor, order, prosperity and tranquillity," to imply that Franco had brought all these to Spain.

"Let us speak out clearly, without false scruples," the distinguished Spanish writer in exile, José Bergamín, a fervent Catholic, had then declared in his *Behind the Cross*, "the Pope is wrong!"

And in Spain, popular resentment against the Supreme Pontiff had grown bolder and more caustic. Prominent Catholic laymen told me:

"In failing to make its position toward this corrupt regime unequivocally clear, the Vatican is guilty of a grave sin of omission!"

On December 25, 1944, that "sin of omission" was blotted out. For in his Christmas Message broadcast to the world that day, in singling out certain countries for praise, Pope Pius XII began the list with Spain. And only in his mention of Spain did he include "the head of the state" as the object of the Vatican's praise and gratitude. The Holy Father's attitude toward Franco and his dictatorship could no longer be the subject for honest speculation.

El Caudillo had finally won the Pope's open blessing.

In July, 1944, the body of Franco's close friend and Foreign Minister, General Count Francisco Gómez Jordana Souza, who had died suddenly while summering in San Sebastian, was brought to Madrid for burial.

Official and diplomatic parties previously scheduled to be held during that week were postponed or canceled. The highest members of the Franco government and the diplomatic corps accompanied the body to its final resting place. Only the Caudillo was not there.

He had adamantly refused to leave the luxurious mansion he had had built at Pazo de Meiras, in the North, where he was spending part of his summer vacation. The capital fairly crackled with *chispazos* of criticism over the Caudillo's absence.

"*Se cree Dios*—he thinks himself God," was the wry comment I heard from one official in the Ministry of Justice.

Here, then, it occurred to me, appeared to be at least one flaw in *El Caudillo's* genius for appeasing the various political and social groups on which he had chosen to erect his state edifice. It was perhaps logical that the need to express his attainment of supreme and almost absolute power over Spain had forced him into a position of ever greater aloofness from some of his closest confederates. But I could not help thinking that his failure to attend the funeral of his own Foreign Minister—the ranking member of his Cabinet and, as a general and titled aristocrat, a man with powerful connections in the army and among the monarchists and some of the leading prelates of the Spanish Church—was more than a gesture of aloofness or a symptom of a dictator's megalomania. Franco's action struck me as a blunder of considerable magnitude, and I felt that behind it might lie some unsuspected evidence of grave

“differences” between Franco and his late Foreign Minister, possibly revolving around the Falange’s notorious hostility toward Jordana and its well-known friendship for Jordana’s successor, the ubiquitous Lequerica.

Quietly, and with that excess of discretion which I sometimes found myself employing because of my position as a Government press officer attached to our Embassy, during my free hours I began to question some Spanish friends and acquaintances, whom I had found to be most reliable, about Franco’s failure to head or even attend Jordana’s funeral. Their replies turned out to be far more revealing than a mere discovery of further conflicts between the late foreign minister and the Falange would have been.

“Franco,” said one of my very best sources among these friends, “is, like many of our Spanish generals, a deeply superstitious man. He dislikes to talk about death.”

I protested: “But that’s strange, isn’t it, after all the deaths in the Civil War here—”

He interrupted me: “One simply refrains from mentioning the subject in his presence.”

“But this was an unusual occasion. After all, the Foreign Minister’s funeral—”

“The Caudillo has a special dislike for funerals.”

I recalled, then, that the Caudillo had never named a successor. And I began to sense a connection between that curious omission and what I had just heard about Franco’s avoidance of the topic of death.

I knew that Franco’s religious advisers — not only the highest prelates of the land, but also his Jesuit counsellors, his father-confessor, and his chaplain at the Pardo palace, gave him more than spiritual counsel. In many respects, more than his fellow-generals or the Falange heads or the Duke of Alba and the other wealthy aristocrats, or Juan March and his merchants-of-graft, they were his main

political guides. They had helped him plan his moves, prepare his speeches, appease his principal supporters. In short, his religious advisers had helped him win and consolidate his power as Caudillo and chief of state.

But all this was nothing compared to the two things which they had failed to do—dispel his fear of death and persuade him to name a successor—and these tied him to the Church far more securely than any of their positive accomplishments. For as long as *El Caudillo* was haunted by visions of death and funerals, he would lean heavily on the clergy for spiritual solace. And as long as he postponed naming a successor, none more than the Church among his supporters stood a better chance of succeeding him, at least in an immediate sense, in the event of his sudden death.

His fear of death was, unavoidably, intertwined with his fear and distrust of the Spanish people, his fear and hatred of the progressive forces of Spain and the world, and above all, the fear of reprisals which he shared with his supporters. I had already had ample occasion to observe that if the state structure was a pyramid, with himself as the peak, resting on the quadrilateral base of the Falange, the army, the aristocracy and the Church, then fear was the mortar which held that structure together.

At all the principal national festivals, as graphic symbols of the chief supports on which Franco's power rested, four different banners were often flown. Beside the imperial red-and-gold flag which Franco and the other generals of the Uprising had restored as the national banner, waved the Falange sign of the yoke and arrows, the white banner of the Church, and the flag of the Carlist *requetés* with its emblem borrowed from ancient Burgundy.

But in their midst, invisible yet illuminating them all with its phosphorescent emblem of a death's head, fluttered the black banner of fear.

Part Two

AS THE CRAB MOVES BACKWARD

Ye will conquer but not convince!

—Miguel de Unamuno

VI

WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL

1

AS I TURNED into the Calle de Bárbara de Braganza, the glare of the midday sun struck me full in the eyes. Momentarily dazed—the Madrid sun could be almost blinding—I started to cross the street, which had been under repair for weeks and was still without sidewalks. And as I did so, I found myself on the edge of a deep gaping ditch. It ran down the center of the street where the trolley-car tracks had been torn up and where great heavy chunks of old drainage pipe, with small patches of their original red glaze showing through the thick layers of mud and dirt like dried blood on mangled bones, now lay broken and useless.

I caught myself just in time, and looked up.

The street was strewn with large rocks and heaps of dirt and sand, and amid that wreckage, on scattered piles of hardened sand, several hundred black-shawled women sat in mournful silence. Heads bent forward, arms clamped tight against their foreheads, they appeared to be struggling mutely, as in a nightmare, to shut out not only the painful brilliance of the sunlight, but all movement, all of life itself.

They sat facing a gloomy gray building near me, and the look on their drawn countenances was so laden with suffering, so taut with anxiety, that I had to turn away.

An overalled workman stood close by, watching the scene. Feigning casual curiosity—it was not “advisable” to show any real interest in the life of the Spanish people under Franco—I wondered aloud what all those women could be doing there.

“They are waiting to catch sight of their men who are being brought to trial in that *tribunal*.” He nodded toward the gray building. “They are moved around to different prisons and then are brought there to be tried.”

“And are some of the men political prisoners?” I asked. It was a blunt question, and I could see that he was hesitating, so I added: “I guess not, because in the United States I heard that most of the political prisoners in Spain have been freed—”

He cut me short. “That’s what they all are—what some call Reds,” he said quickly.

Since I had identified myself as an American, he was less reticent about talking. He told me hurriedly how he, too, had been picked up by the Falange police—“because I was a workman, a plasterer, they said I was a Red”—right after the Nationalists entered Madrid. He had been held in jail for six months without trial, and then released. Although no charges were lodged against him, he had been picked up again several months later and imprisoned for more than a year.

He spoke with that quiet, cold bitterness of “them”—Franco and his followers—which I had already encountered in other parts of Spain on a scale so vast that the very air which one breathed seemed saturated with that lethal hatred. Even more terrifying, I felt, as I took leave of my new-found friend, was the immanent sense one had, while living in Spain of the Caudillo, of an entire people who, everywhere, appeared to have sought solace in brooding—like the black-shawled women sitting in the middle of that torn-up street scattered with débris and which resembled nothing so much as a battlefield after the fighting has died down—but who were really waiting, waiting patiently and with a purpose.

And everywhere, that great heavy pendulum of the

people's bitterness, hard as the ores taken from the ancient, crusted soil of Spain, swayed above the Caudillo and his *camarilla*.

2

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, — let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan . . .”

If one compared that just, charitable and sane program laid down by Abraham Lincoln as a solution to the grave problem of human rehabilitation faced by the United States, especially by the defeated and weary South, after our Civil War three-quarters of a century earlier, with the policy of wholesale reprisals, mass terror and continuing persecution which the Franco dictatorship had begun to pursue even before its final victory, one was apt to reach an easy and false conclusion. One decided that the equivalent of our Confederate South— led by feudal-minded, reactionary forces—had won the war in Spain and that, therefore, no liberal policy toward the vanquished could logically be expected.

Further examination of Franco's vindictive program however, was bound to show that such a conclusion was far too “pat” and that it contained more than one far-fetched and unconvincing analogy. Above all, it was unfair to our South of the Civil War days which, with all its backwardness, had represented the economic interests and social and political views and attitudes of a large and important segment of the American population.

In Spain, on the other hand, the Nationalists had never constituted a numerically important part of the population. Even after five years of power, according to very conserva-

tive estimates, those favoring the Franco government represented not more than 15 percent of the total population. A more accurate figure, there was reason to believe, was around 5 percent, or between one million and one million and a half supporters whose enthusiasm varied widely. These consisted almost entirely of people who held jobs in the Falange-controlled and other state bureaus, in addition to the police and civil guard, the *Tercio* or Foreign Legion and the regular army.

In a final analysis, the Spanish Civil War had not been a civil war at all, not so much because of the significant role played by foreign powers in deciding the struggle, through military and other aid, but because the Nationalists had no real mass following. The elections of 1936, the year the generals launched their rebellion, had shown that the Spanish people were overwhelmingly in favor of the Republic and of a Popular Front Government composed of moderates and leftists of varying shades. The rightists had had mainly the generals and their allied cliques, and these had had the guns, the tanks and the planes, as well as the trained soldiers, to insure eventual victory over the people.

Immediately after the first Nationalist victories in the South and on Majorca, it had become clear that Paco and his associates considered the Spanish people their enemy. There had been no pause before the terror that had been carefully planned as the sequel to victory.

On Majorca alone, overrun early in the war, eyewitnesses had placed the number of people executed at more than 8000. Wherever Franco had set his foot, one such witness had written, the jaw of a death's head had closed on his heel. The same reporter had cited such eloquent instances as the following:

"A family of four, of excellent middle-class standing—the father, the mother, and the two children who were aged 16

and 19 respectively—were condemned to death on the testimony of a certain number of witnesses who declared that they had seen the family in their garden applauding Catalonian planes as they flew over . . .”

A medical friend of mine who had been vacationing on Majorca when the Uprising occurred, had been caught there for the rest of the war. His descriptions of the terror, which had been organized by the Italian colonel together with the Spanish police chief, a notorious sadist, were most convincing.

People suspected of favoring the Republic had been routed from their beds in the middle of the night and taken outside and shot. The streets had been cluttered with corpses.

Members of the local Rotary Club and the Masonic lodges had been hunted down like wild beasts, along with doctors, teachers and trade union members. All the members of the Rotary Club had been found and shot. One man had tried to take refuge in a cistern; he had been dragged from his hiding-place by a party of drunken Falangists and beaten over the head with a bottle until he was dead.

The arrests, tortures and executions had gone on night and day. One evening the police chief had laughingly informed my friend that among the men who had been taken out that morning, by mistake, and shot together with the regular batch of prisoners, was a local priest who had come to hear the condemned men's last confessions.

The episode of the Nationalist terror on Majorca had been repeated in thousands of villages, towns and cities all over Spain. In Madrid, no less than 1000 persons had been shot only on the charge that all of them had helped cut an ear from the body of General López Ochoa, who had been slain for trying to help Fanjul rouse the garrison in support

of the Nationalists at the outbreak of the rebellion. Thousands upon thousands had been slaughtered in the great capital which had held out against the Nationalists longest of all. In the village of Villarejo de Salvanes, in Madrid province, sixty people had been shot in reprisal for the slaying of two Nationalists.

There were many cases where all who had taken part in the arrest, trial, conviction or execution of someone caught attempting to flee to the Nationalist lines had been ordered executed by Franco on the charge of having participated in "crimes of blood." From the sentinel who had made the arrest, to the officers who had sat as a court-martial to try the deserter, to the members of the firing-squad who had carried out the sentence—none had been spared.

Doctors and other professional men had been condemned to death or sentenced to thirty years for having continued to practice their professions in Republican-controlled areas, which the Nationalists still called *zonas rojas*, or "Red zones."

By comparison with other methods of terror and persecution employed against many of the people accused of having aided the Republic in any way, shooting had often been an act of mercy. Among other things, the victors had revived the old form of "vile" death by strangling, the *garrote vil*, just as Hitler had resurrected the medieval headsman's axe. And torture of victims had included frightful beatings; the skillful breaking of bones, one by one; the application of lighted candles, heated irons and electric current to the most tender and intimate parts of the bodies of men and women alike.

In some villages of Extremadura bordering on the Tagus, captured Republicans had been hurled off high bridges into the river below so that armed Falangists might try their

skill on the hurtling targets. People had been strung up on telegraph posts in Badajoz province and left there for several days to die by slow hanging. Women and young girls had been raped in the presence of their dear ones. Men and women had been turned over to the Moors among Paco's army to satisfy their cruel lusts. There were instances, furthermore, where the tortures had been so humiliating and so painful that the victims had chosen to commit suicide—something rare in Spain, where stoicism is carried to almost unbelievable limits. This had happened in the case of a well-known physician, Dr. Regatero, who, after enduring ten days of diabolical torture, had made a fatal plunge through a skylight in a Falange headquarters located in the Calle Almagro in Madrid.

One of the worst atrocities had been the slaying of 500 or more Republican prisoners in the bullring at Badajoz. The story was related to me by friends from Badajoz. A brother of one of them had been among the victims. The prisoners had been tied to each other by cords bound to the wrists and ankles, and had then been stabbed and machine-gunned.

To climax the three-day festival of blood, a deputy to the Republican Cortes had been "fought" in that bullring as though he were a bull. The bright-tasseled *banderillas* had been stuck into his shoulders; he had been forced to charge madly at the waving red flags of the *capoteadores*; the mounted *picador* had jabbed his long pole with a knife on the end into the victim's sides; and finally, amid the yells of the Falangist mob and the cries of other Nationalist spectators, the *matador* had driven the death-sword between the heaving shoulder-blades of the man who had been elected to the Republican Cortes from that province.

More than a million people had been "brutally assassinated, with juridical trappings" since the outbreak of the military rebellion, I was told by a responsible leader of the Spanish Underground in Madrid. Of these, almost one-third had been slain since 1939, year of Franco's victory.

Other Underground sources, who, for purposes of a later "accounting," had kept a close check on acts of terror perpetrated by the Franco government, informed me that of the one million people killed by the Nationalists, only 300,000 had been executed after a military "trial," while 200,000 had died in prison of starvation or illness brought on by general maltreatment. The remaining 500,000 had been shot without even the pretense of a trial, victims of the nightly *saca*, or haphazard "drawing out" of political prisoners from the jails, for the *paseo* to the cemetery.

At one time, according to the same reliable source, no less than four and one-half million men and women, or more than one-sixth of Spain's total population, had been imprisoned under Franco. While most of them had been released gradually, after having had their original sentences of 30, 20 or 12 years reduced, in some cases to five years, in others to two years and eight months—the length of the Civil War—in 1944 more than one million political prisoners were still in jail or on parole.

It was virtually impossible to meet anyone in Spain, besides those who held official or Falange-controlled jobs, who had not been imprisoned, or members of whose family had not been jailed, by the Franco dictatorship at some time or other. Many men and women whom I knew were still compelled to report to the police authorities at regular intervals of one month, two weeks, one week, or even daily, according to the length of their original sentence.

In Barcelona, I met Teresa, a young woman who had been imprisoned in Madrid shortly after Franco's entry, on the charge of being a "Red." This could mean anything—having belonged to the Communist Party, the penalty for which was certain death, frequently without trial; having attended a wounded Republican; having failed to go to Mass regularly; having belonged to a trade union; not being overly enthusiastic about Franco's victory; or perhaps simply having failed to accuse anyone else of being a Red.

In her case, it was none of these. She had been arrested merely upon a denunciation by her estranged husband. He had previously warned her to agree to a reconciliation; she had refused, and so he had sought revenge by denouncing her as a Red.

That kind of thing had to be multiplied into the tens of thousands before one could begin to understand the nature and extent of the mass terror which Franco's Uprising had unleashed everywhere in Spain.

Together with 11,000 other women, Teresa had been thrown into a jail in Madrid which had been built to hold 500. It was a notorious "Black Hole," where starvation, torture and rape had driven many women mad. Because her mother and grandmother had protested against her imprisonment there, they, too, had been flung into that jail. Her grandmother, 75 years of age, had died there soon afterward.

Two years later, Teresa and her mother had been released on conditional liberty—the state of parole by means of which the Franco dictatorship maintained political surveillance over millions of Spaniards. The day I first called at Teresa's home—a friend of hers in Madrid had given me her address—I learned that her mother was seriously ill as the result of a gravely weakened condition caused by the two years of imprisonment in the Madrid hell-hole for women.

After their release from that jail, the two women had managed to get to Barcelona, surreptitiously, where a sympathetic cousin with Falange connections had contrived to get ration-cards for them. He had not, however, been able to furnish them with the necessary safe-conduct and other identification papers which would have allowed Teresa to obtain a job as government clerk, for which she had been trained. Government jobs were about the only ones that provided any kind of a living wage.

When I met her, she was employed by a small business firm at a salary of 400 pesetas — less than 40 dollars — a month, and was struggling desperately to support herself and her ailing mother on that income. She begged me to get her a job on the small Spanish staff of our press office at the Consulate-General in Barcelona. I hated to tell her that, in most of the cities of Spain, thousands of men and women in a similar predicament were futilely seeking such jobs with us and the British.

Yet she was better off than thousands of other political outcasts who had been freed on conditional liberty, but who, in addition to being denied the exercise of their former occupations—unless they happened to belong to the lowest paid category of unskilled laborers—were unable to obtain ration-cards. They were, therefore, compelled to buy almost everything *estraperlo* — on the black-market and no one except the best-paid government officials and foreign diplomats could really afford to do that.

As a result, many of them—physicians, for instance—had had to resort to bribery in order to be permitted to practice their old professions. Others did so clandestinely. A large number of freed prisoners had had to take to borrowing, while some had become beggars, and many had gone into illicit activities of one kind or another, chiefly small black-

market operations that competed with the Falange-run *estraperlo* network.

Thousands of women, including many who belonged to families that had been prominent during the Republic and earlier, had become prostitutes in order to help support their families. Occasionally they were dragged into some Falange district headquarters or police station where their hair was clipped short or they were given the castor-oil treatment. But generally they were not molested—unless they refused to extend their favors to Falangists and other officials.

In spite of the mire of social corruption which the Nationalists had brought in their wake, the vast majority of the Spanish people continued to display a fortitude, in meeting the dismal prospect of trying to eke out an honorable existence under the dictatorship, that was moving to behold. Among my own circles of friends and acquaintances in different parts of Spain, there was a former newspaperman who had become a charcoal vendor, a trained nurse who was now a chambermaid, a university professor who performed hack translating jobs, a composer who peddled books and records, an aeronautical engineer who worked as an automobile mechanic's helper, and a mechanic who had become a janitor in a canning-factory and who was literally going crazy trying to buy medicine for his anaemic wife.

The gray hand of anxiety and undernourishment had left its imprint everywhere, even on the faces of children. One rarely saw a smile. Only the tight lips, shut firmly against the razor-thin, horizontal line of bitterness, and the dark brooding eyes which, if one looked close, revealed depths of hatred so intense that one wondered how they had failed to consume the very body and spirit which held them.

Franco and his confederates had sought to plunge the Spanish people, whom they feared, into a state of physical and psychological impotence by transforming Spain into an Inferno filled with millions of souls lost in a labyrinth of deliberately imposed poverty, conditional liberty, persecution, prison cells, tortures and haphazard executions. But with rock-ribbed patience, in overwhelming numbers, the people had resisted all efforts to convert them into hired puppets of the dictatorship or mere automatons enslaved to a precarious existence.

Efforts to persuade them that they were getting a dose of the same medicine which the Republic had supposedly doled out to the rightists, were met with looks of contempt. I had seen this happen on innumerable occasions—once when a pro-Franco visitor had attempted to use this argument in the presence of a friend of mine who had recently been given conditional liberty after having been compelled to serve six years in prison on the sole charge of having worked as a young reporter on a Republican newspaper. Only, on that occasion, my friend had incautiously observed that monarchist papers, such as *ABC* of Madrid in those days, had been permitted full freedom under the Republic.

But generally the reply to such accusations against the Republic was silent, bitter disdain. For most of the Spanish people knew that, by and large, those acts of persecution and mob violence which had occurred during the Republic and in Republican-held territory during the Civil War, such as the scattered burnings of churches, had been sporadic acts of ill-judgment and violence committed by small, undisciplined groups of Anarchist and other elements—and not infrequently by those Nationalist provocateurs in Republican territory who had inspired Francisco Franco's old crony, Mola, to coin the phrase "Fifth Column" in referring to their activities.

And conversely, the Spanish people had learned only too well that the mass terror unleashed against them by Franco and his supporters was no mere series of accidental outbreaks which could be attributed to ignorant or undisciplined elements. They had come to recognize the Nationalist terror as a planned, systematic method for effecting large-scale reprisals, part of a demoniacal scheme to drive them into subjection by force of arms, and to keep them there, enervated and resigned to a living death of inaction and apathy, through the paralyzing effects of gradual starvation, constant intimidation, and thwarted fury that would be driven to turn upon itself.

That last, vital part of the plan had failed. The Spanish people had not only cherished their hatred, but they had been quick to share it with others. And it had nourished them, far more than the daily ration of 100 grams of bread had been able to nourish those lucky or clever enough to obtain it. They had won their spiritual battle.

Nowhere was this victory reflected more clearly to me than in the words of a craftsman in leather, in Córdoba, who ran a tiny shop not far from the magnificent Great Mosque, the Seca, built during the Moorish domination. He was having a tough time making ends meet, I knew. Yet he refused my offer of a few extra pesetas for the fine hand-tooled wallet he had made for me, with a courteous but proud refusal.

"My family and I," he said simply, "are able to eat nearly every day."

4

If the stoical side of the Spanish people's resistance against Franco's efforts to crush their spirit had revealed itself in the person, among others, of an Andalusian handi-

craft worker, a more militant side of that resistance was soon afterward expressed to me, paradoxically, by a formerly prosperous businessman, a wholesale dealer in resins, from a province in Old Castile.

He was a man who, under the Republic, had held several political offices to which he had been elected as a member of the moderate *Unión Republicana* Party. Later I was to discover that this man—call him Don Tomás—had an amazing insight into the country's economic problems and was being groomed by an important group in the Spanish Underground as a future minister of finance or industry. At our first meeting in Madrid, however, he said little.

I watched him as he sat facing the large windows of the conference-room looking out on the enclosed patio below, listening in silence to his colleagues who were shouting statistics at me: the rise in prices, the decline in wages, the number of people shot without trial, the number still imprisoned who were awaiting trial and execution. Then Don Tomás spoke, in a quiet voice that sounded strange because he was such a large, heavy-set man.

"We can never forget," he said, choosing his words with care, "how, while we were in jail, our women at home had to wait, not so much for us—whose freedom or death, once we were taken away, would depend entirely on the caprice of our captors—but for the prearranged message which meant they were to take their own lives so as to avoid falling into the hands of those sadists."

5

"With malice towards none . . . let us strive on . . . to bind up the nation's wounds . . ." Abraham Lincoln had urged.

But Franco's unwritten exhortation in 1944, one was led

to conclude after only a few weeks in his Spain, had been: "With malice toward all . . . let us strive on . . . to keep open the nation's wounds . . ."

When I arrived in Spain, more than five years had elapsed since Franco's triumphal entry into Madrid had marked the formal end of the Civil War. Less than two days after my arrival, José, a waiter in one of the capital's leading hotels, glancing furtively over his shoulder at moments—although the grill-room was almost deserted at that late hour—gave me my first direct inkling of the appalling extent to which the wounds of his unhappy country were being kept open by the victorious Nationalists.

He had been one of the 400,000 armed militiamen who fled across the border into France after the defeat of the Republic, and he had been one of the few to return, because he had chanced upon a copy of the January 1, 1939, issue of the Bilbao daily, *El Diario Vasco*, which carried an interview with the Generalissimo on the subject of treatment of Republican prisoners. In that interview, Manuel Aznar (now Franco's "Minister Plenipotentiary" in Washington) had quoted him as follows:

"I do not aspire merely to win, but to convince. Even more, I would scarcely want victory without that. What purpose could be served by an empty victory, one without authentic aims, which would defeat itself through lack of national perspective? Spaniards—all Spaniards, those who are now fighting against me as well as those who are now on my side—will be convinced of that . . . when they realize, without a question of doubt, that in National Spain we are going to carry out the policy of redemption, of justice, of greatness, which the most diverse schools of propaganda have been promising for years and years without ever having fulfilled those promises."

And José, waiter in peacetime and militiaman under the

Republic, had believed in the sincerity of Franco's promise. He had nothing to fear, since he had been a conscript rather than a volunteer in the militia. He had fought under the orders of his superior officers. At worst, he had decided, he would be held as a prisoner of war for a short time and then released. After all, Franco had also promised to abide by the rules of the Geneva Convention concerning treatment of war prisoners. And besides, for all practical purposes, the war had ended.

However, since the files of the Republican militia in Madrid had been destroyed before the Nationalists entered the city, there had been no accurate means of identifying captured militiamen from that area as volunteers or conscripts. The distinction was important, since the Nationalists had decreed the death penalty for all volunteers in the Republican militia, which had included large numbers of disciplined, hard-fighting leftists.

As a result, the fate of captured militiamen or those few who, like José, had chosen to return and give themselves up, had depended almost entirely on evidence furnished by denouncers, many of whom took advantage of the situation to satisfy personal grudges or to blackmail the accused and their families. José himself had narrowly escaped the firing-squad only through the intervention of his father-in-law who had hastily signed over some property he owned to a Falangist *denunciante* of this type.

Meanwhile, José had been thrown into a filthy cell in one of the Madrid prisons, along with common criminals, including some who had been convicted of murder, several insane people, and at least one leper—who was later removed at the instance of a kindly old visiting priest. José had been kept there for two and a half years, without trial. When his case had finally come up before the military tribunal which tried all political prisoners, he had been

released, again only through the intervention of his father-in-law who had succeeded in having the papers torn up in exchange for further favors. Because he had not been found guilty of any "crime against the Fatherland," he had been given a ration-card and safe-conduct papers that permitted him to move about freely. And he had been given his old job as waiter.

But he could not forget the injustice, the corruption of the whole proceeding. Nor had he forgotten the shameful beatings.

"I have felt the sting of their lashes!" he said hoarsely, bending over me with a wild look in his eyes. And in that look I caught a terrifying picture of the thousands of people who had been driven mad in Paco's jails.

Others, even those with friends to bribe their way to freedom, had fared far worse. Among these was a 20-year-old lad, the fiancé of a girl from Toledo whom I had met in Madrid.

He had been charged with distributing anti-Franco pamphlets five years earlier, and had been awaiting trial in a jail in Toledo since then. The usual arrangements had been made with the military and Falange authorities to have his papers torn up when they were presented for examination. The charge was serious, but the boy had been only fifteen years old at the time. The bribe was paid, the promise made.

But on the day of his scheduled release, he had been taken out by a Falange strong-arm squad, accompanied by a priest who was one of the prison chaplains. When the priest had urged him to confess, he had pointed to the armed Falangists and replied quietly:

"Confess them. My hands are clean."

The boy had then been shot down in cold blood by a government official who was subsequently decorated by Paco's Minister of Justice, Eduardo Aunós. For his contribu-

tion "in behalf of minors" he was appointed a member of the *Consejo Superior de Protección de Menores*—the Higher Council for the Protection of Minors.

Previously, as Franco's civil governor of Toledo and later of Valencia, the same individual—Sr. Francisco Javier Planas de Tovar—had been responsible for the massacre of 9000 people accused of being "Reds," including 300 women and girls.

6

At Franco's orders, the thousands of wounded veterans in Spain after the Civil War had been divided into two categories. Those who had fought on his side had been given the title of *Caballeros Mutilados*—Mutilated Gentlemen—and had been organized into a wounded veterans' society headed by his first patron and warm sponsor of the days of the Moroccan campaigns, General Millán Astray, who had lost an eye and an arm in the fighting against Abd-el-Krim. This organization was a notorious beehive of graft, so that the rank and file among the *Caballeros Mutilados* and their families actually enjoyed only the smallest economic benefits under Franco.

The second category of wounded Civil War veterans was made up of those limited numbers of Republican soldiers who had, somehow, escaped being finished off along with the thousands of other wounded and captured Reds. Their sole reward was the privilege of being denied all the civil rights which the Spanish people as a whole had been deprived of. No official recognition of any kind had been made of their status as wounded veterans of a civil war. Like the people at large, they were considered as enemy captives—although the treatment they got was far worse than that given a captured enemy by the Allies.

The wounds of the Civil War were being kept open by

these and countless other practices for which Minister of Justice Aunós—the former ambassador to Argentina who was as ardently pro-Falangist as he was anti-American—secretly blamed the pressure of the military authorities. These laid the blame on the Falange bigwigs who, in turn, claimed helplessness because of demands from the Falangists in the provinces. The provincial chiefs, of course, pointed to orders from Madrid.

The question of responsibility for the continuing terror was, however, an academic point. All the groups around Franco kept the fires of hatred and persecution burning.

For instance, the municipal councils charged with handling the redemption of political prisoners through forced labor, by order of the head of the National Prison Service who had been chosen by Franco and the Falange, consisted of three members. In addition to a local member of the Falange, and a priest of the parish, there was a third party—frequently a woman belonging to that group of fanatical churchgoers known as *beatas*—who was selected by the head of the National Prison Service and who generally served as secretary of the local *junta*. The *junta*'s chief aim was to catechize the prisoners night and day in the Catholic dogma—without permitting such zeal to interrupt the prisoners' 12-hour working day.

The labor of the "Reds"—who were frequently farmed out to private contractors, and truckloads of whom I saw in Madrid daily—was remunerated at the rate of two pesetas, less than 20 cents American currency, per day. Three-fourths of this amount was deducted, in accordance with Article 3 of Franco's decree of May 28, 1937, to pay for the prisoner's keep. The remaining 50 céntimos, five cents American, was put aside each day to be handed to the prisoner in a lump sum of three pesetas at the end of the week.

That net daily wage of 50 céntimos received by the imprisoned "Reds" was the exact equivalent of the amount paid to privates in the regular army. There was, moreover, little difference in the miserable diet of the two. And while soldiers were nominally free, they too frequently found themselves forcibly engaged in hard manual tasks for which they received only their paltry daily pittance. One young soldier, addressing two Republican friends of mine who he knew had recently been released on conditional liberty, exclaimed:

"We are all mud of different shades on the generals' jackboots."

Meanwhile, the controlled press daily exploited even the slightest occasion—publication of a new book, opening of a play, celebration of a minor anniversary, restoration of some bridge destroyed during the Civil War—as a pretext for reminding people that the Uprising had "saved Spain from the bloody rule of the Reds and Marxists."

The authorities also published handsome but completely misleading monographs dealing with the penal system under Franco. One such illustrated monograph was filled with pictures of Minister of Justice Aunós, accompanied by high prelates of the Church, visiting a penitentiary for political prisoners. The monograph, entitled *El Trabajo y La Educación*—Work and Education—and describing the "redemption" of political prisoners at the Yeserías "school-penitentiary," had been sent to me by the Director-General of Prisons, Angel B. Sanz, with the printed greeting: "The Director-General of Prisons salutes you, arm on high."

What the monograph failed to show, of course, was that the slave labor of the political prisoners at Yeserías provided Franco officials with luxurious upholstered furniture, among other things, for their offices and homes, free of charge.

Similarly, official claims regarding the number of political prisoners still being held were utterly unreliable. On December 6, 1944, an Associated Press dispatch from Madrid, reporting the first visit that American and British correspondents had been allowed to make to Franco's jails, quoted officials as claiming that only 25,000 political prisoners were left in Spain. If those figures were true, they were an ominous indication of the fate that thousands of others must have suffered in the intervening year.

For, one year earlier, the Director-General of Prisons had boasted that the jails under his management were "redeeming" no less than 300,000 people. At least two-thirds of that number were known to be political prisoners, and it was equally known that jailings had increased rather than diminished during 1944, especially during the months following the Allied landings in Normandy and the south of France when a wave of popular enthusiasm and hope for an early end to the Franco dictatorship had swept over Spain, only to be met by a new fury of official repression.

Worst of all, in line with its apparent determination to keep alive, at all cost, the bitter memories of the Civil War—this was one way of distracting popular attention from the government's inability to unify the country and put it on a sound economic footing—the Franco dictatorship continued to shoot political prisoners, while denying that such executions were taking place. Through reliable sources I was informed regularly of some of those shootings. Here are a few notations I received in 1944 of such executions in and about Madrid alone:

July 1: 2444 people accused of plotting against the regime have been arrested in past few days. Executions of people previously sentenced continues daily.

July 6: Executions continuing, especially at Ocana. More arrests and shootings on account of upcoming

July 18 anniversary of Franco Uprising.

July 15: Although the number of people executed has diminished since the days of wholesale executions in 1940 and '41, people are being shot here every day. I have heard the same report from some of my best and most varied sources.

July 18: 94 shot this afternoon.

August 2: Growing repression and new executions in the past few days.

August 16: Yesterday our Seventh Army landed on south coast of France. Executions here being stepped up.

August 18: 150 prisoners shot here in past week.

August 23: Stepped-up executions—many intellectuals and professional people who have been in jail for two and three years. JS told of body bouncing out of truck leaving Carabanchel jail. 60 killed two days ago.

August 26: 360 shot last week. New cemetery being built at Carabanchel, where many political prisoners are held.

September 2: 60 more shot.

September 3: 30 more prisoners have been executed at Ocana and 25 at Carabanchel.

September 8: 450 in Madrid shot night before last. 300 odd scheduled for last night.

October 20: Executions now about two daily in Madrid, but increasing in Barcelona. Yesterday a 65-year-old woman was shot.

The record of crimes against the Spanish people which had been chalked up by Franco and his confederates since the start of the Uprising was an imposing one.

Five percent of the Spanish population had been slain—one-third of this number since 1939, "First Year of Victory" as Franco had called it in all his decrees of that period. Twenty percent had been imprisoned and, with the exception of from 100,000 to one-quarter of a million who were still held in jails throughout the country, had gradually been given varying terms of parole.

In addition to the 400,000 militiamen who had been more or less forced to flee into France, scores of thousands of Spanish Republican civilians, including prominent government leaders and the nation's outstanding professionals and intellectuals, had escaped to find refuge in France, Mexico and other countries scattered over the globe. Virtually nothing had been done to induce the Spanish exiles to return, although the nation sorely needed their talents and skills.

Finally, there were the men of the "Blue Division" whom Paco had despatched to fight against Russia and the tens of thousands whom he had sent as laborers to Germany and Nazi-occupied countries to help strengthen Hitler's war machine.

These were the crimes which could be measured, at least in part, in terms of broad figures and statistics. But beyond those lay the incalculable political and moral debasement, the economic ruin, the intellectual sterilization. Above all, there was the grave mental shock produced by the whole atmosphere of intimidation that enveloped the lives of the people. A Madrid taxicab driver once stated the problem to me with that simple eloquence which often characterizes the genuinely sophisticated speech of even the most un-

schooled men and women in Spain.

"All of us are dazed by what has happened," he said, "like a bull after the *banderillas* have drawn blood."

Later, however, he enlarged upon his apt metaphor to end on a hopeful note.

"But many of us," he added, "are now becoming more like a *toro fogueado*."

The extended metaphor was significant as well as apt. A *toro fogueado* is a fighting bull that has managed to survive in the face of all efforts to finish him off in the ring, and is henceforth feared and shunned as an animal to be fought. He has, so to speak, learned the tricks of the trade—something no "good bull" is supposed to do. A "good bull" is, of course, expected to play his prescribed role of doomed victim in the ring as a spirited animal—but not as a clever one.

Keenly aware of Franco's failure to win popular acceptance of his government, the Falange had steadily widened and intensified its surveillance activities. On August 1, 1944, an order went out to all Falange district chiefs directing them to have their agents draw up an exhaustive house-by-house report on "Reds who have been active, undesirables, foreigners, and Red sympathizers."

As a result of these and other measures, such as the periodic curtailment of certain privileges previously granted to thousands of prisoners on parole, people were afraid to be seen talking together publicly for long periods at a time. They were particularly loath to be seen in the company of foreigners too often. More than once I had occasion to know why.

One Saturday afternoon I was walking down the Calle Alcalá toward my hotel. As I reached the Puerta del Sol, the capital's crowded little Times Square which lay only a few blocks from my hotel, someone touched my arm. I looked up, and there stood Señor Pérez, the short chubby

tailor whom I had known in Barcelona. After a hearty handshake, we crossed the square together, elbowed our way into an open-air place that had an American name, and had a couple of milk-shakes, then walked back through the thick jostling crowds to the corner where we had met. During that time, we had been exchanging generalities about life in Barcelona, its Mediterranean cosmopolitanism as contrasted with Madrid's provincial, mountain-hemmed ways.

Then, suddenly, I heard him say, in a very loud voice:

"Now about those raisins and dried figs—we could substitute dried pears for the figs if you prefer."

I stared at him in astonishment. He was talking to me all right, looking straight at me. Before I could say anything, he went on:

"And of course, I have to know whether or not you want the dried fruits in large shipments."

I was about to ask him whether he felt well, when I caught his wink. Standing only a few feet from us, I then perceived, was a stout-looking individual, obviously a plainclothesman. He was leaning against a wall, pretending to be scanning a newspaper. But his eyes were focussed on us. And from the curb opposite him, observing us with point-blank interest, stood a tall, thin man of nondescript appearance. I thought I saw the two men exchange glances.

My friend, meanwhile, was keeping up a loud, running chatter about the relative merits of dried apricots, which had since entered the picture, and I was nodding vociferously to help him carry off the scene convincingly.

"Well, perhaps you ought to give the matter some more thought," he almost bellowed, "and let me know when you're ready to put in your order."

The two men were still standing there. As my friend grabbed my hand and shook it firmly, he quickly indicated

with his eyes that I should walk toward the Calle Mayor.

"Well, you think it over," he shouted after me as I started in that direction. I hated to leave him there with the two plainclothesmen, but evidently this was part of his plan to elude them.

When I reached the opposite side of the square—right in front of police headquarters, I realized—I stooped down as though to tie one of my shoelaces, and as I did so, I glanced toward the square and saw the stout man who had been reading the newspaper coming in my direction. That was good, for as an American who could readily identify myself, I had little to fear, and my Barcelona friend—who might easily be arrested and severely beaten by the political police in their routine effort to learn what we had been talking about—now had only one agent to elude. Evidently my friend had planned it that way, in his impromptu fashion, soon after the emergency had risen.

I lit a cigarette and stood on the curb for a few minutes, watching the crowds go by, noting the wistfulness in the faces of boys and girls as they stared at window displays filled with multicolored pastries. Other store windows were stuffed with groceries, leather goods, clothing, furniture, jewelry and hundreds of other commodities that gave casual observers in Madrid the feeling that they were in a prosperous, peaceful city, until they discovered that a very small, elite minority in Spain could afford to purchase those goods. But on the surface, everything seemed so normal in Madrid and the other larger cities of Spain.

Yet at that moment, I learned a few days later, while I was standing on the curb preparing to lose my "shadow" in the crowds on the way to my hotel, the little tailor from Barcelona was busily shaking off his pursuer from the political police. Racing down a side street at the opposite end of the square, he ducked into a dark passageway, removed

his tie and coat, crossed the street and sauntered back to the square to take a street-car to the home of some friends with whom he was staying. As he boarded the trolley, he caught sight of his lanky pursuer hovering about the narrow sidestreet entrance, frantically peering at every passer-by.

Everything seemed so normal, with the late sunlight streaming slantwise upon the crowds of people moving in every direction across Madrid's little Times Square.

But the very sidewalk on which I stood was the roof of the notorious dungeon cells of the *Dirección General de Seguridad* where men and women, and sometimes entire families with children, were brought daily for questioning by the political police who had been trained by agents of the Gestapo and the Oвра. The first admonition which newly arrived foreign correspondents in Madrid often received from their embassies was in reference to the cells located in the basement of the political police headquarters building facing the Puerta del Sol.

"Show no interest in them," they were cautioned.

At night, sometimes, one heard strange dark noises rise through the iron grating at the south end of the sidewalk. At very late hours, when the square was empty except for a few stragglers, the noises could be recognized as the sound of children crying.

VII

THE PROCURERS HAVE THE FLOOR

1

ALTHOUGH the conversation in the room had grown livelier, I could not quite lose that feeling of apprehension which had first come over me as I groped my way down the dark corridor.

Perhaps it was the knowledge that that great rambling building, a former schoolhouse, was now unused and uninhabited except for the family of four which occupied this one room in the far corner of the long, winding corridor, that kept my spirits dampened. Or it may have been simply the depressing bareness of the room itself, which contained little more than a table, a couple of beds, and a few chairs.

I had met Elena, the slim girl with the small delicate hands, earlier that day out at the Barcelona fair grounds, in the official American pavilion where we had a photographic display on life and work in the United States. Happily she turned out to be, as she had claimed, a genuine craftsman in woodcarving.

Her brother, mother and father were also masters of the craft. And I had received a real lift out of examining the various specimens of their work which attested to the fact that the ancient Catalan art of woodcarving had not been entirely lost among the descendants of those early artists and artisans.

At the beginning I had felt certain qualms about accepting the girl's unusual invitation to meet her family, only because she had been wearing a Falangist blouse. By now, however, I understood that she and the other members of

the family were compelled to belong to the Falange's Syndicate of Artisans in order to have their handicrafts marketed through that organization, which held a monopoly over the distribution of such wares.

It was not until they brought out a guitar, which the girl's brother played, and the family started singing softly—an extraordinary occurrence among Catalans, whose *sardanas* and other music are nearly always very loud, intended as an accompaniment for large groups of dancers in the open streets or countryside—that I began to grasp the reasons for that undercurrent of uncertainty which I had felt since entering the house. For these were no ordinary songs of Spain with which they were regaling their guest from the United States.

They were singing the songs of the *patria chica*, the provinces of Cataluña, which the Franco government had forbidden from the moment that Barcelona had fallen in January of 1939. They sang the nostalgic *L'Emigrant*; the defiant air of *Els Segadors*, "The Reapers"; and the dearest of their *sardanas*, the *Santa Espina* or "Holy Thorn."

I realized that this was their way of telling me that Cataluña—like those other sections of Spain where regional sentiment was strongest, such as the Basque provinces and Franco's own Galicia—suffered twice as much under the Caudillo as did the rest of the country. I had heard tales already of how the Nationalists had gone through the great city like a horde of invading barbarians, terrorizing the inhabitants not only with that brutality which had been pursued by Franco's armies all over Spain, but with the further intention of stamping out every trace of regional feeling and expression in Cataluña. Signs in Catalan had been torn down, Catalan books had been burned, houses had been broken into and recordings of Catalan music smashed.

But the shrewd Catalans had soon begun to hide their books and their records, just as many of them kept the forbidden flag of Cataluña carefully out of sight but intact. Only the previous night, in the home of another family, the youngsters had shown me the flag with the narrow, horizontal, red and gold stripes which lay hidden beneath some loose boards in the floor.

Even the small number of Catalans who had joined the Falange in order to practice their trade, like the family I was visiting, cherished their deeply rooted love for the things of Cataluña. They spoke Spanish only to foreigners or to the outsiders from other parts of Spain. Among themselves, Catalan.

I had heard of a popular anti-Falange verse in Catalan which was circulating widely in Barcelona and the Catalan provinces. I asked Elena about it. That was one of the few times I saw anyone really look pleased in Franco Spain. After explaining that it was a pun based on the abbreviated name for the Falange, the *FET y de las JONS*, she recited it for me:

La FET y la JONS
Es fot de la gent,
Y la gent es fot
De la JONS y la FET.

Its meaning was simply: "The Falange wipes its hands on the people, and the people do the same with the Falange."

2

Yet that great flood of regional feeling which was gathering beneath the troubled waters of Franco's Falangist state differed in two important respects from the strong separatist reaction which had hitherto marked the advent of almost every new central government in Spain.

Formerly a rightist government in Madrid meant a labor-led fight for separatism in the Catalan capital, Barcelona. And labor leadership was in the hands of the Anarchists there.

But as a result of the unprecedented corruption of business—and Catalans are ardent admirers of sound business organization—and the widespread political terror which had been brought into being by Franco, labor and business groups in vital, industrial Cataluña had joined in a common hatred and antagonism toward the Caudillo's rule. This was made clear to me by almost every class of people not only in Barcelona but in the outlying towns and villages of the Catalan provinces as well. On the day I left Barcelona, several packages were waiting for me at my hotel on the Rambla. One was a bundle of Catalan records sent by a projectionist in a local cinema; another consisted of some books in Catalan, including a Catalan-Spanish dictionary, which had been left there by a young businessman.

An important factor contributing to the gradual unifying of opposition to Franco's regime among labor and business in Cataluña had also been the steady swing of labor leadership away from the uncompromising Anarchists—many of whom had entered the Falange—and toward the left and moderate Socialist groups, who, less extremist in principle, had waged a courageous underground fight all over Spain against the Nationalist government ever since its inception.

Similar changes appeared to have developed in the regionalist fight in Galicia and the Basque provinces. These changes were significant not only as a further indication of the mounting opposition to the dictatorship, but also as a trend toward some new understanding between the autonomy-minded regions and centralist Castile, often termed the "Prussia of Spain."

The irony of these new national interests among the strongly regionalist peoples, who had been chiefly concerned with the safeguarding of their ancient *fueros* or local rights, lay in the fact that the monopolistic state which had destroyed those rights had, indirectly, also been responsible for the breakdown of narrow regionalism, much as the ruthless Nazi domination of Europe had helped to destroy many former barriers between those countries.

In Spain, the steady rise of true national feeling in the political attitudes of the people was the inevitable reaction to the unlimited and virtually absolute power which Francisco Franco had assumed and which he had defined, in his decree of July 31, 1939, as follows:

“The Chief is responsible to God and to history.”

3

During the Civil War, in an interview given to the special correspondent of the United Press at Salamanca, where Nationalist headquarters had first been set up, the Generalissimo had defined his contemplated government in clear, challenging terms.

“It will follow the structure of the totalitarian regimes, like Italy and Germany,” he had declared. “It will be patterned on corporative lines . . . and it will do away with the liberal institutions which have poisoned the people.”

And he had added: “It will be inspired, of course, by those norms pursued in Italy and Germany, but with purely national characteristics. It will be a suit made to Spanish measurements.”

Little by little, however, as the bloodsoaked sun of Axis power had begun to set, Franco had sought to erase from the minds of Spaniards and the other peoples of the world the impression that he had established a fascist,

totalitarian regime patterned after the Axis dictatorships. His Falange demagogues had begun to describe the Nationalist state as "organic," instead of totalitarian or corporative or authoritarian. There were fewer references to the "functional order" and more claims that the Franco political order was Christian, just and dignified.

The climax was reached on July 18, 1944, when Franco went so far as to declare, for the first time, that his regime was a true democracy! In his address to the Falange's National Council, he said:

"Our enemies outside charge us with being anti-democratic, forgetting that supreme democracy lies in practicing the Gospel, which we faithfully follow."

That new strategy was a bid for the support of the Allied powers who had landed in Normandy a month earlier and were preparing to move into southern France—the step that was to shut off land communications between Spain and Germany. The offer had been succeeded by a renewed effort to allay popular restiveness in Spain with the announcement that Syndical elections would be held in October.

According to the statement issued by Franco to the International News Service, through Foreign Minister Lequerica, "8,000,000 Spanish workers cast their votes freely and spontaneously in a Syndical election under the auspices of a legal order having its roots and inspiration in Christian doctrine."

But I had had an opportunity to witness the elections in action. The slates for the Syndicates had already been prepared by the Falange officials, whose "show" it was. The system of electors had been decided upon in order to give the voters the illusion that they were free to choose other candidates than those listed. They were permitted, in case they objected to all the candidates for a given office, to

select their own candidates from among the electors—who, of course, had also been picked by the Falange bosses.

On election day, I was on a train returning to Madrid from Asturias. The porter to whom I broached the subject of the elections refused to discuss the matter seriously. This was typical, I found, of the Spanish people's attitude toward the whole farce. He said:

"They must know they aren't fooling anyone with that cynical nonsense about elections. I didn't even mind being forced to cast my vote. But why couldn't they have just put down my vote without bothering me? Why did they have to make me go through the humiliation of standing in line for five hours to make that meaningless gesture?"

4

Spain, blessed with a beautiful land and a great people, is proverbially the nation which has been most cursed by bad government.

No one is more keenly cognizant of the blundering and corruption which have characterized many of his governments than the Spaniard himself, who has had to suffer the evils of maladministration for so many years, as the country has suffered them for centuries. Spain abounds in popular refrains and anecdotes satirizing rulers and administrations. One of the best is the story picked up by the English traveler and chronicler, Richard Ford, one hundred years ago, and recorded in his superb *Gatherings From Spain*:

"When Ferdinand III captured Seville and died, being a saint he escaped purgatory, and Santiago presented him to the Virgin, who forthwith desired him to ask any favors for beloved Spain. The monarch petitioned for oil, wine and corn—conceded; for sunny skies, brave men and pretty women—allowed; for cigars, relics, garlic and bulls—by all

means; for a *good government*”—but here was the rub:

“Nay, nay,” said the Virgin, “that can never be granted; for were it bestowed, not an angel would remain a day longer in heaven.”

Under Franco, the Spanish fate of having to endure bad government had persisted with a vengeance. As though the top-heavy bureaucracy which had always weighed down Spanish administrations were not enough, the country now labored under so extensive a duplication of effort and authority between the Falange and the Government, that almost any dealing with an official agency became a veritable nightmare.

5

Perhaps the biggest act on the whole program of political sham through which the anti-parliamentarian Franco regime, after shelving the Republican Constitution of 1931 without offering a substitute, hoped to create a façade of legality for itself, was the periodic convening of the puppet Cortes, or Spanish Parliament.

Established in the summer of 1942 by Franco's decree, the stooge legislature was composed of 400 members who represented all the groups supporting the coalition dictatorship. Cabinet ministers, national councillors of the Falange, the heads of the State Council and the high military and civil courts, representatives of the Syndicates, the mayors of the provincial capitals and the governors of the provinces, university rectors, delegates of the scientific academies and professional schools, and other officials originally appointed on Franco's recommendation or with his approval, constituted the bulk of the membership.

In addition, Franco's decree permitted him to name one-eighth of the total membership, or fifty representatives, directly. These were selected from the “ecclesiastical, mili-

tary, administrative or social hierarchy," or among those who had rendered "relevant services to Spain"—which meant those individuals in the provinces who had been most active in helping to smash the legal Republican Government and to crush its leaders and their families.

Thus, along with such prominent national figures as the Cabinet ministers, top Falange chiefs, high prelates of the Church, the Duke of Alba and the Duke of Infantado, the provincial chiefs—who were often also civil governors—and Franco's chum, Millán Astray, the Cortes membership included a number of Falange gunmen and other shady characters from the provinces.

The puppet Cortes, like Franco's appointed provincial councils or *Diputaciones*, and municipal councils or *Ayuntamientos*, was a microcosm of the Franco dictatorship which sought to masquerade not only as a new type of democratic state but one that had reached a higher level of political development than any other kind of government in ancient or modern times. But the political impotency of the Cortes had been revealed in all brazenness in Franco's decree, six months after its creation, in placing that legislative body under the joint, absolute control of the Caudillo and his appointed president of the Cortes, the reactionary Traditionalist, Esteban Bilbao.

Procurador—the term borrowed by Franco from the monarchy to designate a representative to his Cortes—had another connotation in Spanish which the people had been quick to seize upon. It meant "procurer." Even some of the representatives to the puppet Cortes whom I knew occasionally referred to themselves, with frank cynicism, as "Franco's procurers."

VIII

NO GREEN RIBBONS TODAY

1

THROUGH the main windows of my rear apartment, located in Madrid's fashionable *barrio* of Salamanca, I looked out on the depressing remains of a large four-story building whose collapse while under construction more than a year earlier had resulted in the death of a hundred workmen.

Although an investigation had proved that the accident was due to the use of faulty materials, the contractors responsible for the disaster had been let off with a relatively light fine. The victims' bodies had been removed from the débris and turned over for burial to their relatives, who had received no accident compensation. Work on the building had stopped. And that was all. Nothing had been done even to remove the unsightly ruin.

Day after day throughout my stay in the Spanish capital, that gaping skeleton stood there, with piles of fallen concrete scattered in disorder about its foundations like tombstones in a desecrated cemetery, and with some of its heavy beams still hanging perilously from ripped wires at the loose, swaying joints.

Day after day, just beyond the casement windows of the combination living and dining-room of my small modern apartment, the weather-stained wreck of that building-in-progress, whose steel beams and blocks of concrete had suddenly come crashing down on the heads of the unsuspecting workmen, stood before me, an obstinate symbol of the criminal inefficiency and graft which characterized the whole rickety structure of Franco's economy.

The same indifference, coupled with purposeful neglect, was evident in the dictatorship's attitude toward many of the buildings, villages and towns that had been devastated by bombings and bombardments during the Civil War.

In Sagunto, for instance, that historic town near Valencia which had once been Hannibal's base on his march toward the Alps, I did not see a single house that appeared to be safe to live in. Most of the dwellings had ladders, logs and other props set against the walls. It was a doubly ruined city, sacked by the Carthaginians and Romans in ancient times—the old fortress and Roman amphitheatre dominated the modern part of the town from a high hill—and in 1937 by the Nationalists, after they had pounded it mercilessly from the air with Italian planes based on Majorca, less than two hours away.

Repairs had been carried out in the main sections of Madrid and other large cities. But in the poorer parts of those cities, and in many towns and villages, the scars of the Civil War were pitifully in evidence, although more than five years had elapsed since Franco's triumph.

The Director-General of the Department of Devastated Areas which had been set up under the Falange-controlled Ministry of the Interior was José Moreno Torres, whose ineptitude at business management matched his appetite for "rake-offs" on all deals connected with the rehabilitation of war-ruined zones. In the few instances that any reconstruction work had actually been carried out, this had benefited, first, the top Falangists and other officials who had participated in the purchase of materials and the granting of contracts, and, second, the local Falangist and other provincial chiefs and their families who were given the good jobs at any newly established plant. They were also per-

mitted to occupy the recently constructed dwellings in the community—which had been built largely with the slave labor of Republican prisoners.

But this methodical practice of sharp economic discrimination against the great majority of the Spanish people who were compelled to wear the invisible badge of “Red,” had turned out to be a boomerang. By depriving industry, commerce and agriculture of the skills of hundreds of thousands of “Red” technicians, workers and farmers, the system had spread havoc in every walk of the nation’s production and distribution facilities. A good example of this decline was the sharp drop in the quality of Spanish shoes which had once enjoyed a high reputation throughout Europe.

In its economic life, Spain of the Caudillo followed largely a day-to-day, patchwork pattern hovering on the brink of total breakdown and complete chaos.

3

It was probably from Mussolini that the Franco government had learned the importance of having trains run on time. But like so much else which the Falangist state had tried to borrow from the Italian Fascists, the lesson had been only half-learned. The trains in Spain generally started on time. But they often arrived hours late.

I got my first taste of the dubious joys of travelling in Spain over the RENFE, as the national railway network was called, during a return trip to Madrid from Toledo. Foolishly following the instructions given by the illiterate station officials who had displaced the former trained employees, removed as “Reds,” I sat for more than two hours with several hundred fellow-passengers in a train drawn up on one of the tracks, watching at least five other trains pull up, take on a few fugitive passengers from our waiting

train, and then proceed—to Madrid. I finally decided to ignore the instructions of the station officials and hurried over to the platform beyond ours where I boarded the next, completely unscheduled train to the capital.

Again, a box of melons which I had shipped from Valencia during my visit there was delivered to me in Madrid—an overnight trip by train—more than three weeks later. And that was by “fast freight.”

4

In Point No. 15 of his famous program which had been adopted as the foundation for Franco’s “National-Syndicalist State,” José Antonio, The Absent One, had stated:

“At all costs the rural standard of living must be raised.”

To achieve this aim, José Antonio had even proposed such measures as the redistribution of arable lands and, in some cases, the drastic step of expropriation without payment. That was in the 26 Points.

However, under the negligent and graft-ridden administration of The Absent One’s brother, Miguel Primo de Rivera, whom Paco had made Minister of Agriculture, and who also controlled the powerful rural Syndicates and Syndicate of Provisions grouped directly under the Falange, the farm wealth of Spain preponderantly agrarian, had been divided between the landed aristocracy which owned vast holdings and the Falange which insisted on receiving a share of every crop. Between the two, the agrarian reforms instituted by the Republic had been wiped out.

Agriculture had suffered such a sharp decline that even the Caudillo, in his speech before the Falange’s National Council on July 18, 1944, had been forced to make the admission that agricultural production had “not yet attained its earlier level.”

That bit of understatement had fooled no one. Everyone knew that the wholesale bungling and the private manipulation of Spain's agricultural system by the Caudillo and his aides had brought the country to the verge of mass starvation.

The catastrophic drop in agricultural production was due not only to the absence of trained and responsible technicians, but, more concretely, to the administration's failure to obtain the needed fertilizers—only 20 percent or less of the requisite supply for Spain's aged soil was being imported—as well as seeds of good quality, tractors, and farm animals. Above all, large numbers of sorely needed farm laborers had been conscripted into Franco's huge standing army or had been made the victims of severe economic discrimination.

An even more vital factor in the decline of agriculture, however, had been the deliberate curtailment of production by thousands of farmers as a gesture of protest against the government's efforts not only to collect a portion of their crops, as a tax, for resale on the Falange and other official black markets, but also to control the sale and distribution of the remainder.

The situation in Franco's home region of Galicia had become so desperate that an Agricultural Congress—with Minister of Agriculture Primo de Rivera notoriously absent—had been held there during the latter part of October, 1944, to discuss means of alleviating the growing crisis. Even the Falange Chief and Civil Governor of La Coruña province, Salas Pombo, had found it necessary to sound an alarm to the effect that the impoverished peasantry was being driven to the point of desperation:

“Almost 50,000 middlemen constitute that army which lives at the expense of the Gallegan field laborer.”

What the Falangist governor of Franco's own province

failed to state, of course, was that those 50,000 "middlemen" in the four Gallegan provinces of La Coruña, Lugo, Orense and Pontevedra—together comprising what was probably Spain's richest and most productive agricultural area—were nearly all members or favored friends of the Falange and other representative groups of the Franco officialdom in Galicia.

During the summer of 1944, when the already serious electricity shortage in Spain became more alarming because of the growing lack of spare parts for generators and as the result of a long drouth, a businessman from Sevilla told me:

"In a regime as strange as this one, even a prolonged drouth can have grave political consequences."

5

Don Demetrio Carceller Segura had been a modest employee of the *Banca*, as the conglomeration of Spain's banks is commonly known, before the Glorious Uprising. Almost overnight, the Nationalists had catapulted him into the limelight as an authority on Spanish business and industry.

Behind the rapid elevation of the persevering Catalan clerk—who had begun to show unsuspected aptitudes for chicanery of all sorts—lurked the shadowy figure of Spain's most colorful and adventurous money-man, Juan March Ordíñas, "The Fox."

March had had his eye on Carceller for some time, and shortly before the Uprising, had already begun to throw small favors his way. With the outbreak of the military rebellion, March had brought Carceller into contact with Franco, whose little favors had turned into the juiciest plum of the whole Nationalist establishment, the Ministry of Industry and Commerce.

Carceller had been a willing tool of Franco and March,

who had set him up in a sumptuous mansion owned by him and located in Calle Lista, not far from the apartment house in Calle Diego de Leon where I lived. And Carceller had, in turn, proved himself to be a real pal to the Falange.

Thanks to his faithful cooperation with the Falange's network of Syndicates, and the labyrinthine *Fiscalías de Tasas*, or internal revenue bureaus that came directly under Paco's jurisdiction, Spanish commerce and industry had reached an all-time high—in inefficiency and graft.

Under Carceller, trade and manufacturing throughout Spain—from the smallest wine shops of Andalucia to some of the most important metallurgical plants of the Basque region or the largest textile factories in Cataluña—were so rigidly controlled by government regulations, and so closely supervised by Falange and other officials, that no business could survive unless the owners were Falangists in good standing. In lieu of this, a responsible Falangist had to be brought into the business as a silent partner whose sole job was to cut away the mass of government regulations and deliberately imposed red tape which constantly threatened to paralyze business operations.

I knew of arrangements of this kind in Barcelona and Madrid. In some cases, businessmen, exasperated over the endless demands made by officials for a share in the profits, had rebelled. But before long, a shower of taxes and fines had compelled them to close down their establishments.

Typical of other, more haphazard, but equally oppressive practices, was the case of an acquaintance of mine, a dealer in oils and resins—once one of Spain's most flourishing industries—who had tried vainly for days to hold freight officials to their promise to deliver a shipment of resins which was being delayed in the local freight-yard. Instead of receiving his goods, he had gotten a heavy fine for failing to remove the supplies from the freight-yard!

One of the strongest weapons held over the heads of businessmen by Falange officials and their friends was the control of raw materials and manufactured goods. Real shortages had been caused by shipments of foodstuffs and other commodities to Nazi Germany, and by the general drop in production, owing to the drastic rise in taxes to support the state and Falange bureaucracies and to the lack of skilled labor. On top of all this, however, there was the appalling economic stumbling-block of shortages which were created artificially by the Franco officialdom itself for the purpose of channelling production and distribution into a vast, official black-market.

Estraperlo—the black-market—was the uncrowned king of Spain of the Caudillo.

No phase of commerce or industry was free from its grasp, which held the nation's economy in a vise of artificial values and false profits. A good illustration of this deadly, unproductive system was the sale of a cracker factory which I knew about. While the machinery and other appurtenances had brought only 22,000 pesetas, the right to receive the plant's regular allotments of sugar and other ingredients used in the manufacture of crackers cost the purchaser nearly eight times that sum, or 175,000 pesetas—which was calculated on the basis of the official black-market price of sugar rather than the official rationing-system price. The inevitable outcome of this typical business deal in Franco Spain was the purchaser's decision to keep the machinery and the plant as a front, suspend the making of crackers, and dispose of the regular allotments of sugar on the black-market at even more fabulous prices than those quoted by the original "manufacturer."

Again, in a restaurant in Barcelona one day, while I was pondering over the strange fate of the cracker factory, I suddenly heard odd bits of conversation. I looked up. It was

my friend, the restaurant owner, talking into a telephone near my table. I caught the words:

"A few yards of red cloth, yes. But no green ribbons—no green ribbons today."

He hung up and sauntered over to my table. "I hope you were listening to that funny talk," he said. "That was my day's order for meat—red cloth means beef—from the *estraperlo* people in the Syndicate. Just to keep up appearances, they insist on using code language. But everybody knows what we're talking about."

"What are the green ribbons you didn't want?" I asked.

"Oh, those are sausages," he said. "The truth is, some friends of Carceller in Gerona—a great meat center, you know—are getting me better sausages that I can get through the Syndicate, and the *estraperlo* price is about the same."

6

Other forms of official chicanery and graft were more brazen.

In many provinces, a curious regulation permitted operators of gasogene-run taxicabs and similar vehicles to purchase twice as much gasoline as was allotted to owners of vehicles that were exclusively gasoline-operated. But since gasogene-run cars required only a very small percentage of the allotments of gasoline permitted them, Syndicate officials allowed them to obtain their necessary minimum of gasoline, used for starting the engine and for making steep up-hill grades, and kept the balance of the allotments for themselves. This surplus of the precious fuel was then sold on the black market at high prices.

Most of the top officials in Franco Spain were involved in such deals. Relatives of Franco or Carmen, including ex-foreign minister Serrano Suñer, had received rake-offs

as well as outright concessions of one kind or another. In the summer of 1944, for example, Franco's sister Pilar was given the monopoly for the sale of screws to army plants and government arsenals.

Franco himself had built up a sizable fortune with his participation in various commercial and industrial enterprises, such as the large plant for making preserves which had been established in Galicia. A reliable Spanish friend of mine who was employed in the main branch of the Hispano-American Bank in Madrid told me one night of a hurried call which the bank had received from a Franco aide at the Pardo Palace who had mistaken the bank for the Bank of Spain and had ordered the manager to deposit six million pesetas to Franco's personal account.

One of the most shocking examples of the extent to which corruption of all sorts had eaten its way through the economic and financial fabric of Spain under Franco was related to me by a businessman from Bilbao. Spanish customs officials had discovered a large quantity of contraband tobacco among crates containing Franco currency freshly printed in Italy and addressed to the Bank of Spain, one of the traditional stalwarts of European high finance. As a result, the Bank of Spain—which was headed by none other than the Duke of Alba's fellow-monarchist and friend, Antonio Goicochea, and was indirectly administered by another staunch old reactionary, Finance Minister Benjumea Burin—had been fined for smuggling!

The worm-eaten condition of the Franco economy had been brought about largely by the Nationalists' policy of enriching the elite bureaucracy while keeping the great mass of Spanish people on the borderline of starvation. That policy had also produced an ever widening disparity between wages and the cost of living. External factors, such as the cutting off of exports to Germany, the lack of foreign

credits, and the artificial, high rate of exchange of the peseta in relation to the dollar, had made matters even worse.

All these shortcomings and contradictions were combining inexorably to plunge Spain of the Caudillo into an economic crisis so grave that, unless other powers intervened to help Franco, it could end only with a major political upheaval.

IX

DELIVERING THE PRODUCERS

I

EVEN THAT DRAB little carnival, with its cheap prizes of bottles of cider and cans of talcum powder, in one of Madrid's most squalid sections, was not without its plethora of official placards. Nailed on posts along the dust-heaped, cobblestoned street where the shabby crowds of men, women and children, moving in two opposite streams, shuffled silently past the gayly decorated but quite empty booths, many of the placards showed the Falange emblem of the yoke and five arrows.

I turned to my bright young companion, a seamstress whom I had met through her brother Manuel, an ex-newspaperman who was eking out a miserable livelihood for himself and his family of four by working eleven hours a day as a "printer's devil" in a small, dirty, privately owned shop in the old part of the city. Why, I asked her, was the Falange emblem sometimes called *El Cangrejo*—The Crab?

With apparent casualness, she placed a finger against her lips as a sign that I was talking too loudly.

"Look at it horizontally," she said, in a voice just above a whisper, "does it not appear to be a crab?"

I hadn't thought of that. But now I saw that it was so.

"And does not the crab of necessity move backward?" she continued, with that delightful formality and precision of speech I found to be so common among the people.

"Truly, it does," I replied, although the question was properly not meant to be answered except, perhaps, with an affirmative nod.

“And is it not clear,” she went on, “that they, *los de la situación*—the ones with the jobs—are likewise moving backward and, at the same time, moving the country backward?”

2

Nowhere was the retrogressive course consistently pursued by the Franco government more glaringly in evidence than in those fundamental activities that concerned the everyday social welfare of men, women and children in general, and of labor in particular.

Spain's free trade unions, among the oldest and most militant in all Europe, had been smashed, their leaders imprisoned, tortured and executed—unless they had been fortunate enough to escape into exile. Strikes had been outlawed. All Spanish labor had been grouped into state Syndicates and these had been placed directly under the control of the Falange.

The full fury of the Nationalist state had been unleashed, first of all, against the *Casas del Pueblo*, those workers' social and cultural centers which the Republic had established throughout Spain. A gruesome tale of the extermination of a *Casa del Pueblo* in a village in Valladolid province was told to me by a woman from that village who peddled *mantillas* and whom I knew quite well.

When Franco's forces had entered her village, they had rushed to the *Casa del Pueblo* where one of the weekly cinema showings was being held for the local working folk who belonged to the center. The Nationalists had made no arrests, but had simply turned their machine-guns on the dazed men and women there. The entire gathering had been massacred. On the following day, when my friend had passed by, through the wide-open doorway she had seen the bodies still piled up inside.

After the workers' organizations had been crushed, the Falange and other leaders under Franco proceeded to carry out the *depuración*, the "purifying," of all privately owned industries and business establishments. This had resulted in the wholesale fining, imprisonment or execution of scores of thousands of workers and employees charged with being active trade-union members: "Marxists," in the words of the Nationalists, or supporters of the Republic, "Reds."

All the job vacancies created by the purge had then been placed with the official employment bureaus. These were mostly Falange-controlled but they also included at least one priest, called an *Asesor Religioso*, or Religious Assessor, in each local branch, whose chief function it was to see that only faithful churchgoers were given employment.

However, in line with the Franco government's growing pretense at becoming more liberal, the official employment bureaus—*Oficinas de Colocación*—had set up a list of "priorities" for job-seekers. These so-called priorities ostensibly permitted even those at the bottom of the list—the *Libres*, or "Free Ones," as the Republicans and their families were labelled, with unwitting irony—to hold jobs, too. But in practice, the "Free Ones" were lucky if they were able to obtain even the lowest kind of menial jobs.

Since Franco and his confederates claimed to be setting up a "National-Syndicalist State," whose success depended on the active cooperation of Spanish labor, the Falange demagogues had continued to make overtures of one kind or another in an effort to win labor's support.

Thus, capitalism was constantly attacked in official speeches and writings. And Falange and other government organs waged an unending publicity campaign extolling the virtues of such Falange-created workers' benefits as the family subsidy, old-age pensions and health insurance.

The effect of such propaganda among the working people of Spain was, nevertheless, practically nil. As far as the great majority of the Spanish population was concerned, the vaunted benefits granted by the Franco Government signified little more than a further increase in taxes.

In September of 1944, for example, in defiance of government attempts at intimidation and coercion, thousands of workers throughout Spain, including all the workers in the metallurgical industry, refused to sign up for the official health-insurance plan which had been ushered in with a considerable flourish of publicity by Labor Minister Girón's lieutenants and the Falange propaganda set-up.

Paco's Labor Minister, the beefy, sensual José Antonio Girón, a notorious ignoramus who was said to have begun his career in the Falange as a *pistolero*, or gunman, also enjoyed the reputation of being the most outspoken of the men around Franco. Among his Falange colleagues he was known as the *chico indiscreto*, or indiscreet lad, who kept repeating, with growing frequency and reckless abandon:

"This regime is going to the dogs. The jig is up, boys."

He had formed the habit of running to Franco often to inform him of new symptoms that the government's position was deteriorating. This practice had become a thorn in the side of the other members of the cabinet. They finally put a stop to it by insisting that one of them should accompany him whenever he called on Franco.

Although Girón's authority was curtailed to some extent by one of the wildest and most ruthless of the Falange chiefs, Sanz Orrio, whom Franco had made head of the Syndicates and Vice-Secretary of Social Works, the unlettered labor minister had surrounded himself with a set of hyper-active press agents who managed to keep Girón's name, rather than that of his rival, in the forefront of most activities connected with labor and social security.

Girón's press agents were also responsible for the series of measures, such as the health-insurance plan and the syndical elections, through which the labor ministry sought to win the voluntary support of Spanish labor—not only for Franco and the Falange, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for José Antonio Girón, who liked to picture himself as a messiah of the masses.

The hollowness of such efforts to woo the Spanish workers, however, was made clear to me shortly before the scheduled parade to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the Glorious Uprising. At the behest of Girón's advisors, Paco had made the biggest of all days in the Nationalist calendar a "Festival of Exaltation of Labor." But there was nothing voluntary about the projected attendance of the *productores*, or "producers"—the "non-Marxist" terms which the Falange had substituted for that of "workers"—at the celebration over which little Franco himself was to preside. The participation of all producers in these parades was made obligatory.

Furthermore, stern orders—a copy of which I was able to get hold of—had been issued by the Falange's Provincial Syndicate in Madrid to the managements of all business establishments in the capital, stressing the significance of the anniversary parade as a tribute to the Caudillo, and outlining the proposed line of march. Most important of all was the brief form attached to the orders which had to be filled out by the management, signed, and turned over to a representative of the chief of the Falange's Provincial Syndicate, at the specified gathering point for the parade:

"As manager of this firm, I certify: That it has _____ producers, and I herewith deliver to the Chief of the Provincial Syndicate of _____, at the place and time indicated, _____ producers to take part in the concentration of the 18th day of July of 1944."

Other countries, interested in increasing production and the improvement of working conditions, might believe in "delivering the goods." But Franco's National-Syndicalist State was obsessed mainly with the fear-ridden, despotic need to "deliver the producers."

3

The Spanish people were dying. Not at the rate which had marked the slaughter of the Civil War fighting or the massacres after that or the deaths caused by the bitter famine of the first two years following the Glorious Triumph in 1939. They were dying slowly, but surely, of gradual starvation and the hundreds of illnesses that wait in ambush to pounce upon the body weakened by malnutrition and wracked by desperation over the struggle to survive. Their spirits were strong and unfaltering, but their bodies—even the tough, stubborn frames of the Spanish peasants—had long since begun to yield to disease and death.

Few figures were available on the sharp rise in the incidence of tuberculosis and other disease brought on by overwork and under-nourishment, as reported to me by several of my Spanish medical friends, including at least one renowned figure. However, Labor Minister Girón, in his published report for 1941-43, revealed the appalling rate of infant mortality throughout Spain. In 1943, according to that official report, out of a total of 1487 children born to couples who had carried off first honors in the recently established prize-winning contests for breeding the most numerous families, only 623, or slightly over 40 percent, were living.

Actually, I had been told, the infant mortality rate was

considerably higher in such key, populous provinces as Barcelona and Madrid. And in any case, statistics were scarcely necessary to prove that the Spanish people were gravely undernourished. All one had to do was to observe most of the people in the streets—not in the main avenues of the cities, from which the disreputable-looking were often effectively barred, but in the streets of towns and villages, and in the poorer districts of the cities. Their gray, pinched, anxious countenances and thin, shabbily-clothed bodies were convincing proofs of the pitiful deprivations they were compelled to endure.

Typical of the appalling problem that confronted the Spanish people in their effort to maintain a minimum-subsistence standard of living was the case of Jacinto, a bricklayer employed in the construction of a new apartment house in Madrid adjoining the one where I lived.

Jacinto received a daily wage of nine pesetas, and 20 centimos, or roughly one dollar, for working *de sol a sol*—“from sunup to sundown”—with about two hours off during the siesta period. He had a wife and three children. The family lived in a single rented room, located in one of the outlying *barrios*, for which he paid one peseta and 65 centimos daily. His subway and street-car fare to and from work every day cost him 50 centimos.

Out of the remaining seven pesetas, he paid one peseta and 75 centimos for the family's daily ration of 150 grams of bread, 80 centimos for the lowest grade of olive oil he was able to obtain through the Falange-run ration board, two pesetas for potatoes—which were not always available—and 80 centimos for charcoal, when the supply had not been dumped entirely on the costly black market. Fifty-eight centimos went for soap.

Thus, by limiting itself to that wretched, near-starvation diet of 150 grams of bread, 300 grams of potatoes and 35

grams of olive-oil every day for all its members, the family of five managed to save one peseta and seven centimos daily—about six cents—with which to purchase shoes and clothes!

But the price of nearly all articles of clothing, like that of most foodstuffs, had risen anywhere from 300 to 1000 percent since 1936, whereas wages had remained more or less at the 1936 level. Moreover, there was a permanent shortage of many articles, while others were defective or adulterated. Milk, when it was available, contained 50 percent water, in accordance with official regulations.

Employees, who earned from 35 to 50 pesetas daily, ate little better than workmen like Jacinto, because the nature of their positions compelled them to live in costlier quarters and to spend a far greater portion of their salaries on clothes. A pair of the worst-grade shoes, which sometimes lasted only two weeks, cost 90 pesetas, or about eight dollars; a man's suit, 500 pesetas—more than the average employee earned in a month.

But all this constituted relative prosperity beside the gutter existence which thousands of ostracized "Reds" and their families were forced to lead. In the working-class districts and poverty-stricken suburbs of Madrid, Barcelona and other cities, many such people lived among ruined buildings, in caves, and in trenches still remaining from the Civil War. At the mouth of Vallehermoso street, in Madrid, there were even people living in bomb craters in a cemetery.

As a gesture toward coping with the gigantic problem of relief and social assistance confronting it, the Franco government had created several powerful welfare bureaus, all controlled by top Falange officials—in the face of strong opposition from the clergy, who looked upon charity and welfare as traditional prerogatives of the Church, and occa-

sionally distributed small amounts of food to some of the needy.

Chief among the social welfare agencies run by the Falange were the *Auxilio Social*, or Social Aid, headed by the enterprising but fumbling Carmen de Icaza, and the Falange's Feminine Section led by the sister of The Absent One, Pilar Primo de Rivera.

Pilar, a fanatical, middle-aged devotee of the Falange, was said to have fired the fatal shot from a speeding automobile, during the days of the Republic, which had killed Juanita Rico, a brilliant young woman who had achieved national fame as one of the most militant leaders of the since outlawed Socialist Youth Federation. As head of the Falange's Feminine Section, she waged a bitter, unending battle to wrest control of the more powerful and lucrative *Auxilio Social* from Carmen de Icaza, her closest political rival among Spanish women.

It was a losing battle, however. Too many Falange officials—from the Interior Ministry which had final jurisdiction over the *Auxilio Social*, the National Lottery and all other projects involving collection of funds for public welfare, to the most petty Falange village official who supervised the collection and administration of the funds—had a finger in that rich official pie.

Millions of pesetas were collected by the *Auxilio Social* through regular and special sales taxes, and by means of its bi-weekly public *colecta* that exacted 30 centimos from everyone in sight, in exchange for the small paper flag without which, on those days, it was impossible to enter any public place. Owners of cafes, cinemas and other public establishments were constantly having to pay 100-peseta fines because Falange inspectors had spotted people there who were not wearing the *Auxilio Social* emblem for that day.

Particularly active on such days were the uniformed Falange Youth boys and girls who descended on pedestrians everywhere to sell them the little paper flags. In Barcelona I had even seen them on their bicycles riding in furious pursuit of a diplomatic car that had failed to obey their stop signal.

The *Auxilio Social* also exacted six months of free service in the public kitchens and other relief centers from all Spanish women. I knew one girl in Madrid who lived in mortal terror of being discovered by that organization because, sickened by the graft and intimidation practiced by the *Auxilio Social* officials, she had fled before her six-months terms was up. Unless they could present certificates showing that they had completed their service with the *Auxilio Social*, Spanish women were denied the various privileges such as the necessary safe-conduct papers for travelling, and they were subjected to constant persecution. Exceptions to this treatment were confined to those willing to purchase immunity from Falange officials with bribes and favors of one kind or another.

Even without this coercion, the lot of Spanish women under the National Syndicalist state, with its emphasis on "home and the family," and its general discouragement of women's participation in the nation's political, economic or cultural life, was not an enviable one.

Behind the continuous, high-pressure publicity campaign in favor of the *Auxilio Social* and its relief activities, lay a disgusting story of inadequacy and corruption. Only a small percentage of the *Auxilio Social's* practically unlimited funds was devoted to public relief, typified in the long lines of old men and ragged, unkempt women and children whom one often saw waiting before the *Auxilio Social* kitchens for a slice of bread and a miserable bowl of foul-smelling soup.

Everywhere I went, the *Auxilio Social*, through the priests who served as Provincial Assessors of Moral and Religious Questions, and the nuns who had been placed in charge of the agency's orphan asylums and other institutions for children of poor families, appeared to be far more interested in feeding religion rather than vitamins to the hungry children and starving adults of Spain. When I left Spain, the *Auxilio Social* was busy organizing its first "National Catechism Contest and Exposition."

Meanwhile, infant mortality was increasing at an alarming rate, the incidence of disease caused by malnutrition was still rising, and every day throughout Spain more starving men and women in their twenties and thirties, already weakened by imprisonment and torture, died "natural" deaths.

The Spanish people could have borne their naked misery and suffering with less resentment and smoldering fury, and perhaps more of that patience which they had shown toward the conditions of extreme poverty that had been one of Spain's cruellest burdens for centuries, had it not been for the prevalence of such crass practices as permitting vast quantities of expensive cakes and other pastries to be manufactured and brazenly placed in show-windows at the same time the people were told to believe that the scarcity of bread was due to a flour shortage. Worst of all was the flagrant display of abundance and general good-living in which officials and friends of the regime, and their families, often indulged publicly.

"There is plenty of eating going on in Spain," a Madrid taxicab driver said to me, with thinly concealed rage, "even if we do not eat."

Hotels, restaurants, cafes, bars and cabarets were filled only with those privileged Falange and other officials and their harlots and hangers-on, together with a liberal

sprinkling of foreign diplomats and embassy clerks, enjoying succulent fare and rich wines in an atmosphere of gaiety and music that was like the resurrection of an ancient Dance of Death, choreographed by some diabolical Spanish *gitana* or gypsy-woman, against the stark background of starving Spain and war-torn Europe beyond.

X

LONG LIVE DEATH!

I

FROM MY FRIEND Leonardo, a professor of languages in a town in Old Castile province, I learned of the 1937 Salamanca meeting which promised to be one of Franco's greatest successes.

The Uprising had been launched only a year earlier, but the military course of the civil war, in spite of Mola's failure to take Madrid, was already progressing in favor of the Nationalists who were receiving a steady stream of supplies and armed "volunteers" from both Italy and Germany. On the political front, events had been no less favorable, largely because of the hands-off policy adopted by Britain, France and the United States.

To cap Franco's optimistic outlook for the meeting in the venerable old capital of Salamanca, whose university had once been the intellectual center of the Spanish Empire, had been called to establish the fact once and for all that, notwithstanding Republican claims to the contrary, the hope of Spanish culture depended on the success of Nationalist arms. To bolster that argument, and as a means of politically further strengthening the Nationalist cause, the few prominent Spanish intellectuals who had allied themselves with, or at least passively accepted, the Nationalists, had been invited to speak at the important gathering which included such notables as Franco's wife, Carmen, and several dignitaries of the Church.

Even the celebrated Miguel de Unamuno, sometimes termed Spain's greatest philosopher since Loyola, had agreed to attend the meeting.

The political position of Unamuno, the distinguished old Basque scholar whose *Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples* was known throughout the world, had been a difficult one, fraught with vacillations and double contradictions. Although the courageous old philosopher and former Rector of the University of Salamanca had been identified in the popular mind with the cause of Spanish progress and popular government, he had turned against the Republic because of its failure to solve the growing social conflicts that were driving Spain toward a new and bigger political crisis at the time the Uprising broke out.

On the other hand, he had avoided endorsing the Franco-led rebellion openly. He had simply remained in Salamanca, which had become part of Nationalist-held Spain early in the war and which was Franco's first seat of government before its early removal to Burgos. Unamuno had declined to address the scheduled meeting, but he had agreed to attend it.

His decision to be present had pleased Franco greatly. Although he was too busy directing military operations to attend the gathering himself, he had asked his wife to act as Unamuno's hostess. In view of their guest's decision not to make an address, that meant that Carmen would have to sit beside him among the audience rather than on the speakers' platform. But the mere presence of Spain's most brilliant, outstanding philosopher, Franco had been quick to realize, would constitute a powerful argument with which to refute the repeated Republican charges that the Nationalist movement was reactionary and anti-cultural.

The strange turn that the meeting had taken, however, was attributed by my friend, the professor of languages who had known Unamuno well, to the distinguished old thinker's "lack of political sense." But another professor from Galicia, who had also known Unamuno, told me that

the aging scholar, sensing his own death approaching, had seen in the meeting a long-awaited opportunity to clarify his own position toward the Nationalists whom he had supported passively in the hope that they might correct some of the mistakes committed during the Republic but who had since shown that their victory would signify terror and enslavement for the Spanish people.

In any case, the grand old man of modern Spanish philosophy, wrinkled and hardy as the great oak at Guernica which was sacred to all Basques, had sat at the meeting quietly, occasionally stroking his short, pointed, white beard, listening to the speakers, most of them leaders of the new, invigorated Falange.

Then, as one of the speakers launched into a tactless condemnation of the regionalist movements of Spain, the aged renowned scholar from the Vascongada, as the Basque country is known, had begun to bristle.

"The Basques are anything but Spaniards," the Falangist speaker had shouted, "they don't even know our language!"

The celebrated polemist had risen to his feet at once. A hush had fallen over the audience as his reply to the Falangist orator had descended, in typical Unamuno fashion, swift and sharp as an axe:

"As you all know, I am a Basque. But I have also had the pleasure of teaching some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Madrid the Spanish language."

Unamuno had not yet resumed his seat, when a man near-by, wearing the uniform of the Spanish Foreign Legion, had sprung up, his face dark with fury. It was General Millán Astray himself—"The Madman," as he was often called—wearing the familiar patch over his missing eye, one sleeve of his jacket hanging limp and empty where the arm was gone. Waving an army pistol in his lone hand, the notorious adventurer and bully who had once made Fran-

co his favorite and had since received many favors from the all-powerful Caudillo in return, had bellowed:

“Down with intelligence!”

Preserving a majestic outer calm that gave no indication of the volcanic rage that was seething within him, Unamuno, still on his feet, had then uttered the prophetic warning that the Nationalists’ victory would be bloody and meaningless:

“*Venceréis pero no convenceréis*—ye will conquer but not convince!”

Unable to contain his own frenzy any longer, shouting above the growing uproar in the auditorium, Franco’s bosom friend, Millán Astray, pointed his gun at the aged man and shrieked the piercing cry of the *Tercio* which many of the old “Africanists” still loved to use:

“*Viva la muerte*—long live death!”

But by the time the crazed soldier-of-fortune had been ready to pull the trigger, a woman had jumped up from one of the seats beside Unamuno and was standing between the two men. It was Carmen. For a moment, they had stood thus, the Caudillo’s handsome wife facing the tough, neurotic man who had been the beloved friend of her husband during the latter’s youth and because of whose unsavory reputation her parents had long refused to permit her marriage to the Caudillo.

While Millán Astray had stood there hesitating, with his pistol still raised, Carmen had taken Unamuno’s arm and hurried him out of the auditorium.

Not long afterward, the great Spanish philosopher and essayist had died—“of a heart broken by his apprehension over the future of Spain,” some of his friends told me.

Behind that cry of "long live death!" lay the unwitting revelation of the real attitude pursued by Franco and his supporters toward all cultural and educational progress.

While seemingly the rivalry between the Church and the Falange was nowhere more bitter than in the fight to run the country's schools, actually a more or less stable compromise in the monopoly of national education had been reached between the two. In public schools and universities, the Catholic dogma and Falange-supervised military training easily occupied the outstanding places in the limited curricula.

Teaching staffs were made up of priests—and nuns in the girls' schools—as well as a host of poorly trained Falangists and other supporters of the regime who had been rewarded with teaching jobs, regardless of their deplorable lack of qualifications, to supplant the thousands of Republican school teachers and university professors who had been exiled, imprisoned or massacred.

The new teachers, together with the leaders of the SEU and other Falange students' organizations, exercised nominal control over education. But the clergy, in addition to the direct influence wielded by its priests and nuns in the schools, was amply represented in all these key Falange organizations by the Religious Assessors who sat on the directing boards of the SEU, the uniformed Youth Front, and similar groups.

The embodiment of this union between the Falange and the Church was a notorious opportunist, Jose Ibáñez Martín, the Minister of National Education, whose crass, subservient nature was reflected in two of the most fear-haunted eyes that ever sought refuge behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. A former member of the reactionary, cleri-

cal CEDA, which had made him one of its representatives in the Republican Cortes, Ibáñez Martín had long been known among his colleagues as a fair-weather friend. He had been one of the first to jump on the Falange bandwagon as soon as it had become clear that the new organization had at least the tacit backing of the Church.

Under Ibáñez Martín, the Ministry of National Education, closely advised by top Falangists and clerics, selected textbooks, chose personnel, established curricula, and ran Franco Spain's educational system—such as it was—from the smallest village school to the once distinguished universities of Madrid, Granada, Santiago, and others. Under Ibáñez Martín, the widely hated Jesuits had reappeared in Spain as a strengthened intellectual force challenging all that modern liberal thought stood for.

But even many of the Republican families who could afford to do so preferred to send their boys or girls to private religious schools where they were taught by educated priests or nuns, rather than to the public educational institutions where they were at the mercy of the incompetent State appointees—thousands of whom had been rewarded after one year of Falange training, with college degrees normally requiring at least four years of diligent study.

Since there was no compulsory education, however, and since the Franco officialdom often discouraged the education of children of "Red" families, most of these families—who, in any case, felt only intense dislike for the official schools—taught their children the rudiments of education at home. Because of the real strides made by the Republic toward wiping out illiteracy, many families could do this.

I knew several such children in the poorer districts of Madrid, where I sometimes took long walks on Sundays and during free hours at noon and in the evening. At those hours, particularly in the evening, children could nearly

always be seen playing in the streets. I was often deeply impressed by the patience and cooperativeness they displayed toward each other and toward the younger children. Once I listened to an older girl quietly explain to a little boy the rules of the game which he was wont to disregard recklessly.

But among many families, in addition to the widespread hunger and poverty, the illiteracy of the parents was a further blight in the life of the children. Sometimes persevering friends of the family undertook to give the children at least an elementary education. Obviously this was a most haphazard and unsatisfactory solution to the problem of the education of the young.

Education, long a festering sore on the social body of Spain, had attained an unprecedented degree of neglect and corruption under Franco's rule, which had undone all the good work initiated several decades earlier by an enlightened Spanish educator, Francisco Giner de los Ríos, through the *Institución Libre de la Enseñanza* which he had founded and which had exercised a slow but penetrating influence on Spanish education until the advent to power of *El Caudillo* and his associates.

Not only had many of the existing school buildings been converted into military barracks, religious convents and monasteries, and Falange headquarters, but the construction of new schools was almost at a standstill. Less than five percent of the State sums spent on the construction and repair of church edifices was allotted to the building of schools, and most of this money found its way into the pockets of Falange and other officials with connections in the profitable State-controlled building trades.

Typical of the manner in which the Falange and the Church exercised joint control not only over education in general, but also over those special courses which led to

careers in medicine and other sciences, and over the field of science itself, was the organization known under the Latin name of *Opus Dei*, or "Work of God."

Opus Dei had been set up by the Church through the religious orders of San Cosme and San Damian, with the active cooperation of Education Minister Ibáñez Martín, for the purpose of controlling medical practice in Spain. Teaching and medicine had long been among the Church's chief targets of attack. Control was manipulated by means of a five-man council, whose members were appointed by Ibáñez Martín, which had to approve the final granting of practicing licenses to graduate students in medicine.

Like all the other sciences, medicine in Spain was, on the whole, in a shocking state of neglect. There were a few good modern hospitals, but they were largely for the use of officials and their families. Thousands of physicians and specialists had been jailed and slaughtered or driven into exile by the Nationalists for having attended to wounded Republicans or merely for having favored the Republican form of government.

Although Franco's victory had been clinched five years earlier, hundreds of such men who had managed to escape death and exile were still being denied the right to practice their professions legally, in spite of the country's dire need for their services. Some, however, had succeeded in building up a private, secret clientele—in a few cases, ironically, among the families of Franco officials—or were working as assistants to some of their colleagues who had been fortunate enough to be visiting with friends in what was to become Nationalist-held territory shortly after the start of the Glorious Uprising.

Scientific and cultural research and study in Franco Spain was under the joint, rigid control and constant vigilance of the State organization known as the *Instituto de*

España, which comprised all the recognized scientific and cultural societies, such as the Historical Association and the Academy of Fine Arts, and another State organization called the *Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas*, made up of all the official research institutes in the arts and sciences.

The *Instituto de España*, which Franco flamboyantly termed the "Senate of Spanish Culture" in his decree of January 1, 1938, creating that super-academy, was headed by the Most Excellent and Most Illustrious Sr. Doctor Leopoldo Eijo Garay, the ardently pro-Falange bishop of Madrid-Alcalá. The *Consejo* was under the direct management of the Falangist Minister of National Education, José Ibáñez Martín.

Similarly, the top professorial chairs in the leading universities, colleges and institutes were quite evenly divided between Falangists like García Valdecasas and Javier Conde, and clerics like Padre Manuel Barbado Viejo.

3

The decline of education and science in Franco Spain under the backward-moving guidance of the Falange and Church hierarchies had been accompanied by a parallel disintegration of all cultural life.

The low level of expression characterizing the press, radio and similar fields of enlightenment and entertainment in Spain of the Caudillo was due largely to the Falange, which had insisted on grouping all such activities under "propaganda" from the start of the Franco administration and on maintaining an almost exclusive and ironclad monopoly over them. This had been accomplished through the Falange's *Vice-Secretaría de Educación Popular*, which in effect was the regime's propaganda ministry.

The *Vice-Secretaría*, as it was commonly referred to, was run by the Falange's General Secretary, Arrese, through the National Propaganda Delegate, Arias Salgado, the National Press Delegate, Juan Aparicio, and other top-flight Falangist newspapermen and journalists who were responsible for setting the general propaganda line not only in the nation's press, radio and newsreels, but in theatre, art and other exhibits, feature films, and even dance and musical programs.

All personnel in the information and entertainment fields, moreover, had to be selected and approved by the *Vice-Secretaría*. This was carried out diligently in accordance with Franco's basic practice of discrimination against the "Reds." Such control was even extended to public libraries, where no one without an official *ficha de lector* or "reader's permit" was allowed to enter. Similarly, an attempt was made to eliminate political "undesirables" from the Spanish radio-listening audience by means of taxes which all radio owners were asked to pay "voluntarily" from time to time and which enabled the authorities to keep some sort of check on thousands of Spanish radio listeners.

As a result of these tight political controls over personnel, subject-matter and presentation, Spanish entertainment and journalism had deteriorated and cultural life in general had undergone an almost total eclipse.

The country's most distinguished writers, except for a few figures—such as Pio Baroja, Concha Espina, and Azorín—had fled into exile. Among the very few who had elected to remain, Azorín, once one of Spain's most brilliant and promising prose writers, had become little more than a sycophantic scribbler of rhetorical essays in praise of Paco and his "new order."

Sickened by the deluge of flamboyant propaganda poured out in the State-endorsed books and the official,

Falange-controlled publications, a large part of the Spanish reading public had turned away from serious reading to devote itself to the consumption of cheap detective magazines.

But not entirely. Everywhere in Spain, for instance, men and women still quoted passages from the poems of the beloved young poet, Federico García Lorca, who had been massacred in his native Granada province by the Nationalists shortly after the Uprising. In nearby Córdoba, when I inquired about his death, although I was told apologetically by a young Falangist shopkeeper that the shooting of the brilliant poet had been a "mistake," undertaken at the order of a Granada police-chief who had afterwards fled to escape certain reprisal, I was also cautioned strongly against mentioning the name of García Lorca in public.

Nevertheless, the popularity of the lyric poet and dramatist who had displayed real genius in enriching the music and form of Spanish folk verse with sophisticated and occasional social meanings, was so patent throughout Spain, that even the *Vice-Secretaría* had found it expedient to permit the publication of a new edition of his poems. This edition did not, of course, include some of García Lorca's best work which had been directed against the Spanish *carabinieri* known as the Civil Guard. To him, the *guardias civiles* were men with "patent leather souls," the oppressors and persecutors of the common people, and he had hated them:

*"They pass at their pleasure,
Each head hiding
Its vague astronomy
Of abstract pistols."*

Only the pistols had not been so abstract. For Civil Guard officials—many of whom had gone over to Franco's side—were said to have played a leading part in the death of their

inspired enemy whose work was already achieving international as well as national renown.

4

A spirit of gloom and depression pervaded the Spanish theatre, which had shown such promise during the Republic and which had since been rendered sterile by Falange control and censorship.

The play which enjoyed the longest run in Madrid during my stay there was a brittle, unoriginal piece entitled *De lo Pintado a lo Vivo*. Shortly before I left the country, a forthcoming production of the classic, *Fuente Ovejuna*, by Spain's great dramatist of the 16th century, Lope de Vega, was announced. But there was the usual joker which accompanied all official pretenses at granting freedom of expression in the arts. The famous revolutionary play, set against a background of peasant life in Andalucía, had been adapted by the Falangist writer, Giménez Caballero, and no penetrating analysis was required to know that the modern adaptation would, like everything else written by Giménez Caballero—the Madrid university professor who had become a convert to fascism and its Spanish counterpart, Falangism—contain a crude apology for Franco.

An even worse atmosphere of mediocrity and shallowness surrounded the limited production of Spanish films.

The budding industry was rife with graft and corruption, as I had opportunity to observe during a visit to a film studio on the outskirts of Madrid. During the lavish luncheon with which I was entertained in the producer's private dining room, I was told how Syndicate officials were demanding an even larger cut of the profits than was customary because they had permitted the studio to operate in spite of the growing shortage of electricity.

Most of the films shown in Spain—which, in proportion to the size of the population, could perhaps claim the largest movie audience in Europe—were second-rate Hollywood products, although occasionally a top-notch if old picture like “The Informer” miraculously managed to get through the ubiquitous Falange and ecclesiastical censorship with only a few deletions.

While the Falange censorship was concerned chiefly with eliminating violations of the political line, the Church censors concentrated their talents on weeding out shots and sequences which they considered morally harmful. Frequently even the most innocent kissing scenes were taken out, to the dismay and, at times, amusement of the Spanish audiences. These were very quick to detect the absence of almost any detail properly belonging to an *escena de amor*.

5

In spite of the wide prevalence of illiteracy and lack of formal education, the Spaniards are an alert and genuinely sophisticated people, who have been taught by centuries of oppression and inquisitorial controls to discover the unwritten truth between the false or meaningless lines. Even Saint Theresa, centuries earlier, had to refer to the Inquisitors as “holy angels” in her letters, in order to get them by the ecclesiastical censorship.

Nevertheless, the Franco government persisted in exercising a steel-vise censorship over all forms of cultural expression and the dissemination of news.

Because of the increasingly delicate international position in which Spain of the Caudillo found itself as a result of the approaching defeat of the Axis, the control of all news pertaining to world affairs, both in the national press—

which received it through the official agency for foreign news, EFE—and in the outgoing dispatches of foreign correspondents, had become the chief preoccupation of the official censors.

Control over news dealing with international events had also become the principal bone of contention between the Falange censors in the *Vice-Secretaría* and the censors employed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Even the parlor-magician Lequerica had not been able to ease that rivalry, in spite of his order, carried into effect the day after he took over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, compelling all Ministry censors to wear Falange uniforms.

The rivalry between the two groups of censors, the traditional ineptitude of Spanish censorship, and the mounting jitteriness of Franco officialdom over international developments, often resulted in the arbitrary blue-pencilling of dispatches filed by foreign correspondents. A typical instance was the refusal of one censor to permit an American press correspondent whom I knew to send a follow-up on the two-day-old report that the French tricolor had been raised over Hendaye, facing the Spanish town of Irún, after the German abandonment of the French border region.

“But why—why won’t you okay this dispatch?” my friend demanded.

“Because,” the official stubbornly insisted, “it cannot be true.”

“But I am merely quoting what everyone knows and what your own press has already reported,” my friend pointed out.

“*No importa*—it doesn’t matter,” replied the indignant censor. “I cannot believe that the Germans would permit themselves to be separated from us by the French.”

The dispatch was held up for nearly eight hours, until the next shift came on, when a censor who felt less let down

by the Germans' flight from the border along the Pyrenees allowed it to go through.

Even more symptomatic, however, of the fast approaching political crisis for the Franco regime was the bitter fight that occurred shortly before my departure from Spain between Falange newspaper editors throughout the country and officials of the *Vice-Secretaría*, who, as a gesture of appeasement toward the United States and Britain, Russia's allies, had futilely attempted to order the provincial papers to ease up on their anti-Russian campaign. The papers ignored the *Vice-Secretaría's* directive and even continued to refer to Leningrad as St. Petersburg.

Part Three

PARALLELS AND MERIDIANS

. . There is no abdication but death.

—From the Falange magazine *Juventud*

XI

BLOCKBUSTERS TO BLOCKED MARKS

1

JORGE HAD somehow remembered that my birthday coincided with a major Spanish national holiday, and had telephoned me from the *Vice-Secretaría's* office of censorship where he worked to invite me to accompany him that evening to see a Spanish film which had recently opened at the Palacio de la Música, one of Madrid's best cinemas.

I hesitated a little before finally accepting the invitation, mainly because I happened to be short on sleep, and night life in Madrid, which included movie-going, generally began late and ended very late; besides, I had good reason to doubt that the new Spanish picture would be worth staying up for.

However, I wanted to see the current Spanish newsreel which I had missed seeing at our latest private showing in the projection room of the building that served as official American press and information headquarters. And I knew that Jorge, in any case, would probably have some fresh piece of news or interesting gossip which he would be only too willing to divulge.

Although his earnings were high—he was on at least four different state and Falange payrolls—Jorge was in constant financial straits because of the many lady friends whom he was helping to support. In addition to his legally established family household consisting of his wife and three children, there were no less than five other *pisos* or apartments—in which he had installed as many mistresses—that he alternately gave as his address, depending on which day of the

week it happened to be. Jorge was, to put it mildly, *muy mujeriego*—very much of a woman-chaser.

Far more interesting to me than his bizarre family existence, however, was the fact that Jorge not only had excellent connections among the officials controlling the censorship and press bureaus of the *Vice-Secretaría*, but that he was also closely related to a prominent official in Paco's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. And in return for his frequent acceptance of my invitations to cocktails and dinner at my apartment, where—sometimes accompanied by one of his lady friends—he especially enjoyed the Scotch whiskey and the American cigarettes that I had been able to purchase through our Embassy, Jorge was quite generous with his information about the latest goings-on in the Falange and the Foreign Affairs Ministry.

Actually, it was more than a mere sense of reciprocity or a feeling of gratitude for my hospitality that made Jorge talk. He needed an audience that would be interested in hearing all the things he could not or would not discuss with the lady friends with whom he spent most of his free hours. Above all, like thousands of other Franco officials who could see the Axis collapse in the offing, Jorge was now very anxious to make friends among the Allied representatives in Spain, "for whatever might offer."

We met shortly before the evening show was scheduled to begin, at a little bar near the cinema on Madrid's Broadway, the Gran Via—which had been renamed Avenida José Antonio in honor of The Absent One. It was a rather odd hour, when most people were having their dinner, and so the place was quite empty. We sat at a table, drinking anis. Jorge began talking about the latest news of the war, which looked very good for the Allies, although the Normandy landings were still about a month off.

As usual, I quickly veered the conversation into Spanish

home channels, straight toward that most delicate topic which preoccupied all of Spain.

"Do you think," I asked bluntly, "that this regime can survive the coming Axis defeat?"

While he made no attempt to deny that Axis support had made Paco's victory possible, he insisted that the Nationalists had never felt any real sympathy for Germany—"a Protestant nation after all," he observed.

"What about the government's ties to Italy?" I needed.

"Whatever bonds had tied the Caudillo to Italy," Jorge replied immediately, as though he had rehearsed the words, "were broken as far back as 1941, when it became obvious that Mussolini feared our expansion into Africa and refused to offer Franco concessions in French Morocco and Algeria."

"Then what, exactly, is Spanish foreign policy now?" I asked.

"Believe me," he said, leaning forward dramatically, "we have finally reached a position of true neutrality."

I made no comment. But his words were to prove embarrassing to him scarcely a half hour later, when we were sitting in the Palacio de la Música watching the current *Nodo*, the official Spanish newsreel. A lot of it seemed to be made up of German shots of activities in the satellite nations and Nazi-occupied countries of Europe. I realized that these had not been included in the week's official accounting of the footage reporting Axis activities—which, by agreement with the British and ourselves, was not supposed to exceed the amount of footage publicizing Allied events—and I wondered how the *Vice-Secretaría* would explain that clear violation of their agreement.

The newsreel commentator soon gave me the answer. There was a long sequence of shots favorably depicting home-front activities in satellite Hungary and the puppet

states of Rumania and Bulgaria with which we were at war. In describing these activities, the commentator suddenly referred to the three countries as "neutrals."

The word had no sooner been spoken when a "ghost" voice from somewhere in the rear of the darkened auditorium spoke out:

"Neutrality for Hitler—like ours!"

Murmurs of astonishment swept through the audience, and the lights went on. In the rear of the auditorium, people were looking at each other in bewilderment more than in fright over the unusual occurrence. Some plainclothesmen had appeared in the rear aisles and were scanning the occupants of seats in the back rows.

Before the lights were again turned out, following that futile search for what must have been a trained ventriloquist, I caught sight of the expression on Jorge's face, as he tried to avoid my glance. It was the first and last time I ever saw him blush.

2

Franco's false neutrality, evident in all aspects of his foreign relations, was, like the cruel deceit that characterized every phase of his domestic policy, the inevitable consequence of his rise to power, against the will of the Spanish people, with the backing of Axis might.

Following the swift deaths of his confederates, Generals Goded and Fanjul, almost at the start of the Uprising, and the maneuvering of the Republican fleet off Tangier to prevent the crossing of the Nationalist troops from Morocco, it had become increasingly obvious to Franco that he would need the material and diplomatic aid which Mussolini and Ciano had already placed at his disposal and which had since been bolstered by further offers of support

from Hitler. The preliminary arrangements had been concluded at a meeting between Paco, Serrano Suñer and Juan March, and several German and Italian representatives, including the notorious Fascist general, Mario Roatta, who had posed as an Italian press correspondent in Spain and whom several of my Spanish acquaintances had known as a boastful bully—later, Roatta was to make a sensational escape from Rome while he was under trial as a leading war criminal.

On their part, the Axis powers had made it clear that they would not consider backing a Spanish rebellion led solely by reactionary monarchists like the Duke of Alba, who might easily lean toward Great Britain—where he held the high English title of Duke of Berwick—at some later date when political circumstances favored such a move. The Axis leaders were anxious, on the other hand, to exploit the possibilities offered by the Falange, the Blue Shirts, just as they were keenly interested in all the kindred “shirt” organizations throughout the world. The fact that the Falange, at that time, existed in little more than name, had not been considered a hindrance. If it had not existed at all, it would have had to be created.

Thus, while the Duke of Alba and the arch-intriguer Lequerica, faithfully carrying out Franco’s assignments, were encouraging England and France, respectively, to maintain a hands-off policy toward the Spanish Civil War, and while the future Pius XII and other representatives of the Vatican were performing a similar service for Franco in helping to shape America’s misguided attitude of non-intervention, Franco himself and the leaders of the new Falange were busily forging the military, political and economic ties—to say nothing of the ideological bonds—with Mussolini and Hitler which were to insure his eventual victory.

That victory had come three years later. And five months,

to the day, after Franco's triumphal entry into Madrid, Hitler had sent his legions rolling across the Polish borders and the second world conflagration of our time was under way.

Meanwhile, before announcing that Spain was a "non-belligerent"—the term used by Mussolini in defining his own position prior to his scavenger-like descent on prostrate France—Franco had become a signatory to the Axis-inspired Anti-Comintern Pact. At the same time, the more potent, less conflicting Nazi influence had quickly begun to supplant that of Fascist Italy in Spain of the Caudillo. And the German Luftwaffe's "blockbusters," which had been tried out on Barcelona, Guernica and other helpless Spanish cities and towns, had been replaced by the Nazi credit system of "blocked marks"—by means of which the bulk of Spain's resources, or what remained after the disastrous Civil War and the payment of Franco's huge war debt to the Axis powers in Europe, was mortgaged to the Hitler war machine largely in exchange for a post-war lien on German goods.

Thousands of German "receivers"—secret agents as well as accredited business and political representatives—had poured into bankrupt Spain. They had moved into every important institution in the cities and provinces, to guarantee the fulfillment of what the Caudillo, to pay for the success of the Glorious Uprising, had pledged in everything but name: the delivery of Spain.

He had pledged its lands and forests, mines and mills, politics and propaganda. In a larger sense, even its people. The war in Spain, far more than a civil war, it had soon been made evident, had turned out to be the Axis' opening battle for the conquest of Europe. And the Caudillo, once Europe's youngest general, had become its first Quisling.

Some of my friends told me how, during the worst months of famine in Spain, in 1940 and 1941, freight cars loaded with vast quantities of chickpeas, stringbeans, sugar, rice and other staple foodstuffs, had passed through Spain, en route to Germany, with the cynical words painted on the outside of each car:

“Spain’s surplus for the workers of Germany.”

Nor had any real effort been made to disguise the fact that the Franco regime looked forward to an eventual Axis victory and that almost every military, economic and political aid was being extended to the Axis cause—“Europe’s cause,” as the Franco press called it.

Conveniently ignoring all that such leading Nazis as Alfred Rosenberg had said or written to express their contempt of the Spanish “race” as a whole while praising the Spanish aristocracy as belonging to the “Nordic races,” Franco had had nothing but impassioned eulogies for Germany and its Fuehrer. As further proof of his unconcealed determination to strengthen Spanish bonds with Germany, he had encouraged the study of German in schools and colleges.

However, even after the German invasion of Russia—one of the few countries which had steadfastly refused to recognize Franco, and which he feared and hated almost above all else—an overt break with the Allied cause had not taken place, in spite of the efforts made by Franco’s brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer, who was said to be in the pay not only of both the Germans and the Italians but also of the Japanese, because of Mussolini’s refusal to agree to Spanish demands for Gibraltar and French North Africa as the price for open military participation.

Franco’s reticence to commit himself to an unequivocal,

open declaration of war had also been dictated by well grounded fears that such a move would bring many antagonistic but passive elements throughout Spain into active opposition against him. He would need more arms to meet that threat. Hitler had delayed sending those arms—they had discussed the matter at a meeting in February, 1941—until it was too late. Within four months, Hitler was absorbed in his fatal “drive to the east.”

Serrano Suñer—the “*Cuñadísimo*,” or “Supreme Brother-in-Law,” as he had been popularly nicknamed—had been replaced as Party Minister by the more malleable Arrese and as Foreign Minister by the conservative Count Jordana, a “fellow-Africanist” on whom Paco could always rely for support.

But in reality, Franco’s foreign policy had undergone little if any change. Just as the violently pro-Axis Serrano Suñer—ostensibly deprived of his political powers—had continued to serve as one of Franco’s closest counsellors, similarly, the secret slogan of “everything short of a declaration of war” had remained as Paco’s standing norm for bolstering the Axis cause.

While the domestic agricultural and industrial needs of the Spanish people had been largely ignored except as a rich source of graft and personal gain for the Franco officialdom—who had also found it lucrative to export thousands of Spanish workers to Germany and the German-occupied countries—such key industries as the steel mills of Vizcaya which could strengthen German armament production, the plants manufacturing synthetic fertilizers that could also be used for making Nazi explosives, and the factories making silk which could provide strings for the Luftwaffe’s parachutes, had been operating night and day under the supervision of German engineers and technicians.

Furthermore, outright ownership or financial control of many such industries, in addition to thousands of smaller businesses throughout Spain, had been obtained by German capital and German-controlled cartels like the powerful I. G. Farbenindustrie, either as compensation for their aid to Paco during the Civil War or through a variety of devices. These ranged from the payment of blocked credit-marks—whose value declined as the war in Europe dragged on and an Axis victory became more and more remote—to the use of counterfeit Franco money conveniently made in Leipzig by the same Nazi firm which had contracted to print the Franco Government's legal issue.

By 1942, the year of Himmler's hurried visit to Spain, German capital had acquired direct control of nearly one-fifth of all of Spain's limited companies. By 1944, the one-fifth was estimated to have grown to one-half. Shipbuilding, mining, chemical, food-processing and other basic industries in Spain had been widely penetrated by German capital and German technicians, and thousands of German businessmen had entrenched themselves in every province of Spain as owners of hotels, bookstores, hardware shops, and all kinds of other commercial establishments.

Even after the Allied landings in North Africa in November of 1942, in spite of Franco's announcement that his position, formerly defined as "non-belligerent," had become one of "vigilant neutrality," his policy had remained basically unaltered in favor of the Axis. In those critical weeks, he had continued to use the poorly veiled and often reiterated threat that he might yet ally Spain openly with the Axis as a weapon against the Allies.

That weapon—a military as well as a political one—had been backed up by the presence of a force of German "technicians" in Spanish Morocco, and had succeeded in rendering an American force inactive during a large part

of the North African campaign against Rommel by compelling it to remain "at ready" in the Allied-occupied territory facing Spanish Morocco. And for a long time, Spanish batteries opposite Gibraltar had continued to fire at American and British planes which sometimes unavoidably crossed a narrow corner of Spanish territory in making a difficult turn right after the take-off.

On top of these provocative acts, considerable aid had been extended to the Axis by permitting German spies to operate freely in Tangier, which Franco had seized in 1940, violating the international control that had been exercised there by agreement with several other powers, including France and Great Britain. Four days after the landings in North Africa, Franco's radio transmitter at Valladolid had boasted:

"Contrary to the Yankee beliefs, their occupation of North Africa was no surprise to Hitler. The presence of the convoy at Gibraltar was noted."

German planes had used Majorca as a base from which to bomb American and other Allied shipping, moving troops and supplies to North Africa. German submarines had refueled at Spanish ports. The German Consulate in Tangier had finally been closed in the spring of 1944, after countless delays. But this move, along with a few other concessions to the Allies, including the turning over of several Italian ships which had sought immunity from seizure in Spanish ports, and the drastic curtailment of shipments of wolfram to Germany—had been made only as part of a larger agreement with the United States and Great Britain which provided for the lifting of the temporary American oil embargo against Franco Spain.

"Vigilant neutrality," translated into the hard language of Franco's ruthless diplomatic maneuvering with the Allies had revealed its true meaning: international blackmail

against the Allied governments and their armies of liberation.

That meaning had been made strikingly clear on repeated occasions throughout Count Jordana's tenure of office as Foreign Minister. As late as the spring of 1944, while I was in Madrid, Allied protests over the uninterrupted flow of Spanish wolfram—a vital ore from which tungsten is obtained—and other war materials to Germany, in the face of a promised six-month embargo, had been met by Foreign Minister Jordana with the complaint that he was helpless against the Falange demands for continuing aid to the Axis. As a result, there had been further bargaining.

The problem of the wolfram shipments to Germany had finally been solved by the United States and Great Britain through the simple but very costly expedient of purchasing almost the entire supply of Spanish wolfram—none of which was needed by the Allies. Through this kind of "preclusive buying" which had been forced on their government's economic agents—several of whom were my fellow-passengers on the Pan-American Clipper that took me to Portugal—the American people had paid Franco no less than 160,000,000 hard-earned dollars only to keep Spanish wolfram out of Hitler's war machine.

Part of that money, I was reliably told, had enabled Franco to buy his luxurious summer estate at Pazo de Meiras where he spent part of each summer enshrouded in the soft, dreamy mists that often covered the northern coast of Spain.

It was there, in the summer of 1944, after the Allied landings in France, and following the sudden death of Count Jordana, that Lequerica had been summoned from his ambassadorial post at Vichy to take the oath of office as Franco's new Foreign Minister.

A member of the Falange's National Council, Lequerica had been largely responsible for engineering not only the Falange-Traditionalist merger, but also, as Franco's envoy at Vichy, the Pétain-Hitler armistice. Pétain had conferred the Grand Cross of the French Legion of Honor on him, and Hitler had given him the Grand Cross, German Eagle. In Vichy, after the fall of Manila to the Japanese, Lequerica had given a cocktail party at which he had offered a toast to the Mikado.

It was ironical that Lequerica—whose political record since the Uprising was a photographic image of the Franco collaborationist policy which had favored the Axis cause, not only in Spain and the rest of Europe, but, by means of the *Falange Exterior* and the *Hispanidad* programs, in the Philippines and throughout the Western Hemisphere as well—should have been chosen to direct the new phase of the Caudillo's foreign policy which was to be labelled "strict neutrality."

A few weeks earlier the Allied armies had smashed through the "Atlantic Wall" to land in neighboring France. Franco had resorted to the cheap trick of ordering the auto-graphed photographs of Hitler and Mussolini removed from his anteroom in the Pardo Palace.

4

It remained to be seen whether Great Britain and the United States would accept Lequerica's protestations of "strict neutrality," which were later to be followed by a break in diplomatic relations with Japan, as the Falange-controlled press had long anticipated. But the Spanish people would long remember how Franco and associates had feared every new advance made by the Allies on the continent of Europe. They would never forget how Franco

and his confederates had suppressed every attempt made by the Spanish people to express their hatred of the Germans—who, after all, had bombed Barcelona before raiding Warsaw and Rotterdam, and had razed Guénica before laying waste to Coventry.

Shortly after the fall of Paris to the Allies, I received a letter from a Catalan friend in Barcelona. Its contents were eloquent evidence that the people of Spain have a long memory and a good one.

“I remember,” he wrote, “when Paris fell into the hands of the Germans. Two or three days later, by government order, public and private buildings in Barcelona were decorated with national flags and hangings. Now that Paris once more belongs to France, the streets are decorated with armed police standing five deep.”

XII

THE PARDO VS. THE KREMLIN

1

ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1944, the Falange press chief, Juan Aparicio, issued a special directive to the propaganda heads in all provinces and to the publishers of newspapers throughout Spain. The directive had been drawn up at Franco's orders. One of my acquaintances in the *Vice-Secretaría* obtained a copy for me, at my request, after I had read it and decided that it was not only an important political document but also an excellent illustration of Franco's increasingly desperate efforts to conjure away what was perhaps the gravest dilemma confronting him and his entire regime.

That dilemma was the accusing finger of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

"There is an ideological problem which is communism, and there are certain national historical facts which are proper to Russia," declared Franco's directive, "and this difference is fundamental."

On the face of it, this was a shift to a position of objectivity toward Russia. Throughout most of the Spanish Civil War, the Soviet Union, like Mexico, had done everything in its power to support the constitutional Republican Government in accordance with international law. Considering the hatred and hostility which the Nationalists had displayed toward the Soviet Union ever since then, the new, official Franco "line" toward the Soviet Union was nothing less than sensational.

However, the impossibility of reconciling its very exist-

ence with a position of honest "objectivity" toward Russia was glaringly evident in the contradictory attitudes expressed in the paragraph immediately following the unprecedented official admission that the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was patently an ally of the United States and Great Britain.

"Everything related to the world war in which Russia is involved as an ally of England and the United States will be included in the general criterion of objectivity and neutrality of our position in the present conflict. And within this position, we reiterate that our correct handling must be as follows: print the facts, playing up Anglo-Saxon successes, and playing down those achieved by Russia, especially in the headlines, the amount of space, and the place given the story."

But not even these obvious instructions to adopt a fake attitude of "objectivity and neutrality" toward Russia were observed by the Falange-controlled press or any other propaganda medium in Franco Spain. Newspapers not only refused to publish even excerpts from Russian war communiques, but the stock portrayal of the German Army as Europe's "bulwark against Bolshevism" was continued as though the battle of Stalingrad had not been fought two years earlier and the Germans had not been retreating steadily since then.

There were, true enough, no more empty boasts such as the one made by Franco after the Nazi disaster at Stalingrad, when Franco had declared:

"We are maintaining our traditional policy, our adherence to the peoples that shared our sorrows. If some day Berlin were in danger, Spain would send a million men to defend her from the Red hordes."

On the contrary, such passages had been carefully deleted from the more recent collections of the Caudillo's

speeches and declarations published under Falange auspices. And only a month after the Allied landings in Normandy, I heard that Franco had even gone so far as to admit, in a conversation with our Ambassador Hayes, that the work of the Russian Communists was "generally good"—although this statement had been followed by the suggestion that Communist activities elsewhere were harmful and that favorable peace terms should be offered to Hitler as a means of shortening the war and keeping Communism out of Germany and the rest of Europe.

Moreover, behind the unabated violence of the Falange propaganda campaign, at home and abroad, against the Soviet Union—which was being branded an "oriental menace, significantly at peace with Japan"—feelers had been let out to indicate that Franco might even be willing to exchange diplomatic representatives with Russia.

Franco's purr, however, had left the Russian bear cold. When I left Spain, a dependable Spanish acquaintance informed me that the wheel had again made a complete turn and that Franco and Foreign Minister Lequerica, resentful and anxious over their unsuccessful efforts to woo Premier Stalin, were preparing to make an open bid to Prime Minister Churchill—who had had some kind words for Franco ten days before the Normandy landings—for an open alliance aimed at "keeping Russia out of the Mediterranean."

Churchill's rejection of that offer, accompanied by his sudden condemnation of the Franco regime, in a letter which was subsequently made public and a copy of which had been sent to Marshall Stalin, was to leave Franco gasping with new fears for the security of his power. Another reshuffle in the commands of some of the principal military posts in Spain and Morocco was the immediate result.

One of the two Spanish generals whom the Russians had

named in their list of Axis war criminals guilty of countenancing and encouraging atrocities against the Russian people, and whose eventual extradition—as well as indemnization for damages caused by the Spanish “Blue Division” in Russia—they had demanded in September of 1944, was the little commander of the “Blue Division,” General Esteban Infantes.

The other Spaniard who shared a place of dubious honor on that list, along with German SS and army leaders accused of committing the worst conceivable horrors against Russian men, women and children, was the organizer and first commander of the “Blue Division,” the Caudillo’s bosom friend and chief military aide, General Muñoz Grande.

Franco’s defiant appointment of this man, in his latest shakeup of generals, as military governor of strategic Madrid province, constituted a striking reaffirmation of the Pardo’s undeclared war against the Kremlin.

2

Through Encarnación, a former nurse from one of the Aragon provinces whom I met in Madrid, and through her fiancé, Emilio, a young doctor who had gone to Russia as a member of the Spanish “Blue Division” and had later worked with Nazi doctors in a Riga hospital, I learned how he and thousands of other Spaniards had been conscripted into the ranks of the “volunteer” Franco expeditionary force soon after the German invasion of Russia.

Although the “Blue Division” had been widely publicized throughout Spain with considerable fanfare as a “token” force to reassert Franco Spain’s adherence to the anti-Comintern pact, and was officially stated to have comprised about 20,000 “volunteers,” it was obvious from

Emilio's account and from what I had heard through others who had either belonged to the expeditionary force or had talked or corresponded with its members, that the "Blue Division" had been neither a division nor a token force. Nor, with the exception of a small percentage of fanatical Falangists in its ranks, had it been made up of volunteers.

It had been a full-blown army, consisting mostly of conscripts and apparently numbering close to 300,000 men—although it was doubtful that anywhere near that number had actually participated in front-line battles. However, of those who had taken part in the fighting—almost entirely on the Volkhov Front—about 60 percent had been casualties, the great majority of them killed. Approximately 20 percent had gone over to the Russians.

Except for an undetermined number who had stayed, under Franco's secret orders, to be incorporated into the Wehrmacht after Franco's announced "complete withdrawal" of the expeditionary force in 1943, the remaining 20 percent had returned to Spain. There, while they enjoyed a good many economic privileges as a reward for their services, important military posts were systematically closed to nearly all of them—Muñoz Grande was, of course, the outstanding exception. Moreover, I knew from the precautions which Emilio and others found it necessary to take in order to meet me, they were under fairly constant vigilance. They were, finally, warned not to talk about their experiences.

But they were allowed to walk about freely in their uniforms—which appeared to be like those of the regular Spanish army, except for the word *España* sewed on the shoulder of one sleeve. Their frank replies to some of my queries came as a great surprise to me. I began to understand why Franco and the Falange, while pretending to treat them as returning heroes, actually viewed them with

suspicion and kept them under secret police surveillance.

Once I asked Emilio and another *ex-divisionario* with him who had recently removed the German Iron Cross from the breast of his military jacket:

“How do you explain the government’s distrust?”

“You see, we have come to know both the German and the Russian,” said Emilio.

“And neither one,” his friend added, “is like he is painted here in our land.”

“Confidentially,” said Emilio, “I lost what little feeling I had left for the Germans after an air-raid in a German city. First came the American bombers, and when they got through it was night and the English planes began dropping their calling-cards. We were in the public air-raid shelter for hours. The Germans had food stored there—but it was for Germans, not for us, they said. On top of my disgust over that, I could not forget the German men I saw pushing women and children aside in their scramble to get into the air-raid shelter when the bombs began falling.”

The other man, who had been nodding in agreement with all that his friend the doctor was saying, began talking about his own experiences.

“When we were returning from Russia,” he said, “the Germans tried to put me in the Gestapo in southern France, because I am a Basque from the border country and know French almost as well as Spanish. They wanted me to spy on the French, to find out which ones were trying to run away—but I would not do that.”

“And what about the Russians?” I asked him. “What do you think of them after what you saw on the Eastern Front?”

“I only know how they can fight,” he replied. “In that, they are demons, and, believe me, I have no desire ever to face them again.”

Among the Spanish people at large, however, with their intense interest in socialism, a deep strain of sympathy and admiration for the Soviet Union as a nation and a people ran through their feeling of respect and enthusiasm over the achievements of the Red Army. At no time during the months of my stay in Madrid was the line of people waiting outside our press building for our news bulletins so long as on the morning of May 10. While the Spanish press was still predicting "probably prolonged German resistance at Sebastopol," the Spanish people had already heard, through Allied broadcasts, of the recapture of the Crimean capital by the Soviet army and were anxious to receive further news.

Typical of the Spanish people's confidence in Russia's unwavering position of hostility toward the Franco regime was the popular joke about Franco getting a shave in a barber-shop run by Churchill and Stalin. The former—who had once spoken a few sugar-coated words about Franco in the House of Commons—had been lathering the Caudillo's face for a long time, until the notorious customer grew exasperated and demanded:

"Well, aren't you going to give me a shave?"

"Oh no," said the British member of the firm, "my job is merely to apply the soft-soap. My partner Joe handles the razor."

3

The Nationalists' hatred of the Soviet Union was rooted not only in their pathological fear of communism and socialism, but also in their unadmitted awareness that there existed quite striking parallels between Spain and the Soviet Union.

The similarities between the two countries, far from be-

torical and geographical phenomena which had strongly impressed modern observers representing diverse schools of political thought and led them to predict that Spain would be one of the first countries in the world which would adopt some form of socialism as its political and economic norm.

Both pre-1917 Russia and Spain had been faced with the problem of having to leap from medieval feudalism to 20th century industrialism and all that this implied. In a strict sense, both countries, rather than belonging to Europe, bordered on that continent, and both had been largely bypassed by the European Renaissance that marked the rise of the enterprising middle classes and the rediscovery and incorporation of lost cultural values of the pre-Christian eras into the rebirth of European society from the dead ashes of the Dark Ages.

Isolation had left a strongly nationalistic Church, among other things, in both countries, although the Russian church was Orthodox and the Spanish church was Roman Catholic. Russia had assimilated its invading Oriental strains of culture, and Spain its conquering Arab and Moorish influences. Russia was Europe's natural highway to the Far East, Spain its equally natural bridge to Africa.

Russia was conscious of the Slavic-speaking world; Spain felt a special kinship with the countries where Spanish or Portuguese was spoken and which had once formed a large part of the Spanish Empire. Russia had its Ukrainians, White Russians and other regional peoples, and in Spain there were the Catalans, the Basques, the Gallegans.

And if Russian imperialism had had its disastrous Russo-Japanese War, Spanish expansionism had experienced a similarly decisive defeat, scarcely six years earlier, with the Spanish-American War. In Russia, the unsuccessful war with Japan had precipitated the abortive 1905 revolution,

followed within a decade by Russia's entry into the first World War and, three years later, by the Soviet Revolution and the beginning of Russia's rise as one of the world's great powers. Spanish adventurism into Morocco, on the other hand, coupled with the country's isolation from the First World War, had postponed the eruption of internal conflicts in Spain until 1931, the year of the "bloodless revolution" which had ushered in the Republic.

Here the analogy began to end, but even the differences were not without significance. While Russia grew stronger, the Spanish Republic was smashed by the Axis and its puppet Franco. However, the Soviet Union not only remained unwavering in its stand against fascist Spain but also provided haven for Republican leaders and protection for Republican finances. Some of Spain's ablest leftist leaders who had taken refuge in the Soviet Union after the collapse of Republican resistance—including the famous Communist woman Deputy, Dolores Ibarruri, known as *La Pasionaria* or The Passion-Flower, who was often heard on Moscow's nightly broadcasts to Spain—were helping to direct Russia's propaganda campaign against Franco.

Furthermore, the bulk of the Spanish Republic's gold reserve lay on deposit in the Soviet Union where it had been shipped for safekeeping at Premier Negrin's orders during the last days of the Republic. There was reason to believe that that money would eventually be used by Republican leaders to provide the growing Spanish resistance movement with modern armaments in the event that other pressures failed to bring about Franco's downfall.

Meanwhile, every word about Spain that came from Russia caused greater and greater repercussions because the Soviet's policy toward Franco had been consistent in word and deed. The USSR had never recognized Franco and had refused to be represented at two international

conferences in the United States in 1944 to which delegates from Franco Spain had been invited. Besides, Russia's prestige and potential influence at the post-war discussions were making giant strides.

"Franco and his regime must go," Moscow spokesmen and propagandists reiterated with droning persistency that rang like a knell of doom in *El Caudillo's* ears. His "National Syndicalist State" was groggy from the sound.

Franco's belated effort to jump on the Allied bandwagon had occurred after the shooting of Spanish consular officials by Japanese soldiers in Manila toward the end of the war, when the Caudillo had threatened to declare war against Japan, its co-signatory to the anti-Comintern pact.

But that political screen was quickly knocked from under by Ilya Ehrenbourg, one of the foremost Soviet journalists. Writing in *Red Star*, the Russian Army newspaper, Ehrenbourg declared:

"The butcher Generalissimo Francisco Franco, appointed Spanish gauleiter by Adolf Hitler, intends to declare war on Japan. I wouldn't be surprised if Franco asserts that his Blue Division, which fought on the Volkhov Front, actually had fought for the Philippines."

XIII

WHOM THE ANGELS COUNSEL

1

THE ALLIED landings in France were expected almost hourly. While that was the topic for anxious and hopeful speculation everywhere in Spain, in Madrid, at the garden party given by my British friends and acquaintances for Spanish officials and professional people, where I was the only American present, conversation was centered on England's preoccupation with Spain and its future.

Seated in a lovely old wicker chair, sipping some of the rare Scotch liqueur whiskey which had just come from "Gib" in the latest shipment from that formidable base to the British Embassy in Madrid, I listened with interest to a prominent Spanish official, who taught international law, discourse on a few of the lesser known phases of English and Spanish history.

"The trouble with my country," he said seriously, "is that she has been guided by demons."

"And what about England?" I asked.

"Precisely the reverse," he replied. "England stands out as the one nation in the world whom the angels counsel."

He spoke of England as though he might be speaking of a personal rival, with resentment and envy. Yet, in his cool references to the skill and prowess which had enabled the British to preserve their world dominions while his own country had lost, one by one, its far-flung possessions that had once been the greatest on earth, there was an unmistakable sense of tribute, of begrudging admiration.

His attitude, I gradually discovered, was the norm of

Spanish feeling toward Great Britain, shared, curiously, by Anglophiles and Anglophobes alike.

That feeling sometimes swerved to the extreme of open admiration—particularly noticeable in the high regard expressed by the Spanish people at large for the wartime achievements of the RAF, which they frequently pronounced as though it were one word and not the initials of the Royal Air Force. They listened avidly to the news reports of the BBC, on which they relied almost wholly for their understanding of the progress of the war. It was common, in the outdoor cafés, to hear detailed accounts of what “la Raf” had been doing the night before.

Again, there was the opposite extreme of undisguised hatred and hostility. Sometimes this took the form of violently anti-British leaflets which the Falange still issued occasionally and which continued to harp, though at considerably scarcer intervals than in the first years of Franco’s triumph, on “the shame of Gibraltar.”

But between those extremes lay the norm of widespread envy, suspicion and distrust of Great Britain and British “designs” in Spain. Ever since the days of feverish rivalry between the British and the Spanish empires, and the defeat of Spain following the destruction of the ill-fated Armada prepared by the fanatical, Protestant-hating Philip II, it had been clear that England was determined to prevent Spain from again becoming a major challenger for world power.

That determination had motivated Britain’s establishment of close ties with Portugal, a policy which in theory had been initiated two centuries earlier. It had dictated England’s hawk-like interest in Spain’s domestic as well as foreign affairs. It had conditioned British acquisition of extensive mining and other economic holdings in Spain, particularly in the south, where the fortress of Gibraltar

stood as a stern reminder that Britain expected a square deal. Above all, it had strengthened British resolution to keep Gibraltar.

A British admiral had occupied Gibraltar in 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession. Although that action had presumably been taken in Spain's behalf, England had since held on to that strategic rock which guarded the western sea approaches to the Mediterranean. To many Spaniards, heavily fortified Gibraltar not only lay as an obstacle in the path of Spanish visions of further expansion into Africa, but was actually the extreme southern tip of Andalucía, a piece of Spain's sacred soil profaned by foreign guns and overrun with strong contingents of His Britannic Majesty's sea, land and air forces.

The loud, threatening parades of 1940 and 1941, when marching Falangists had demanded the return of Gibraltar, were gone. And while the Spanish people as a whole were thankful that "Gib" had fallen into British rather than German hands, nevertheless, throughout Spain, the Rock of Gibraltar still loomed as a potentially dangerous symbol of national ignominy.

2

British prestige among the people of Spain, which had fallen sharply after the role played by Neville Chamberlain in securing Anglo-American-French passive support for Franco during the Civil War, through the diplomatic device of "non-intervention," had gone up considerably as a result of the British people's heroic resistance against victorious Nazi Germany in the dark years of 1940 and 1941.

On May 26, 1944, however, England's popularity in Spain among all but the Franco officialdom plummeted to new depths. On that day, Prime Minister Churchill, in a speech before the House of Commons, took a swipe at

critics of the Franco regime, told his listeners that Franco had refrained from stabbing the Allies in the back at the time the preparations for the landings in North Africa were under way at Gibraltar, and declared that Spain's internal affairs were no concern of England.

The speech was bound to be a political bombshell, I realized, an even greater boost for the dictatorship than the lifting of the oil embargo by the United States—at Britain's request—had been earlier that month. The explanation which some of my British friends in Spain offered for the speech was that it represented a final gesture of appeasement of Franco, to insure his positive neutralization as a last-minute military factor before the Allied landings in Normandy—which took place exactly ten days later—and subsequently in southern France.

But other friends of mine belonging to the official British colony in Madrid insisted that the speech was meant to pave the way for Franco's fall. They maintained that Churchill's friendly words for Franco were, paradoxically, intended to split his regime by converting many of its members to the Allied cause!

Regardless of the motives behind the speech, the British prime minister's laudatory and encouraging remarks about Franco and his government were seized upon immediately by the Falange and given nationwide publicity. On the Falange-controlled radio, quotations from speeches and writings by the founder of the Falange—José Antonio, "The Absent One"—were shoved off the air, to be replaced by Churchill's statement that England was not concerned with what was going on inside Spain. Newspaper headlines distorted Churchill's suggestion that Spain might play an important part in post-war development in the Mediterranean to read: "Spain To Exert Strong Influence In Mediterranean Peace!"

On a large wall, in one of the busiest sections of Madrid, alongside quotations from speeches by Franco and José Antonio, huge black letters announced:

“Spain’s Internal Affairs Are The Business of Spaniards”
—Churchill.

All this served to throw the overwhelmingly pro-Allied people of Spain into a state of gloom. They were discomfited and angry. The line of people calling at the British Embassy’s press offices for the daily news bulletins began to thin noticeably.

Franco and associates, however, made no effort to hide their pleasure. In return for the new political lease on life automatically granted the “National-Syndicalist State” through the Churchill declarations, the British were soon receiving all sorts of special favors. The official Spanish newsreels, for the first time, began playing up British military and other achievements over those of all other nations.

It was the high point in Franco’s relations with the Allies. Scarcely one month later, the British Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, an old-line Tory, was honored with the title of Lord Templewood and made a member of the British House of Lords.

3

Before long, however, the pendulum of British relations with the Franco government began swinging in the opposite direction.

With the Allied offensive in France moving along at a good clip, and the Germans driven from the Spanish border soon after the American landings in southern France, there was no longer any justification on grounds of military expediency for appeasing Franco and his termite-ridden regime.

American policy continued to follow a hands-off attitude toward internal affairs in Spain of the Caudillo. But British diplomacy, ignoring the Churchill declarations of a few months earlier, began working earnestly for the gradual restoration of a monarchy that would insure the perpetuation of a firm pro-British policy in Spain.

British aims found their chief and almost sole support among the Spanish aristocracy educated at Beaumont, the British school for bluebloods, and among certain liberal-monarchist cliques that existed chiefly in the army. Before the end of summer in 1944, the year that marked the decisive turning point of the war in Europe, Franco began to feel monarchist pressure as he had not felt it since the days of the Glorious Uprising against the Second Spanish Republic.

This pressure was again spearheaded, as it had been in 1936, by the dean of Spanish aristocracy, the Duke of Alba, Spain's No. 1 monarchist and Franco's own Ambassador to the Court of St. James. A descendant of a bastard son of England's own King James II, the Duke of Alba also held the British title of Duke of Berwick, a lineage through which he was related to Prime Minister Winston Churchill—whom he addressed as "cousin."

Franco's reactions against this tightening campaign of "persuasion" by Spanish monarchists which, like the pressure being brought to bear by the scattered Masonic and other liberal influences in high army circles, was inspired by Whitehall, became more and more violent.

Sir Samuel Hoare, who had been British Ambassador in Spain since England's recognition of Franco, had displayed remarkable diplomatic agility through two of the most difficult phases of Allied relations with Franco. The first phase was the period from the outbreak of the Second World War in the Fall of 1939 to the Allied landings in

North Africa late in 1942; the second was from that time to the Allied landings in Normandy one year and a half later. But even "Sir Sam" appeared unable to cope with the third and most complex phase of Anglo-Spanish relations which had gotten definitely under way with the cutting of land communications between Franco Spain and Nazi Germany, a development that had heightened internal tensions throughout Spain.

Perhaps "Sir Sam" was simply tired, as some of my British friends insisted. In any event, after his futile effort to provide an antidote—in the form of a eulogy of the Soviet Union and the success of Russian Communism in abolishing unemployment in the USSR—to Foreign Secretary Eden's untimely statement early in July denying Russian charges that Franco Spain was still manufacturing war materials for Nazi Germany, "Sir Sam" took little or no pains to hide his mounting impatience with Franco's stubborn determination to stay in power.

In the middle of July, at the outdoor party at La Granja Palace near Madrid given annually by Franco to commemorate the July 18th Uprising, he expressed his indignation, when the wife of the war minister with whom he had been conversing asked the wife of the German Ambassador to sit beside her, by walking out of the party without so much as taking leave of the Caudillo.

Meanwhile, the Falange-controlled radio inaugurated a new series of broadcasts to England aimed not only at pushing Britain into an attitude of suspicion toward the Soviet Union but, even more important, at justifying the existence of the Franco government. One such broadcast went so far as to praise Franco's treatment of political prisoners, to the point of terming that treatment—with unwitting honesty, Spanish popular comment quietly noted—"perhaps the only example of this kind to be found in the history of peniten-

tiary systems throughout the world." In addition, Franco agreed to the opening of a direct commercial air route between Madrid and London.

But British pressure for a restoration of the Spanish monarchy increased by leaps and bounds. British broadcasts referred more and more openly to the growing discontent throughout Spain over prevailing economic and social conditions. One of the strongest and ablest anti-Franco propaganda pieces released by the BBC was a talk by the English author of a superbly documented book on Republican Spain, Gerald Brenan, who drew a pointed analogy between the Franco regime and the corrupt, disastrous rule of Ferdinand VII more than a century earlier. Moreover, British newspapers inaugurated a campaign of loud praise for the exiled Spanish Republicans among the French resistance forces who were helping to liberate many towns and villages in France from the Germans.

In November, Franco sent his poorly timed offer to Churchill proposing Spain in the role of a buffer state between "Russian Communism and western civilization." The offer was promptly declined, copies of Churchill's reply were sent to both Marshal Stalin and President Roosevelt, and the whole affair was widely publicized in a manner not at all calculated to ease Franco's growing alarm about the future security of his regime.

The offer had been a remarkably crude attempt to win official British sympathies for Franco—so crude that if it was actually engineered by Franco's Foreign Minister Lequerica, as was commonly supposed, it could easily mean that the wily Lequerica had seen the handwriting of Franco's doom on the wall and was doing all he could to help precipitate that event in a way which would make him Franco's logical successor, at least as far as the more influential, conservative circles in London were concerned.

Soon afterward, "Sir Sam," who had meanwhile become Lord Templewood, was recalled to London, and for months the British Embassy in Spain was run by a chargé d'affaires. Before leaving Spain, Lord Templewood paid two final calls, first on Franco, then on Lequerica. I had returned to the States a month earlier, but I managed to obtain reliable information on the nature of Lord Templewood's talks, just as I was able to keep quite well informed of general developments inside Spain by means of personal contacts established during my stay in that country.

When Lord Templewood complained to Franco that the disturbed domestic situation in Spain made it difficult for England to maintain cordial relations with the Franco regime, *el Caudillo* became angry and refused to talk about the matter. Then, however, he insisted that all political prisoners in Spain were tried by due process of law. Templewood indicated that no one could be expected to believe that.

Finally, when the departing British Ambassador pointed out that there were still plenty of German agents in Spain, the irate Caudillo countered by asking Lord Templewood:

"What about the British agents in Spain?"

Nor was the impasse in relations between Franco and Great Britain solved by Templewood's talk with Foreign Minister Lequerica which took place about the same time. At that conversation, the British envoy made concrete proposals that a moderate government should be set up in Spain. He suggested that a parliamentary monarchy should be established with the support of two moderate parties—presumably one from the left and one from the right among the moderates.

But Lequerica shook his head. "Such a government," he expostulated, "would not last two weeks because the old monarchy has lost practically all support among the people;

none of the genuine leftists and very few rightists would accept it."

Lord Templewood hammered away at the idea of a restoration. But Lequerica was adamant in his opposition, at least for the moment.

"The Caudillo and I," he replied, "look forward to the establishment of a moderate government in Spain—but in the Spanish, not the British, tradition."

The British Ambassador insisted that no stable government could be established in Spain without the support of moderate elements who had been left out of the Franco government. Pale with anger, the usually cool and tactful Lequerica ended the talk abruptly with a statement which suddenly threw Franco's growing terror of reprisals from the long-oppressed people of Spain into graphic relief.

"The Spanish people," said Lequerica, "supported Francisco Franco in the Civil War—we are the victors and we will not surrender to a minority and thereby precipitate a new civil war!"

But shortly afterward, following Lord Templewood's carefully calculated blast from London at the Franco regime's complicity with the Axis, José Felix de Lequerica quietly undertook the launching of new, secret overtures to both the British and American governments. Further important concessions were offered in exchange for political and economic support from London and Washington and, above all, for "protection" against Russia's unmistakable determination to call the Franco dictatorship to account as soon after the collapse of Nazi military power as possible.

XIV

POWERLINES OVER THE PYRENEES

1

ON THE DAY Paris fell to the French resistance forces and the Allied armies, a broadcast from the official station at Brazzaville, capital of French Equatorial Africa which had served as De Gaullist headquarters before the Allied landings in North Africa, told its listeners in Spain that, once peace was declared, Spanish democracy would have to be given "its just rights"—in other words, the Franco dictatorship would have to go.

The speaker on that broadcast was Francisco Franco.

He was an exiled Republican newspaperman, well known throughout Spain. And if his name happened to be the same as that of the general whose dictatorship had held his country in a vise of ruin, starvation and death for more than eight years, the confusion which might result from that coincidence of names would be minor and fleeting.

In contrast, the confusion that soon characterized the whole panorama of relations between the Provisional French Government headed by General Charles de Gaulle and the Spanish Government headed by General Franco was neither minor nor fleeting. It was, in fact, an intricate part of the riddle concerning the Spanish Caudillo's highly uncertain future.

2

Neither General Charles de Gaulle nor the other Free French leaders, to say nothing of the thousands of rank-and-file members of the French Resistance movement—

which included a large number of Spanish Republicans who had escaped into neighboring France after Franco's triumph and many of whom had since helped organize the Maqui movement against the German invaders and their Vichy collaborationists—had the slightest cause for feeling anything but enmity and hatred toward Franco and his Falangist state.

Marshal Pétain, the arch-enemy of French democracy and republicanism, who was subsequently to be convicted and imprisoned by the Provisional French Government for high treason, had long been an admirer of General Franco and his anti-parliamentary theories of government. After the Nationalist victory in Spain, Pétain had been made French Ambassador there. In his constant association with the Caudillo, he had proved himself a willing though aged pupil in the 20th century art of "quislingism"—which he was able to put into practice in his own country scarcely one year later, following Hitler's invasion of France.

A harbinger of the close kinship that was to unite Vichy France and Franco Spain had appeared soon after the curtain had gone up on France's national tragedy in the role played by Franco's Ambassador to France, José Felix de Lequerica, who was to rise to new prominence as chief arbitrator of the Pétain-Hitler armistice. Later, Franco and his new Foreign Minister—the selfsame Lequerica—would find occasion to claim virtue in the fact that, unlike Fascist Italy, Falangist Spain had refrained, in those grim days for France, from delivering her sister Latin nation a stab in the back.

The French people, however, like the people of Spain, knew only too well how earnestly Franco and his regime had supported the Vichy government in France. And they knew that this had been done not as a matter of diplomatic expediency meant to serve the Allied cause in the long

run, as was ostensibly the case in our own dealings with Vichy, but quite the reverse, as a further device for strengthening every possible link in the Axis chain—by means of which the Caudillo and his fellow “Africanists” among the Spanish generals hoped to satisfy Spanish expansionist yearnings, long pent up, for a chunk of France’s rich territorial possessions in Africa.

Anti-French propaganda of all sorts had been officially sponsored everywhere in Spain. The Second of May, anniversary of the uprising against the Napoleonic invaders in Spain almost a century and a half earlier, was boomed as a great national holiday to emphasize Spanish-French differences. The French Revolution was blamed by countless Falange and other writers for “the curse of democracy.” Use of the deprecatory nickname for the French people—*los gabachos*—was encouraged.

Oran, the Falange had kept repeating in a tone that could hardly be interpreted as part of a mere lesson in history, had once belonged to Spain.

One of the first indications of Franco’s ultimate intentions toward France and its possessions had been his seizure of Tangier in 1940, in violation of the existing agreement with France and other nations for joint control of that strategic little territory facing the Strait of Gibraltar. Only Mussolini’s opposition out of a sense of rivalry, it was a notorious fact, had prevented him at that time from extending his aggressiveness to other sectors in North Africa which were directly French-owned or French-protected.

Neither the Provisional French Government, England nor the United States had ever recognized Franco’s right to occupy Tangier. My Free French friends in Spain were confident that, once German resistance had been shattered and European settlements were in order, Franco would have to give up—to disgorge, *rendre gorge*, was the word

they used—that territory before it proved wholly indigestible.

3

Through his old friend Pétain, the Caudillo had succeeded in having thousands of Spanish Republicans, who had been held in French internment camps after their flight across the Pyrenees at the end of the Civil War, turned over to the Germans as miserably paid laborers to help build Todt and other fortifications along the Nazi-held coasts of France. It was such men as these who had been forced to build many of the forts at Cherbourg, where conditions were especially bad, as American press correspondents reported after the fall of that city to our armies.

Inside Spain, at the same time, hundreds of Frenchmen who had fled across the border after managing to elude the ruthless vigilance of Nazi guards in the Pyrenees—the bodies of less successful refugees lay scattered from one end of that snow-capped mountain range to the other—were imprisoned at Miranda del Ebro and in other Franco jails notorious for their wretched, unsanitary conditions. It was not until Franco and the Free French had exchanged *de facto* representatives, after De Gaulle had set up headquarters at Algiers—which Franco publicly denounced as “that nest of Communists”—that the anti-Vichy refugees were gradually able to purchase their freedom from Franco’s jails and were permitted to depart for French North Africa.

While the De Gaulle mission in Spain was busy trying to get French prisoners and other refugees to North Africa, the Vichy delegation in Madrid continued to enjoy social as well as diplomatic recognition as the “real” representatives of France. The best hotels in Madrid and Barcelona were filled with vacationing Vichyites and their families

who had established new ties with former friends among leading Falangists, certain monarchists, and other supporters of the Franco dictatorship.

In Barcelona I met a Spanish official who was married to a Frenchwoman. Both were ardently pro-Pétain and, while they claimed to favor the Allied cause—American and British armies were already smashing through France—they found great delight in ridiculing what they termed the “Jewish” accent of the British commentators who spoke on BBC programs addressed to the people of France. They were vehement in their condemnation of the Free French at Algiers for the recent execution of the Vichy leader, Pierre Pucheu.

4

There were two chief causes for growing tension between the Free or Fighting French and the Franco government. One was the large influx of French collaborationists into Spain as soon as German resistance in France began to collapse. The other was the increasing sympathy shown by the Free French toward the Spanish Republicans both in Spain—in spite of the continued presence of certain Vichy-minded officials among the Free French delegation in Madrid—and across the border, especially throughout southern France which was being overrun by the French Maquis and their Spanish comrades-in-arms.

Franco and his associates were unpleasantly aware of the fact that the most active group of the Spanish Underground movement, known as the *Unión Nacional*, had been organized in 1943 in the town of Grenoble, in southern France, while that area was still under the nominal control of the Vichy government and the German Gestapo.

The Franco government was also troubled by the con-

tinued endeavors of the Free French representatives in Spain to intervene in behalf of Spanish Republican political prisoners who had been sentenced to death and whose cases had come up for review by the Caudillo's military tribunals. Moreover, some people in Spain—including several friends of mine in Madrid and Barcelona—were able to send mail to their relatives in exile in North Africa through the Free French diplomatic pouch which had been placed at their disposal.

On top of these gestures of friendship toward the Spanish Republicans, the new French Republican leaders took no pains to hide their condemnation of the fatal policy of "non-intervention" in the Spanish Civil War, in which France's own Popular Front government had followed the lead of the Chamberlain Government in England. That policy, they maintained, had contributed to Franco's victory and had strengthened Axis influence in France and the rest of Europe.

The mounting apprehension in high Franco circles over the possibility that the Free French might organize a Spanish Republican government-in-exile on French soil—and perhaps even a Spanish Republican army out of the considerable remnants of the 400,000 Spanish Republican militiamen who had fled to France after Franco's victory—reached fever pitch in August of 1944. On the 15th of that month, an American army landed on the south coast of France. This development set off a series of French resistance uprisings along the entire German-occupied border opposite Spain.

By the end of the month, Paris had fallen to the Allied armies and the FFI, or French Forces of the Interior, as the united French resistance movement was called; the Germans had been driven from the French-Spanish border and from most of south France; and scores of towns and vil-

lages, as well as Toulouse and other large centers, were in the hands of the Spanish Maquis, the Spanish Republican fighters who formed part of the FFI.

Throughout France, the Spanish Republicans in the FFI began to take over Franco's consulates, over which the Spanish Republic's tricolor was hoisted. From the powerful medium-wave transmitter at Toulouse, which had been liberated largely by Spanish Republicans, broadcasts in both Spanish and Catalan started whipping up a campaign of violent anti-Franco agitation. Franco officials in southern France showed themselves at the risk of their lives. Truckloads of food en route from Spain to Belgium were commandeered by the Spanish contingents of the FFI who, by taking over the border, had obtained complete control of all land communications between Spain and Europe.

In Spain, people began asking each other whether all this meant that the Allies had finally chosen the Provisional French Government as the immediate instrument for toppling *el Caudillo* and his dictatorship. When groups of Spanish Maquis crossed the border into Spain's Aran Valley less than two months later and engaged in armed skirmishes with Franco troops, many Spaniards were convinced that those incursions—which reliable members of the Spanish Underground in Madrid, however, informed me were being undertaken merely as “reconnaissance activities”—were the signal for an organized, armed uprising throughout Spain.

The country was plunged into the throes of eager—and false—anticipation, to which the Falange's propaganda machine had deliberately added fuel, with the shrewd certainty that the sterile outcome would throw many opposition elements into an aftermath of consternation and despair.

For Franco had already begun to take positive counter-

measures against the looming threat from Spain's northern neighbor. After his unsuccessful secret overtures to the United States and England, offering to permit Allied troops safe passage through Spain with the stipulation that they should supplant the Spanish Maquis on the French side of the Pyrenees, the Generalissimo, I was able to learn on excellent authority, had actually sent several contingents of his own army across the French border. Thus he boldly confronted the Allies—who were still interested only in cutting up the German Army and in effecting a junction with the Red Army driving westward from the Polish border—with the serious problem of a possibly disrupted rear.

The alternative was the removal of the Spanish Maquis from the frontier zone, the termination of the Spanish and Catalan broadcasts from Toulouse, and the return of all Spanish consulates and other official buildings in France to Franco's representatives. All this was quickly conceded by De Gaulle—undoubtedly at the recommendation of Allied military leaders.

In exchange, Franco offered to give food, clothing and other sorely needed commodities to France—for a consideration, of course—if De Gaulle would help alleviate the critical electricity shortage in Spain by replacing certain worn-out parts of hydraulic machinery and perhaps running a powerline or two over the Pyrenees. The hungry, war-impoorished French people were in dire straits, and De Gaulle could not afford to ignore the offer. It was accepted late in 1944.

Soon afterward, exchange of ambassadors between the Franco Government and the Provisional French Government took place. This development, however, met with loud and bitter opposition from prominent heads of the French Resistance movement and with angry popular comment throughout Spain.

But responsible leaders of the Spanish Underground with whom I spoke in Madrid were not disturbed by what appeared to be a growing rapprochement between Franco and De Gaulle. They insisted that—above and beyond the ultimate political color which might prevail in France after the holding of national elections—there was a clear understanding between France's new leaders and the Spanish Republican movement in both Spain and France to the effect that, after Germany's defeat, both France and the Soviet Union would determine a settling of accounts with Franco and his double-dealing regime.

That such an understanding had been reached between De Gaulle and the USSR was strongly suggested in press reports concerning the French leader's visit to Moscow late in December of 1944. It was not so much the signing of a long-term French-Soviet accord on that occasion which again shot the mercurial temperature of Franco officialdom up to the danger point, but the more disturbing and apparently authentic reports that General De Gaulle had assured Marshal Stalin that he would continue to favor anti-Franco movements organized on French soil—these were growing rapidly—and that the Provisional French Government “regarded with sympathy” Spain's return to a democratic form of government which would reflect the will of the Spanish people.

The coming months would reveal the accuracy of those reports and justify the increasing alarm felt by Franco and his confederates as they turned northward to contemplate the imponderable, age-old Pyrenees and the land beyond, which had once rocked Spain and the world with its cry of “*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*” and where a new and more powerful democracy was being born out of the travail of the deadliest war in man's history.

XV

BLOOD ENTENTE

1

WHILE THE Spanish Civil War was still in progress, General Franco's warmest tributes were paid not only to Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, but also to Corporative Portugal.

"If Portugal was the first country on the European continent to regain its right to Christian civilization," he told a correspondent of the Lisbon daily *O Seculo*, "... Spain feels honored in following its example, vanquishing in a great, hard and bloody war, the common enemy: Asiatic Bolshevism and all its allies—democracy, liberalism and Masonry."

And in Franco's headquarters at Burgos, the flag of Portugal's "New State" headed by General Carmona and his scholarly Mussolini—Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar—had been draped alongside that of Nationalist Spain.

These had been no mere rhetorical words or gestures. Spain's neighboring "republic," held in the ruthless grasp of a reactionary dictatorship with strong clerical as well as fascist leanings since the coup of 1926, had been of inestimable service to the Spanish Generalissimo. Portugal's aid, combined with that of the European Axis powers, had contributed materially and actively to the success of the Nationalist rebellion led by General Franco.

Even before Franco's Glorious Uprising, Salazar's Portugal had provided not only a haven but an excellent springboard to rebellion for reactionaries like General José de Sanjurjo, originally scheduled to head the Nationalist insurrection, and young fascists like Onésimo Redondo, one

of the founders of the Falange. Men like these had been generously permitted to go into exile by the Spanish Republic whose extermination was their chief immediate concern.

Once the Nationalist uprising had gotten under way, following Sanjurjo's sudden death in the airplane crash at the Lisbon airport, Corporative Portugal had become Franco's main supply base. With the seaports largely in the hands of the Spanish Republic, the cooperation of the Salazar Government in allowing material of all kinds to come through to Nationalist-held Spain and in permitting pro-Franco leaders to cross into Spain, while escaping Republicans were held by Portuguese guards and later turned over to Franco's troops for torture and execution—had been a major factor in the early consolidation of the Nationalists' military offensive.

In the vital terrain of Franco's relations with foreign powers, Salazar's Portugal had also led the way. His *Estado Novo* was the first foreign government to extend recognition to the Franco regime.

After the triumph of the Nationalist uprising, however, with the Falange growing bolder in its advocacy of the principles of expansionism and revival of the old Spanish empire—which had once included Portugal—the Portuguese dictator had had cause to ask himself whether he had not helped to nurture a viper which was about to strike at his own power.

Throughout Spain of the Caudillo, newspapers, radios and all other channels of publicity, which were strictly controlled by Franco's *Vice-Secretaría de Educación Popular*, had begun to quote passages from the aggressive Falangist declaration of claims known as the *Reivindicaciones de España*.

"Spain," the Franco propagandists reiterated, quoting from that Falange manifesto, "lives in a peninsular sym-

biosis with Portugal, the flesh of her flesh and the original key of her existence.”

Although the language was characteristic of the abstract tone deliberately employed by the Falangé bigwigs as part of the smokescreen of mysticism which sometimes enabled them to hide their true intentions, the meaning of the phrase “flesh of her flesh” was clear enough to any Portuguese. And in spite of the Spanish-Portuguese pact setting up an “Iberian bloc”—presumably for mutual assistance—which Salazar had hastened to sign, a new wave of its ancient fear of invasion by the ruder and stronger neighbor to the north and east had swept over Portugal.

Following Franco’s seizure of Tangier in 1940, the year after Franco’s victory, Portuguese fears turned into panic.

For Portugal could no longer rely on England, its age-old protector against a Spain that seemed always on the verge of finally effecting that union of the two Iberian nations which many Spaniards, even among the Republicans, still longed for. England was engaged in a life-and-death struggle for survival. It was the year of Hitler’s all-out air blitz.

Salazar had chosen, therefore, to seek protection in the expanding shade of Axis power. That move had not been at all difficult. Like his neighboring fellow-dictator, Salazar shared a great deal in common with the anti-democratic, anti-trade union, anti-communist, Russophobe ideology laid down by Hitler as the basic principle of the Axis. His regime, a corporative state closely patterned after that of Fascist Italy, had its armed *squadri* in the Portuguese Legion and the Portuguese Youth. Political opposition had been stamped out—or so it had appeared—with no quarter shown. On the island of Terceira, in the Azores—not far from Horta, with its shining blue and pink houses, where the sleek Pan-American clipper plane taking me to Europe had stopped for a few hours—the infamous Fortaleza de

Sao Jao Baptista dungeons were jammed with political prisoners.

And while Salazar had not gone so far as to bring Portugal into the anti-Comintern agreement—though his fear and hatred of the Soviet Union was easily as intense as that shown by Franco—or to send a “Blue Division” to fight against the Red Army, he had turned his “neutral” country into a political and economic base for the benefit of the Axis. Not even the Japanese occupation of Portuguese Timor and the Portuguese colony of Macao in the far Pacific had interrupted good relations between Corporative Portugal and Imperial Nippon.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Portuguese press had been less subject to direct Axis dictation than the Falange-controlled newspapers of Spain, Portugal’s economic contribution to Hitler’s war effort had been fully as great as that of Franco, perhaps even greater. Cork, wolfram, wines, canned fish and other commodities had been shipped to Germany in quantities limited only by Portuguese production facilities.

The United States and Great Britain had succeeded in imposing certain restrictions on such exports, I learned from American economic representatives in Portugal—some of whom were my fellow-passengers on my trip over—only after a long period of intensifying pressure and the launching of a costly “preclusive buying” program of wolfram and other wartime materials which we did not need. The program was aimed exclusively at keeping those Portuguese commodities out of the hands of the Germans.

Salazar had fought every effort on the part of the Allies to diminish Axis influence in Portugal. One of the worst and most constant sources of friction was the presence of innumerable Nazi spies throughout Portugal, and especially in Lisbon, that strategic crossroads in the Atlantic

through which Allied officials passed regularly to and from the European war theatres.

The gambling casino at Estoril, Lisbon's fashionable resort suburb, I knew from first-hand observation, was crowded with German and Japanese agents elbowing each other in a determined effort to hear any interesting piece of information that might incautiously be dropped by one of the many Americans or Englishmen frequenting the casino. The Axis agents planked down 1000-*escudo* notes—each worth about 40 American dollars—around the roulette table as carelessly as one might place penny bets. They were at least enjoying an unlimited expense account, it seemed, even if their spying tactics often appeared to be crude and brazen.

There was, for instance, the little Gestapo agent—so “corny” in his attempt to look sinister that he might have come out of almost any Hollywood spy thriller of the class-B category—who stood beside the reception desk at the hotel in Lisbon where I registered soon after my arrival at the Cabo Ruivo seaplane terminal. The hotel clerk, who spoke both English and Portuguese with a heavy German accent, calmly handed my official American passport over to the German “visitor” to peruse, as though it were all part of the legal procedure of having to show one's papers. That was the first time I had come face to face with the Nazi enemy. That night, I wrote to my wife:

“It isn't my fault if the foe has chosen to introduce himself as a Hollywood caricature of what I perhaps expected to find on my first night in Lisbon. Or—question—can a thousand Hollywood scenario writers be right?”

2

When I stopped in Lisbon some months later on my way back to the States, a lot of water had flowed under the

bridge of international developments since my initial arrival there. The Allied landings in France, which had been anticipated with considerable misgivings even by many pro-Allied people in Portugal, had been successful. France had been overrun by the Allies, Rome had fallen, the Russians were preparing to smash into East Prussia and Silesia, and it was clear that the war in Europe would be over in a few months.

Salazar, like Franco, was busily devising new means of hopping on the Allied bandwagon without suffering too great loss of face.

The Portuguese dictator, it was true, still managed to find a variety of ways in which he might be helpful to his old Axis friends—for instance, the *Estado Novo* was preparing to cancel all German debts for 1943. And the Lisbon newspapers even indulged in complaints about the growing extent of American literature being translated into Portuguese and distributed in Brazil—Portugal's former colony which had once been the royal seat of the Portuguese empire.

Nevertheless, the Azores had been turned over to England as an Allied military base a year earlier. And on the whole, Premier António de Oliveira Salazar, like his Spanish counterpart, was desperately seeking to justify his former policy of "neutrality" as one that had been more or less imposed on him by Axis might.

In his growing bid for a seat at the peace table, Salazar was even claiming that the "Iberian bloc" which he had fashioned with Franco, had been instrumental in keeping Germany out of the Iberian peninsula. The Caudillo's failure to mention this claim in his recent interview with a special United Press representative, I was told by an excellent source in Lisbon, had just aroused Salazar's deep resentment.

This was only one of a series of significant attempts by Salazar, who was now racing for cover to the bosom of Portugal's ancient protector, England, to disassociate himself from Franco and his Falangist state.

3

On the surface, the bonds between the two dictators and their respective national domains had not been broken. Religious and professional conferences between representatives of both countries were held regularly, and there appeared to be a steady stream of student and other visiting delegations between the two Iberian capitals. The Lusitania Express—Portugal had been known as "Lusitania" during the Roman domination of the peninsula—which ran twice weekly from Madrid to Lisbon, was not only the fastest train which either country could boast; it was also the last of Europe's famous de luxe "blue" trains almost since the start of the war on the continent.

In addition, leading Franco officials had been encouraged to deposit large sums of money, representing the personal fortunes which they had managed to amass during the dictatorship, with the Bank of Portugal, in anticipation of the inevitable day when they would have to flee for their lives. And Salazar's extensive network of secret police continued to offer Franco faithful service in keeping track of Spanish political leaders who had sought exile in Portugal after Franco's assumption of power.

Among those leaders, and easily the most prominent of them all, was the former head of the rightist CEDA, Gil Robles. Although he had been very close to General Franco during the "Black Biennium" of 1932-34 when Gil Robles had been the head of the Spanish government in everything but name—as War Minister, he had made Franco his Chief

of Staff, responsible for ruthlessly crushing the revolt of the Asturian miners in 1934—he had since turned against Franco.

His opposition to the Franco dictatorship was based on his deep-seated objections to the totalitarianism which the Falange stood for, and on his disappointment over Franco's failure to restore the monarchy. Gil Robles was considered by many Spaniards as the chief spokesman for the monarchist cause and as the leading advocate of a restoration with Don Juan or his young son as king.

When I talked to Gil Robles in Lisbon, late in 1944, he complained bitterly that the Portuguese secret police were "hounding" him and his family, in accordance with Salazar's promises to Franco that the Portuguese Government would maintain constant vigilance over his activities. As a matter of fact, we met for the first time in the railway station in Lisbon, where he was boarding a train for the north. A large, lumbering man who radiated energy, Spain's former No. 1 *político* and leading rightist, now looked seedy and harassed. Although he reiterated that he was "no revolutionary," I knew that his representatives in Spain were in contact with the organized Underground movement there.

We talked for a long time in the station, and when the train pulled out, I rode with him as far as the suburban station of Entre Camps in order to prolong our conversation. Throughout our meeting, several plainclothesmen, members of Salazar's political police, hovered at a not too respectful distance. Just before I said goodbye to him, he told me that Salazar's plainclothesmen were his new escort. At Franco's insistence, he was being forced to move his residence from the Portuguese capital to a tiny village in the extreme north of the country where his movements would be sharply restricted.

In spite of such visible signs that some of the main

clauses of the Iberian bloc agreement were still being observed by the Portuguese dictator, there were numerous indications that Salazar was striving hard to annul it.

Franco's political and military ties with the Axis, after all, had been considerably more extensive than those of Salazar, who had confined his aid largely to steady economic support. And Salazar believed that he stood a far better chance of acceptance by Great Britain and the United States in the postwar scheme of things if he now held his Spanish colleague at arm's length. Before long, his goal had become more ambitious; he was trying to drop Franco like a hot potato.

For, in addition to his increasing complaints that Franco had failed to give him proper credit for "keeping the Germans out of the Iberian Peninsula," Salazar, I was able to learn on unimpeachable authority, had even gone so far as to state recently that, during the Spanish Civil War, he had refused to give up Spanish political refugees to the Caudillo except on a guarantee of no capital punishment. Franco, he insisted, had violated that guarantee.

Salazar's belated attempts to exonerate himself from the shameful role he had played as Franco's bloodhound in the Civil War were being met with scornful derision by the Portuguese as well as the Spanish people. They knew that Salazar had continued to deliver escaped political prisoners to Franco long after it was known that the returned victims were being tortured and put to death.

But Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar's apologies for his long association with the Spanish Caudillo and his crumbling regime were meaningful in another and more important sense. They clearly reflected the widespread Portuguese conviction that the Franco dictatorship could not survive an Allied victory in Europe by more than a few months.

That conviction had been expressed for some time by many Portuguese elements, especially the anti-Salazar opposition, in secret pamphlets reporting news of the growing Allied victories in France and urging a Portuguese break from Spanish influence. Salazar's foreign policy, and especially his adherence to the Iberian bloc, had been the chief target of this mounting criticism.

That anti-Franco attitude had penetrated some of the official circles around Salazar and had even caused the head of the *Estado Novo* openly to reveal his dissatisfaction with the Caudillo's position. It was not unlikely that the next step might be the annulment of the Iberian bloc—which the Falange publicity organs in Spain had sometimes glowingly described as a "blood entente." Perhaps even blood can turn sour.

Meanwhile, the Caudillo and his confederates sought to convince the world that there was no real difference between the foreign policy followed by Franco Spain and that of Salazar's Portugal, in spite of the latter's cession of military bases in the Azores to England in 1943. The Caudillo dressed in civilian clothes more and more often—Salazar, a professor, had never worn a military uniform. There was increasing talk from Spain of abolishing the Falange salute—Salazar had done away with the Portuguese Legion salute some time back. And Spanish propaganda made pointed references to the close ethnic kinship between Galicia, Francisco Franco's native region, and adjoining Portugal.

But even the Salazar officialdom, far from showing any signs of recognizing the existence of affinities between Corporative Portugal and Spain of the Caudillo, appeared to be more and more anxious to draw a clear line of distinction between the two countries and the two regimes. During the week I spent in Lisbon in November of 1944, waiting for

the clipper plane that was to take me back to the States, many of the Portuguese people with whom I spoke—and not a few were government officials—unreservedly predicted Franco's fall within a few months. They were far less certain about when Salazar's dictatorship would end or would even be seriously modified.

The latest joke about Franco which was going the rounds in Lisbon at that time was told to me by a young Portuguese customs official out at the Cabo Ruivo seaplane terminal the night I left by clipper for the States. The joke was a pun on the name Franco—in Portuguese a "franco" is a franc.

"Which country," the story went, "will lose least as a result of the war?"

And the answer was: "Spain—because it will lose only one *franco*."

XVI

WRAITH OF EMPIRE

1

EXCEPT FOR THE absence of the Russians, the swimming pool at the exclusive Club Velazquez in Madrid was, in spite of its superficial setting of ease and relaxation, a microcosm of the world at war.

As though by formal agreement, one end of the pool was occupied by the Germans and Japanese, the other by the British and ourselves, while the section in between was often the province of the Spaniards, the Swiss, the Swedes and other "neutrals." Nearly all the bathers were either government officials or members of the foreign embassies, and their families.

I had just come out of the water and was reclining near the springboard at our end of the pool one Sunday afternoon, talking to an Englishwoman of the British Embassy staff in Madrid with whom I occasionally played tennis. She was one of those seemingly nonchalant but keenly alert people who know everyone. A man in bathing tights sat facing us from the section of the pool frequented mostly by Spaniards. I felt sure, though, that he was not Spanish.

He appeared to be baldheaded, but I could not be certain because when I faced him the glare of the sun caught me full in the eyes. As I glanced at him quickly out of the corner of one eye, his features seemed strangely familiar. I knew I had seen his picture somewhere.

"If you're wondering who that Teuton-looking individual is across the pool," mumbled the Englishwoman beside me, "I can tell you—it's von Faupel."

How right it was, I could not help thinking, that even during these moments of recreation in Madrid, General Wilhelm von Faupel—friend of Hitler and his first diplomatic envoy to Franco, and chief organizer of Franco's network of agents in Latin America, where he had had a long and sinister career—should be sitting in the Spanish rather than the Axis section of the swimming pool at the Club Velazquez! He belonged there just as surely as the Nazi-sponsored *Hispanidad* activities—aimed at strengthening Spain's ties with its former colonies to the detriment of the United States—belonged to the larger program of Falangist and Axis penetration of Latin America and the Philippines.

It was this penetration, more than any other single factor as far as the United States was directly concerned, which marked Franco's most outstanding service to the Axis powers.

2

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Franco's cooperation with the Axis powers by means of the Falange's network of "neutral" spies and agents in the Western Hemisphere and the Philippines had begun soon after the Nationalist victory in Spain. And one of the most telling examples of the broad working relationship that had been established between the heads of the Caudillo's *Hispanidad* and *Falange Exterior* programs and the Axis had occurred shortly after Pearl Harbor, when the Japanese steamer, the *Ishiu Maru*, had docked at a Brazilian port to unload cases of *Hispanidad* propaganda printed by the Germans in Spanish and consigned to Argentina for hemisphere-wide distribution.

A large percentage of the *Hispanidad* propaganda distributed by the agents of the Falange who were permitted

to circulate freely throughout most of Latin America emanated from the Ibero-American Institute in Berlin headed by General von Faupel. But the more direct espionage and intelligence activities carried out by Franco's representatives in the Western Hemisphere were handled through the *Falange Exterior*, or Falange Abroad, the organization patterned after the *Verband Deutscher im Auslande* or Germans Abroad association formed by the Nazis shortly after Hitler's rise to power.

The Falangists even had their "gauleiters" for every Latin American country. These were known as "provincial chiefs." There was a very important difference, however, between the functions fulfilled by the Germans Abroad and the Falange Abroad organizations. While the Nazi association was designed to operate only among German "national minorities" in countries throughout the world, the Falangist groups—because of the identity of language, religion, family connections and similarity of traditions—were in a position to exercise tremendous influence on entire local and central governments, as well as on the people, in Latin America, the Philippines, the American territory of Puerto Rico, and even certain portions of continental United States.

In many ways, the Falangist propaganda among the restless millions of Spanish-speaking people in the Western Hemisphere constituted a far greater danger to the cause of the Allies, Pan-Americanism, and democracy in general, than did the same propaganda inside Spain—where Falangism had been tried out and was thoroughly discredited.

In the Philippines, the Falangist penetration had been of material aid to the Japanese in their capture of Manila and their arrest and persecution of Americans and pro-Allied natives. In Puerto Rico, our bastion in the Atlantic, Falangism had long been a thorn in the side of progressive

Puerto Rican leaders who were seeking to establish a sound and lasting basis for political and economic understanding between their people and the United States. In the United States, especially among the Spanish-speaking groups in the Southwest and other parts of the country, Falangist agents had sought to rouse the latent fire of racial antagonism in order to weaken American unity and the war effort of the United States.

It was in Latin America, above all, among the governments and the 132,000,000 inhabitants of those twenty American nations, that Franco's agents—the *Falange Exterior* envoys, the proponents of the *Hispanidad* program, and their native followers—had presented the greatest threat to hemisphere understanding and our efforts to mobilize the resources of both continents in behalf of the Allied war undertaking.

Every political, economic and cultural weapon capable of undermining Latin American confidence in the United States, in the Pan-American Union and the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, and in the United Nations pact to defeat the Axis, had been wielded by Franco's numerous representatives in the countries below the Rio Grande who had traveled unmolested between that hemisphere and Madrid and, not infrequently, Berlin.

Argentina, Franco Spain's "fellow neutral," had served as the principal link between the Falangist network in the Americas and the Axis. Shipments of Argentine wheat to Spain had gone to replace the grain with which Spain had provided Germany. And the reactionary and fascist-minded Government of Argentina had willingly become the hemisphere sounding-board and relay-point for *Hispanidad* and other Axis-inspired propaganda stemming from Madrid.

A nuclear body for coordinating Axis and Falange propaganda and *Hispanidad* activities throughout the Amer-

icas had been established in Buenos Aires under the sponsorship of the Argentine Government with the support of wealthy Spaniards and prominent representatives of the Church, the political bureaucracies, and landowning and other pro-Axis monied groups in most of the Latin American countries. That organization had been known as the "Organizing Committee for the First Congress of Hispanic-American Culture."

The British authorities who granted safe-conduct navicerts to Spanish ships plying between Latin America and Europe had begun to clamp down on the smuggling of various kinds of war materials to the Axis. But little or nothing had been done about putting a stop to the wholesale importation into Argentina and the rest of the hemisphere of *Hispanidad* and other propaganda favoring the Axis cause.

A steady stream of Falangist propaganda had poured into Franco's headquarters in Argentina and from there to all the countries of Latin America—even into Mexico, the only American republic which had never recognized Franco's regime. In Mexico, moreover, the Falange-sponsored, reactionary *Sinarquista* movement—known to be preparing a fascist uprising in Mexico—had long waged an insidious anti-American and anti-Allied campaign, which had made dangerous headway along the Rio Grande and among Spanish-speaking war workers in the Southwest and other sections of the United States.

Less than one month after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the declaration of a state of war between the United States and the Axis, one of Franco's leading agents had been arrested in Mexico. He had been sent there by the *Servicio de Inteligencia Militar*, or SIM, as the Spanish military intelligence service was commonly known.

"We—the Falange and the Spanish government—," he

had declared when questioned, "consider the future of Spain united with the triumph of the Reich. We must help Hitler win. And just as the Allies in the last World War accepted Foch as Supreme Commander, so we accept Hitler."

The SIM's agent in Mexico had then gone on to paint a startling picture of the general strategy that had been planned by the German High Staff, in conjunction with Paco and his associates, for utilizing the Spanish and French bases in West Africa as springboards for a thrust at the Brazilian coast.

"Bases are prepared in Latin America, too," he had added, "and plans have been made to counter any American action."

But swift action by the United States in establishing military and naval bases on the Brazilian elbow facing Dakar and in other key spots in the hemisphere, coupled with a concerted, fast-moving program of political, economic and propaganda defensive warfare designed to weaken the Axis and unite the American republics throughout both continents, had slowed up the planned Nazi drive into the Western Hemisphere, the chief aim of which had been to force us to divert large quantities of war materials and manpower from the more vital theatres of war in Europe and the Pacific. The successful Allied landings in North Africa before the end of 1942, with our subsequent leasing of a base at Dakar, had all but put an end to that sinister plan—although Argentina was to remain a sore spot even after the end of the war in Europe.

In the course of our rapid counter-moves to "neutralize" the Americas as a potential major war theatre, a sizable number of Falangist agents—almost everywhere except in Argentina, which continued to tolerate them—had been nabbed by us and our allied and associate Latin American

neighbors. The gradual wave of unfavorable publicity given Falangist activities in the Americas had not helped to strengthen Franco's position during the war in those countries, once constituting the bulk of the Spanish Empire.

And inside Spain, where the people at large habitually looked upon the Cubans, the Mexicans, the Chileans, the Peruvians and all the other Latin Americans—except perhaps the Portuguese-speaking Brazilians and the French-speaking Haitians—as people with whom they shared their language, their religion, and many of their customs and traditions, there had been deep and widespread resentment over the harvest of Spanish American antagonism and hostility which Franco's provocative policy of meddling was reaping.

One of the more subtle ways in which the Spanish people expressed their opposition to Franco's pro-Axis interference in Latin America and to his policies in general was to emphasize their liking for things Mexican, since at that time Mexico was the only Latin American country which had stubbornly refused to recognize the Franco regime. While there was some slight commercial interchange between the two countries, no exchange of recognized representatives had ever taken place.

Everywhere in Spain—in the theatres and cabarets where they often sang Mexican songs, in the cinemas whenever a Mexican film was shown, especially if it featured the impudent, mischievous Cantinflas, and at even the smallest informal gatherings where Mexican colloquialisms were spoken with delight—popular Spanish affection for Mexico and lasting gratitude for that country's aid to the Spanish Republic during the Civil War, for its firm stand in refusing to extend recognition to Franco, and for having opened its doors generously to thousands of Republican refugees, were prominently in evidence.

"If I were not a Spaniard," I was told by more than one man and woman in Madrid, the city which some of my Mexican artist friends had fought to defend in the Civil War, "I would want to be a Mexican."

3

"Spain," according to the *Reivindicaciones de España*, that mystique of expansionism which the Falange had tacitly accepted as its charter along with its open avowal of José Antonio's 26 Points, "cannot limit her new foreign policy to the circumscribed space of a parallel or a meridian."

If there was anything puzzling in that reference to parallels and meridians, it had been more than clarified in the plethora of official writings on *Hispanidad* and Spain's mission in the New World which had been ushered in with Franco's rise to power.

Even before the Glorious Triumph, in February of 1937—when the Civil War was scarcely more than six months old—the official magazine of the Falange, *FE*, had editorialized:

"For the America of our culture, our faith and our blood, we wish more than just living together, more than friendship. . . . We desire to put an end to Monroeism and to replace it with our own affirmation: the Spanish world for the Spanish!"

That note of challenge to the whole idea of the Pan-American Union had struck a sympathetic chord among numerous reactionary elements in Latin America who longed for a return to medieval landlordism, perhaps even colonialism if it meant freedom from the modern influence of the rich, Protestant "Colossus of the North." Through these reactionary groups, a good many of the Latin Amer-

ican governments had been persuaded to favor the Franco rebellion. Several Latin American embassies and legations in Madrid had played an unsavory role during the Civil War in obtaining huge sums of money for affording asylum to Spanish fascists. These were members of Franco's vaunted "fifth column" who were being ferreted out by the Spanish Republic as spies and traitors in the besieged capital.

The blatant anti-American tone employed by Franco propagandists in Spain and everywhere in Latin America had grown more and more threatening. In 1938, while the Civil War was still under way and we were passively aiding the Nationalists through our misguided attitude of "non-intervention," one of Franco's most authoritative spokesmen, Julian Pemartín, had urged the necessity of extending not only Spanish culture but also Spain's "political jurisdiction" over the countries of South America.

And soon afterward, the Caudillo's old friend and fellow "Africanist," General Varela, who was to become his first Minister of War and was one of the die-hard Traditionalists, had stated bluntly that the "New Spain" was determined to become a "New Spanish Empire" and that the initial step in this program would be the "reincorporation" of its former Latin American colonies.

Confidence that these old imperial dreams would be realized had found bolder and bolder expression as the Civil War had begun to near its successful end for Franco and as the Falange network in the Americas had been spread to reinforce the one already planted by the Axis in certain anticipation of eventual hostilities. As early as 1938, three years before the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor, Pemartín had sounded a sensational note of assurance that Spanish expansionist ambitions in the Western Hemisphere could and would be fulfilled. This would come about, he

had declared, mainly because the United States was declining as a major power and Japan was getting stronger.

"Bear in mind," he had written in his *Que es lo Nuevo?*, "how easily the material prosperity and already low moral level of the United States have crumbled since the Wall Street crash of November 1929. Think also of this — the United States is not a nation but a huge conglomeration of peoples and races, living under the moral depression of the defeat which Japan will inflict on them soon or later."

Simultaneously, the Franco propaganda machine had launched a large-scale campaign to discourage Latin American participation in Pan-American conferences and other activities designed to strengthen inter-American ties. On December 8, 1938, the *Voz de España*, published in Franco-held San Sebastian, had referred to the Pan-American Conference being held at Lima as a meeting "organized by Jews and atheists to enable the United States to enslave the American Hemisphere."

All efforts to bolster Spanish influence in Latin America at the cost of American power and prestige in the Western Hemisphere had long been encouraged by German imperialists—who realized that they could ride into Latin America on the back of a weak, slow-moving Spain more comfortably than on the rear bumper of a high-powered United States. As far back as 1915, before America's entrance in the first World War, Dr. P. Gast had written in his *Deutschland und Sudamerika*:

"Every strengthening of the spiritual influence of Spain in South America means a weakening of that of North America."

A new, more modern expression of that particular kind of anti-American policy had been formulated a quarter of a century later by none other than Hermann Goering, No. 2 Nazi and arch war criminal, who had stated in his *Essener*

Zeitung, two months before Franco's triumphal entry into Madrid:

"Spain is the key question for the two continents. The victory of Franco will decide between chaos and reconstruction in the two hemispheres. His final victory alone can preserve for the Ibero-American countries their true Spanish culture and tradition. If these are lost, then the American continent is more or less surrendered to the influence of the Yankees and the Muscovites, who march arm in arm, especially in the New World."

4

After the outbreak of the Second World War, however, and as active American participation in the conflict had begun to appear more and more probable, Franco's policy of cooperation with the Axis in Latin America had assumed more subtle forms.

Chief among these had been the creation in November of 1940, with the secret encouragement and assistance of General Wilhelm von Faupel, of the *Consejo de Hispanidad* as a seemingly innocuous council whose sole aim was to improve cultural relations between Spain, the "mother country," and her former colonies, but which was actually intended to serve as a front for the labyrinthine political activities being carried out in those countries by the *Falange Exterior*.

On the surface, the Council of *Hispanidad* had been set up outside of the Falange and had been placed under the more "respectable" Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It had organized a "cultural congress" in Madrid to which prominent Latin American intellectuals had been invited. It had sent a successful "cultural mission" to Peru.

But its real purpose as a disseminator of Falangist and

other Spanish expansionist doctrines aimed at disrupting the growing influence of the United States among its southern neighbors and substituting the principles of *Hispanidad* for those embodied in the Monroe Doctrine and the Pan-American Union, had soon become evident.

And as the idea of hemisphere unity had begun to develop from a somewhat novel and altruistic credo into a vital measure of national defense and an integral part of our global military strategy, the further destructive role of the *Hispanidad* program as a threat to the entire United Nations cause had also become apparent.

As a matter of fact, the membership of the Council of *Hispanidad*, selected by Franco and his advisers, had been the best key to its purposes. Leading the list, in alphabetical order, was none other than José María Areilza M. de Rodas, an old follower of The Absent One and co-author of the Falange's "second charter," the *Reivindicaciones de España*.

"Spain," that official program of expansionism had announced, "is the head and spinal column of the Hispanic world scattered over the globe."

The Council of *Hispanidad* was made up of all the top leaders of the Falange and the Franco government. With the exception of such men as Manuel de Falla, the eminent Spanish composer living in Argentina, and the renowned essayist, José Ortega y Gasset, residing in Portugal, who had evidently been appointed to the Council without their consent, the membership comprised such intellectual luminaries as Franco's old patron and bosom friend, General Millán Astray—who had once cried "down with intelligence!" and had attempted to shoot Spain's most distinguished modern philosopher, Miguel de Unamuno—and Pilar Primo de Rivera, The Founder's sister, who was said to suffer from hallucinations.

There was Pemartín, who had predicted America's collapse and its defeat by Japan, and Eduardo Aunós, Paco's Minister of Justice and former envoy to Argentina, who was a notorious hater of the United States. There was even the "Supreme Brother-in-Law," Ramón Serrano Suñer, Franco's ex-foreign minister who, more than any single individual in Spain of the Caudillo, personified Franco's ties with the Axis.

But even if the membership had not consisted openly of the chief Falangist and other hierarchies who supported Franco's coalition dictatorship, the very use of the term *Hispanidad* in the Council's title should have sufficed to reveal its true objectives to the people and governments of Latin America.

The term had been coined by the reactionary Anglo-Basque philosopher, Ramiro de Maeztu, one of the major progenitors of the Falangist ideology, who had worked as a laborer in Cuba and, years later, had served as Ambassador to Argentina under the old Primo de Rivera dictatorship. Maeztu, who was subsequently executed by the Spanish Republic which he hated and had sought to destroy, had rejected the idea of Pan-Americanism. He had, instead, invented the principle of *Hispanidad* or "Hispanism" to affirm his contention that only Spain could "save" the Latin American countries from what he considered their moral and material decline, the rotten fruit of their separation from Spain.

Spain's manifest destiny in Latin America, he had indicated in his *Defensa de la Hispanidad*, was the revivification of that wraith of Spanish empire into a new imperial body, with its heart and head not Buenos Aires or Lima or Rio de Janeiro or Mexico City, but—as in the glorious days of Philip II—Madrid.

The frequent reiteration by Franco and his confederates that *Hispanidad* was aimed at the reestablishment of close "spiritual" ties between Spain and her former colonies, and in no sense at a program of territorial aggrandizement in the New World, had failed to convince the Latin American countries that the rise of Franco's "National Syndicalist State" was not a threat to their independence.

All but Mexico had recognized Franco, it was true, and they had continued to maintain diplomatic relations with his government—in some cases in order not to embarrass the United States in its policy of wartime expediency toward the Caudillo. But definite precautions had been taken gradually by most of them to prevent the Falange and other agents from carrying out their known intentions of stimulating unrest within their borders and creating friction between them and the United States.

Latin American resentment over the spread of Falangist activities under the guise of the apparently staid and legitimate *Hispanidad* program had been stimulated by the presence of thousands of Spanish Republican exiles, including many of Spain's most prominent intellectual and professional leaders, in Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Chile and the other American republics.

From the press and radio of Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Cuba, Guatemala, and nearly all the other Latin American countries had come a welling chorus of complaints and protests over the presence and operations of Franco's official and unofficial representatives within their frontiers. I had had ample opportunity to observe that growing reaction against the Franco regime during the two years I was in charge of propaganda analysis for the United States Government's Office of Inter-American Affairs, prior to my departure for Spain.

In June of 1943, the Peruvian national radio had declared that there was an "absolute divergence" between Latin American and Falangist Spain's policies. The rising wave of anti-Franco feeling had spread throughout Latin America and had been accompanied by a new surge of unfavorable publicity in connection with the fresh arrests of Falangist agents in Cuba and other American republics, as well as in our territory of Puerto Rico.

At the same time, it was becoming more evident each day that the Axis, the side Franco had backed, was doomed. Franco and his advisers on foreign affairs now began to talk of Spain, not as the "head and spinal column" of the Spanish-speaking world, but as a "sister" nation that deserved to share the benefits of the Good Neighbor policy. There were even rumors in Madrid, while I was there, that Franco was trying to get Spain admitted to the Pan-American Union!

Such rumors, weird as they appeared to be, actually were not far from the truth. Shortly before I left Spain, the Foreign Minister, Lequerica, gave a Columbus Day dinner for the envoys of the American republics, including the United States. In his speech delivered on that occasion, in spite of the fact that the holiday was publicized as the "Day of *Hispanidad*," Franco's No. 1 troubleshooter paid unprecedented tribute not only to the nations of Latin America — whom Maeztu, the father of *Hispanidad*, had called "peoples . . . without an ideal"—but also to the United States and its contributions to civilization in the Western Hemisphere.

The Latin American envoys listened politely.

But they would not find it easy to forget that such infamous leaders of the Falange as Jenaro Riestra Díaz, former Consul General in Cuba for Franco, who had been expelled from that country for his obnoxious pro-Axis and

Falangist activities throughout the strategic Caribbean war zone, had only recently received fresh honors from the Caudillo. Less than a month earlier, Riestra Díaz had been made Civil Governor of Vizcaya, and within two weeks the Caudillo himself was to swear the *Hispanidad* leader in as a member of the Falange's National Council to which he had appointed him.

That same month, Cuban congressional pressure urging the new President, Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín, to break relations with Franco, was followed by a laconic statement from the Mexican Foreign Minister that his country, which had never recognized Franco, saw no reason for changing that policy. The movement for a hemisphere-wide break with the Franco dictatorship began to take on fresh impetus three months later, on January 23, 1945, when, apparently without informing any other American republic of its intentions, Guatemala declared:

“The relations between the democratic government of Guatemala and the totalitarian Spanish regime are now broken.”

I could not help relating that sudden, bold step to the influence of a liberal professor of sociology, Jorge García Granados—a worthy grandson of that Guatemalan president who had come to be known as the Abraham Lincoln of his country—whom I had known in Guatemala City more than a decade ago, prior to his exile by Dictator Ubico. Jorge, I had learned, had been named President of the Guatemalan Congress. Later he was to become his country's ambassador in Washington.

Little Guatemala had broken the ice. It was the first American republic to *end* diplomatic relations with Franco. Others were soon to follow: Panama, Bolivia, Venezuela. The Cuban Congress, by unanimous vote, asked the president of that country to break with Franco Spain. And the

official Uruguayan declaration of November, 1945, calling for a Pan-American modification of the policy of "non-intervention" to prevent its use as a diplomatic weapon for defending undemocratic governments, was clearly aimed not only at Peron's Argentina but also at Franco's Spain.

But the ultimate effect of all these Latin American pressures depended largely on the final attitude to be adopted toward Franco and his decaying coalition-dictatorship by the most powerful member of the Pan-American Union: ourselves. With the war over, America's decision could not—and cannot now—be long delayed.

XVII

THE CASTLE ON DATO STREET

1

WHEN I WAS first shown into Ambassador Hayes' presence, four days after my arrival in Madrid, I was pleasantly surprised. Instead of the fire-eating ogre that I had, in spite of my resolve to be utterly unbiased, somehow expected to find after having read what newspapers all over the United States had been saying about him for the past two years, the figure that rose to greet me was a large, affable man in his sixties. He appeared to be both kind and courteous, and there was a droll, professorial twinkle in his eyes.

We had scarcely sat down, however, when he immediately began to impress upon me that being "agin the government" was an inherent trait among Spaniards and that this was responsible for most of the ills which the country had experienced. After the war in Europe was over, he added, Spain would fade into the background of relative political insignificance, from a world point of view, which he felt it had more or less deservedly occupied.

That was his subtle way, I understood later, of telling me not to give Franco Spain and its problems too much thought. To drive home the point, he observed that the Franco government had changed considerably from its former blatantly pro-Axis position. He looked at his watch. He had been talking for about twenty minutes.

"Since you have been assigned to work with us," he concluded, "you should know, of course, that we do not recognize any of our official agencies operating here except as part of the Embassy."

I nodded. I knew that that understanding was applicable especially as far as the United States Government agency which had hired me, and which had had serious differences with him, was concerned. But I said nothing. We shook hands and I left. For the time being, I was favorably impressed by his easy, forthright manner, although his approach generally had struck me as being anything but diplomatic.

It was not until I told one of my colleagues at our press office about the meeting that I realized just how tactful the Ambassador had been by comparison with the way another member of our staff had been greeted upon his arrival some months earlier.

He was a "radiophoto man," and his job of obtaining pictures of the fast-moving, day-to-day military developments for our bulletins as well as for the Spanish press—where we were trying hard to get over our news and features of the war in the face of tough German competition—was an important one in our propaganda and information program in Spain. He had already picked up some excellent photographs of the Allied landings in Italy which had been received with enthusiasm throughout Spain. But when he had been introduced to Ambassador Hayes for the first time, our No. 1 diplomat in Franco Spain, in a tone of undisguised exasperation, had blurted out:

"Radiophoto man! Do we *need* a radiophoto man?"

2

Carlton Joseph Huntley Hayes, professor of modern European history at Columbia University, had enjoyed the added reputation of being both a liberal—in spite of his condemnation of Spanish Republican "atrocities"—and a distinguished Catholic layman at the time he had received

his first, and possibly last, diplomatic assignment from the United States Government.

President Roosevelt had entrusted him with the important task of keeping Spain “neutralized” for as long as the plans elaborated by the American and British Joint Chiefs of Staff for the ultimate invasion of Europe required this. His job was to help prevent Spain from becoming an active theatre of war—through a German invasion of Spain or an open military alliance between the two countries—and to reduce the considerable economic and other facilities being extended to the Axis by the Franco regime.

Allied military strategy, concerned with the unhampered use of Gibraltar as a base for future Allied operations in Africa, chiefly to forestall a German-Japanese junction in the Middle East, had determined our State Department’s need for a policy of expediency toward Franco. Spain was the one country that might be used by the Nazis, poised along the Pyrenees, in a move to assault Gibraltar from the rear. It had been as simple as that.

Scarcely two months after Hayes’ arrival in Madrid in April of 1942, the Allied decision to land in French North Africa, bordering on Spanish Morocco, in November of that year, had heightened the importance of his assignment in Spain.

Later apologists for the role played by Professor Hayes as our wartime Ambassador to *El Caudillo* were to claim that he and British Ambassador Hoare had been brilliantly successful in keeping the Germans from invading Spain and threatening our North African operations, and in limiting Franco’s economic aid to the Nazis. But the fact was, not diplomacy by Hayes or anyone else, but largely the Russian Army—magnificently engaged in decimating Hitler’s legions at Stalingrad in those crucial weeks and in launching the first of a series of offensives against the over-extended

lines of the Germans that was to carry the Red Army to Berlin—had protected our armies in North Africa from a German attack by way of Spain and Spanish Morocco.

Even so, Franco's poorly veiled political and propaganda threats had forced us to keep an American force immobilized on the Spanish Moroccan border throughout the Allies' gruelling and costly pursuit of Marshal Rommel and his Afrika Korps across the North African desert.

As to Franco's gradual curtailment of wolfram and other war materials for the Axis, that had been motivated, not by soft or honeyed words from Háyes or Hoare, but principally through the persuasive powers of cold, hard cash put up by American and British taxpayers to purchase those materials—which we did not need, but were anxious to prevent the Nazis from getting — at the opportune moment when it became obvious that the Allies and not the Axis would be the victors in Europe. With Germany far too harassed on both the western and eastern fronts to compel Franco to continue sending those materials in their former amounts, "persuading" Franco to whittle down his shipments of war supplies to Germany, in return for Allied purchases at skyrocket prices that would breathe temporary life into Franco's rattling economic structure, required as much diplomacy as it would take to sell a hearing device to a poverty-stricken deaf man on the condition that he also agree to accept a fortune for himself and his family.

Nevertheless, Hayes had, in his pedestrian way, cooperated with the more sagacious Hoare in obtaining certain concessions from the Caudillo—whom Hayes was said to have once described as a "fine Christian gentleman"—which had been of some value to the Allied military effort in Europe.

Chief among those concessions had been the free passage through Spain, over a period of two years, of about 25,000

Frenchmen fleeing from Vichy and Nazi-held France on their way to join the Fighting French at Algiers; Spain's refusal to intern Allied fighters who had been able to make their way into the country after having been shot down in France; the long-delayed closing of the German Consulate at Tangier and the gradual expulsion of German agents from that territory; and the belated handing over to the Allies of certain Italian vessels which had fled to Spanish ports after the Badoglio-Victor Emmanuel deal with the Allies.

It had taken a strict American oil embargo against Franco Spain—not Hayes' friendly visits and long missives to Franco's ineffectual Foreign Minister Jordana, Lequerica's predecessor—to obtain most of those concessions.

3

Professor Hayes, however, was apparently a strong believer in the efficacy of moral persuasion—even toward a government as corrupt as the Franco regime, as long as we had recognized that government and he was, for the time being, the leading American representative of that recognition. Whether from moral or political considerations, or both, he showed a pronounced dislike for the use of pressure in our negotiations to obtain immediate as well as long-range concessions in Spain. He was adamant in this attitude, in the face of the high-powered campaign of intimidation and threats which constituted an important part of Franco's foreign policy—a policy of international blackmail.

As a result of Hayes' attitude, and in spite of his protestations that he was deeply interested in our informational and propaganda work in Spain, little or nothing was done, for instance, to capitalize on the overwhelming popular

opposition in Spain to the Franco dictatorship as a psychological factor for strengthening our own position either with the groups supporting the dictatorship or, keeping our long-range relations with Spain in mind, with Spanish public opinion, which was anxiously looking toward Franco's downfall.

To capitalize on the hatred and opposition of the Spanish people toward the Falange and the pro-Axis Franco government in general—which had tolerated and encouraged numerous insults against the United States, attacks on our employees, and even a raid on our press office in Valencia—meant, in Hayes' opinion, to wage ideological warfare against a government which we had recognized and were morally obligated, if not to aid openly, at least not to criticize publicly.

Ambassador Hayes code of "morality" toward Franco and his confederates, I discovered very soon after beginning my work in Spain, was earning us a harvest of ill-will among the otherwise pro-Allied Spanish people that was unprecedented since the days of the Civil War when resentment against our muddle-headed policy of "non-intervention" had reached its peak. Typical of this growing hostility was the sarcastic observation made to me by a Spanish radio-listener in Madrid:

"The Free French radio at Brazzaville, whose broadcasts I also listen to, is better informed about Spain than is the American radio—doubtless because the French have no recognized ambassador here in Madrid other than the Vichy representative. When the Free French talk about the countries that have helped Nazi Germany, they do not use the word 'neutrals,' as do the American broadcasts, but come out clearly and say Spain."

Moreover, Ambassador Hayes had gone out of his way to make public statements about the Franco regime which,

regardless of what his intentions may have been, had been widely interpreted as official American praise and support of that dictatorship. In January of 1943, for example, he had declared:

“If the political and social institutions of Spain undergo change or modification in future years, it will be the work of Spaniards within Spain, not of the United States or of Spanish émigrés.”

That was a typical example of the Hayes brand of double-talk, poorly concealing his fear that our government might eventually break relations with Franco to recognize some Spanish government-in-exile headed by the Republican leaders whom Hayes saw fit to dub with the bitterly resented name of “émigrés.” Later he had even gone so far as to eulogize “the wise direction” of the Franco government for having given Spain what he termed an economic renaissance.

Those statements had been made during the months when Franco Spain was still considered a danger to our North African campaign, and could—if one were willing to accept the “feet-kissing” technique as the proper diplomatic approach to a fear-haunted regime like that of Franco’s—perhaps be explained as part of the strict policy of “neutralization” which our State Department had agreed to pursue in Spain in accordance with the directive from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Far more difficult to explain—much less justify in the light of the relatively small rewards obtained by us, such as the opening of a commercial air route between the United States and Spain, and the final termination of commercial air service between Spain and Germany—were the significant gestures of friendship for the Franco regime made by Ambassador Hayes during the latter half of 1944, after the successful Allied landings in France and notwith-

standing advice from the Joint Chiefs of Staff that the military considerations which had motivated our policy of expediency toward Franco Spain no longer existed.

4

In Valencia, where the atmosphere of Falangist provocations against us had always been acute—Falange thugs had once broken into our Consulate there and torn a picture of President Roosevelt from a wall in the press office—our Consul, acting, I was told during my visit there, on a suggestion made by Mrs. Hayes to his wife, had invited the Falange officials in Valencia and their families to attend the Fourth-of-July party being given by the American Consul and his wife.

News of the invitation, I learned from one of the Embassy attachés there, had spread like wildfire among the people of Valencia, Spain's third largest city, where the Franco terror had known no bounds and where one of the best organized Underground movements against Paco and his regime had since arisen. For the first time since his arrival in Valencia a year earlier, the Embassy attaché told me—and I received further confirmation of the story from members of Consul Anderson's own staff—he had been confronted with a popular wave of anti-American feeling.

Worst of all, official insult had been added to public injury when the Falange authorities had not even bothered to accept our Consul's invitation.

Even more shocking, if possible, was the case of the lecture given in Madrid under American Embassy auspices by Professor Ignacio Lojendio, one of Franco's intellectual supporters, whose recent tour of the United States had been sponsored by Ambassador Hayes. The Lojendio lecture was delivered before an invited audience of Americans and

Spanish officials in the auditorium of the Casa Americana—our press and cultural headquarters—on October 27, 1944, nearly five months after D-Day and the beginning of the final liberation of Europe from the Nazis. The subject of Lojendio's talk was "The Failure of Liberalism in Europe," and his thesis implied that the Franco regime was the virile successor to an impotent and dying liberalism on the European continent.

I was already in Lisbon, waiting for air transportation back to the States, but I got an interesting follow-up to the Lojendio story the next day from one of the regular American press correspondents who had attended the lecture and who telephoned me from Madrid. Our Embassy, he said, had prepared an abstract of the Lojendio talk for release to the press, but at the last minute had decided to quash all publicity concerning the unhappy event. The Ambassador had had the abstracts destroyed.

I wondered if the destruction had taken place by bonfire, as in the case of entire editions of some of our feature pamphlets which I had watched go up in flames in compliance with orders from Professor Hayes. The most recent burning had been the September, 1944, issue of the *Carta de America*, which was printed in London by the United States Government for distribution in Spain.

It had contained an article quoting Prime Minister Churchill's message to the Italian people on how to distinguish a fascist from a free regime. Churchill had been quoted as describing the factors of freedom of expression, the right to vote a government out of power, the liberty of the courts, equal privileges for rich and poor alike, protection of the rights of the individual, and freedom from want and fear, as "simple, practical tests" to determine whether a given country living under peacetime conditions in the modern world could be considered free or not.

Hayes, I was told by his press attaché who was my immediate chief, felt that the article would needlessly provoke the Franco regime. This general attitude—appeasement was the everyday American's word for it—was also shared by certain high State Department officials, including James Dunn, who was in charge of European affairs, and by Perry George, head of the State Department's Iberian desk, whose son was private secretary to Hayes.

Similar consideration for Franco's feelings had caused Hayes to order the burning of the previous month's issue of *Carta de America* which had carried an article on Allied military victories in France and the invaluable support rendered by the French resistance forces, including the Spanish Maquis, in the attainment of those victories.

Again, there was that issue of one of our daily press bulletins which had contained a news story quoting statements against totalitarianism and dictatorship by both the Republican and Democratic candidates for the vice-presidency in the forthcoming elections in the United States, Governor John Bricker of Ohio and Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri. Our bulletin had quoted Truman as expressing his certainty that everything which the American republic stood for would be safeguarded by men willing to fight and die, if necessary, on all the world's fronts, to prevent the spread of "totalitarianism, tyranny and dictatorship."

The statement by Senator Truman—who, less than six months later, was to succeed Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States—was effectively censored in Spain, not by the Falange, ironically enough, but by the American Ambassador, who had the edition burned before it could be distributed to the thousands of Spanish men and women who daily stood in line waiting to receive a copy of our latest press bulletin.

Below me, in the courtyard of the Casa Americana, a fire had already been started, I noted as I looked down from my office window. About a dozen members of our Spanish staff stood around watching, silent, as the censored bulletins were thrown into the fire and the flames devoured the forbidden words of Senator Truman condemning despotism.

This time, however, the edition had been banned early, before too many of the bulletins had been run off, so there were not great heaps to be destroyed as on the other occasions. And there was not much smoke. Only a tall, thin wisp of it spiralling delicately upward toward a sky, multi-green, which I had seen only once before — in Texas, before a cyclone struck.

Yet the whole scene in the courtyard below impressed me strangely as bearing no relation to America but rather as something terrifyingly out of Spain and the Spanish past, filled with the purging of heresy by fire, marked by the ritual of wisps of smoke spiralling toward the green Castilian heavens.

5

Less than two months after the burning of the September, 1944, issue of the *Carta de America*, a special United Press interview with Franco, in which the Caudillo was quoted as denying that Spain under his rule had ever been fascist, was given a mammoth build-up by the Falange-controlled press throughout Spain.

Franco, according to the interview, offered to collaborate fully with all the major Allied powers. While these had been defined to include Russia, the Spanish dictator had also been very explicit in his insistence on Allied "non-interference" in Spain's internal affairs, and he had made a

significant appeal for what he termed American "fair play" and understanding of his handling of Spain's foreign relations.

To climax that bid for a safe corner in one of our postwar pockets, Franco, whose *Hispanidad* program had succeeded in opening our back door in Latin America to Axis infiltration, told the interviewer that his greatest desire was to maintain "harmonious and cordial relations" with the peoples of the Americas.

"The discovery of America," he added in what sounded like an application for membership in the Pan-American Union, "gave Spain an American character which no event can affect, hence her friendship for other nations of America of non-Spanish origin like the United States and Brazil."

I wondered what Hayes' reaction would be to Franco's latest and most shameless effort to save himself and his regime by clinging to Uncle Sam's coat tails. A few days after my return to the States, I learned that Ambassador Hayes had informed the State Department that the United Press interview and the publicity surrounding it would have a "helpful effect."

A helpful effect for whom—the tottering Franco Government or the United States, whose prestige among the Spanish people was, in spite of their unbridled admiration for our armies' successes in the field, rapidly beginning to wane, thanks to the Hayes brand of diplomacy?

That question was soon answered. Hayes, I was told, had also informed the State Department that the heavy publicity accorded the United Press interview had made the Spanish people aware of Franco's desire to bring Spain into closer association with the United States, and that the statements made by Franco had indicated Spain's readiness to take part in the peace discussions.

In other words, according to Hayes, the Spanish people

who had suffered so much at the hands of the Franco dictatorship which still held them by the throat, were evidently supposed to be turning somersaults of joy over the "discovery" that Franco was trying to save his regime through protection from the United States. Similarly, the American Government, whom Franco had done almost everything in his power, since his Glorious Triumph in 1939 and especially since the outbreak of the Second World War later that year, to insult and to harm, was apparently expected to greet Franco's bid for a seat at the United Nations peace table with bubbling elation.

And yet at least one of Hayes' close advisers at the Embassy, with whom I sometimes dined, insisted over and over again that Hayes was not pro-Franco. But then the same official—one of the heads of the USCC in Spain, the American Government agency which was spending scores of millions of dollars to keep Spanish wolfram and other war materials from reaching Hitler—also maintained that only the "emotional crackpots" in the United States, chiefly the liberals, were interested in what was going to happen to the Franco regime or to Spain.

I questioned the idea that the future of Spain could be a matter of indifference to the United States. There was not only the danger that Franco's reactionary-fascist dictatorship might survive, under another name and with other leaders, as a new world focus of fascist infection that would be strongly abetted by the German cartels which had managed to obtain extensive economic controls in Spain and which might not be affected by Nazi Germany's fall. There was also the threat to our relations with Latin America which any reactionary government in Spain would always represent.

Only the reactionary groups in Spain still bore us resentment over the Spanish-American War which had resulted

in Spain's loss of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines. And Spanish thinking was a subtle influence not only among the governments and peoples of Latin America, I knew from my years of study and residence there, but also among the scores of thousands of Spanish-speaking residents on the Texas border, along the Rio Grande, where I had been reared and where my mother still lived, and in the entire Southwest and other sections of the United States.

As long as Spain continued to have an anti-democratic regime, there was little doubt that some of our most dangerous Spanish and foreign enemies, including the arch-conspirator, General Wilhelm von Faupel, the real organizer of Franco's Falange Abroad and *Hispanidad* programs which had wrought incalculable harm to both the cause of the United States and the United Nations throughout Latin America—would still be permitted to make Madrid their headquarters.

But my occasional dinner companion who was one of Hayes' top advisers and who, I had discovered, often reflected Hayes' views, pooh-poohed the "notion" that Spain was a vital or even important post-war problem for the United States. Spain's economy, he maintained, could never be made "compatible" with ours because there was very little which Spain produced that we needed. He dismissed the fact that Spain was a country with vast, untapped resources in water power and other natural wealth, and scoffed at the idea advanced by some economists who proposed strengthening our economic relations with Spain through the establishment of a trade triangle embracing the United States, Latin America and the Iberian Peninsula.

Spain, he concluded nonchalantly, was "Britain's bailiwick." England needed Spain's ores and oranges and could easily continue to trade with her in pretty much the old

way. Our concern with Spain would more or less end once the war was over. That was the Embassy's "party line."

But its effects were not so simple. For Spanish public reaction against that approaching return of English economic and political domination in the Iberian peninsula was so widespread that, even among many of the Spanish "moderates" whom I knew, the eyes of the people were looking increasingly to Russia for a new and more promising solution of their country's uncertain future. And internally, the influence and prestige of the hyper-active Communist organization in Spain with the growing Underground movement were immeasurably strengthened.

Maybe, I told myself facetiously, Carlton J. H. Hayes had been misjudged by American public opinion which overwhelmingly tended to identify him with the "appeasement" school of thinking in our State Department. Perhaps the thousands of newspapers all over the country, Congressman John Coffee of Washington and other honest, progressive leaders who were demanding an American diplomatic break with Franco, and many of Hayes' own colleagues in the American Historical Association—who were later to confront him with the ethical dilemma of having to accept the presidency of that distinguished society for which, sans precedent, he had been chosen by considerably less than the traditional unanimous vote—were all wrong in identifying Hayes with those groups which could not contemplate the possible collapse of the Franco Government without trepidation.

I pondered over the fact that both the clandestine Spanish Communist organization and the growing prestige of the USSR had picked up considerable momentum in Spain because of Spanish public reaction against the attitude of political "morality" pursued by our Ambassador in Spain toward the Franco regime. And tongue in cheek, I silently

challenged his critics to consider the breathtaking possibility that Professor Hayes, if not directly "in the pay of Moscow," was at least a member of the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist Party cleverly disguised as an American diplomat.

6

Part of the Hayes technique of eschewing even the most conservative high-pressure methods in his dealings with the rickety Franco government was to keep a close, watchful thumb on everything and everyone connected with the work of the American Embassy in Spain.

The Hayes vigilance was remarkably relaxed, however, where our Spanish employees in Madrid and the other cities where we had consulates and similar branches of the Embassy, were concerned. Although we had a good many Republicans — "Reds," they were called — working in our press office, for instance, we also had plenty of Falangists scattered among them. Some were Falange agents, often in the employ of the Germans or the Japanese, who were busy ascertaining every possible detail of our plans and activities and the exact nature of the duties assigned to every member of the staff. Less than 24 hours after the arrival of a new secretary from the States, at least one Spanish employee who we had reason to suspect was a "plant," not only for the Falange but for the Germans and possibly the Japanese as well, had already seen the duplicate copy of the girl's confidential record which she had with her.

In contrast with the astonishing laxity displayed in the selection of Spaniards for employment with our Embassy, methods smacking strongly of certain procedures which had been perfected by the German Gestapo, such as spying, intimidation, and reporting on fellow employees, were con-

stantly employed by Hayes and his close advisers to keep American officers and employees "in line." Embassy interference in our private lives was by no means confined to our dealings with Spaniards; our personal relations with one another were subject to steady scrutiny and criticism—which was generally made through devious channels and by means of gossip and casual hints from third parties.

Equally disturbing was the dark atmosphere of unending intrigue and mutual distrust with which working relationships among the Embassy staff were charged. Even seasoned State Department career men assigned there said that they had never seen any foreign service post that could compare in unwholesomeness of environment with our Embassy in Spain of the Caudillo. There was something so peculiarly mirthless and medieval about the Embassy atmosphere with Hayes and his wife in charge that some of us often referred to the Embassy building, which had actually once been a Spanish ducal residence, as "the castle on Dato Street."

Our own press office—theoretically a branch of the OWI, or Office of War Information—was rife with petty jealousies and back-stabbings fostered by our chief, who was Hayes' acting press attaché. He was an inexperienced but cunning youngster—Spanish newspapermen spoke of him derisively as "*El Niño*," or "The Infant"—who, a few years earlier, had studied under Professor Hayes at Columbia. Around him was an undistinguished coterie of young clerks who made no effort to conceal the fact that their interest in Spain was confined largely to the elementary joys which the Madrid cabarets offered to pleasure-seeking foreigners with money.

A long-existing feud between Hayes and some of the OWI chiefs in Washington and New York made my own assignment particularly difficult. It was delicate enough in its own right. From day to day, week to week, I kept a close

watch not only on the general propaganda picture in Spain but also on the changing attitudes among the Spanish people—especially as these were reflected in radio listeners' reactions to our Voice of America short wave broadcasts that reached them during the day and night from our transmitters in New York and our relay stations in London and in Rabat, French North Africa.

My hardest job, however, was not discovering what the Spanish people were thinking and feeling either in their attitude toward the war, toward us, or toward their own problems. The real struggle was, rather, to get this information to the home offices, as I had been instructed to do. From the beginning, in spite of all my conciliatory efforts, this key phase of our work was sabotaged. My reports, though objective in the extreme, were heavily censored by the Embassy, often on admittedly arbitrary grounds.

An outstanding example of this practice was the bluepencilling by Hayes' acting press attaché—whom Hayes had also compelled the OWI to accept as head of its Madrid "outpost" — of my reports on radio listening in Spain. One of these once indicated considerable enthusiasm among Spanish radio listeners—who, like the Spanish people at large, were overwhelmingly pro-Ally as well as anti-Franco—for a particular Voice of America broadcast announcing the liberation of a group of Spanish Republican prisoners by the American army during its capture of the port of Cherbourg.

"We just don't want to encourage the Voice of America to mention Spain at all," said the acting press attaché, speaking, he emphasized, for both Hayes and himself, as he "exed" out that part of the report.

The tension between many of the OWI chiefs at home and at the Madrid "outpost" over which Hayes and his favorite henchmen kept a close and sullen watch, interfered

with all our operations. After seven months in this trying atmosphere, it was with a feeling of relief, tempered by regret at having to leave the unhappy country for whose people I had developed such deep affection and respect, that I received instructions to return to the States.

All the OWI officials in Washington and New York who were familiar with my work and the difficult circumstances under which it had been carried out—our own Embassy's petty spying tactics, Hayes' constant bickering, the presence of enemy agents and Falangist *provocateurs* everywhere—greeted me warmly and told me I had done a "swell job." Within a few days after my return I was made "acting regional specialist for Iberia" and given chief responsibility for preparing the OWI policy directives concerned with our program in Spain and Portugal.

At the same time, however, the OWI chiefs suggested that my signature should not appear in cables or other reports and memoranda concerning Spain until the OWI controversy with Hayes and with his acting press attaché could be settled. They were afraid, they explained, of Hayes and his "connections" in the State Department. I was shocked. Here I was back in the free, brave U. S. A., glad to be out of Franco Spain and tickled to be away from the sickening intrigues of the Hayes-run Embassy there. But I had come back to an atmosphere of fear and deceit that began to bear a startling resemblance to some of the things that went on in fascist Spain and our Embassy there.

Hayes, I was now told, had been most insistent that I be called back to the States, ostensibly as part of the "reduction" of the Madrid staff which the Ambassador and his acting press attaché had proposed. He had won his demand. The stipulation that I return to the States was Point No. 1 in a formal, written "treaty" involving our informational program in Spain, which had been signed by

Hayes and a high OWI executive whom Elmer Davis, head of the OWI, had sent to Madrid as his special "envoy" to negotiate with Hayes.

Davis' envoy, who had arrived in Madrid while I was still there, was a former advertising man whose threadbare understanding of Spanish affairs suited Hayes' plans as much as the skill of Elmer Davis' earlier emissary had threatened to disrupt them. The first envoy had been recalled to Washington, at Hayes' demand, soon after his arrival in Madrid; a short time later he had quit the OWI, where he had held one of the top positions since the beginning of the war.

I was all set to ask for an assignment in the Philippines, where my usefulness would be less hampered, until the end of the war—which was already in sight. While I was considering this idea, however, the OWI asked me to prepare a "long-range directive on Spain" which was badly needed.

I therefore agreed to the proposal that, at least for the time being, my name should not appear in OWI memoranda. In line with this arrangement, at subsequent meetings held with the "Iberian staff" of the OWI at which I outlined the Spanish situation and our operations there, I was introduced as the assistant rather than the full acting policy chief. Meanwhile, I went ahead with the preparation of the "long-range directive," finished it, and turned it over to my government. In it I outlined a proposal for revamping our informational program in Spain drastically, along lines that would enable us to reach larger and more representative segments of the Spanish people.

My next important step, I now felt, was to tell the American people—directly, rather than through endless government memoranda—all that I had discovered about Spain and our role there. I took leave of absence—three months of annual leave had piled up, fortunately, as the result of my

four years of service with the government — and started work on this book.

Suddenly my work was stopped. The interruption came from an undreamed-of direction: the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

Acting on a lengthy memorandum which had been mysteriously filed from Madrid, the Commission informed me, by means of one of its “special investigators” in Washington, that I was “alleged” to have committed a series of misdemeanors during my stay in Spain. While the actions with which I was charged from behind a screen of anonymity were a patently absurd mixture of lies and invention, the malicious intent motivating them could not be ignored. If proved true, they could successfully bar me from future service with my Government.

I was accused of arriving late some mornings at the Madrid office, of having established contacts of “dubious” worth among the Spanish people, of having sold my remaining cartons of cigarettes before leaving Madrid to Spaniards at black-market prices instead of disposing of them to some of my “colleagues” in the Embassy, of using the official press cars for personal business. And so on. I was even charged with having failed to pay for a set of Spanish dishes which I had bought for my wife!

The whole thing was so preposterous, so full of trivial and unfounded hearsay, that I never suspected it would take two long months of hearings, consultations with two crack government lawyers who volunteered to assist me, the embarrassing necessity of obtaining numerous testimonials in my behalf—some of them from men high in the government—and a full day of “hearings” before the Commission’s appeals board. One by one the charges were proven false: an agreement with the OWI chiefs in Washington had provided that at least 50 percent of my time be spent outside

the office making contacts among Spanish radio listeners; the people termed "dubious" contacts turned out to be shabbily dressed Spanish Republicans who visited me at the office from time to time to give me their reactions to our latest Voice of America broadcasts; the cigarettes had been given away, many of them for distribution to Republican prisoners; and, miraculously preserved, there was the signed, stamped receipt showing that the purchase of the Spanish dishes for my wife was paid for. And so on and so forth.

Most revealing was the introduction of sworn testimony and live witnesses proving that some of Hayes' favorites in the Embassy press office in Madrid had actually conspired to have me "smeared."

I had told some of Elmer Davis' top aides in the OWI that such evidence would be submitted and I had invited them to attend the hearing. Among them were officials who had named me "acting regional specialist" for Spain and who had hoped to prevent Hayes and his "stooges" from knowing about the appointment by keeping my name off official memoranda concerning Spain. They pretended to be sympathetic, declined the invitation to attend the hearing, and generally washed their hands of the whole affair. One of them even jumped into the case against me at the last minute.

All this time I had been working on my book. But it was not easy. My despair over the constant interruptions dealing with all the ridiculous details of my "case" would probably have impaired my health had it not been for the rising anger and indignation I felt each time I discovered another clear indication, through my conversations with OWI and other officials, that behind all this—though there was nothing in the stupid accusations made against me to prove it—were the machinations of medieval-minded forces, at

home as well as in our Embassy in Madrid, that were determined at all costs and by whatever means possible to discredit anyone who might attempt to tell the truth about Spain and the real meaning of our government's so-called policy of "non-intervention" there.

Several weeks after I had won my case and the book was nearing completion, I ran into an old friend in the OWI who had recently returned from a visit in Madrid. While he was there, he had asked a prominent member of the Embassy press office, a man who had received an important promotion from the OWI at Hayes' suggestion, "What happened to Plenn? Why did he have to return?"

"Oh, he got too close to things in Spain," was the answer. "You should have seen the crummy lot of people that used to come to see him here."

In our Embassy in Madrid, as in the best Falange and other Franco circles, the designation for those opposed to *El Caudillo* and his regime, especially if they happened to be ill-clothed, hungry Freemasons whose homes and personal property had been confiscated by the Falangist State, was, of course, "crummy lot of people." And no punishment was too severe, no "smear" was too base, for any American citizen who allowed himself to be moved by their suffering.

7

Hayes, in the meantime, had been replaced by Norman Armour, who was at least a career diplomat, and I wondered if this change might point to the beginning of a new and firm American policy toward Franco.

That was important not only for our own record among all the nations of the world. It was our moral obligation to the Spanish people, who had never stopped being pro-Ally,

in spite of the fact that our policy of "non-intervention," alternating with outright appeasement had become Franco's chief weapon in allaying the rising tide of national opposition to him.

The least we could do was to make it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt—jointly with England, or alone, if need be—that we had not the slightest interest in helping to perpetuate the Franco regime of tyranny and terror. A diplomatic break, which was being urged by an increasing number of Americans inside as well as outside the government, would serve that purpose best. But the immediate answer was steady, mounting political and economic pressure—the kind which bullies and bully governments are quick to understand and which Hayes had been unwilling to bring to bear upon Franco.

The significant thing to remember, in any case, was that, more than any other single political force in the world, American power and prestige—which was still considerable in Spain, in spite of our diplomatic blunders which contrasted so sharply with our superb military achievements during the war—could pave the way for a mighty rebirth, without the need for a dreaded, second Spanish Civil War, of the freedom and democracy we had once permitted to die in Spain.

That death, as Sumner Welles—who was then Undersecretary of State—was to point out years later, after he had left the State Department, had been a major cog in the Axis political and military machinery for launching the Second World War. Scores of thousands of American lives had paid for that blunder.

The attitude of the Spanish people—perhaps of the people of the whole world—toward us and toward the United Nations cause which we, above the other powers, still seemed to represent to them, was revealed to me in all

its fullness in a clandestine letter from a radio listener in Franco's home province of La Coruña.

"I do not know," he wrote, "whether you are aware of the educational work you are accomplishing through your microphone. You are teaching the citizens of all countries of the world to be true democrats, making them see the meaning of freedom, justice and democracy."

And he warned:

"Take care, for your broadcasts have not fallen on barren soil, and if the United Nations do not fulfill their promises, your disciples will have every right to call you betrayers of those liberties of the peoples which you yourselves have taught them to hold dear."

Part Four

RECONQUEST

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

—Thomas Jefferson

XVIII

WIND IN THE OLIVE TREES

1

WE SAT—Julián, his wife Eulalia, and I—on the almost level slope of a low mound that was one end of an olive grove, the whole narrow length of which stretched before us. It was a stately grove in spite of the squat sturdiness of the trees that, studied singly, could easily evoke laughter, but seen in the company of their fellows, shed a grace of dignity, of beauty, like the court dwarfs in a painting by Velazquez.

It was Sunday, and we had come out to pass the day at this spot, less than an hour by train from Madrid. Even before coming here, I felt that the place was an old and familiar one to me because of the many narratives I had heard from Julián, who was a talented young poet, and his wife, about the village near-by which had been wiped out during the Spanish Civil War. Repeated air attacks followed by daily blasts from the Nationalists' heaviest artillery had left the village an utter ruin, without a single house standing.

It was in that village, which had since disappeared from the earth, that this young couple had been born, in the same year and the same month, had been friends through childhood and sweethearts through adolescence, had wed before they were twenty, only to know, soon afterward, not only the tragedy of the annihilating Civil War around them but also the deep personal sorrow of having their first and only child stillborn.

And there was the long aftermath of new anguish which

had to be endured. Their village razed, their families and friends decimated, and Julián himself in one of Franco's filthy jails crowded with sick, starving, beaten men. Julián had been imprisoned because some of his poems, tender odes to nature, had once appeared in a pro-Republican, weekly newspaper published in a larger town near his village. For five long years they had been separated, this man and woman whose devotion to each other was so intense that, since early childhood, they had not let a single day pass without seeing each other at least once, if only for a fleeting moment.

Julián had been released only a few months ago. He had come out of jail in the nick of time. He had come out to find Eulalia gravely ill from pellagra. The dread disease caused by prolonged undernourishment had made its appearance several weeks before his release, and she had had to discontinue her brief visits to the prison. Before that, week after week, she had brought him most of the food she was able to purchase with the pittance she earned as a chambermaid in the Hotel Palace in Madrid where I was then staying and where I had first met her.

She had not let him know that she was starving herself to keep him at least in fair health. He was the one, she felt, who had to stay strong. For she knew that, while previously he had remained aloof from politics, he had found it impossible to shut his eyes to the terrible meaning of the Civil War that had wasted his country, and during his long imprisonment in that jail for political prisoners he had been "won over" by a group of men there who, through several trusted guards, were in contact with the Underground movement outside. After his release, she had decided, he must continue to do his share in that movement, and since he also had to have a job, he would need every ounce of strength.

Julián had been luckier than others. I had been able to get him a job with one of the Allied missions in Madrid. Little by little, Eulalia had recovered from the beginnings of pellagra. There were only a few red spots left on her body; they marred only slightly the beauty of her fine olive-tinted throat.

It was not until the day of our picnic that I learned of his Underground activity. We had had our lunch—I had gotten the hotel restaurant to fix an ample one for us—and were sitting around talking and smoking. It was then that Julián casually mentioned, for the first time, the fact that he was connected with the Spanish Underground. Eulalia added a few details which indicated that he was highly thought of by his companions.

“But Julián is out on conditional liberty,” I said to her. “If he’s caught. . . .”

The penalty was death, of course, even if he were not free on “conditional liberty,” but in his case there would not be the remotest chance of a commutation to life imprisonment. They knew all that, but refused to talk about it. Julián “must do what he has to do.”

I could say nothing more. As an American, I felt his fight was a good fight and should be encouraged. As a member of our Embassy, whose policy was one of strict “non-interference,” I could only keep quiet.

We sat around in silence on the hard ground, our feet stretched out in front of us, smoking, taking an occasional draught of cooling red wine from the *garafón*—I had the devil’s own time to keep from committing the unforgivable sin of letting the spout touch my lips—and enjoying the momentary peace of the landscape. The summer was not yet over, but the greenness, always pale and emaciated-looking on the arid heights of the Castilian plateau, was already fading and the sombre brown, the color of a Fran-

ciscan monk's habit, that cloaks so much of Spain throughout most of the year, was spreading its pall over all that still lived.

Suddenly, out of nowhere it seemed, there appeared a veritable host of ragged young children. Barefooted and dirty, they stood in a semicircle before us, blotting out the rich view we had of the long avenue of olive trees. The urchins stood there staring, not at us, but at the remains of our abundant picnic lunch just behind us. They said nothing, just stared as though transfixed at the bits of meat and fowl, the bread rolls, whole pieces of fruit, some slices of cake, and the remains of a formidable omelet that lay scattered over the newspapers which had been spread to serve as a tablecloth.

Eulalia said quietly, "Go ahead, children. It's for you."

Without a word, they rushed to the banquet of scraps and crumbs, swept it all up in their skinny arms, bit by bit, until nothing remained—not even the newspapers—and were off.

"Where are they taking it?" I asked.

"To their families, of course," said Eulalia.

I looked at Julián. His full, sensitive features were dark with sorrow; behind him, his long hands on which he was resting were clenched into tight fists digging spasmodically into the hard, caked soil of Castile.

I turned away. The view of the olive grove was free again. But it no longer looked the same. For one thing, the trees had lost that air of stillness, of sturdy yet courtly stateliness. I thought I saw some branches tremble.

"The wind is rising," said Eulalia.

2

All over Spain of the Caudillo the wind was rising.

For victors and vanquished alike, the Civil War had never ended. There had been no armistice, and the unconditional

surrender which Franco had finally choked out of gasping, prostrate Madrid on that April Fool's Day in 1939 with his false promise of leniency had quickly come to mean nothing more than a truce between an armed minority of reactionaries and fascists who supported the Generalissimo, and the Republic's wall of men.

The five years of poverty and terror which had followed the death of a million men in the fighting in Spain had dented that wall. But time, the growing instability of Franco's control over his oligarchy and its manipulation of political and economic power, and above all, the turning tide of war in Europe, had sprayed the wall with healing sediments. Spain's wall of men, moreover, like the moving docks which the Allies had towed laboriously and under enemy fire across the English Channel to the coast of Normandy for the invasion, was, in its own way, being transformed slowly into a body for waging offensive action against tyranny.

Overt symptoms of the Spanish people's contempt, hatred and hostility toward the Franco regime were multiplying daily. While officials of the Falange—which had been used by Franco as the pro-Axis whipping-post for his government—were, together with the Caudillo himself, the most frequent targets of popular attacks, nearly all of them still verbal, there were also more and more outbursts against the bureaucracy in general.

At least 85 percent of the Spanish population, some of the most conservative observers estimated, were against the regime and looked forward to its downfall with greater hope than fear of whatever might follow.

"Anything," one often heard, "anything at all is better than what we have now."

New jokes ridiculing Franco and the Falange appeared every few days. One of the most popular was a story reveal-

ing Spanish peasant humor at its boldest. When Franco's daughter, Carmencita, a frequent traveller on good-will missions for her father to official charity functions in different parts of Spain, protested to a woman occupying the berth above her in a sleeping compartment that she was being kept awake by "barbaric detonations" from above—so the tale went—the passenger in the upper berth, who was a hefty, rustic female, leaned out and, shaking an admonishing finger, retorted:

"Listen, maybe your papa has managed to seal our mouths. But our behinds—never!"

Far more serious was the noticeable increase in grumbling over the steep cost of living among the long lines of people waiting before stores where rationed goods were sold, in marketplaces, and in railroad stations and other public places. I once saw several people arrested by guards at the Atocha Station in Madrid for complaining aloud that it was dishonest to sell tickets when there was no longer any standing room left in the packed trains, some of which, furthermore, had already departed.

Open expressions of defiance against the government were mounting in number. At the International Fair in Barcelona, only four days after the Allied invasion of Normandy, during an address by Commerce Minister Carceller, several hecklers standing behind me kept up a running fire of sarcastic comment in voices loud enough to attract the attention only of the people in the immediate vicinity. When the Minister of Commerce, a past master of graft and chicanery, told the audience that the Generalissimo and his government had furthered the system of public education in Spain—actually, they had destroyed it—one of the hecklers replied:

"We can also thank you for raising the tuition fees!"

Later that day, for the first time, I heard people in an

outdoor café facing one of the Ramblas bawl out some members of the Falange Youth who were determinedly trying to force them to buy the "little flag," to wear in their coat lapels, which represented a bi-weekly special tax of 30 céntimos that was supposed to help support the government's "social welfare" program. The money obtained from the bi-weekly *colecta*, however, was notoriously used in large part to finance the Falange organizations.

"I'll tell you how to get lots of money for your organization," said one man in the café crowd. "Go and invent an arm support that will make it easy for us to stand at attention, during one of your parades, with our arms raised *en alto* as we have to do."

And more and more, verbal attacks were being supplemented by action. In many towns and villages, and in certain sections of the larger cities, including the capital, it had become quite unsafe for Falangists, at night, to walk alone or even in small groups.

In shops, factories, hotels, restaurants and other industrial and commercial establishments, although it was still virtually impossible to resort to strikes without fatal consequences—strikes were synonymous with rebellion in Franco Spain—employees and workmen were finding other ways to protest against bad working conditions and miserable living standards in general. In the restaurant of one of the leading hotels of Madrid, for instance, where the management followed the practice of feeding the waiters a stew made from the leavings of all meals served to guests in their rooms, the stew was becoming little more than a vile concoction of leftover pieces of fat. The waiters began sending their "dinner" back to the kitchen.

In regions like Cataluña, where the people spoke languages—or dialects—that differed from Spanish, local populations had discovered that it was fairly easy to "rile" the

government officials from other parts of the country who had been stationed there in accordance with the Franco regime's standard practice of discouraging local rights. All the people had to do was to address the officials in the native tongue.

3

The growing power of this kind of unorganized popular opposition to the Franco government was also reflected in the increasing appearance of a policy of defensiveness among Franco and his bureaucracy, the aim of which was to assuage the people's bitter memories and tone down their hostility toward the "National Syndicalist State."

I knew the son of a government official in Madrid who also ran a factory in Albacete province, below Valencia. The fear that approaching political changes in Spain might precipitate violent action by the Albacete workmen against him and his father was the boy's chief and almost sole pre-occupation. Finally he decided that if his father "did not think enough of his hide to try to save it," there was nothing further he could do except insure the safety of his own skin. I once chided him about his anxieties.

"Oh, but you do not know how cocky our men have become," he replied. "They are already spitting on their hands." He began gesturing wildly. "Spitting on their hands and saying their second turn is coming!"

He made frequent trips between Madrid and Albacete. One day, on his return from one of those trips, he telephoned me and asked me to have lunch with him; something important had happened.

"I have nothing more to worry about," he said as soon as we got started on our *apéritif*. "Since I last saw you, I have made real friends not only among our workmen but

also among their families. We now address each other as *tu!*”

“And what about your father?” I asked.

“He is furious. He sees changes coming too—but he thinks they can be put under control if we adopt a firmer attitude toward our men. He thinks we should threaten them, have a couple of them jailed—just as an example—to discourage them. He’s really scared, even more scared than I am.”

The conflict between the boy’s views and those of his father struck me as being a reflection in miniature of the larger internal dilemma confronting Franco and the political monster he had created. That dilemma, all Spain knew, rose from a single, harrowing problem: could a transition of power from Franco and his discredited bureaucracy to some form of provisional government committed to the calling of free elections in Spain be achieved—in the face of deep-seated popular demands for “justice” against the leaders as well as the most active supporters of the Franco-Falange regime—without plunging the nation into a second blood bath?

XIX

HOUSE OF CARDS

1

MANY PEOPLE IN Spain, among the very small minority that upheld the Franco government as well as the millions who longed and prayed for its downfall, considered Franco the luckiest man alive. Like the natives of Spanish Morocco—who, more than two decades earlier, had followed his career as a young officer in the famous 68th African Regiment, in the territorial police army, the *Regulares*, and finally in the *Tercio* or Spanish Foreign Legion which he had helped to found, and who had watched him recover from that bad bullet wound he had gotten in the fighting at Buit—they were convinced that Francisco Franco Baamonde had a “charmed” life.

“General Franco,” they said, “is protected by supernatural forces.”

But his closest followers, who helped him keep a tight rein on the supporting groups that went to make up his dictatorship, knew better. If magic had brought Franco to power and kept him there long after his original aim—to destroy the Second Spanish Republic—had ostensibly been achieved, it was political rather than “supernatural.”

The immediate key to his success in maintaining a delicate balance between the high clergy, the Falange leaders, the landowning grandees, the more opportunist of the industrialists, and the generals who shared his dictatorial powers, was his adherence to the policy of assigning those groups—each of which considered itself his legitimate successor—broad, separate spheres of control.

But there was something more. It was not easy to put one's finger on it, but one sensed its presence everywhere. It gave the "normal" tension of Spain and the Spanish temperament an almost unbearable edge.

"What is it?" I once asked a famous Spanish engineer who, because of his close personal friendship with Foreign Minister Lequerica, then Ambassador in France, had been allowed to return to Madrid, in spite of the fact that he had been a figure of some political prominence during the Republic. "What is the real secret of General Franco's ability to stay in power?"

"It is quite simple," he replied. "The common fear of reprisals from any succeeding, constitutional government has prevented his chief supporters from uniting too determinedly against him, although they're also afraid that his continuance in power will wreck them all."

"But what about Franco—isn't he just as scared?"

"Not scared. Terrified. He's like a man who has grabbed hold of a charged electric wire and finds it hard to let go."

2

The feeling that it was time for Franco to step down as Chief of State before political forces inside and outside Spain of the Caudillo brought the whole shaky bureaucracy to its knees, had been stated in no uncertain terms, at different times, by every one of the groups around him. Except the Falange.

The others had once welcomed the militant, totalitarian Falange as the ideological rock that had helped to hold down the Nationalist tent in the storm of the Civil War and its aftermath of wholesale "purification." Since the cumulative defeat of the Axis, however, accompanied by the

parallel discrediting of its political creature in Spain, the Falange had become a millstone around their necks.

In the hinterland, the prestige of the Falange had fallen so low that, in a village in Asturias—I happened to be in a town near-by at the moment—when one of the local Falangist leaders, a sadistic individual who had chalked up an unenviable record of bloody crimes committed by him or at his orders, was found stabbed to death on a lonely road outside the village one morning, the authorities did not even bother to investigate the murder. They nodded their heads when people said:

“There was one whom God killed.”

Among businessmen who supported the dictatorship, the Falange was blamed for most of the practices which had plunged Spanish economy into a morass of graft and inefficiency. Even that ruthless entrepreneur, Juan March, one of their original backers, was said to share their view. Trade and industry chafed under the Falange's excessive taxes and rigid controls.

“The Falange is redder than the Republic,” they now said.

Such groups welcomed the possibility that a new government might succeed the “National Syndicalist” order which they had supported because of its anti-trade union program and under which they had tried futilely to carry on business legitimately since 1939. Like the Spanish people at large, they felt confident that the defeat of Germany would “isolate” the Falange within the government where it had served as the Axis whip. Reduction of the Falange's influence in the inner councils, they were convinced, would so modify the balance of power in the Franco government with which they had once foolishly allied themselves, that the whole “strange regime” would fall like a house of cards.

Their enthusiasm over this possibility was tempered only

slightly by their fear that national chaos might follow internal collapse. Formerly, that fear had been uppermost in their minds. Now it was considerably lessened by the greater anxiety that the continuance of the Franco bureaucracy in power would slam the door on every possibility of post-war trade for Spain.

They talked, these businessmen, and their talk flowed into the higher officers' circles in the Spanish army, where *los buenos negocios*, or good business deals, were, with politics and women, the really important matters worth a man's thought and energy. Loyalty, like the vocation of fighting, had meaning only insofar as it opened greater horizons for the personal enjoyment of lucrative *negocios*, political prestige and feminine favors.

As long as Franco—a fellow-officer, after all, who understood these things—had been able to keep those doors open for them, well and good. They could overlook the raised-arm salute and other Falangist mumbo-jumbo. They could even swallow their pride and forget, these higher officers, many of whom came from the aristocracy or were identified with the Bourbon monarchist cause, that their erstwhile military colleague, the Caudillo, had ordered them to have the Queen's March played when his wife, Carmen, appeared on formal occasions.

But as it became alarmingly apparent that the Allies who had by-passed Spain in their increasingly successful military advances against the Axis—with which all vital communication was fast ending—might conceivably by-pass Franco Spain economically and politically as well, and thus complete its isolation in the post-war world, the Army, still the traditional maker and breaker of government in Spain, became more and more restive. The Falange, symbol of Spanish collaboration with the Axis, must go.

The pressure by the senior officers on Franco to get the

Falange millstone off their necks and overboard before it succeeded in pulling them all down with it, was more than a strong revival of the petition for a restoration of the monarchy made in 1943 by seven top generals—Orgaz, Yague, Aranda, Kindelan, Solchaga, Varela and Moscardó—and fully one-fourth of the members of Franco's own stooge Cortes. Those generals, since joined by others, were now insisting that not only a return of the monarchy, but also a gradual restoration of constitutional liberties, was needed to cut a detour for all of them away from the dead-end road down which they were moving at an uncomfortably swift pace.

Franco listened to his fellow-generals, and to his fellow-monarchists among the gentry and the high clergy who upheld the generals' view. He listened to his fellow-Falangists who sternly opposed any return of a monarchy. He played for time. And then he did what he had always done in times of genuine crisis. He called in his court magician, Lequerica.

3

New rumors of a pending shake-up in the Franco government began flooding Madrid soon after the Allied landings in Normandy.

The ace troubleshooter, Lequerica, had, by an almost perfect though unwitting act of timing, succeeded the late Count Jordana as Franco's Foreign Minister upon Jordana's sudden death scarcely a month after the landings. With Lequerica's open entrance into the cabinet for the first time, the rumors concerning sweeping cabinet changes that had cropped up in Spain almost continually since the Glorious Triumph in 1939, began taking a new, hitherto uncharted direction.

People now talked not so much about a realignment in

the Caudillo's cabinet as about a reorganization in the "National Syndicalist" state structure itself. The Falange was to be deprived of all cabinet representation. Leading Falange or pro-Falange figures, such as Interior Minister Blas Pérez, Education Minister Ibañez Martín, Labor Minister Girón, Agriculture Minister Primo de Rivera and Commerce Minister Carceller, were to be replaced by more "liberal" men.

Even more important, the post of *Ministro del Movimiento*, or Party Minister, was to be eliminated. To compensate for the ending of direct Falange representation in the cabinet, the Falange's General Secretary, Arrese, who held the post of Party Minister, was to be made "Vice-Premier" in the new Government, not as a representative of the Falange, but as José Luis de Arrese.

The Falange's Vice-Secretariat of Popular Education was also to be abolished and its functions of national propaganda and censorship control taken over by the foreign ministry under Lequerica. In addition, Lequerica was to be made Premier. Over him, however, would be General Francisco Franco, Chief of State.

The Falange, however, had already begun an ominous campaign warning Franco that the Generalissimo without the Falange was as "impossible" as the Falange without a Caudillo. The Falange, the others were subtly reminded, had its own militia and arms and many of its own elements scattered in the Civil Guard, the police and the regular army.

Moreover, the Falange "controlled" labor by means of the Syndicates and, if necessary, would attempt to launch an uprising of its own. A high Falange leader admitted to a friend of mine in the summer of 1944 that the organization was already in touch with Anarchist elements in Barcelona and would not hesitate to start a "workers' revolution"

against the regime in the event that the monarchists around Franco succeeded in persuading him to drop them. Labor Minister Girón, always a hothead, was known to be the leader in this plan to swing the Falange to the "left" the moment circumstances demanded it.

Franco retaliated by warning the Falange to "go easy." On the eighth anniversary of the Glorious Uprising, speaking before the Falange's National Council, he acidly observed:

"Just because José Antonio (the Falange's founder) possessed political genius and prophetic intuition concerning the needs of the fatherland, this does not mean that those who followed him were gifted with a similar genius. The captain's genius does not guarantee the genius, but rather the victory, of his soldiers."

A temporary respite from this sharpening conflict between the Falange and the other component groups of the Franco dictatorship was afforded by their common alarm over the occupation of the French side of the Pyrenees border, formerly held by Hitler's legions, by the Spanish Republican Maquis in the French Forces of the Interior. That breathing spell from internal dissension was extended when some of the Maquis crossed the border into Spain in October of 1944, shortly before I left for the States, and occupied part of the Aran Valley in a brief reconnoitering operation, punctuated by a few skirmishes, heavily publicized by the Falange as a frustrated attempt to invade Spain.

4

There was something almost uncanny in the way Franco's grip on his regime had suddenly been strengthened at different, acute stages of the continuing crisis inside Spain, by some event which, though not wholly unexpected

by the Caudillo, had come as quick paralyzing blow to the hopes of those groups who were most intent on having him resign, either in favor of a monarchy or of some responsible *junta* that would pave the way for a constitutional government. The alternative, they felt, was another full-scale civil war.

One of the first occurrences to deflate monarchist hopes, for instance, had been the fall of Tobruk to the Germans in the summer of 1942, which had discouraged high-placed monarchists around Franco from going ahead with their plan, already perfected, to restore the Spanish throne in mid-August of that year with Don Juan, the late Alfonso's son and heir, as king. An even greater setback to ripening schemes by moderate Republicans as well as Monarchists to achieve a quiet, orderly substitution of the Franco dictatorship by a more liberal government, had been the Churchill speech to Commons, ten days before the Normandy landings, in which the British Prime Minister had admittedly undertaken to speak "kindly words" about Franco. And several months later, in the fall of 1944, we had done our bit to stabilize the Falangist State a while longer by inviting Franco Spain to send delegates to two international conferences being held in the United States—the air conference at Chicago and the business conference at Rye, New York.

It was Lequerica, however, more than any of these fortuitous or calculated circumstances, who had successfully compelled the Monarchists—the leading opposition within the dictatorship—to postpone their plans to bring the issue of the monarchy to a final showdown. He had done this by persuading both the Falange and the Government as a whole to adopt a more generous attitude regarding censorship of outgoing news and other restrictions, an attitude which, to all appearances, marked the beginning of a more

liberal trend in the totalitarian, Axis-patterned regime known as the Falangist state.

That trend of liberalization was brought to a head in April and May of 1945, in frantic accompaniment to the final collapse of Nazi Germany, with Franco's issuance of new, sweeping decrees granting the Spanish people greater liberties, in spite of the numerous "jokers" contained in the so-called charter of rights, than they had enjoyed under the Franco government to date. Franco and his wonder-worker, Lequerica, were racing against time.

It looked, however, as though they had not moved quite fast enough. For on March 22, 1945, from his self-imposed exile in Switzerland, Don Juan, the recognized pretender to Spain's throne, had called on Franco to "relinquish power and leave the way open for the restoration of the traditional Spanish regime." Of even greater import was Prince Juan's warning to his followers, many of whom held high places within the Franco dictatorship, that the moment had arrived to cease collaborating with the Franco government:

"I attempt to incite no one to rebellion, but I wish to remind those who support the present regime of the tremendous responsibility they incur by contributing to the prolongation of a situation that will inevitably bring the country to irreparable ruin."

Soon afterward, Spain's No. 1 monarchist and dean of the Spanish aristocracy, the Duke of Alba, one of Franco's original supporters, resigned his post as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, where he had served the Generalissimo almost since the start of the Glorious Uprising.

Was this the ultimate ripening of that "Badoglio situation" which the Falangist writer, Giménez Caballero, had told an American friend of mine was developing in Spain?

That question would have to be answered soon by the generals and the high Spanish clergy, who were yet to make

their position plain with regard to the program which Prince Juan had announced in his manifesto. It was well known in Spain, meanwhile, that their dissatisfaction with the Falange was increasing rather than diminishing. That was especially true as far as the army was concerned.

In any case, the resignation of the Duke of Alba, followed by that of other monarchists who held important posts in the government, represented a further weakening of Paco's already shaky power. He was frightened and angered by the monarchist move.

Franco was also seething over the attempt of Miguel Maura and other rightist and moderate Republicans in exile, several months earlier, to force him to resign by using British pressure as a lever—just as other groups were using both British and French pressure to compel him, under threat of a diplomatic break to be precipitated by leaders of the Provisional French Government, to turn Pierre Laval, the Vichy leader who had escaped to Spain, directly back to France to be tried and later executed for treason. Franco's relations with France were becoming more and more strained.

Meanwhile, the Spanish Republicans in exile refused to take Franco's offer of amnesty seriously. And there was little indication that his new "charter of rights"—Lequerica's latest concoction—was meeting with any better fate inside Spain.

Franco's generals were still chafing, while certain prelates—such as the Archbishop of Sevilla, Cardinal Segura—were frequently rumored to be in touch with the Underground. Nor had the reports that Commerce Minister Carceller—who was subsequently "removed," then sent on a special mission to the United States—and others were preparing to flee, shown any signs of subsiding.

As I meditated over the developments which had taken

place since my departure from Spain and of which I had been apprised through certain reliable news reports and, more important, through friends in the Spanish Underground who had managed to convey messages to me, the picture of growing disintegration within the Franco regime was completed in my mind's eye with a recollection of the conversation I had once had with a member of the Caudillo's puppet Cortes, who was a druggist by trade.

"Do you think," he inquired anxiously, "I could get a job somewhere in the United States?"

"As a congressman?" I asked.

He smiled weakly. "Oh no," he said, "just as a druggist."

5

In spite of the mounting symptoms of demoralization among many of his chief supporters, General Franco appeared to be determined not to abandon their *bête noire*, the Falangists, whom the others had warned to "quit like men before you have to die like dogs."

Two months after the release of Prince Juan's manifesto, *El Caudillo*, addressing the National Agrarian Congress in Valladolid, praised the Falange and lashed out at the Spanish exiles and the "decadents," a term often used by the Falangists to designate the monarchy-loving bluebloods.

"Spain is not a dictatorship," he said.

He spoke the stubborn words dressed in his uniform of a Falange chief, standing on the balcony of the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, in Valladolid, the "Nuremburg of Nationalist Spain." His right arm was defiantly raised in the Falangist salute, which he was later to abolish as a "national" greeting while retaining it as a Party salute.

Since the surrender of Germany a fortnight earlier, it was the only fascist greeting left in all Europe.

The steady decline of the Franco-Falange dictatorship had given rise not so much to the question of when that hated regime would come tumbling down, but who and what would succeed the Caudillo and his Falangist State. Would it be a group of his own former followers, leading a "palace coup" with the aid of a few generals, perhaps including Franco himself?

Or would it be a genuine change satisfying the long cherished hope of the Spanish people for freedom and constitutional government?

The force of American public opinion had gradually weakened our government's policy of appeasement toward Franco and his bankrupt dictatorship. The real danger now lay in another direction. There was a growing possibility that we would lend our tacit backing to some British-sponsored move to oust the Franco-Falange regime only to help install, in its stead, a *junta* with a strong monarchist and reactionary flavor.

Such a *junta*, operating under the authority of "provisional" power recognized by the British and ourselves, might easily attempt to halt or at least postpone the holding of free elections in Spain. Popular feeling throughout Spain feared such a development and many of my Spanish friends and acquaintances talked about it more and more openly as the conviction rose that Franco's power was doomed.

Any maneuver to block the holding of free elections would mean that the Spanish people's ten-year-old fight to crush Franco and the reactionary, Axis-generated ideas he stood for would have to be waged all over again.

Yet, while our government continued to support the San Francisco and Potsdam declarations banning the

Franco regime from participation in the United Nations organization, we also indulged in official warnings—by President Truman himself—that we would not tolerate a recurrence of civil war in Spain. This contradictory gap between our words and our actions—which the other peoples of the world were finding more and more “typically American”—was widened still further, meanwhile, by what appeared to be a prolongation of our policy, if it could be called a policy, of “wait and see.”

For, in effect, our hesitancy and delay in taking a more positive and determined position against Franco and all that he represented merely served to help draw the battle lines in Spain more sharply than ever. Popular feeling everywhere in Spain was rising, not only against the Franco-Falange regime but also against the multiple schemes being laid to replace the “National-Syndicalist State” with another dictatorship by shuffling its former backers—the generals, the grandees, the archbishops, the landowners and even the “ex”-Falangists—into new positions and giving the whole thing another name. The crystallization of that mounting opposition in Spain against these maneuvers would, it seemed more and more likely, find us hopelessly unprepared to take a stand commensurate with our prestige or interest.

In order to take such a stand, we would first have to recognize the Spanish situation as the one danger spot of Europe that had imperilled our relations—and was threatening to do so again—with millions of Spanish-speaking people everywhere, including our Latin American neighbors and the people of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. But far from realizing this, within a few months after the end of the Second World War, we had fallen into the old trap set by powerful groups of our own reactionaries at home who again preached “non-intervention” in Spain.

In the months following my return from Spain, I realized that we were again turning our backs on the country where the Second World War had had its real beginnings. Meanwhile, coincident with the collapse of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan, Nazi leaders—including General Wilhelm von Faupel, who had never been placed on the list of Axis war criminals—had already managed to reconstruct a sinister neo-German economic, military and scientific organization in Spain.

This tight little organization was known to be concentrating its energies and resources chiefly on experiments involving the use of atomic power. Again Spain promised to become the poisonous egg from which a world conflagration might be hatched.

As the months dragged on, it became painfully clear that, in spite of our adherence to United Nations “pressures” against Franco, we had more or less decided to ignore the Spanish threat to the peace of the world. But the people of Spain, evidently bent on trying to save us in spite of ourselves, as in the black years that marked the assassination of the Spanish Republic, continued to marshal their slowly gathering strength. Their fervor had never left them. Of fascism everywhere, they said:

*“Spain was its womb,
Spain shall be its tomb!”*

Their organization of violent means—always a last recourse—to deliver the decisive blow against Franco’s tottering Falangist state and to destroy the roots of fascism in their country was fast becoming Spain’s only hope of achieving its former dignity among the peoples of the world.

XX

MARTYRS INTO MAQUIS

1

THE BADLY NEEDED rain had tapered off to a light drizzle and the clouds were breaking against the steel-gray sky. There was the sun again, after three days, gleaming like some white-hot weapon of war from behind the crumbling barricade of clouds. A rush of fiery air went hurtling down the streets and alleys and across the plazas of the capital to remind the *madrileños* that summer was not yet over and the drouth—the worst in years—was back again.

“Anyway, the *verbena* will be held now,” my maid said.

I knew she wanted the evening off to go to the fiesta with some friends from her village in Valladolid province. I told her to go ahead. She looked interested when I said I was going to the Plaza Mayor, too.

“But the *señor* must know that it is a thing of the people.” She stopped.

“We’re all people,” I said.

“In your country,” she said, “perhaps yes.”

“And in Spain?”

Suddenly she began to cry. “*Bestias!*” she stammered. “That’s what we are—beasts toward each other.”

It was strange to see her crying. It was not often one saw Spaniards give way to tears—the Civil War seemed to have wrung all the water from most people’s eyes, as the pitiless African sun had drained the moisture from so much of the Spanish soil. I spoke to her gently, remembering how much she had suffered—her father butchered because he had been head of the Republican Party in their village, her two

brothers tortured and then hanged because they had been educated men advocating land reform—and how hard it was for her to accept her present condition as a domestic servant.

Yet I could not help thinking that her outburst was good. No matter how burdened she was with that awful sense of dismay and hopelessness, as long as she could express herself with such explosive violence, she was far from being defeated. In spite of her tears, my maid was typical of a lot of Spanish people: they were marking time sorrowfully, obediently, but inside they were cauldrons of boiling lead.

“Heaven help Franco and his pals when that stuff finally starts running over in their direction,” I thought, as I walked quickly down Calle Diego de Leon to hail a taxi.

I caught one several blocks away, on the Avenida Mola, which was one of the better lighted streets in a city that was growing darker every night as the electric power shortage became worse. We had gone only a block or two, however, when the gasogene engine at the rear, fretting and sputtering in a cloud of thick smoke and charcoal dust that flooded the already frayed, grease-stained interior of the car where I sat, balked at pushing the aged French vehicle uphill. We came to a dead stop.

“Don’t you worry,” said the chauffeur, without turning around, “just sit tight.”

How he did it still seems incredible, but he got out, pushed the car up the grade a few yards, then jumped in, let the car roll backward slowly, shoved it into gear, and we were started again. This time he swung the car around to avoid the climb, and we took a longer but more level route to the old part of Madrid where the *verbena* was being held.

It was not until we were near the Plaza Mayor, and I got out to walk the rest of the way because the crowds

coming and going in a jumbled stream of pedestrian traffic made it next to impossible for a car to get through, that I caught a good glimpse of the chauffeur's face. It was an alert face and I had seen it before.

"Well, we made it," he said cockily.

I gave him a larger tip than usual and complimented him on his success in saving us from being stranded in the aristocratic *barrio* of Salamanca—a lot of Falangist officials lived in that part of town. He grinned with pleasure.

"Have a good time at the *verbena*," he said, and then he added, "there are others in the *barrio* of Salamanca who'll be really stranded before long—six feet under."

As I walked down one of the short narrow streets leading into the arcades that all but surrounded the great old square where the fiesta was under way, the popular dance music coming through the loudspeaker which had been set up in the Plaza Mayor grew louder. But louder still was the noise of the crowds which rose like the fresh sound of surf beating against an invisible shore that one is hurrying toward. And all of a sudden I remembered when I had heard that chauffeur's voice and where I had seen his face.

It was he, on that bright morning of June 6, 1944, who, as I got out of his taxi before our press office, had been the first to tell me the long-awaited news that the Allies had landed in France.

"How do you know?" I had asked him.

He had said nothing, but had pointed quickly with one finger to the corner of his eye and the lobe of his ear nearest to me, to indicate that he was *muy vivo*. I had smiled at his slight air of braggadocio and hurried upstairs. And there, when I had asked my colleague who shared an office with me whether the news was true—I could see it was from the frantic expression on his face which was half-buried in a long roll of press wireless material which he was scanning—

he had snapped, "Yes, it's true." Then he had glanced up, bewildered, almost frightened, and asked:

"Good God! How did you know? General Eisenhower just announced it on the air!"

It had taken us both some time to recover from the shock. We had known there was an extensive grapevine in Spain for circulating news which the heavily censored press might not run for days and perhaps not at all, but we had not suspected that the grapevine had reached such a remarkable stage of efficiency.

That had been months earlier. Since then, I had found more evidence of the Spanish people's striking propensity for keeping abreast of news and other developments in Spain as well as in the world outside.

It would take considerably more than that, however, and more than the unchanneled explosion of pent-up bitterness and hatred such as my maid had indulged in earlier that evening, to unseat Franco, I told myself as I pushed my way through the crowds, past the arcade bordering the plaza, and began moving with the human tide that surged—slow as the turning of the ox-driven water wheel I had seen in Andalucía, solemn as the peal of the organ in the Barcelona cathedral, inexorable as Manolete's blade in the bull ring in Madrid—across the great square.

The Plaza Mayor, lined with booths where sugared confections and little wooden monkeys were being sold, was jammed with men, women and children, mostly of the poorer classes. Here and there, young couples had cleared away a tiny space in the crowd and were able to dance for a few minutes to the music coming from the middle of the square where a band was playing into a loudspeaker, before they were again swallowed by the moving flood of humanity.

I had not quite completed a full turn around the square,

and was looking with interest at a beautiful doll, made of cardboard and strips of yellow paper to represent a Canary Island peasant girl, which adorned a small booth beside me, when I felt a nudge in my back. As I swung around—no easy task because of the crowds hemming me in—a minute, sharp-edged lump was shoved against the palm of my right hand. Instinctively my fingers closed on the object, and unable to discover who had given it to me, I pushed my way firmly though not too forcibly out of the square, to examine what I now knew to be some sort of a paper folded and refolded until it was no bigger than a good-sized pebble.

When I reached a rather deserted corner at one end of the arcade, I held the paper—which I had, meanwhile, managed to unfold until it was doubled only once—in the palm of my left hand, and as I lit the cigarette in my mouth with my lighter, I cupped my left hand around the flame for an instant. I took one glance at what I saw there, then let the hand holding the paper casually fall until it was safe inside my coat pocket.

Any Spaniard caught by the Franco authorities with a copy of that paper, I knew, would be shot immediately. And possession of it might well prove embarrassing even to me—the Franco government could easily ask for my recall, for instance. They had gotten Allied officials and employees out of Spain of the Caudillo for less than that. This, then, might be the work of one of Franco's many *provocateurs*. Still, I wanted to examine that paper. I had heard of its existence, but this was the first copy I had ever seen.

I sauntered back to the square, where I mingled with the crowd a while longer, and after making reasonably sure that I was not being followed, I took a taxi to the Hotel Palace, where I had lived. There I walked around the grand lobby as though looking for someone, then turned into the

long side-corridor lined with display cases advertising luxury perfumes and expensive leather handiwork, and slipped out through the service entrance, circled quickly around the rear of the hotel, crossed the Paseo del Prado and, near the famous Pardo Museum, caught another taxi back to my apartment.

At home, I unfolded the piece of paper carefully and smoothed out the wrinkles. It was a diminutive, four-page newspaper, measuring exactly four and one-half by six inches, and neatly and cleverly mimeographed—there was even an illustration, a picture of De Gaulle—in the smallest type I had ever seen.

The title, *Reconquista de España*, immediately evoked the ancient Spanish Reconquest that had, at long last, driven the armed Moors of another day from the sacred soil of Spain. They had not set foot on that soil for more than four centuries, until General Franco had brought them back—first in 1934 when, as Chief of Staff, he had imported them from Spanish Morocco to help quell the Asturian miners' revolt, then in 1936 when, together with the Spanish Foreign Legion, they had made up the spearhead of his Glorious Uprising against the Republic.

The *Reconquista de España*, then, by its title, at once suggested not only the expulsion of the Moors but also the end of Franco. And woven through the title was the stirring image of the ancient region of Asturias, in the extreme north, its rugged back to the cold Cantabrian Sea, its fighter's heart toward Spain.

Asturias, with its towering peaks, soft clinging mists and great coal mines, was sometimes called the "Wales of Spain." The Spanish Crown Prince, corresponding to Britain's Prince of Wales, was traditionally known as the Prince of Asturias.

It was in that mountainous area, at Covadonga, that the

long painful struggle of the Spanish Reconquest against the Moorish invasion had been launched centuries ago. And it was from their hidden headquarters in those same mountains, in the fastnesses of the sheer Picos de Europa, and in Pajares and the Sierra de Banadoiro, farther west, that some of the largest guerrilla groups—mostly remnants of the Republican militia of the Civil War that had never stopped fighting—continued to strike at the Moorish hirelings in Franco's pay and at all other symbols of Paco's power in a new determined struggle to reconquer Spain from the usurper.

I had visited Asturias and I had seen evidence of the effectiveness of guerrilla activities there. In the seaport town of Gijon I had drunk apple-cider—the favorite beverage of many Asturians—with some of the men who, in daily peril of their lives, were in charge of housing, feeding and generally caring for the guerrilleros who came into town at frequent intervals.

They came to get supplies for their mountain hideouts, or to pick up despatches from some *enlace* or liaison-man who had just arrived from another guerrilla center or from Oviedo, the capital of the province, or perhaps even from Madrid. Sometimes they came to "settle accounts" with some particularly obnoxious Falangist official. Although I had not met him, I had learned from the "welfare group" in Gijon that a guerrillero was registered at the same hotel where I was stopping.

All this, and more, was evoked in the title of the miniature newspaper which had been handed to me furtively at the *verbena* by an unknown hand. But it was not that poetic and forceful evocation of the heroic fighting spirit that had never died in Asturias which made the tiny sheet, *Reconquista de España*, a special target of the Caudillo's wrath. Franco hated and feared that diminutive publi-

cation because, within a few months of its launching, it had achieved fame and popularity throughout the country as the intrepid mouthpiece of the strongest and most skilfully organized wing of the Spanish Underground.

This was the *Unión Nacional*, or National Union movement, which was led by an executive council, the *Junta Suprema*, with headquarters in Madrid and nearly a thousand branches scattered throughout Spain.

Franco had ordered the political police of the Falange-run Ministry of the Interior, the military intelligence agents of the SIM, and the Falange's own secret police, to shoot on the spot all persons caught distributing *Reconquista de España* or other publications emanating from the National Union. The authorities were finding it a complicated job, however, to put their fingers on the distributors, I learned later.

Meanwhile, I was puzzled over the manner in which I had received a copy. How could the distributor have known that I was not likely to grab him, providing I could identify him, and turn him over to the nearest authorities as a "Red"? Whoever it was, he—or she—seemed to be taking a long chance.

Three days later, at a cocktail party in the home of a Spanish doctor whom I knew, an immaculately groomed young man who was introduced to me as an importer, but whom I had already discovered to be a trusted member of the National Union organization, asked me:

"So you liked that paper doll dressed as a Canary Islander?"

I said, "Yes, I did. I even persuaded the woman who owned the booth to sell it to me." I stopped. Then they had known, the Underground people, to whom they were handing a copy of their forbidden publication! No wonder Franco was worried. These people had really learned how

to operate with a maximum of effectiveness and a minimum of risk.

Above all, they knew what they wanted. Every issue of the *Reconquista de España*, every one of the special releases issued by them, stated their chief immediate objective. It was one which millions of Spaniards—disgusted with the shocking failure of the Falangist state to alleviate the poverty and suffering and hopelessness that had paralyzed all progress in Spain since the Republic's death in 1939—were bound to endorse. It was summed up, as a minimum demand, in the National Union's slogan:

“Neither Franco with the Falange, nor the Falange without Franco, nor Franco without the Falange!”

2

While Spain bubbled with speculation over the latest rumors about cabinet changes and the time and circumstances Franco might choose to make his exit as dramatic—and safe—as possible, the organized, Underground opposition in Madrid and the rest of the country quietly went on with its effort to unhinge all the doors, not just the main one, to political power.

That was the program of the National Union movement. Organized in the late fall of 1943 in the town of Grenoble, in southern France, during the period of Vichy and German domination, its militant nucleus consisted largely of the tough remnants of those half million hardened Republican militiamen who, rather than surrender to the Nationalists, had hidden their arms and fled across the border into France in 1939. Since then, they had undergone bitter privations and grim dangers, first in Vichy concentration camps, then as slave laborers for the Nazis, and finally, as Spanish Maquis enrolled in the French forces of libera-

tion—among whom their courage and daring had been a major factor in the freeing of such cities as Toulouse as well as hundreds of French towns and villages.

They were the Spanish Underground's nucleus, fighting the Axis and its collaborators in France. But almost from the start, they had recognized the superior political authority of the *Junta Suprema* which had been set up in Madrid with the aid of some of their own leaders who had stolen their way back into Spain. At least three top-flight Republican military leaders—the celebrated general *El Campesino*, The Peasant, of the Civil War days, was known to be one of them—had been in Franco Spain since late 1943 and early 1944.

They mingled with the crowds in Barcelona and Madrid and the other large cities, where they planned and helped to direct raids on government and government-favored storehouses, banks and other establishments to obtain needed funds, supplies and even arms. When I was in Madrid, the *Cuatro Caminos* branch of the Hispano-American Bank was held up by a group of twenty guerrilleros who walked off with several million pesetas with which, I was told, they bought food and medicines.

The Republican military leaders also travelled, in disguise, to Oviedo and Lugo and Santander and Huesca and Toledo and scores of other towns and villages bordering on the thick mountain areas, where they conferred periodically with the chieftains of the guerrilla groups. *El Señorito*, or The Dandy; *Pepón*, or Big Joe; *Andaluz*—Andalusian; *El Ingeniero*, or The Engineer; *El Riel*—The Rail. These were a few of the Republican guerrilla chiefs whose exploits were already legend in Spain of the Caudillo.

There were people inside and outside Spain who had labelled the National Union movement "Communist." It was far more accurate, however, to say that the aggressive

Spanish Communist Party, which had grown considerably during the Civil War and which was better prepared than the other political parties of the Republic to wage clandestine warfare, had been most instrumental in the founding of the National Union movement. The situation in this respect was closely akin to that prevailing among the majority of the resistance movements in Europe.

Heavily outweighing the officially inspired belief that the National Union was a "Communist front," was the fact that large segments of the two leading Republican trade-union federations—the Anarchist-minded CNT, Spanish abbreviation for the National Labor Federation, and the Socialist-directed UGT or General Workers Union, both of which had been dissolved by Franco's system of slave "unions"—played a major part, particularly the UGT, in the activities of the National Union. This was true not only within Spain but also in France which, with its thousands of armed Spanish Republicans in the ranks of the French liberation forces, was looked upon more and more as the chief arsenal and mobilization center for an eventual "national insurrection" against the Franco government.

"Without a national insurrection, there can be no national independence," was the warning directed by the newspapers and manifestos of the French branches of the National Union to its followers in the early fall of 1944. And the cry had been taken up and echoed all over Spain from the *Junta Suprema's* secret transmitters in the Pyrenees—*Radio España Independiente* was perhaps the best known—and other parts of Spain.

Soon afterward, the initial blow for liberation from the Franco dictatorship was struck. In October, shortly before I left Spain, several thousand Spanish Republicans, patrolling the French-Spanish border for the French patriot army to which they belonged, crossed into Spain and, armed with

tommy-guns and other Allied weapons which had already helped to free France, engaged a large force of Franco's army in skirmishes centering around the Aran Valley.

There were several hundred losses on both sides. The Republicans held some towns for a few days and then withdrew across the border, and later, following pressure from Franco and a threat to renew his earlier armed incursions into France, to points twelve miles from the frontier.

The first large-scale "commando" raids against Franco had served their purpose. From Regular troops and Civil Guards who had either been captured or gone over voluntarily to them, the Republican raiders had obtained valuable information about conditions among Franco's armed forces. It was fairly obvious, for instance, that the Caudillo was depending mostly on the Foreign Legion, the Civil Guards, and the Moors rather than on the Regular Army, for support against the Republicans.

They also learned that, in spite of the intimidation measures instituted by the 125,000 Falange-trained sergeants who were scattered through the army and were known as "fugitives from the plow," the National Union's propaganda campaign among the rank-and-file in the army was bearing excellent fruit. More than 60 percent of Franco's soldiers were said to be "contaminated" already by the Republican virus.

Ironically, Franco had helped this propaganda campaign along by calling up for military service several classes of men from staunchly Republican areas. That had been done in order to bring the men under military discipline and, presumably, thus stave off internal Spanish disorders which were expected to follow in the wake of the collapse of Germany.

While the October raids, played up by the Falange-controlled press as a Republican attempt to "invade" Spain,

had frightened a good many rightist and moderate groups around Franco into dropping their plans for an early coup against him, they had had a heartening effect on the Spanish people at large. For the first time since the days of the Civil War, a force of armed Republicans had appeared in Spain, captured villages, and engaged in open combat with Franco's troops. The men who had hidden their arms and fled to become martyrs in bitter exile were returning as hardened warriors, each one a leader, armed with new and better weapons.

The next move in preparation for the final offensive—the “national insurrection”—would probably be a stronger and more widespread attack on the border areas by the Maquis and, simultaneously, a series of guerrilla raids in different parts of the country.

Liaison between the Maquis and the guerrilleros, which had once depended on tedious communication by foot or slow vehicle across mountain ranges, had improved enormously since the summer of 1944. Operating in the very teeth of Franco vigilance and terror—which it was able to combat with fair success through its own agents in Franco's police organizations—the National Union had dependable, trained go-betweens in cities and towns throughout Spain.

There was, moreover, a regular flow of communications between the *Junta Suprema* in Madrid and its National Union groups in France. Copies of *Lucha* and *Liberación*, for example, published by the Maquis, were shown to me by Underground leaders in Madrid within a week after their appearance in France.

The coming joint blow by Maquis and guerrilleros would be greatly facilitated by the National Union's organization, in the spring and summer of 1944, of all the Spanish guerrilla groups, first into a “federation” and sub-

leaders of guerrilla contingents from scattered areas. To prepare for that coordinated commando-partisan blow, guerrillas were ordered to step up their forays for food, supplies and arms. There were raids on arsenals in Sevilla, department stores in Barcelona and Madrid, warehouses in Vigo and Santander.

This was an important shift from the former guerrilla activities when emphasis had been laid mostly on sabotage. Such acts still continued, however. On September 9, 1944, the Madrid afternoon daily, *Pueblo*, published the following unusual admission that sabotage was being committed:

“Don Felix Moro Huertos, Commandant of Infantry, judge of the Permanent Military Tribunal No. 24 of this garrison, warns the author or authors of the cutting and theft of power line between posts 853 and 855 of the conduit between Bolarque, province of Guadalajara, and Madrid, to appear before this tribunal the fixed period of ten days; failing to do so, they will be declared rebels.”

One of my Underground friends, a leathery, former small landowner from Aragon who had preferred bankruptcy to the alternative of having to turn over most of his crop to the Falange, shook his head with mock worry as he showed me the notice in *Pueblo*.

“*Puñetas!*” he said. “Paco is going to declare us rebels. What next?”

Also entering into the *Junta Suprema's* methodical moves toward a “national insurrection,” was the vast network of Underground cells that had been organized among political prisoners, thousands of them still in jail, who constituted a veritable army. Deprived of their political rights, yet gradually permitted to enter the economic life of the nation, such as it was, they and their families were the stuff of which revolution is made.

From the Underground's network in the Franco prisons, came more and more stories of the courage and fortitude of the men and women of the National Union. Stories of how, after their capture at some group meeting, or while distributing anti-Franco literature—although this generally meant being shot at once—or in their homes, perhaps through a “denunciation” by some stool-pigeon, and after undergoing horrible beatings, torture, rape and other brutalities, they still defied the Falangist terrorist squads. Stories of how women, many of them little more than girls, shouted the songs of the Republic as they were taken away on that last truck-ride to the prison cemetery.

From the prisoners who saw these things and who remained to complete their sentences as “Reds” of the Civil War, also came lists of Falangists charged with torturing, maiming or killing their victims. And more than one Falange sadist, fleeing to some distant province in fear of retribution for his crimes, had arrived there only to find that a little black list with his name on it had preceded him. *Ajusticar*—to mete out justice—was one of their functions, which the Spanish guerrilleros lost the least time in fulfilling.

They were especially pleased over the swiftness with which justice had been meted out to the Granada police chief who was said to have had a hand in the murder of the brilliant young poet, Federico García Lorca, at the start of the Civil War. From Arthur Conan Doyle, the son of the famous creator of the Sherlock Holmes stories, who was living in Granada during my visit to that city in October of 1944, I learned that the police chief had been slain only a few weeks earlier in the very center of town, at high noon.

On the whole, such acts were no longer sporadic outbursts or deeds of personal vengeance. They were part of a

cumulative plan to rouse anti-Franco and anti-Falange opposition to action everywhere.

That plan also included the gradual accumulation of documentary evidence of crimes and graft committed by the Franco officialdom—often in collaboration with the Axis—for a later accounting before legal tribunals. Through an ingenious device, the Underground leaders had even obtained a file of photographs enabling them to identify nearly every member of the Falange.

The most incredible achievement performed by the *Junta Suprema*, however, took place in October, 1944, when a national congress was held in Madrid under the very noses of Franco's "Politico-Social Brigades" and other secret police bureaus. It was attended by Underground delegates from all over Spain. Some had come furtively, over mountain ranges. Others had disguised themselves, after obtaining false safe-conduct papers, and had travelled by train. There were some who had even managed to come in official automobiles.

At that meeting in October, it was resolved to place the organization of Underground activities on a military footing. A Committee of National Defense was created to coordinate guerrilla, Maquis and all other *Junta Suprema* operations. These were henceforth to be focussed toward a single goal: "national insurrection."

Throughout Spain, thousands of men and women who belonged to Underground groups, affiliated with the *Junta Suprema*, signed "fight to the death" cards.

3

In order to weaken Franco's position further through pressure from all possible directions and thus precipitate the ultimate collapse of his decaying power, the *Junta*

Suprema de Unión Nacional had sought to unify all opposition groups willing to center their fire on Franco and the Falange. Both must go.

From the beginning, there had been an agreement to that effect between the Socialists, Communists and other leftists on the one hand, and the "regionalist" bloc—Catalans, Basques and Gallegans interested in regional autonomy—on the other. A union had been formed, but it was far from being a "National Union." Francisco Franco still had little to fear.

That was in the summer of 1943. By September, however, responsible leaders of both Republican labor federations, the UGT and the CNT—former rivals that had since all but merged their memberships, representing close to two million Spanish workers—joined the others to form the National Union. But there were still large gaps to be filled.

A major move to fill those gaps was made less than a month later, when two leaders of the Popular Catholic Party and the Catholic Agrarian Unions agreed to bring their organizations, which had formerly been part of the CEDA, Gil Robles' rightist federation of Catholic political groups, into the National Union movement. The Caudillo's swift intensification of repressive measures, the stepping-up of executions of political prisoners of the Civil War, and the establishment by the Falange of a new and more elaborate ring of *agentes provocateurs*, were all indications of the growing alarm with which the Caudillo and his officialdom now viewed the *Junta Suprema de Unión Nacional*.

The entrance into the National Union of the Catholic parties—which favored an eventual shake-up in the overwhelmingly pro-Franco church hierarchy in Spain—was symbolic of the new political trend in Spain. Once, those parties had formed a rightist federation, the CEDA, which had later furnished the Falange with thousands of mem-

bers and not a few of its leaders, among them the infamous pro-Axis opportunist, Serrano Suñer, Franco's "Supreme Brother-in-Law." Now the Catholic groups were breaking away from the Falange and, at least with the tacit approval of their former leader, Gil Robles, were participating in the Underground movement to overthrow Franco and the Falange.

Their entry into the National Union movement helped to neutralize officially inspired talk that religious persecution was one of the objectives of the *Junta Suprema*.

Meanwhile, the *Junta* had already defined its aims in a hard-hitting, six-point program which called for the removal of all "voluntary" Falangists and all Axis influence from the government and especially from the army, a general amnesty for political prisoners and restoration of individual liberties, indemnity for losses suffered through Falange discrimination and persecution, a "review" of all fortunes illegally acquired under the Franco regime, widespread economic rehabilitation, and finally:

"The creation and preparation of conditions necessary for the calling of elections at which we Spaniards may peacefully and democratically choose a Constituent Assembly . . ."

The Assembly, according to the program, would be responsible for drawing up a constitutional charter of "liberty, independence and prosperity for Spain." This was to be followed by the calling of national elections to ratify or amend the charter which would form the basis for the early establishment—within six months after Franco's fall—of a constitutional government.

The stubborn, anarchic nature of certain Spanish leaders and the frequent self-intoxication of Spanish thinking—always fertile generators of political schisms—were among the many factors, however, that still offered a serious

challenge to the *Junta Suprema's* efforts to build a unified Spanish opposition against Franco.

Thus, the understanding with the Catholic groups had, in a seeming paradox, antagonized the rightist and "non-Marxist" moderate Spanish Republican groups who, steeped in Voltaire and the French Revolution, and boasting a large percentage of high Masons among their leaders, cherished their anti-clericalism. For a long time, they obstinately refused to bring their independent coalition in Spain, the "Republican Democratic Alliance," which also included a small party of anti-clerical, Anarchist extremists, into a common cause with the National Union movement.

They were equally resentful of the *Junta Suprema's* readiness to reach an understanding even with the Spanish monarchists for the overthrow of Franco and the Falange. The "non-Marxists" expected the United States and England at least to withhold all economic aid from the Franco Government—which, they felt, would then fall of its own weight. Consequently they were not greatly interested in the mass organization of militant anti-Franco opposition.

In addition, some of the leaders of the Republican Democratic Alliance clung to their feelings of distrust toward the Communists, who occupied an important place in the National Union movement. Those feelings were motivated largely by their fear of the influence of the Soviet Union in Spain's future political and economic life.

All these differences, it soon became apparent, were little more than a mild reflection of the more serious divisions among the Spanish Republican leaders in exile.

The major split among the exiles was between the rightist and moderate followers of Diego Martínez Barrio, last president of the Republican Cortes, and the alliance of Communists and Left Socialists. On the surface, the controversy between those two large groups revolved around a

highly technical point: was the political status quo, once Franco's power was broken, to be the balance prevailing at the start of the Nationalist rebellion in 1936 or at the end of the Civil War three years later?

Actually, a deeper issue than that was involved. By the time the Civil War was drawing to a close, the Communists and Left Socialists, spearheading the Republic's tightening defenses against overwhelming odds, had gained enormously in popular strength, especially among the youth and the trade unions, although the war had made the holding of new elections impossible. A lot of that strength, creating its own, hitherto unknown leaders, had since gone into the organization of the militant, underground National Union movement.

Many of those leaders, forced to operate under extremely difficult conditions of police vigilance, were still more or less anonymous—although the identity of some of the National Union's leaders in France was already known: Dr. Aguasca, "President of the Secretariat"; Father Vilar, representing the Catholic groups; Jesús Martínez of the Spanish Communist Party; Antonio Gardó of the Socialist Party; Martorell of the Catalan Alliance; Pascual of the CNT; José Ferrer of the UGT, and Colonel Paz of the Maquis, who had begun to call themselves guerrilleros, "like our brothers in Spain," whom they were planning to join in the coming offensive.

The real issue facing the two large Republican groups in exile, then, was: how important a role would the National Union—which some of the rightist and moderate politicians in exile wanted to dismiss as a non-existent, "phantom" movement—be permitted to play in the formation of a provisional Spanish Republican government?

I became more keenly aware of these differences among the exiles, which Franco's agents abroad helped to keep

alive, soon after my return to the States, when I had a long talk with Martínez Barrio who had just come up from his Mexico City headquarters. The atmosphere of rivalry and distrust among the exiles came as a shocking contrast to the Republicans' efforts to achieve understanding which I had found in Spain among both moderates and leftists.

In Spain, notwithstanding their differences, both major Republican groups—the National Union and the Republican Democratic Alliance—shared more and more views in common. Above all, they saw eye to eye on the need for establishing a democratic republic in Spain that would be patterned more or less after the American political system of government, but with socialistic principles guiding its economic policy.

A major factor in the growing rapprochement between the two groups had been the gradual disillusionment among the leaders of the Alliance over the failure of America or Britain to help isolate Franco economically and politically and thus abet their efforts to bring about a "peaceful transition" from the discredited Franco regime to a more liberal form of government.

They had hoped that Anglo-American "pressure" might begin soon after the Allied offensive in France was under way. Then, their hopes had been geared to the ending of land communications between Spain and Germany after the clearing of the Pyrenees border. Then it had been "after the presidential elections in the United States." The next crucial point in their stubborn optimism had been the substitution of Norman Armour for Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes as our Ambassador to Spain. Finally, there was only the end of the war on which to peg their waning confidence that the Allies would do nothing further to bolster Franco's tottering power.

But by that time the leaders of the Republican Demo-

cratic Alliance had evidently grown harder in their thinking, and their program was closer than ever to that of the militant National Union. Two months before the German surrender, I learned from someone who arrived from Spain, the understanding between the two groups had already reached a startling climax. The Alliance and the *Junta Suprema* had joined forces. Later, they were to merge into a single, new organization.

It became increasingly clear that Martínez Barrio—President of the Spanish Republic-in-Exile which was set up in Mexico shortly after the end of the Second World War—together with such prominent Republican politicians in exile as the new Premier, José Giral, and the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Fernando de los Ríos, would finally have to look to such figures as the ex-President of the Basques, José Antonio de Aguirre, and Juan Negrín, the last Republican Premier, as the men most likely to obtain the support of the resistance movement inside Spain. In the interim, whatever encouragement might be forthcoming from the United Nations declarations, such as the anti-Franco decisions made at San Francisco and at Potsdam, would also tend to strengthen the Republican cause in general.

Plenty of differences still had to be ironed out, of course, among the anti-Franco opposition in Spain and particularly abroad. The anti-Franco camp included such irreconcilables as Indalecio Prieto and Julio Alvarez del Vayo, both former ministers during the Spanish Republic.

Equally serious was the persistence in Spanish Republican circles abroad of some of the old bitterness involving divergent views on how Spain's basic political, economic and other problems should be solved. Such differences, and the uncompromising attitude of too many of the men who argued that their way was the only way, had helped to weaken the Second Spanish Republic soon after its peaceful

birth in 1931 and had contributed, conversely, to the strengthening of the extreme rightist and reactionary forces that had finally rallied around Franco and his Uprising.

The controversy among the Republican groups in exile still centered around such fundamental problems as the ownership and cultivation of the land, the control of industry, the role of the Church in politics and education, the extent of regional autonomy, and the reform of the Army. Among many of the exiles, furious discussions still took place concerning the ways and means that should be employed to find an "ultimate" solution to these long-range problems. This atmosphere of dissension and discord was further heightened through the infiltration into Spanish Republican circles of Franco agents, members of a spy ring known as *Segunda Bis* which was designed to prevent the unification of Spanish moderates and leftists among the Republicans at all costs.

Inside Spain, however, the understanding between formerly opposing groups of Republicans was developing on the firmer level of common day-to-day activities against the hated reactionary-fascist coalition dictatorship still headed by Francisco Franco, whom they continued to call "Europe's first Quisling." The people of Spain wanted land and at least a minimum subsistence wage; they wanted free education, and above all the right to think without interference. These were basic needs to them—not always understood, either, as part of their larger hope to be able to choose their own leaders—and Franco and his "National Syndicalist State" had failed to meet those needs. They were keenly aware of the regime's failure and they expressed their resentment and hatred outwardly and through the activities of their Underground movement. Most important, they conditioned the thinking and planning of the Underground leaders.

Following this influence as their principal guide, the Underground in Spain concentrated its program on the primary purpose of using every possible means to hasten the complete overthrow of Franco and the Falange. That was the necessary beginning of the inevitable fight that would come later, everyone knew, to achieve a wider distribution of the land, free schools, greater industrialization, a sounder balance between regional autonomy and centralized government, a long needed separation of church and state, and army reforms to end the traditional dominance held by the generals and higher officers over Spain's political life and national destiny.

Meanwhile, with his regime already shaken by such visibly crumbling props as the monarchists within Spain and the changing attitudes of formerly friendly countries outside Spain, Franco had never before faced so grave a threat to his power. The road he had trod as *El Caudillo* had coiled and circled through a bloody maze of despotism for nearly a decade. In that labyrinth of national horror which he had created and which, like a criminal hypnotized by his own work of destruction, he could not bring himself to abandon, the same winding road of violence now stretched before him.

It was a dark, uninviting road to General Franco. Almost an entire nation lay waiting to destroy *El Caudillo*. And Franco had long since grown accustomed to speeding unhampered down shining boulevards flanked by an exotic guard of helmeted Moorish horsemen and shielded by the desert-like canopy of their red, blue and white burnouses billowing in the wind.

4

In the racing wind which I could see but could not feel from the window of the Pan American clipper plane taking from the window of the Pan-American clipper plane taking

the Spanish Underground whom I had met in different parts of the country, the scenes of our meeting, and the accounts I had heard of the courageous feats that were being performed every day in the arduous fight against the Franco dictatorship—all these were framed in a vivid, hushed dynamism of fleeing clouds and swirling mist:

5

The young chap in Barcelona, one of the shrewdest organizers in the National Union, who had done wonders in breaking down misunderstandings between the Catalan “regionalist” blocs and the other groups under the *Junta Suprema*. Who would suspect that Franco had placed a fabulous price on the head of that dapper little store clerk?

6

The Gallegan girl with the low voice. During the day she was a university student. But her real work was the preparation of brief talks for use at Communist-arranged “lightning meetings” in cafés, theatre foyers, and other public places in the larger cities.

7

Stocky, gruff, he came from a long line of Basque seamen. He was one of the most reliable men of the UGT, the General Workers Union, for contacting Spanish Republican groups in France. When he grinned there were two gaping holes where some of his teeth had been knocked out by Franco’s police in a hand-to-hand encounter somewhere along the northeastern coast.

A warmer shore, along the Mediterranean. And near the shore, a stricken village populated mostly by the families of Republican prisoners, many of them dead, some still in jail, a few about to be executed. It was night, and the dim lights of Valencia could be seen in the distance. In the village, a strange figure moved swiftly from house to house, leaving food and money for the prisoners' families—"in the name of the *Junta Suprema*." Long before dawn, "The Countess"—a member of the aristocracy who was known and loved by thousands of Spain's poor—was miles away, safely ensconced in one of her many villas scattered over Spain.

In Málaga and Sevilla and Córdoba and Granada he was a craftsman of note. He was also a typical *andalú* who loved his wine and his horse, his *gazpacho* and his women. But behind that jolly exterior, he was a man with almost fanatical Republican convictions. "Falstaff" was one of the principal liaison officers between the Freemasons—officially forbidden but secretly including some high Army and other authorities among its members—and the leaders of the Republican Democratic Alliance.

El Trimotor—"The Trimotor." He once belonged to Martínez Barrio's moderate Republican group but had since become a Left Socialist. He gave up his printing shop and, following instructions from the *Junta Suprema* to which he belonged, joined one of the Falangist secret police groups. This connection—one of many that he seemed to have—enabled him to warn the Underground people of coming raids and of *provocateur* activities.

"The Trimotor" had his engines running day and night all right. He knew hundreds of people, of all kinds and beliefs, not only in Madrid but in the hinterland as well. And his pockets were stuffed with phony identification cards, which he loved to take out and show to me. Once he complained sadly that his tough schedule, which kept him travelling about the country a lot, prevented him from having any "life with women." Then he smiled, even blushed a little, as he added:

"But, *mi madre*, will I make up for it the day after Paco and his shebang are carried off to hell!"

11

Father Santos finally joined one of the *Junta Suprema's* branches in Toledo province. For months he had pleaded with the Falangist officials to put an end to their persecution of political prisoners of the Civil War. And he had paid visit after visit to the Falangists' families to warn them that their husbands and fathers would be put on the Republican "black list" that was being drawn up in jails all over the country, unless they began to show some leniency.

In the fall of 1944, when several dozen Republicans, including a prominent physician, were taken out of a jail in Toledo province and shot on official orders, the padre futilely protested to his bishop and then became a member of the National Union. Although he was aging, his memory was keen. He often remembered the names of children belonging to members of the Underground, perhaps because he had christened many of them.

12

Almost buried behind the grey and blue mist floating down from the high Asturian mountains and from the Cantabrian Sea a few hundred yards away, there is a nar-

row little street in the port of Gijón. On the second floor of a house in that street, a door was opened on an inside hall by a frail girl who was not more than ten years old. She had the blonde features of the Spanish "Celts" who abound in the north of the peninsula. She also had the sharp, discerning eyes of one who has been trained to distinguish friends from foes in a hurry.

We went inside. I had been invited by the elderly, iron-muscled Don Severiano—whom a Falangist physician in Madrid once foolishly thought he could murder merely by leaving a couple of knives inside him. We had come to listen to some recordings of Asturian miners' songs.

Instead, Don Severiano immediately pulled a thick batch of tiny newspapers out of his pocket and handed them to a man who had remained seated at a slender round table. I noticed that they were copies of the latest issue of *Reconquista de España*, the National Union's chief publication. Later I was told that they were for the guerrilleros in the near-by hills. Not even a handshake was exchanged. We left.

"What about the recordings of the miners' songs?" I asked him when we were outside.

Don Severiano, himself a miner and a long-standing member of the National Labor Federation, the CNT, chuckled. "Oh, I can sing those better than any old record could," he said.

He was almost seventy, but his voice was strong and clear. As we walked slowly through the thick mist of the little street in Gijón, Don Severiano, in a loud baritone voice, began singing the song about how all the miners of the Fondón district wear the beret, the *boina*.

Imperceptibly the Asturian mists blended into the churning fog and clouds over the Atlantic Ocean far below. I turned away from the window in time to see the warning lights flash on above the plane aisle: "Remain Seated. Fasten Belts." We were coming to our first stop after the all-night flight across the water.

We were dropping. In a few minutes there was that peculiar, shrill engine-moan which I had come to identify as the immediate prelude to landing. A flood of warm air swept through the plane as we whirred along the bouncing, spattering surface of the harbor.

It was the New World again. And suddenly Spain seemed unreal and dark, and far away. But there was a strange echo in my ears as I set foot on the American continent once more. It was a low sound, almost a whisper, and it formed the words that I shall never quite forget.

They were the words spoken to me by the young Spanish woman, Eulalia, that afternoon in the olive grove when I could not hide my troubled feelings upon learning that her husband Julián—the talented young writer whose friendship I cherished—had joined the fighting Spanish Underground. In the face of her own awareness that the step taken by the man she loved above all else in the world again exposed both of them to all the horrors which the Franco gunmen could devise for their most implacable enemies, she had not hesitated to say:

"He must do what he has to do."

EPILOGUE: SPAIN IS A SWORD

LOOKING BACK seven years upon the short-lived First Spanish Republic of 1873-74, Walt Whitman once wrote a poem called Spain. "Shall the clouds close again upon thee?" he asked—and in the next breath he gave the confident reply:

*Ah, but thou hast thyself now appeared to us—we
know thee,*

*Thou hast given us a sure proof, the glimpse of thyself,
Thou waitest there as everywhere thy time.*

Three-quarters of a century later, as this book goes to press, I too look back seven years upon a Spanish Republic—the Second, which fell in 1939. And I also ask, with millions of my countrymen and people the world over: When will night fall for the evil forces that still hold Spain in their tyrannical grasp? But while I am moved with lasting admiration for the heroic struggle of the Spanish people to reconquer their dignity as a nation, the grave dangers which have begun to emerge from the entire Spanish situation prevent me from sharing the great poet's absolute confidence in the future. Only swift and determined action by us—the American people—can save that future and guarantee our survival and that of the rest of the world.

For Spain is fast becoming the launching platform for a third world war—a war in which the remains of civilization, perhaps humanity itself, may perish within a few weeks.

Nearly nine months have passed since the surrender of Nazi Germany in May of 1945, while more than five months have elapsed since Imperial Japan signed the instruments of surrender that marked the formal end of the Second

World War. Some historians have already begun to refer to this war as the "anti-fascist war." The name becomes a mockery of the untold millions in human lives and billions in resources that were sacrificed in the war when one realizes that in Spain fascism not only lives on but grows stronger each day.

Hitler and Mussolini, who brought Franco into power, are dead. And most of Europe's quislings—Bardossy of Hungary, Petain of France, Antonescu of Rumania—are dead or in prison or facing trial as war criminals.

Not so with the crafty Caudillo. His own people—more than 90 percent of them by now—have labelled Francisco Franco "Europe's first Quisling." The title is amply justified in view of the revelations concerning Franco Spain's complicity with the Axis which are contained not only in the June, 1945, hearings before the Kilgore Committee of our own Senate but also in the eight thousand documents relating to Spain which our armed forces seized in Germany but which our State Department has thus far refused to make public. In spite of the overwhelming evidence of close collaboration between Franco and the Axis, the Spanish Dictator is still able to wield a tyrant's power over the 25 million men, women and children of his country.

This is as true today as it was seven years ago when the final overthrow of the Second Spanish Republic ushered in the fascists' policy of mass enslavement, terror and persecution which the Franco government, notwithstanding all its protestations to the contrary, continues to this moment. Executions of political prisoners in Spain are still carried out daily, in secret, and without trial. The few trials which have supposedly been held—like those of the valiant opposition leaders Alvarez, Zapirain and Cristino Garcia, and the ten "Communists" condemned to death in January 1946—are such only in name, without benefit of counsel.

Public opinion in the United States and England—the two great powers whose continued recognition and growing economic favors now constitute the chief and almost sole support of fascist power in Spain—has long been aware of the fascist nature of the Franco Government and of its close ties with the extinguished but far from extinct parent fascisms of Germany, Italy and Japan. Today that public opinion, which has begun to ask increasingly embarrassing questions about the continuance of fascist power in Spain with obvious American and British support, is being subjected to a mounting barrage of propaganda designed to show that the Franco regime has already changed or is about to change, more or less voluntarily, to a more liberal form of government.

Since May of 1945, following the German surrender, American newspapers have carried a variety of U. S. and foreign press dispatches under headlines such as "Spain Gaining Full Liberty, Franco Claims," "Franco Reported Releasing Masons," "Spain Frees 1200," "Spain Will Ease Jews' Conditions," "Madrid Deputies Cheer for Franco." Other reports have suggested that Franco has even launched a long-needed program of land reform: "Franco Outlines Vast Land Reforms, Implies Break-Up of Estates." Probably an all-time high for the purveying of pro-Franco propaganda in the United States by a major American press service was reached in January of this year by the Associated Press, whose Madrid correspondent, DeWitt Mackenzie, in a long interview with Franco quoted the Spanish Quisling as denying that he had ever on any occasion, supported the Axis. At the same time he claimed that Franco was attempting to establish an "absolute democracy" in Spain.

The revived pro-Franco press campaign in the United States has been inspired by the Caudillo's own propaganda

chiefs. It is being carried out by Franco's supporters and fellow-travelers among official and reactionary circles in both the United States and England.

All these hyper-active proponents for continued American recognition of the Franco dictatorship see in fascist Spain a "bulwark against bolshevism," an important strand in a new *cordon sanitaire* against the widening influence of the Soviet Union in Europe and the Mediterranean. It is this kind of thinking, of course, based on fear and depending on conspiracy, that led in a straight line to the backing of Hitler, the rise of Nazi Germany, and the second world war.

The danger that such a course may easily lead to a third world war is heightened, moreover, by the fact that Spain itself has already become a prize of bitter economic rivalry between Great Britain and the United States. Competition between the two powers revolves principally around the legacy of vast German financial, industrial and other holdings in Spain.

That struggle is the real answer behind the failure of the American and British Governments to give meaning to the action taken at both the San Francisco and Potsdam conferences in barring Franco Spain from participation in the United Nations Organization. Our own government's immoral policy toward Spain—we condemn Franco, preach "non-intervention," and arm him with planes and other weapons which are being used against the Spanish people now and will eventually be turned against us—is typified in the hypocrisy that characterizes our diplomatic relations with the Franco government.

Because of the pressure of public opinion in this country we have not dared to name a successor to Ambassador Norman Armour who resigned from his post in Madrid in the fall of 1945. We have even transferred the former Coun-

sellor of our Embassy in Madrid to another post, leaving our mission in Spain in charge of a First Secretary who had been serving as press attache. Yet we have tolerated the continued presence in Washington of Spanish Ambassador Cardenas and Counsellor Aznar. A favorite topic for sarcastic comment among the Latin American and other diplomatic circles in Washington is the fact that for weeks Brazilian Ambassador Martins, dean of the diplomatic corps, has tried to return to Brazil after having tendered his resignation in view of the election of a new government in his home country, but that our State Department has dissuaded him from leaving, by all but forcible means, in order to avoid the embarrassment of having to accept Franco's envoy, the next in line, as dean in Washington.

In our grim battle with Great Britain over the economic control of Spain, our superior resources and better bargaining position are proving decisive. We are, so to speak, becoming the winners. Such long-standing British investments in Spain as the Rio Tinto mines and the Bilbao foundries are gradually losing importance in the light of our increasing dominance of Spanish heavy industry, oil, textiles, potash and other mines, as well as Spanish naval construction and port installations, railways, telephone and other communications, and aviation.

Most of this newly acquired control by American interests is the result of Franco's policy of turning over part of the Nazi assets in Spain to American big business—in order to save the remainder for himself. Standard Oil, for instance, has already managed to obtain certain German patents which give it control over the *Compañía Española de Petroleos*. This is only one of the provisions contained in an agreement reported to have been signed, soon after Germany's surrender, by the Hispano-American Bank, formerly a major Nazi channel, and the Urquijo Vascongada Trust.

But the bulk of Spain's industry, finance and trade continues to be heavily controlled by Nazi capital and Nazi technical and other skilled personnel. This control, as brought out in testimony read by Treasury, Foreign Economic Administration and other officials of our government before the Kilgore Committee of the United States Senate in June, 1945, is still exercised chiefly through the favorite Nazi ruse of "cloaked" firms which are set up in such a way as to appear to be Spanish-owned or Spanish-controlled. Actually they are manipulated through Spanish branches of powerful international cartels dominated by Nazi capital and Nazi technical, scientific and trade experts. These specialists were sent to Spain, Argentina and other "neutral" countries shortly after the United States entered the second world war.

I. G. Farben, AEG, and ROWAK, with their numerous interlocking subsidiaries, are the principal Nazi trusts which still maintain a virtual monopoly over Spain's resources and financial and industrial enterprises. An estimate of total German holdings in Spain, according to official testimony presented by the Foreign Economic Administration to the Kilgore Committee, places the figure "between 1 and 2 billion pesetas"—that is, between 100 million and 200 million dollars—while testimony submitted before the same committee as late as June, 1945, shows that I. G. Farben has no less than 14 subsidiaries in Spain (as against 8 in Argentina, 3 in Portugal, 4 in Sweden and 6 in Switzerland) and that ROWAK has at least 25 Spanish subsidiaries. Combined Nazi holdings in Spain cover not only the whole field of finances (including the key insurance and "reinsurance" trades which enjoy special protection by Franco) and economic resources and industrial development, but also numerous channels in Spain's import and export trade, such as shipping.

“It is important and dangerous,” notes the Treasury Department testimony, “that many of these branches, subsidiaries and affiliates . . . and much of the cash, securities, patents, contracts, and so forth, are ostensibly owned through the medium of secret numbered or rubric accounts, trusts, loans, holding companies, bearer shares, and the like by dummy persons and companies claiming neutral nationality and all of the alleged protection and privileges arising from such identity.” In other words, Nazi Germany, theoretically a defeated power, is still able to preserve a large part of its financial and economic might by means of official Spanish protection.

That this alarming situation constitutes a real and immediate threat to the security and peace of the United States and the rest of the world becomes more than evident when one considers the fact that a high percentage of German assets in Spain is tied up in the chemical, explosives and other war industries (I. G. Farben alone is the world’s largest manufacturer of chemicals) and that these are run almost entirely by Nazi scientists and technicians whose number is estimated to total at least 6000.

Many of these trained experts in industry and trade are Nazi spies, expressly sent to Spain during the war years by the Abwehr—the Intelligence Branch of the German Army—and other Nazi espionage organizations. A letter of November 9, 1943, from the Wirtschaftspolitische Abteilung of the German Government to Dr. Oberhof of I. G. Farben, cited in our Treasury Department’s testimony before the Kilgore Committee, shows how this was done:

“Lieutenant-Colonel Bocher is shortly going to Spain on orders of the Abwehr. However, since it is not supposed to be known there that he is attached to this agency (that is, the Intelligence Branch of the German Army), he is to be camouflaged by becoming part of some firm. . .”

Other plans for the continued use of Spain as a Nazi espionage base against the United States and its allies extend into the post-war era. Six weeks after Germany's surrender, for instance, the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Philadelphia arrested two Spanish spies found to be in the pay of Nazi agents in Spain who were interested in American plans for jet-propelled aircraft. One of the spies, Emilio Ipés Cazau Hernández, was discovered to be a member of a wealthy, Spanish family which was notoriously pro-Franco.

Even more serious than the direct spying functions which are being performed by an intricate network of Nazi agents in Spain through the facilities offered in that country by subsidiaries of I. G. Farben and other Nazi-controlled cartels, are the extensive research projects and experimentation being carried out by the Nazi corps of scientists and technicians in Spain in such key fields as jet propulsion and atomic energy. Periodic reports from Spain, Sweden and other sources have also indicated that Nazi scientists in Spain are not only busy perfecting the system of robot bombs—V-1 and V-2 are two commonly known types—which were said to have been tried out and launched first from Pamplona, near the Pyrenees border, but are now concentrating heavily on research dealing with the secrets of the atomic bomb.

A picked group of 20 of these scientists, according to the Swedish newspaper *Expressen*, has been given the job of producing the atomic bomb. To facilitate this work, another source adds, Franco has declared a ban on the export of uranium from Spain, while one of his representatives, G. Garcia of Madrid, who arrived in the United States recently, is reported to be in the market for machinery needed to increase uranium production in Spain. Other sources repeatedly maintain that Spanish factories, under the

supervision of Nazi scientists, are engaged in atomic research in Toledo, near Madrid, in areas along the Spanish coast and in the Pyrenees, where Spanish deposits of uranium are located.

Far from heeding these warnings, our State Department has begun to provide Franco Spain with a fleet of C-47 transport planes—heavy long-range aircraft ideally suited to the job of carrying atomic bombs to this country in sufficient quantity to wipe out most of our large cities, chief military installations and principal industrial centers within a few hours. It is no accident, we may discover too late, that a German Nazi sits on the board of directors of the Iberia company, the Spanish aviation monopoly to which we are selling the C-47s, and that the remainder of the board is made up largely of Falangists in good standing, including none other than the son of the notorious intellectual turncoat, Francisco Javier Conde, known in Spain as the “chief inspirer of the present doctrines and program of the Falange.”

It is time now for the American people to realize that a conspiracy exists among the more reactionary sectors of our press, big business, certain State Department officials concerned with Spanish affairs, and other influential American circles to prevent public opinion in this country from learning the truth about our official policy in Spain since the “collapse” of Nazi power. It is time for the American people to know that, in spite of our diplomatic gesture of supporting Mexican Ambassador Quintanilla’s far-seeing and successful motion at the San Francisco Conference barring Franco Spain from the United Nations Organization, in spite of subsequent expressions of disapproval of Franco by President Truman and other government officials, and notwithstanding actions of high State Department officials in receiving such prominent Spanish Republicans in exile as

ex-Premier Negrin and in stating our willingness to discuss future policy toward Spain with France and Great Britain, *in effect our policy has been and continues to be the strengthening of fascist power in Spain.*

The conspiracy to prevent American public opinion from knowing the facts about that shocking and dangerous situation is closely linked to Franco's own intensified propaganda campaign designed to demonstrate that the pro-Axis Falange is no longer an important political force in Spain and that its dissolution is imminent. The Franco "line" also attempts to convince the outside world that Franco's new "reforms"—including the scheduled holding of municipal "elections" in Spain in March of 1946, and the possible restoration of the Spanish monarchy, talk of which has increased greatly—are paving the way for some sort of a neo-liberal regime in Spain which, with or without Franco, will allay the growing threat of widespread civil unrest and save the country from a second and perhaps bloodier civil war.

Naturally if one accepts this "line" as an honest and accurate appraisal of the situation in Spain, as do all those groups who participate in the conspiracy to hide the facts about Spain, then it becomes difficult to condemn Franco at this time or to think in any but superfluous terms even about the moderate Spanish Republican Government-in-exile headed by Martínez Barrio and Giral.

Any connection between the facts about Spain, however, and Spanish fascist propaganda, either in the original or in the American version being supplied by pro-Franco purveyors in the United States, is a case of coincidence bordering on fantasy. A rapid glance at the Spanish scene today is enough to prove this.

The extent of Falangist participation in the Franco-run dictatorship is as great as ever, despite superficial changes

—such as the abolition of the Falange salute as the “national” greeting—which have been carried out for obvious purposes of convenience and camouflage. One need only to look at the composition of Franco’s cabinet at this late date. Three of the four Falange stalwarts who have long held the reins of domestic power in Spain through their control over the police and the armed and secret militia, education, social welfare, the labor syndicates and press, propaganda and censorship, are still in the saddle. They are Blás Gómez Pérez, Minister of the Interior; José Antonio Girón, Minister of Labor; and José Ibáñez Martín, Minister of Education.

And if the post of Party Minister, formerly occupied by José A. de Arrese, has been abolished, its chief functions of total thought control which previously came under the Vice-Secretariat of Popular Education have been moved into the Ministry of National Education under the bespectacled guidance of that loyal Falangist, Ibáñez Martín. Immediately in charge of the propaganda and censorship controls now is Luís Muñoz Ortiz, one of Ibáñez Martín’s lackeys who was formerly head of the Division of Secondary Schools and Universities—which serve as the rallying point for the fanatical Youth Front, University Students Syndicate or SEU, and other organizations related to the Falange’s secret militia.

Not only that. Arrese’s removal has been more than counterbalanced by the entrance of Raimundo Fernández Cuesta—one of the first and most militant leaders of the Falange—into Franco’s cabinet as Minister of Justice, a post which gives him supervision over another vast network of spies, *agents provocateurs* and secret agents operating in the jails filled with political prisoners, among the Spanish Underground, and in the military tribunals charged with trying Masons and other political opponents

of the Franco dictatorship for "crimes against the State."

Together with the Minister of the Interior, Fernández Cuesta also controls the activities of the 125,000 Falange-trained sergeants scattered through Franco's army to insure the loyalty of officers and men alike. The two men also direct the work of the ultra-secret "elite corps" trained by former SS men, which keeps every general and senior officer in Franco's army—including the Generalissimo himself—under constant surveillance.

Even if the Falange is "dissolved" by Franco, it would be a meaningless act intended to bamboozle foreign opinion. A similar, "phony" gesture is the calling of municipal "elections" for March, 1946—the Spanish resistance movement has already urged the people in every province to abstain from participating in these so-called elections wherever possible. Equally deceptive is all the talk about a Franco-manipulated restoration of the monarchy or its alternative: the acceptance by Franco, under his leadership or of one of his followers, of a provisional, rightist government which might even call itself republican (as did the neo-fascist government set up in northern Italy during the war by the fleeing Mussolini). Finally, the argument that gestures of this kind would stave off bloodshed and civil war in Spain is the most spurious and deliberately misleading propaganda of all.

Civil war in Spain has never stopped since 1936 when it was first provoked by Franco and his Axis-supported army. Bloodletting has been and continues to be the order of the day under the Franco terror. The state of unrest in Spain is growing worse because the Spanish people—through their spreading resistance movement and the moral encouragement offered by those countries which, unlike us, have broken or are preparing to break off relations with fascist Spain—now look forward more confidently to the

day when Franco and his fascist collaborators will be swept from power. The people do not want a monarchy, and if they are forced to accept it, it will be only with the positive expectation of voting in a democratic republic—as they did in 1931—at the earliest possible moment. Nor will they willingly tolerate any maneuver aimed at postponing or “gearing” their long-awaited national elections.

As long as we continue to support fascism in Spain and to seek “clever” solutions that will get rid of Franco while preserving the roots of fascist power which he helped to create, unrest in Spain will deepen, “lawlessness” will spread. If we do not “intervene” now to correct the wrong we committed toward Spain ten years ago when we allowed the Axis and its Spanish Quisling to smash the Republic, if we do not “intervene” now to break the back of rising Nazi economic and technical power in Spain, if we do not “intervene” now by ending diplomatic and commercial relations with fascist Spain and offering at least moral assistance to the Spanish Republican Government-in-exile, whose job it is, meanwhile, to make itself more representative of the progressive thinking which characterizes the great majority of Spanish public opinion today—then before long we may find ourselves *really intervening* in Spain, with nothing less than an expeditionary force of our own men, in a belated effort to prevent another Spanish war from flaring into another, more deadly world war in our time.

There are other immediate and far-reaching perils stemming from our support of Franco. In the twenty neighboring Republics of Latin America, as Mexican Ambassador Luis Quintanilla has pointed out, when the people think of fascism they do not think nearly so much of Hitler or Mussolini, as we in the United States are prone to do, as of Franco. It is significant that in the recent political upheaval in Haiti which resulted in the ousting of Dictator

Lescot, parading students carried placards "Down with all the Francos!" Our continued support of Franco is breathing life and vigor into fascism all over the Americas. In Mexico, for instance, the people are already faced by the serious threat of a fascist uprising which may ultimately render our whole southern border insecure. Falange and Falange-sponsored activities are being stepped up everywhere south of the Rio Grande, including our own territory of Puerto Rico. The anti-American policy that is being pursued defiantly by the Government of Argentina, which we dragged into the United Nations Organization against the wishes of most of the other Latin American Republics, and which has close ties with fascist Spain, is the prime example of how our support of fascist Spain and its associates is boomeranging against us with a vengeance.

The voices of American organizations—including the American Federation of Labor—demanding a break with Franco, and of those few but courageous public figures who have steadfastly upheld the cause of a free Spain can, fortunately, still be heard in this country in spite of reactionary pressures and renewed efforts to drown them out. Outstanding are the splendid public exposés of the Spanish situation which have been presented by such good citizens as Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson; Alexander Uhl of the New York newspaper, *PM*; Freda Kirchwey, editor and publisher of *The Nation*; Milton Wolff, former commander of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion which fought against the Axis in the Spanish war; Allan Chase, author of *Falange*; Senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania and that tenacious and alert congressman from the state of Washington, John M. Coffee, whose second bill proposing that we break off relations with fascist Spain has been pending in the House since July, 1945.

It will take more than those brave but scattered voices,

however, to reduce the menacing proportions which the pro-Franco conspiracy is assuming throughout the United States and to rouse our Government to action. Fascist Spain is a sword. It will take a loud unceasing clamor from every part of the nation to make our President, our State Department and our Congress see that that sword, guided by Franco's fellow-travellers in this country, is pointed straight at the heart of America.

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Abel Plenn, a trained observer and reporter, had the rare opportunity to see what is going on in Spain today from the vantage point of our own Embassy. As Chief of Propaganda Analysis, attached to the United States Embassy in Madrid, Abel Plenn had access to many sources of information. Members of the Franco Government told him their side, and representatives of the Underground were eager to see that our Government was given the facts from their point of view. Abel Plenn moved among these variegated people, obtaining their colorful stories, and wove them together into a vivid and interesting picture of Spain in turmoil.

Born 37 years ago in Mexico, of American parents, Abel Plenn has spent a large part of his life studying and working in the Spanish-speaking countries of this hemisphere and abroad. His work was accompanied by intensive research in Spanish history and literature and Latin American ethnology and history at the National University and National Museum of Mexico, and, later, at the Middle American Research Department of Tulane University, New Orleans.

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