

FALANGE

*The Axis Secret Army
in the Americas*

By

ALLAN CHASE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK

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second impression

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO MARTHA

WITHOUT WHOSE AID
THIS BOOK COULD NOT
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

"Spain is the key to two continents."

—HERMANN GOERING, 1936

"The great unity of the Axis includes Nazis, Fascists, and Spanish Falangistas. There is no longer any distinction between Fascism, Nazism, and Falangismo."

—BENITO MUSSOLINI, September 30, 1942

"Many thanks to you and the German peoples. May your arms triumph in the glorious undertaking of freeing Europe from the Bolshevik terror."

—FRANCISCO FRANCO to Adolf Hitler, December 7, 1942

This book is made possible by the work of hundreds of brave, selfless, devoted men and women in Latin America, the United States, North Africa, and Axis Spain. Many of them are my friends. Many of them I know only by their efforts. Many of them are anonymous soldiers in the ranks of the republican Spanish People's Army, scattered, without uniform, throughout the world.

There are times when a writer can gratefully acknowledge by name the persons who helped him most in the creation of a book. There are other times when such acknowledgments would be like a kiss of death. Such are the times we know today: a time which sees the armies of the Axis alive and intact. To reveal the names of many of the brave people who helped me—to reveal their names while Hitler sits in Berlin as a ruler rather than as a prisoner in a death cell—would be to betray them to the mercies of Axis killers everywhere.

I am thinking particularly of people like the girl Josefina, whose hair turned gray in twelve hours during a Nazi assault on Cartagena in 1937, and who today is making the invaders of her native land pay a fantastic price for their crimes. Or General X, whose loyalty to the republic he served wavered with neither defeat nor poverty. Or the former scholar, Esteban.

Esteban is a proud, fearless Spaniard. When Hitler's legions invaded Spain in 1936, Esteban was a graduate student in philosophy at a Spanish university. His family was among the first to be killed by the bombs which fell from the black bellies of the Axis planes. His books were destroyed, his classroom became a snipers' nest, his college became a front-line trench of World War II.

Esteban gave up his books for the war. He has not picked them up since 1936; for Esteban, like so many others of his generation, has long since learned that freedom of thought

is impossible in a Fascist world. Without heroics, and after 1939 without uniform, Esteban has been a soldier of democracy in the war against fascism. From dawn to dawn, seven days of each week, Esteban has waged the good fight. Whether in Spain, in France, in North Africa, in Latin America—the front remained.

He is merely one of many who never surrendered—like the Spanish Republican Army which took to the hills in the Asturias in 1939 and has been killing Nazis ever since. Like the Spanish Republican veterans now in the armies of the United States and England, Esteban goes on fighting the butchers of Guernica, of Warsaw, of Lidice. For the war which started in Spain has since spread all over the world.

We met in a café somewhere between Key Largo and Buenos Aires. Josefina, who had made the arrangements, had warned me to make a tight fist while shaking hands with Esteban. As I sat down after so greeting him, there was a paper-covered roll of microfilm in my right fist; negatives of documents taken from a supposedly secret vault the Falange maintained in the Western Hemisphere.

It was a very plain café, its open front looking out on an ancient cobbled square, a brooding massive cathedral, a stall with a white and pink quarter of beef hanging in the sun. The square and the cathedral had been built by Spaniards who died hundreds of years ago.

We might have been sitting in Spain itself, I thought; and, as if to heighten this fancy, an old woman wound the antique gramophone under the yellowing lithograph of a Madrid bull-fight on the far wall and put a scratchy disk under the blunted needle. "Flamenco," Esteban said wearily. "Gypsy music."

The record played through to the end, and then the old woman played a dozen others. They were mainly flamenco records; and listening to them under the steady flow of Esteban's words I thought of what an old friend had said about flamenco songs—that they are all rituals before death. I remembered these words and thought of Spain's ordeal as Esteban spoke and flamenco followed flamenco.

Esteban's long fingers tore the hard crust of a *flauto*; and, because he had grown used to hunger as a way of life, he automatically brushed up the crumbs and flipped them into his soup. "It was perhaps an imperfect republic," he said, "but it was a good one. Man, too, is imperfect; but man is fundamentally good." He spoke about the school the Republic had opened in a small Andalusian village in 1932, and of the girl who had gone from Madrid to teach the children of illiterate peasants how to read. He spoke of a clinic in Madrid, an agricultural institute in Valencia, a momentous session of the Cortes in 1936. He spoke of the law which put windows into the rooms of the slums in Barcelona and of the prize fighter who had carried Pablo Casals on his shoulders from the concert hall to the hotel after a great recital. "It was a republic of hope," he said.

He spoke of the fascists, too. Of the Falangistas who shot the poet Federico Garcia Lorca. Of the vulgarian Quiapo de Llano and his pornographic radio speeches to the women of the Republic. Of the Italian Colonel at Guadalajara, the day it rained and the Republic for once had enough *aviones*, and the Italians ran like sheep: the Blackshirt Colonel tore off his uniform and picked up a spade, and stood in the field turning the soil and shouting in Spanish, "I'm just a poor peasant," until Esteban's commander personally sent a stream of machine-gun bullets through the coward's eyes. "He was a small creature," Esteban said of the Colonel. "A small creature without dignity."

We finished our coffee, and Esteban said "no" to another rum. The old woman was changing another record when Esteban said *it*. I don't remember the words that came first, but I recall them as being quite natural and easy. "I know what I'm doing," Esteban said softly. "I know why I'm doing it, and I'm not afraid." The words read like bad theater, but he spoke them like a man talking about the weather. They were a casual answer to a question I had framed without speaking.

"Because I am a Spaniard," he concluded, as simply and

as softly as he had spoken when telling about that village school.

“And now,” he said, rising to his feet, “I must go.”

We both stood up, and he embraced me and pounded my back and laughed. I tried to think of something to tell him, something that would not sound banal. “Because,” I said, “because I am an American . . .” And then I stopped, a little self-conscious, and more than a little afraid to make Esteban feel I was mocking him.

We were supposed to meet again that week. But the next day Esteban was already on the high seas, bound for Spain and the republican underground on a boat that had once flown the colors of the Spanish Republic.

Because I am an American, Esteban—this book.

ALLAN CHASE

April 19, 1943

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Der Auslands Falange Is Born

EARLY IN 1934, Adolf Hitler summoned General Wilhelm von Faupel to the Chancellory in Berlin. Their conference lasted for nearly a full day. When he left, von Faupel's bulging brief case was thicker by one sheet of paper, a paper that was to affect the destinies of scores of nations, millions of people.

The paper, signed by Hitler, was Wilhelm von Faupel's appointment as chief of the Ibero-American Institute of Berlin.

On the surface, there was nothing sinister in this appointment. The Institute had been formed in 1930 by Dr. Otto Boelitz, a German scholar. Its assets had included some 150,000 volumes collected by German universities, donated by Latin-American institutions, and willed by individual German and South American pedants. It had acted as a cultural clearinghouse between intellectuals in Germany and their colleagues in Latin America, and had added materially to its collection of books since its inception. Then, a week or so before von Faupel met with Hitler, Boelitz suddenly found himself in disgrace. He was booted out of his post and disappeared from sight.

General Wilhelm von Faupel was not a scholar. A slight, graying aristocrat, he peered at the world from under the archest, bushiest eyebrows in all Europe. His fellow officers of the old *Reichswehr* generally tried to avoid him; he had a nasty manner of mocking their inner weaknesses with his cobra eyes. Behind his back, they called him "Colonel Eyebrows" and "Field Marshal Ears"—the latter in deference to his huge teddy-bear ears. But they never openly treated him with disrespect.

There were many reasons for this cautious politeness; perhaps the foremost was von Faupel's known standing as an "I. G. general." His fellow officers were no fools. They

knew that the I. G. Farben chemical trust and the heavy-industry crowd led by Thyssen were the real powers behind Hitler. For at least a year prior to von Faupel's appointment the Berlin grapevines had been heavy with rumors about a key post being created for the general by I. G. Yet none but a handful of key men had even an inkling of what this post would entail.

The man had many talents. During the First World War, von Faupel had distinguished himself at the Western Front. He spoke French, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, and other languages with fluency. He was a great military theorist. He had served as Inspector General of the Peruvian Army.

The fabulous career of the tight-lipped General offered many keys to the mystery of his new assignment. As a young Imperial Staff Officer, von Faupel traveled to China in 1900 to serve on the Kaiser's military legation. From China, he had moved to a similar job in Moscow. In 1904, fresh from his stay in Moscow, he was rushed to German East Africa, where he served as an officer in the punitive expeditions which came close to touching off the First World War a decade ahead of its time. Then, in 1911, Wilhelm von Faupel made the most important move of his career: he accepted an offer to join the staff of the Argentine War College in Buenos Aires.

Wilhelm von Faupel left Argentina when the war broke out in 1914, but in 1921 he returned to Buenos Aires as military counselor to the Inspector General of the Argentine Army. The von Faupel who returned to Argentina, however, was a completely changed man. Not a trace remained of the youngish, soft-spoken military specialist who had relished native wines and Viennese waltzes in the gay years before the war. His soft, almost gentle voice had hardened into a perfect instrument for the tempered steel trap that was now his mind. Germany's defeat had seared von Faupel's soul with its bitterest of acids.

The new von Faupel started counseling the Argentine military leaders on more than merely army procedure. Day

after day, as he drilled the Republic's troops, von Faupel drilled into the heads of the influential upper-class Argentinians the doctrine of total war on the "mob-beast of democracy." It was this "mob-beast"—the common man of Germany—whom Wilhelm von Faupel held primarily responsible for the victory of the Allies and the collapse of the German home front.

For five years von Faupel held his important post in Argentina. He brought over many of his German officer friends, found assignments for them as specialists in the Army. He made many friends among the wealthy landowning Argentinians who controlled the political life of the nation. In 1926 he left Buenos Aires to accept a high military post in the Brazilian Army. Here, again, he assumed the dual role of military expert and anti-democracy agitator.

The embittered Prussian general's fame as an army builder spread throughout the continent. It became so imposing that the Peruvian Government invited him to assume the job of Inspector General of Peru's armed forces. Von Faupel took this command in 1927. Not until he was certain that the Nazis would get control of the Fatherland did von Faupel resign this post. He left it for an amazing mission in China which ended when Hitler called him to Berlin to take over the Ibero-American Institute.

During all of his years of self-imposed exile in South America, Wilhelm von Faupel had maintained close ties with German enemies of democracy—men like Fritz Thyssen, the banker Baron von Schroeder, Franz von Papen, and I. G. Farben's Georg von Schnitzler. He knew of their plans to destroy the Weimar Republic through the Nazi "revolution" they were financing and guiding. And he knew of their plans to create a German world empire once their man Hitler assumed the mantle of Germany's chosen leader.

Wilhelm von Faupel lived only for the day when he could play his part in this coming drive for empire. Carefully he worked out a theory of his own, a theory of German world conquest. Bit by bit he put together the jig-sawed pieces of a flawless plan.

"I am prepared to conquer all of Latin America," he blandly informed von Schnitzler when he returned to Germany in 1934. His plans were minutely detailed in a fat thesis typed at least a year before the Reichstag Fire.

The idea of a German conquest of Latin America was far from a new one in *Reichswehr* circles. During the First World War, the Germans had tried to win over Mexico and other Latin-American governments. That they failed von Faupel ascribed to the stupidity of the Imperial Staff's approach to the problem. His two decades of intimate contact with Latin America had brought him face to face with what he became convinced was the key to the domination of twenty nations. That key was—Spain.

In nearly every country south of the United States borders, von Faupel had made contact with the landed Spanish aristocracy. The great bulk of these people, many of them first- or second-generation Spanish by birth, still recognized no allegiance other than the one they bore to monarchist Spain. Immensely powerful in the economic and political life of the Latin-American countries, these Spanish concentrations looked forward to the day when the victories of the armies of Bolivar, San Martin, O'Higgins, Sucre, and the United States—victories which drove Imperial Spain out of the New World and the Philippines—would be wiped out. They talked morosely, mystically, but *seriously*, of the glorious day when the Spanish Empire would again come into its own.

The canny von Faupel always made a point of agreeing with such sentiments whenever he heard them expressed. A realist to the bitter core, he had nothing but contempt for the uprooted Spanish aristocrats who worshiped a monarchist Spain as decadent and as futile as that of Alfonso. He kept his contempt discreetly hidden, however, and formulated what in the beginning seemed even to him hopeless dreams of an imposing imperialist Spain revived and controlled by the coming new German World Order.

The events of April 12, 1931—when the Spanish monarchy was bloodlessly overthrown by the "mob-beast" at

the ballot boxes—seemed to write *finis* to von Faupel's maturing dream. For it was clear to the fact-facing Prussian militarist that the great majority of Spaniards in Spain itself entertained none of the mystical notions of empire common among the Spanish aristocrats of the New World. Alfonso XIII's inglorious abdication and retreat to the Monte Carlo gambling pavilions, the Constitution of the New Spanish Republic—patterned so closely after the Constitution of the United States—were frontal attacks on the very spine of Wilhelm von Faupel's master plan. Without a hope of a Spanish empire, with a new Spain committed to travel in the democratic path of the despised "Jew-Protestant Colossus of Washington," the spiritual ties which bound the overseas aristocrats with the mother country were doomed to wither and die.

To von Faupel's joy, he discovered that the men who were financing Hitler had no intention of letting such technicalities as the Spanish general elections of 1931 stand in the way of the German drive toward empire. To be sure, the Thyssens and the von Schnitzlers had somewhat overlooked the spiritual ties which bound noble Spaniards abroad to the Bourbon throne. They had not, however, overlooked the tungsten, mercury, iron, olive oil, citrus, copper, tin, lead, and potassium riches of the young Iberian Republic.

Nor had the tacticians and military geographers of the finance-*Reichswehr*-industry cabal behind Hitler ignored Spain's strategic position as the key to the Mediterranean, the gateway to the Atlantic, and the flank supreme against France.

"Spain," Hermann Goering declared while studying the maps of Europe and South America, "is the key to two continents."

The Berlin gossip mills hummed overtime when Wilhelm von Faupel was appointed head of the Ibero-American Institute. While tongues wagged, the General himself set about quietly changing the course of world history.

His first move, in 1934, was to reorganize the Institute itself. He broke it up into five main divisions, each directly controlled by himself. Section I covered Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay. Its executive was Professor Freiberg, director of the Asunción (Paraguay) Botanical Gardens. His assistant was Frau Simons Erwin Hoene, a German aristocrat.

Section II, which consisted of Brazil only, was headed by Professor Otto Quelle—editor of the *Ibero-Amerikanisches Archiv*, published in Berlin. Doctor Richert was appointed Quelle's liaison with the huge German colony of Brazil.

Section III covered Chile and Bolivia. Fritz Berndt, Berlin correspondent for a number of Bolivian newspapers and principal of a Berlin high school, headed this division. His liaison in Bolivia was Federico Nielsen-Reyes, one-time secretary of the Bolivian Legation in Berlin.

Section IV was responsible for Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela. This section was placed in charge of one of the most extraordinary women in Germany, Dr. Edith von Faupel. Many years the junior of her husband, "Peter," as she was called by her intimates, not only performed her own sectional duties but also roamed the length and breadth of Latin America as her husband's inspector general.

Section V, Panama, Central America, and Mexico, was placed in charge of Dr. Hagen and a Nazi spy named Bock.

The primary function of these sections was to organize the first- and second-generation German populations of Latin America. Through this block of some six million expatriates, General von Faupel planned to organize widespread espionage and fighting machines in all of the twenty nations below our borders. These were to be the Third Reich's shock troops in the coming battle for world empire.

Since they were Germans, these shock troops could not hope to consolidate the power they might ultimately seize. General von Faupel knew that the consolidation of Nazi power in Latin America depended heavily on the concentrations of Spanish aristocrats in each of the countries. These Spaniards—controlling as they did so much of the economic

life of Latin America—were earmarked for the role of Germany's most powerful allies. Themselves tied spiritually and economically to Spain, they were potentially capable of performing great service for Germany if these services were demanded in the name of Spain. But to win them over, the Spanish Republic had to be crushed and replaced with a German-controlled Spain which would appeal to the aristocrats.

Destruction of democratic Spain called for huge funds and extraordinary powers. The men behind the creation of Hitler saw to it that Wilhelm von Faupel lacked nothing in the way of money or authority. In fact, I. G. Farben loaned one of its most trusted agents to the Institute to work directly under von Faupel.

This agent, Eberhard von Stohrer, spoke Spanish fluently. It was the least of his qualifications for the job. During the First World War, Stohrer had served in the German Embassy in Madrid as military attaché. In this post he had made firm and lasting friendships with the pro-German cliques of the swollen Spanish military hierarchy. He had also made a few clumsy diplomatic blunders. The chief of these was the organization of a military ring designed to force Spain into the war on the side of Germany. Allied Intelligence agents exposed this plot so devastatingly that the Spanish Government was forced to expel von Stohrer from the country.

An older and wiser von Stohrer was determined to make up for his old mistakes in Spain. While the furniture was being moved into the newly organized Ibero-American Institute in Berlin, von Stohrer boarded a plane for Lisbon, where he made a beeline for a quiet villa at exclusive Estoril Beach. The master of the villa was a chubby little dandy whose talents with wine and women had made von Stohrer's years in Madrid more pleasant than they might have been. His name was General José Sanjurjo.

This time von Stohrer's desires to see his old friend had little to do with past pleasures. Herr von Stohrer was on a mission, a quite official mission. He was charged with the responsibility of bringing Sanjurjo back to Berlin.

Two years earlier, on August 10, 1932, Sanjurjo had led a monarchist uprising against the year-old Spanish Republic. The *putsch* had been squelched in less than a day, its leader captured at the Portuguese border while fleeing the country. In their anger the Republic's officials had sentenced Sanjurjo to death; but within a few days, with the characteristic Christian generosity which was later to spell their own doom, they had commuted Sanjurjo's sentence to life imprisonment.

Sanjurjo was jailed in the Santa Catalina fortress in Cadiz. In prison the old monarchist general held court like an Eastern potentate. He was visited daily by Maria Caballe, the Madrid music-hall entertainer he subsequently married. Monarchist officers made his cell their Mecca.

Then, in 1934, the liberal government gave way to the CEDA coalition headed by Gil Robles. One of the first acts of the new government was the declaration of a general amnesty freeing all the imprisoned leaders of the 1932 uprising. Sanjurjo was exiled to Portugal and given a government pension of 10,000 *escudos* a month.

Gil Robles knew exactly what he was doing when he freed Sanjurjo. For Robles, like the men behind him, hated the Republic and wanted it overthrown. He looked upon Sanjurjo as the strong military leader chosen by destiny to restore the monarchy. Before long, the old general's Portuguese villa had become a regular port of call for enemies of the Republic like Juan March, the sinister ex-smuggler who rose to become one of Spain's wealthiest financiers; the coal and oil magnate Goizueta; and ranking officers of the old Army.

All this was known to von Faupel when he sent von Stohrer to Lisbon to fetch Sanjurjo. Other agents of the Third Reich were already conspiring with officers of the Spanish Army in Madrid—particularly with Colonels Kindelan and Gallarza, Major Haya, and Julio Ruiz de Alda.

The exiled Sanjurjo greeted von Stohrer with undisguised joy, and after a brief conference gaily consented to return to

Berlin with his old German monarchist carousing companion.

In the Nazi capital, Sanjurjo was granted an immediate audience with General von Faupel. The old dandy gave von Faupel a prepared list of officers still in the Army of the Republic who would most certainly be willing to lead a "monarchist revolt" against the government they had given their oath to uphold. Before the conference ended, it was also arranged to place Sanjurjo on the Nazi pay roll.

Within a few months of this 1934 meeting, Sanjurjo made a series of visits between Lisbon and Berlin. In Lisbon, he met secretly with Generals Mola, Goded, and Fanjul, all of them then in the service of the Republic. General Francisco Franco, at that time chief of the Spanish General Staff, never attended these meetings in person. Mola was his secret representative at these sessions.

By the end of the year von Faupel had formulated a complete set of plans for the Spanish "revolt." He appointed Sanjurjo "chief" and approved of Sanjurjo's choices of Goded and Fanjul as assistant chiefs. Privately, through German agents in Madrid, von Faupel advised Franco that, once the shooting began, Germany would look with great favor on the pudgy little traitor's own soaring ambitions. Franco, in turn, promised and sent hand-picked young Fascist officers to Germany for training in total warfare.

General von Faupel played his cards like a master. He knew that the language of monarchy was the most potent one within the ranks of the old Spanish generals. (Under Alfonso, there were 859 generals and 27,000 commissioned officers in the standing army of considerably less than a million troops.) He also knew that it would be a domestic political blunder inside Nazi Germany if it became known that the Nazi New Order Saviors were backing a Royalist rising in Spain. For German home consumption, a more congenial ideological tie had to be invented.

The shaping of this ideological cipher became von Faupel's next problem. A survey of the existing possibilities

in Spain turned up little that looked promising. There were three main anti-Republican groups: the Monarchists, the CEDA (Confederation of Spanish Rightist Parties), and the Falange.

The Monarchists were out of the question for obvious National Socialist reasons. The creators of the Nazi movement had cleverly designed it to play on the anti-monarchist sentiments of the German people—who could never forget the horrors of the war brought on their heads by their Kaiser. The pseudo-socialism of the Nazi platform was meant to win over the great anti-monarchist majority of Germans. Were the Nazis to back an openly monarchist movement in Spain, they would have weakened their psychological grip on thousands of their followers at home.

The CEDA, led by Gil Robles, was the most powerful of the anti-Republican groupings. But Gil Robles was well known throughout Germany as the Jesuit political leader of Spain, and the CEDA was too openly recognized as the Catholic political arm. The danger of backing the Church in Spain while attacking it at home was too great for a totalitarian super-state with an avowed ideology of the future.

This left only the Falange, organized and led by young José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the late Spanish dictator. Openly Fascist in politics, the Falange was ignored politically by Spain's most powerful Fascists themselves.

Even von Faupel, by 1935 accustomed to the brawling Brown Shirts, threw up his hands in sheer disgust when he discovered the composition of the Spanish Falange. It was nothing but a vast employment agency for the scum of the underworld in Spain's larger cities. The rank and file of the Falange consisted of paid mercenaries almost down to the last man—hired sluggers and killers who, for a price, performed acts of fatal and nonfatal violence for all of the parties in the anti-Republican opposition. No idealistic convictions about throne, or empire, or Church kept them in the Falange—unless the creed of cash paid for bloody services rendered can be called a political or moral code.

General von Faupel grew progressively more anxious

about the ideological end of his Spanish venture as the zero hour neared. For what was needed was more than a political package suitable for German home consumption. The new Spanish puppet state had to be endowed with a political façade that would shine in the eyes of the monarchist Spaniards in Latin America and the Philippines as the streamlined hub of a dynamic empire.

In sheer panic, von Faupel deposited his ideological problem squarely in the arms of the high priest of Nazi philosophy, Alfred Rosenberg. Hitler's court metaphysician retired to his study and emerged in due time after a serious session of Aryan soul-searching. Rosenberg decided in favor of the Falange. The decision was passed on to Hitler, who in turn ordered Goebbels to start building up the Falange as a true sister Fascist party.

In due time, Berlin gave the Falange a set of appropriate principles. These "Twenty-Seven Points" have not exactly been kept under a bushel since 1936. They have been published by Falangistas in many parts of the world and in many languages. The English version issued by the Falange in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1936, is the one quoted verbatim below. Whether in Spanish or English, the heavy German accent of this program is apparent at once. Point by point, the program of the Falange Española Tradicionalista de la J. O. N. S. (Juntas Ofensivas Nacional-Sindicalista) is just about carbon copy of the program of the Deutscher Nazional Socialistiche Arbeiter Partei.

Here is the full program of the Falange, exactly as it appears in the official text, original spelling, punctuation and all, published by Falangist agent de la Torre in Puerto Rico. The italics, however, are mine. The Falange's own English translation is used for reasons of accuracy—and because in this translation it captures the same type of semi literate banality that characterizes the original Spanish. Like the writings of the Nazis and the Italians, the official literature of the Falange is an accurate reflection of its cultural level.

Tradicionalist Spanish Phalanx of the J.O.N.S.

NATIONAL SYNDICALISM
PROGRAM
NATION, UNITY, EMPIRE.

1. We believe in the supreme reality of Spain. The urgent task before all Spaniards is to strengthen and rise Spain to her old glory. To do this, all individuals, groups, classes and communities pledge themselves above everything else.
2. Spain is a unit of Destiny in the Universe. Any conspiracy against this unit is repulsive. All separatism is an unforgiveable crime. The present [democratic] Constitution stimulates separatism, attempts, conspires, against the unit of destiny that is Spain. Which explains why we demand the immediate annulment of the Constitution now in force.
3. *We have the will of an Empire and assert that the historic legacy of Spain is the Empire.* We demand a place of prominence among the European nations for Spain. We won't tolerate neither the isolation of our country neither foreign intervention.

Regarding the Latin American countries we intend to tighten the links of culture, economic interests and of power. Spain claims to be the *spiritual axel of the Spanish World* as a recognition of her universal enterprises.

4. Our land, air and naval forces shall be as great and powerful and numerous as the complete independence, the preeminence of Spain and the national security demands.

We shall restore to our land, naval and air forces the prestige which it deserves and shall model Spanish life along military lines.

5. Spain will again find her glory of old and her riches in ocean paths. Spain shall be again a great maritime power that it was in trade and war. We demand equality for our country, on the air, the seas and land.

STATE, INDIVIDUAL, LIBERTY.

6. *Our state will be a totalitarian instrument* at the service of the country. All spaniards will have a share in it through domestic municipal or syndical activities. No one shall participate through political parties. Party lines shall be ruthlessly wiped,

no matter what it costs, with their party representation, suffrage and the Parliament.

7. Human dignity and the integrity and liberty of man, are eternal and intangible assets. But only he who forms part of a free and powerful nation is a free man. Nobody shall have right to use his liberty against the unity, strength and liberty of his country. A strict discipline shall prevent all attempt to poison the national mind, to desintegrate the Spanish nation or conspire against the destiny of Spain.

8. The national syndicalist state shall foster all initiative of a private nature which is compatible with the collective interests and shall help along and protect those initiatives which prove beneficial.

9. From the economic standpoint we figure Spain as a gigantic producers' syndicate. We shall organize corporatively Spanish society by means of a system of syndicates, according to fields of production, syndicates which will be at the service of national economic integrity.

10. *We repudiate the Capitalist system* which overlooks the needs of the masses and dehumanizes private property to the extent of reducing workingmen to an amorphous mass with only misery and hunger as their heritage.

We also repudiate Marxism and will guide the energies of the workers, misled by Marxism, into the right paths and will demand their share of participation in the great task of keeping the national unit.

11. The National syndicalist state will not evade the economic struggle between men nor shall have a grandstand seat to look complacently at the struggle between the powerful against the weak. The national syndicalist regime will make class conflict impossible, because all those who contribute to make government possible and cooperate in the production constitute part of the national unit.

We shall repudiate and not tolerate abuses from certain particular interests against others and will avoid anarchy among the working classes.

12. The main purpose of richness—and thus the State will contend is to promote welfare and the standard of living of those who form the nation. It is intolerable that great masses shall live deprived of their most elementary needs while a few enjoy luxuries and leisure lives.

13. The State shall acknowledge private property as licit means to meet personal, domestic and social needs and shall protect private property against the claws of great financial interests and powerful speculators and professional loaners.

14. We contend that banks be nationalized and so shall be nationalized other public utilities.

15. Every Spanish citizen has a right to work and the State shall see that unemployment it conjured or that public enterprise provide bread and butter for those who can't find work. While the main objective of a great national structure is being attained we shall see that workers derive the most benefits from the social legislation enacted.

16. All Spanish citizens have the duty to work, so the National syndicalist State will have no consideration for those who do not fulfill their duty when they are able to do so and when they try to live at the expense of others who are doing their part.

THE LAND.

17. We must, at all costs, raise the standard of living of the rural classes which are the seed of the Spanish nation. Towards attaining that goal we have pledged ourselves to carry on and without excuses the economic and social reform in the rural districts.

18. We shall enrich the agricultural production through the following means:

Insuring a minimum price for all products of the land.

Demanding that great part of what the city absorbs today in payment for intellectual and commercial services to the peasantry, be returned to the country.

Organizing a true Agricultural Center, which, when it may lend money to the peasant, with the warranty of its harvests and lands, may deliver him from the clutches of usurers.

Teaching the peasants all about modern farm methods.

Decreeing the use of lands according to their conditions and the chances of marketing the products.

Enacting the tariffary laws protecting the agricultural products and dairy products.

Speeding up hydroelectric projects.

Suppressing great properties of land as well as very small lots, by means of an equal distribution of fields.

19. We shall socially organize agriculture through the following methods.

Redistributing tillable land, thus instituting the domestic property and stimulating the syndication of peasants and laborers.

Delivering from misery those poor classes who nowadays give the best of their energies to make barren land produce. Transporting these humble and willing workers to more fertile regions.

20. We shall start a campaign for [campaign for] cattle repopulation of the land as well as reforestation and shall deal mercilessly with those who hamper this work. Even if the whole of Spanish youth has to be mobilized to attain this objective we must tackle the job of reconstructing the natural riches of the land.

21. The state shall have right to expropriate without payment of indemnity all property that has been acquired illegally or used without right to do so.

22. The State shall pay immediate attention to the reconstruction of property in city and country.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

23. Through a very strict discipline in education, the state to build up the one and only strong national spirit and make future generations feel the joy and pride of the Spanish nation.

All men shall have premilitary education which will prepare them for the honor of becoming a soldier or officer of the National Army of Spain.

24. Culture shall be so organized that no talent or genius shall be lost because of means of development, for lack of resources. All those who deserve, it, shall have free access even to superior education.

25. Our movement incarnates a Catholic sense of life—the glorious and predominant tradition in Spain—and shall incorporate it to national reconstruction. The Clergy and the State shall work together in harmony without either one invading the other's field in a way that it may bring about discord or be detrimental to the national dignity, and integrity.

NATIONAL REVOLUTION.

26. The Traditionalist Spanish Falanx of the J.O.N.S. fights for a new order, summarized in the principles enunciated before. *To establish it against the existent government, it resorts to revolution.* Its style shall be direct, passionate and active. Life is struggle and shall be lived with a sense of sacrifice.

27. We struggle to achieve our aims only with those forces under our control and discipline. We shall make few negotiations. Only in the final push in the conquest of the State shall our command talk terms and only when our terms are the ones to be discussed.

Like the Nazi and Fascist programs, the Falange's program promises all things to all men. With the exception of the point about the Catholic sense of life—included for obvious reasons—the entire program of the Falange is patently a crude rehash of the standard Fascist programs of Germany, Italy, and Portugal.

To peasants, Falangismo promises the breaking up of large estates and the redistribution of lands. To large landowners, it guarantees the rights of private property. To radicals, it promises the abolition of the capitalist system. To capitalists, it promises war on Marxism.

The Ninth of the Twenty-Seven Points is a bow in the direction of the powerful anarcho-syndicalist movement of the Latin countries—a movement which preached the doctrine of a state controlled by workers' syndicates (or unions.) The Nazi architects of the Falange neatly combined this theory with the corporate-state fascisms of Italy and Portugal. To make the Falangist creed more acceptable to anti-Fascists, the Nazis (who for similar reasons called their fascism "national socialism") dubbed Falange fascism "national syndicalism."

In the hands of a master like von Faupel, this program was just the key Germany had long needed—the key to the hearts of the Spanish aristocrats in the New World and the Philippines. His agents, working out of the many branch offices of the Ibero-American Institute, were able to con-

vince the wealthy expatriates that the provisions of the Falange program which called for the redistribution of the land and the repudiation of capitalism were as completely meaningless as the similar provisions of the official programs of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany.

Over fragrant little cups of coffee in the private board rooms of Havana and Buenos Aires, during the afternoon quiet in the great countinghouses of Manila, von Faupel's emissaries explained to Spaniards how to read the program of the Falange. The points about Spain's will to empire, about this new empire's tightening her links with Spanish America, about Spain's becoming a totalitarian state—these were couched in a language the wealthy expatriates welcomed and understood. Nor, when they learned that National Socialist Hitler was backing National Syndicalist Sanjurjo, did the Spanish aristocrats in Spain or abroad have any fears about the syndicalism of the New Spain.

To the most realistic of the Spanish aristocrats abroad, von Faupel's agents even discreetly boasted of the thousands of trained *Reichswehr* troops who were quietly shipped to Italy and Spanish Morocco as tourists between April and July 1936. These husky tourists carried German-Spanish dictionaries in their pockets; arms and German army uniforms in their trunks. They were the advance troops of the Condor Legions, organized by von Faupel to "rise Spain to her old glory" and to "repudiate the Capitalist system which overlooks the needs of the masses" in Spain.

These Condor Legionnaires, quartered in hotels in Rome, Milan, Turin, and other Italian cities as nonpaying guests of the Italian Government, had an official marching song which became quite a hit in Italian army circles.

*We whistle high and low,
And the world may praise or blame us.
We care not what they think
Or what they'll one day name us.*

It was the kind of a song bound to appeal to all Fascist officers, expressing as it did their philosophy of arms and

men. Every ranking Fascist sang it—that is, every ranking Fascist in Italy except Il Duce.

What Mussolini actually had to say about the Condor Legion in 1936 is still a deep secret—but no secret is the fact that these cocky Nazi warriors were living evidence of one of Mussolini's latest mistakes. With characteristic judgment—or luck—Il Duce had chosen to back the wrong Fascist party in Spain. As dictator of a Catholic country, Mussolini had seen fit to support the CEDA of Gil Robles. Now, in 1936, the Father of Fascism was learning that backing the wrong Fascist cliques of other countries was a luxury he could not afford.

Hitler pointed out to Mussolini how to atone for this earlier stupidity—a stupidity that had begun some years before the Nazis took over Germany. The plan was simple: Italy was to pour tens of thousands of troops into Spain when the Germans began their big push. In return, Hitler was to throw open some Spanish *Lebensraum* for good Black-Shirt families who balked at emigrating to Ethiopia. Mussolini agreed to this plan with jackal's alacrity. It promised him a cheap, swift, and painless military victory, some land, and perhaps even a few Spanish mineral resources the Germans might care to throw in after the final victory.

Der Tag, for von Faupel, came on July 17, 1936. By that date, however, Franco and Goded were no longer in Spain. The Gil Robles government had been replaced by the Popular Front government, which “exiled” the two generals to army commands in the Canaries and Majorca, although it had already accumulated enough evidence against both men to warrant shooting them as traitors.

General José Sanjurjo, wearing a peacock's dream of a uniform—the London-made gift of Adolf Hitler—boarded a Junkers plane in Lisbon and ordered his pilot, Captain Ansaldo, to take off for a secret landing field in Spain. But on July 17 the old general was actually headed for another landing field his Nazi comrades had chosen without his knowledge.

A few remarks he had let slip to intimate friends in Estoril earlier that year had, unknown to Sanjurjo, reached certain Berlin ears. On April 13, 1936, for instance, Sanjurjo had complained, “They want me to start a revolution to serve the bankers and the speculators, but I won't do it.” Two weeks after saying this, he made another trip to Berlin. He remained in Germany for only a few days, and on his return he went to work in earnest on his plans for the pending revolt. What happened in Berlin while Sanjurjo conferred with von Faupel is of little moment now. His fate had already been sealed before the visit.

Very shortly after Sanjurjo's plane took off from Lisbon, a German time bomb planted in the baggage compartment exploded. The blazing fragments of the Junkers monoplane became the pyre of the Anointed Chief of the Spanish Revolution. José Sanjurjo had the dubious honor of being the first of the Nazis' million victims of the Spanish War.

General Goded was a bit more fortunate. The plane which was assigned to carry him from Majorca to Barcelona got through without incident. He took command of the uprising there within an hour of the time General Fanjul led his end of the *putsch* in Madrid's Montaña Barracks.

The events of the next few days sent chills down the steel spine of Wilhelm von Faupel. Again his hatred of the “mob-beast of democracy” had led him to underestimate this low-born creature's tenacity. For within three days the armed citizens and loyal soldiers of both Spanish cities had put down both the Goded and the Fanjul rebellions, and the two German-owned generals were in the death cells of the aroused Republic.

From Berlin, von Faupel sent word to Franco in the Canary Islands; the round little man was to fly at once to Spanish Morocco. There, supervised by Nazi staff officers and financed with German money, Francisco Franco y Bahamonde was to organize an army of Moors and Spanish Foreign Legionnaires to be flown to Spain in German army transports piloted by Nazi officers. By default, Franco was becoming the Number One man of the puppet general staff.

A few hours after these orders reached Franco, Hitler dispatched von Faupel to the shores of the Mediterranean as the head of a secret military mission. *Spain is a unit of Destiny in the Universe*. General von Faupel's campaign for Latin America had finally reached the shooting stage.

The conquest of Spain took a little longer than von Faupel had expected. The General planned on a three-months campaign; it was three years before the weary soldiers of the Republic finally yielded—as much to sheer exhaustion and treachery as to the power and weight of German and Italian arms.

It was the strangest, cruelest, dirtiest military campaign in history. In their fury at the embattled Republicans who refused to surrender, the Nazis repeatedly drove themselves to militarily useless horrors like the blotting out of peaceful Almería from the sea and the pulverizing of rural Guernica from the air.

The Nazis were more successful in London, Paris, and Washington than they were in Spain. For in that unhappy land, they were bitterly opposed by a brave, united people. Outside of Spain, aided to no mean extent by a favorable world press which accepted the von Faupel line that the war in Spain was a civil conflict between "Nationalists and Reds," the Nazis early in the war won the greatest of all diplomatic battles of the Spanish tragedy. Hitler himself could not have drawn up two more favorable pieces of aid-to-Germany legislation than the Non-intervention Agreement of London and its American corollary, the Arms Embargo Act of 1936.

The Non-intervention Agreement pledged all nations of Europe not to send arms to either side in Spain. The American Embargo forbade the shipment of arms to any warring nation. The Non-intervention Agreement, to which Italy and Germany were signatories, was observed scrupulously by England and France in regard to both sides. The Axis countries, of course, limited their observance of the agreement to only one side.

Even more favorable to the Nazis was the American Embargo—since the State Department, while recognizing the legally constituted Republic of Spain as a belligerent, refused to recognize the fact that Germany and Italy had invaded Spain. Thus, according to the law, the Spanish Republic was unable to buy either the arms or the raw materials of self-defense from the United States, while at the same time German and Italian commissions were openly buying war materials in the United States and transferring them to their Spanish front.

Only two countries, Mexico and the Soviet Union, recognized Spain's right as a sovereign nation to buy arms for her own defense. Whenever Soviet freighters got through the sub-infested Mediterranean, the speedy little fighter planes they brought as cargo would soon be clearing the Spanish skies of Axis aviation. But all the sea approaches to Spain were patrolled by Italian and German submarines, which attacked, without partiality, English-owned food ships, Greek-owned medical ships, and Soviet-owned munitions ships bound for Republican ports.

Of course, Germany and Italy denied that the mysterious "pirate submarines" were from their fleets. In fact, at the suggestion of the British, the Germans and the Italians joined in the international patrol which hunted these "pirates." To the surprise of nobody, this international patrol never found a single pirate.

In vain, day after day, the bleeding Republic appealed to the statesmen of the world for simple, elementary justice—for the mere right to purchase, for gold, arms with which to defend itself. The Republic chose as its earliest battle cry: "Make Madrid the Tomb of Fascism!" But the statesmen of Europe, at that time, were individuals named Chamberlain, Daladier, Blum, Hoare, Laval, Halifax.

Madrid, which was to have been and could have been the tomb of world fascism, became instead its womb. A new battle cry rang out in Spain, a cry first uttered by Dolores Ibarruri, who became known to the world as La Pasionaria.

"Far better to die fighting on your feet than to live on your knees!" cried La Pasionaria.

The Spanish Republic, battered and betrayed, died fighting on her feet in April 1939. By September 1939 the Nazis were ready for the second round of their campaign for the world. Germany launched the march on Poland, the Lowlands, France.

Neither the sudden loss of Goded, Fanjul, and other Spanish military leaders, nor the unexpected toughness of the Republic, which refused to yield, seriously delayed the plans drawn up by von Faupel. The creation of the Falange Exterior—the Spanish-speaking division of the Auslands Organization of the German Nazi Party—was not delayed for more than ten minutes by the master mind of Hitler's campaign for the Iberian Peninsula and Latin America.

The Falange Exterior got under way just in time to make the best use of a sudden gift from the Loyalists—the gift of a commodity every Fascist movement needs. The Spanish Republic, acting through a legal tribunal in Alicante on November 18, 1936, gave the Falange a genuine, full-blown martyr. The Republic was kind and generous; rather than an obscure procurer like Horst Wessel, they gave the Falange a martyr of real prominence when they condemned to a traitor's death José Antonio Primo de Rivera y Saez de Heredia, the founder of the Falange Española. Young Primo, who had been arrested for treason in May, suffered the personal misfortune of being tried after his countrymen had already learned that the only cure for fascism is a hail of bullets. He went to his grave unmourned by the Germans, who had begun to suspect him of feeling too big for his breeches. In death, however, they gave him the homage he had long wanted.

With Martyr de Rivera and Leader Franco on its standards, the Falange Exterior was aggressively entered into the export business, concentrating primarily on Latin America and the Philippines. A universally believed rumor—originat-

ing in the Continental gossip mills—had the world believe that Serrano Suner, Franco's brother-in-law, was in charge of the export division of the Falange.

A legend sprang up to the effect that Suner was fervently pro-Nazi and that Franco, who hated the Nazis, had made poor Suner chief of the Falange in order to keep him from doing any real harm. This fantastic story is still believed in many quarters. In Berlin and Madrid, however, people knew better. They knew that the Nazis would never place the direction of the Falange Exterior in the hands of a Suner on the grounds of sheer efficiency alone.

The Falange Exterior was placed in charge of a group of anonymous German-trained Spaniards acting directly under the orders of von Faupel. The ruling body of this export division was the National Delegation of the Exterior Service, of which the Secretary General of the Falange Española, Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta, was a member. José del Castano, a veteran Falange leader, was the nominal head of this National Delegation.

In German hands from the start, the Falange Exterior was at once more successful in many ways than the Spanish Falange had ever been. The Spanish élite of the New World and the Philippines flocked to its banners at once; money poured into its many foreign coffers; and the members of the various exterior branches were able to strut about in their uniforms without facing the certain mayhem which would have befallen a Falangista strutting around Spain in the organization's blue shirt before the Germans arrived in force.

By October 1938 the Falange Exterior had spread over the world. It had functioning branches in over twenty foreign countries. It boasted of upwards of a million fanatical members outside of Spain—more than twenty times the number of Falangistas in Spain itself in 1936. It did so well that the National Delegation of the Exterior Service published a 56-page handbook, filled to the brim with interesting photographs and facts. This book, printed in Santander

in 1938, was immediately suppressed by the flabbergasted Nazis—but not until a few copies had already been sent to Latin America via the Portuguese diplomatic pouches.

This rare little book, *La Falange Exterior*, is at once a source of information and an explanation of von Faupel's reluctance to entrust Spanish Falangistas with posts of great responsibility. According to the German, they boast too much in the wrong places.

On page 24 of *La Falange Exterior*, for example, there is a list of official publications of the Falange in various foreign cities. Notice that tiny United States-owned Puerto Rico is credited with two official Falange organs. Notice, too, that Manila is included on this list:

ARRIBA	Buenos Aires
ARRIBA	Sullana (Peru)
ARRIBA ESPAÑA	Havana
ARRIBA ESPAÑA	La Paz
ARRIBA ESPAÑA	Parana (Argentina)
ARRIBA ESPAÑA	Panama
ARRIBA ESPAÑA	San José, Costa Rica
AMANECER	Ciudad Trujillo, Domini- can Republic
AMANECER	Guatemala
AVANCE	San Juan, Puerto Rico
CARA AL SOL	Ponce, Puerto Rico
ESPAÑA	Colon
GUION	San Salvador
NUEVA ESPAÑA	Guayaquil
UNIDAD	Lima
YUGO	Manila
JERARQUIA	Bogota (Columbia)

On page 25 of the book the Nazis did not quite succeed in suppressing, the chiefs of the Falange Exterior boast that between August 1, 1937, and October 30, 1938, they dis-

tributed to "members, private parties, foreign sympathizers, libraries and universities in Europe, the Americas, Asia, Africa and Australia" some 954,000 pieces of Falange propaganda. This included some 17,000 pieces printed in English and distributed in the United States.

Page 33 is captioned, "Decalogue for the Comrades Abroad." The Decalogue runs:

1. Feel the Motherland at all hours. Above time and distances, above classes and interests.
2. Defend without compromise the union of all Spaniards all over the world, under the traditional and revolutionary symbol of the yoke and arrows.
3. Obey the Caudillo [Franco], leader of our people in war and peace.
4. Maintain the brotherhood of the Falange and behave always as National-Syndicalists with justice, sacrifice, and discipline.
5. Fight with faith, for the triumph of Hispanidad.
6. Give all acts the decorous morality and austerity expected of Spaniards and Falangistas.
7. Love the country in which you live. Respect its laws and flag and contribute a generous effort to its growth, uniting in a communion of joy and sorrow with the peoples with whom you share work and daily bread.
8. Overcome, by the idea of Spain and Falange, any regional, local or personal differences.
9. Feel the eternal presence and the voice of blood of those who fell to make Spain, to maintain her and to raise her across history.
10. Pay perpetual homage to the memory of José Antonio. This decalogue remains synthesized in the permanent and vigorous cry: *Arriba España!*"

Upwards of a million Spaniards in Latin America take this seriously. If point 7 seems familiar, it should. It is quite similar to the language used in the oath of the German-American Bund, and is inserted merely as window dressing for point 5. Twentieth-century Hispanidad is one of the

many brain children of Wilhelm von Faupel: in essence, it is a properly mystic creed devoted to proving that all that was once Spanish shall revert to the empire again.

The basic creed of the Falange Exterior is further expounded in some curious paragraphs on pages 10, 11, and 12 of *La Falange Exterior*:

The Nationalist-Syndicalist doctrine cannot accept classifications into classes among Spaniards, nor can it allow their spiritual separation from the Motherland. That is why it had to create organs of unity and and cohesion for expatriated Spaniards, *called to collaborate in different spheres with the actions of our diplomatic and Consular agents.** . . . These organs were to be the Exterior Falanges, since our movement . . . was bound to reach across the sea and frontiers.

From this it must not be inferred, however, that the Falange leaders of the various countries take their orders from the Spanish legations. On the contrary. General von Faupel arranged for the Territorial Chiefs of the Falange Exterior to have the highest Spanish power in the countries to which they are assigned.

Sometimes old-line Spanish diplomats balked at taking orders from the Berlin- and Hamburg-trained young Falange chiefs. Sometimes, when diplomats in the New World refused to take orders from Falange leaders, angry letters traveled across the ocean via trusted couriers. And generally, after an exchange of these letters, a country found itself going through a change of Spanish ministers.

Letters like the ones that passed between Luis Roldan Moreno, provincial secretary of the Falange in Colombia, and Antonio Valverde, its chief, are a case in point. It is necessary only to cite Valverde's letter of September 13, 1939.

This letter, written in San Sebastian on the letterhead of the National Delegation of the Exterior Service of the Falange, said, among other things:

* The italics are mine.

. . . I have learned of the incident which occurred with the Minister. I suppose that the reply that the National Secretary of this Service sent in Official Letter Number 84 of the 5th has already reached you. To this I want to add . . . and underscore the following: The Provisional Chief, which you are *pro tempore* in my absence, represents in the political aspect the National Chief of the Movement, who is El Caudillo [Franco]. Consequently, your office cannot under any circumstances admit interferences alien to its function and in its charge, regardless of what their source is, unless orders to the contrary are received from the only superior authority—which in this case is the National Delegation of the Falange Exterior.

The ideal thing would be to have the diplomatic representatives realize that Falange is Spain and that it is their duty to support and protect her in the Exterior and to strengthen the activities of the [Falange] authorities in the Exterior, contributing in a discreet form but without vacillations to establish the true unity within the heart of the Falange. But if some diplomat, ignoring the doctrine of the organization of the Falange that is Spain, and unacquainted with its function, tries to boycott or interfere with its responsible authorities . . . in that case the [Falange] Provincial Chief cannot under any circumstances limp along or much less submit to the arbitrariness or maneuvers of said diplomat. . . .

As there are many complaints received from all parts because of the lamentable actions of certain diplomats, measures are being prepared by the high authorities directed toward correcting these actions. Falange is Spain! . . .

Such quarrels, however, were merely the expressions of the growing pains of any monster. The diplomats were soon made completely subservient to the Falange or replaced by Falangistas chosen personally by von Faupel. By 1940, the Falange Exterior was so well entrenched that Berlin was prepared to give it the acid test of genuine service to the Axis. Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler made a special trip to Madrid in the summer of that year for a personal survey of the Falange situation.

After Himmler departed, von Faupel created a new body in Madrid, the Council of Hispanidad. This was presented

to the Falange as a revival of the Council of the Indies, created by the Spanish Throne during the sixteenth century as the supreme body charged with directing the destinies of Spain's colonies in the Americas.

The Council of Hispanidad was officially formed by a decree of the Spanish State on November 7, 1940. The decree declared:

ARTICLE I: With the aim which it has of helping to fulfill the obligations it has of watching over the well being and interest of our spirit in the Spanish World, an advisory organization is created, under the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which will be called the Council of Hispanidad, and will be the director of that policy destined to assure the continuation and efficiency of the ideas and works of the Spanish genius.

ARTICLE II: The responsibility of all the activities that tend to unification of the culture and economic interests and power related to the Spanish World, shall be the responsibility of this Council.

ARTICLE III: The Minister of Foreign Affairs will supervise the Council, make its rules, and name its members. In the course of a month, the Council will elaborate the organic rules that will precede its functioning.

ARTICLE IV: The Minister of Foreign Affairs is authorized to suppress, fuse, and modify and in general regulate the associations, organisms, and other entities of the Spanish public interest that have as a sole and principal aim the fomenting and the cultivation of relations between Spain and the nations of America and the Philippines.

If this decree had about it the distinct odor of the somber tracts the Nazis had earlier issued about the blood-ties between the Third Reich and the Germans abroad in places like the Sudeten territory of Czechoslovakia, the coincidence was far from accidental. The preamble to the decree establishing the Council of Hispanidad included a few sentences which bring to mind Hitler's oft-repeated disclaimers of designs on any territory outside of Germany. Said the preamble:

Spain is not moved by the desire for lands or riches. She asks nothing nor does she reclaim anything, only wishing to return to Hispanidad the unitarian conscience, being present in America with the intelligence, the love, the virtues that always preceded her work of expansion in the world as was ordered by the Catholic Queen in her day.

The Council of Hispanidad became merely another weapon in the arsenal of the Falange Exterior.

On the surface, von Faupel had—in the Falange Exterior—delivered to the Third Reich a remarkable network, extending from Havana to Buenos Aires, from Lima to Manila. This network, according to its creator, was capable of concerted espionage, political diversion, arms smuggling, and anything that any other Fifth Column in history had accomplished.

It remained only for the *Wehrmacht* to give von Faupel's instrument the tests which would determine whether the Auslands Falange had been worth all the trouble its organization had entailed. The answer was soon provided by a number of Falangistas—among them one José del Castano.

Falange Es España, or What Really Happened in Manila?

IN AUGUST 1938 a lead editorial appeared in all seventeen of the Falange Exterior publications, from *Yugo* in Manila to *Arriba* in Buenos Aires. It was called "Falange es España," and appeared under the byline of José del Castano.

This editorial addressed itself in gentle terms to those Spaniards abroad who had not yet joined the Falange, and went on to say:

The Falange Exterior has been constituted precisely to establish the bond with our compatriots who live away from our frontiers while we in Spain are fighting to win the war against International Marxism and the creation of a new state based on the twenty-seven points that constitute our Doctrine . . .

Up to this point the editorial was merely explanatory, although it must be remembered that at least three of the points of the doctrine to which del Castano referred had to do with the restoration of Spain's old empire—a restoration that could only be done at the expense of other nations, including the United States.

However, after modestly stating that "death for the Falangista is no more than the strict fulfillment of the greatest and most honorable of his duties," del Castano got to the real point of his editorial. It was a veiled threat to those Spaniards who had not yet joined the Falange Exterior.

The Spaniards who live away from the Motherland [he warned], should not . . . wait to join for the moment when the war has ended . . . because when those happy days arrive we will have the right to refuse to admit those who in the days of uncertainty and sacrifices looked upon us with skepticism and doubted us.

This editorial, signed by the chief of the National Delegation of the Falange Exterior, became a weapon in the hands of agents all over the world. They used it to force employees of Spanish business houses—young clerks, drivers, and secretaries who were in many cases anti-Fascist at heart—to join the local branch of the Falange Exterior without further delay. It was not so much what the article said—it was the name of the man who wrote it. The name bears repetition. It was—José del Castano.

In November 1940 *Arriba*, official organ of the Falange in Madrid, described certain diplomatic appointments in these words: "Two good comrades are going to take their places as warriors in lands where our flag flew until recently."

The *Arriba* story went on to say that Genaro Riestra had been appointed Consul General to Cuba, and that José del Castano had been made Consul General to the Philippines.

At that time the official papers in Spain had been engaged in the anti-American campaign which has been conducted six days a week since April 1939; most Spanish papers are not published on Mondays. The Madrid newspaper *Informaciones*, devoting a full page to the subject of "the difficult and glorious hour of our expansion," flatly stated:

Let us not forget the Philippines. Japan will impose a new order. Yankee domination can never cast out from the Archipelago what our forefathers sowed to last forever.

Manila was a particular target of heavy Falange fire. Scarcely a week went by but one of the Falange papers in Spain would print a blast at the "Jew-Washington-Masonic" administration of the "Catholic Philippines"—an attack which would generally be reprinted in most of the many Falange organs abroad.

In this manner an article like the Madrid *Arriba's* "Manila, Outpost of Hispanidad," found its way into the De-

ember 15, 1939, issue of *Avance*, official organ of the Falange Exterior in San Juan, Puerto Rico. This article dealt with the visit to Madrid of Father Silvestre Sancho, Rector of the University of Santo Tomás of Manila.

In the Orient [runs the story] is our love the Philippines. . . . Three thousand islands. Enormous riches. The North Americans went there as International Brigades, to separate us Spaniards and Filipinos. They have not yet left the islands. They are the ones who rule. . . .

But in the Philippines three centuries of Spanish civilization have remained forever . . . in this University of Santo Tomás, nailed as an advanced bulwark in the Orient, a worry to the world today . . . is Father Silvestre Sancho, with the faculty of teachers, giving daily battle in defense of Castilian and Catholicism. Perpetually fighting, without dismay, and without rest for Spain.

The flowery article then goes on to tell how Father Sancho arrived in Madrid "as a recruiter" to find a professor for "the chair of Hispanidad" at the university, "the first in the world." Also, that the rector wanted to set up the machinery for the exchange of students and professors. The article wound up with a characteristic mystical quotation by Falange leader Rafael Sanchez Mazas about times having changed so that now Spaniards looked at a new horizon. "And the horizon," concluded the *Arriba* author, "is the Empire."

Shortly after *Arriba* revealed this new horizon, Rector Sancho appointed a new honorary rector of Santo Tomás, the oldest university in the American world. The new rector's name was Generalissimo Francisco Franco, and in the verbiage that went with the honor Sancho got in a few rousing licks about the approaching glorious day when the Generalissimo would rule over a revived Spanish Empire which would embrace Manila.

Franco's appointment as Honorary Rector of Santo Tomás failed to stir a ripple in official Washington, where editorials about the Philippines in the Spanish press were

dismissed as mere pep talks designed for home consumption. Therefore, the appointment of José del Castano, chief of the National Delegation of the Falange Exterior, to the post of Spain's Consul General to Manila raised no eyebrows among the members of the State Department. Apparently it was never even questioned by Washington.

The day after del Castano was appointed to the diplomatic post, he was called to a conference in Madrid with General von Faupel and some Nazi officials he had never met before. When the conference ended, von Faupel appointed Del Castano regional chief of the Falange Exterior for the Philippines. This appointment was duly reported in the Madrid press.

Big things were lurking under the surface in Madrid. The reports from von Faupel's agents on the reception of the initial propaganda splurges of the Council of Hispanidad had given the General some new ideas. To accelerate the drive on the Philippines and the Americas, von Faupel now opened a new institution—La Casa de América—in Madrid, and decided to send the most trustworthy and the ablest Falange leaders abroad to where they could do the Axis cause the most good. The Axis, at this time, was concentrating Falangist efforts on Cuba and the Philippines—hence the new assignments of such important figures as Riestra and del Castano.

José del Castano had long been intimate with the problems of the Falange Exterior in the Philippines. As the head of the National Delegation of the Auslands Falange, del Castano had been directly responsible for the Manila Falange from its very inception. While Madrid remained in the hands of the Republic, del Castano had made his headquarters in Burgos and later in Salamanca. To these headquarters, the Falangist chiefs of the Philippines made their reports. From them, they received their orders.

During the Spanish War, not all of del Castano's letters reached him. One highly important letter, mailed to him by Martin Pou, then a leader of the Philippine Falange,

on January 20, 1938, fell into the hands of a Republican counter-espionage officer while it was en route to Salamanca.

It was an amazing letter. Although it is devoted exclusively to an internal quarrel in the Fascist ranks in Manila, it inadvertently described the whole Falange organization of the Philippines in the process of making its point. Pou set out to prove to del Castano that Enrique Zobel and Andres Soriano—his chief enemies—had taken complete control of the Falange and the Fascist movement in the Philippines.

Zobel and Soriano were no small-time agitators. They were two of the wealthiest Spanish businessmen in Manila. Zobel, who held the post of "consul" of the Franco regime, claimed to be Franco's personal representative in Manila. His nephew, Soriano, owned Manila's largest brewery and held the Philippine agency for a giant American tobacco company.

Early in the course of the Spanish War, these two had taken over the Franco movement in the Philippines. When Pou arrived on the scene and started giving orders, he ran into difficulties almost at once. Zobel, according to his letter, had then arranged for Pou to be recalled to Spain. Pou objected to this order.

I went to his [Zobel's] house [Pou wrote], and he showed me Mugiro's order asking me to indicate the date of departure, although it was irregular—I would have to get this data from the [Falange] authorities. I told him not to be an imbecile, and as he insisted, I offered to throw him out of the window—a thing which made for a notable difference in his attitude and very frightened of his own skin. He proposed that I take this to the chief of the Falange in the Headquarters . . . and that on the other hand he would not show anyone the order that I had to leave. . . .

He began to give circulars to the consular agents of Germany, Portugal, Italy and Japan to gain the attention of the Spaniards whom he had seen in my company and generally treating me more or less like a monster.

Note this reference to the Axis diplomats. The Falange was and is so subservient to the Axis authorities that, in order to destroy a Falangista, it was considered necessary to denounce him before the German, Italian, and Japanese authorities. Pou continued:

I did not do anything more than to cite him before the Military Tribunal, following which I notified you so that you could check his telegrams from the 24, 25, and 26. In the interim the [Spanish] Colony has come to my side and against him. The parade of the Spaniards to my home was constant and continuous, offering themselves to me for any job and requesting instructions from me. Having sent my telegram, I did not want to do anything more. After many [telegrams] had gone to Salamanca [then seat of the Franco regime], Zobel became scared and began to say that he had not asked for my deportation, that he was not an enemy of the Falange, that he recognized me as a great patriot. . . .

The official Spanish Chamber of Commerce drafted a petition for the expulsion of Zobel . . . the petition won by a great majority. Thereafter, Zobel began to phone Spaniards telling them that he represented Franco and that to go against him meant going against the Caudillo. . . .

After complaining that Soriano, on his trips to Salamanca, acted differently than he did in Manila, Pou suggested that "the new Falangist chief should come from Spain. He should be a man of arms, and he should reside in the consulate."

Then, to drive home his point, Pou listed the heads of the Falange and the Franco offices in the Philippines, and next to each name showed the ties between the officers and the two Spaniards who opposed Pou. According to Pou, Garcia Alonzo and a man named Lizarraga were associates of Zobel and Soriano. Pou's own description of the Falange Exterior organization in Manila reads:

Chief: La Vara (employee of Garcia Alonzo)
Administrator: Fernandez (employee of Lizarraga)

Press & Propaganda: Martinez Gil (employee of Soriano)
 Information: Castelvi (Soriano's secretary)
 Secretary: Beaumont (employee of Soriano)

These were the official Falange Exterior officers. Pou went on to describe the other Franco officials as:

Representative of the Spanish State: Soriano, and in his absence, Antonio Roxas, his cousin.

Consul: Zobel (uncle of Soriano and of Roxas)

President of Chamber: Zobel

President of School Board: Zobel

Secretary of School: Beaumont (employee of Soriano and vice-chancellor of consulate)

Secretary of Casino: Castelvi (Soriano's secretary)

Even though this particular letter never reached del Castano, he already knew that, in the Philippines, the Falange Exterior had made tremendous strides. As the quarrel between Pou and the Soriano crowd continued, del Castano solved it by removing Pou. Neither Wilhelm von Faupel nor José del Castano cared to antagonize the wealthiest Spaniards in Manila.

The Manila to which José del Castano sailed in the winter of 1940 was in many ways more fervently Falangist than Madrid itself. In Madrid, as the new Consul General would have been the first to admit, popularity had never been one of the Falange's characteristics prior to the glorious victory of the Nazis, the Italians, and the Caudillo.

To the utter amazement of the new Regional Chief, the five branches of the Philippines Falange Exterior put on a show for him that could not have been duplicated for sheer numbers in Madrid in 1936. The affair took place in December 1940 at a Manila stadium—secured at a nominal rental from the Spanish businessman who owned it.

First, to start the festivities, the five- and six-year-old youngsters in uniform lined up in military formation and started to march across the field to the music of a brass

band. They wore uniforms, these little fellows—blue shirts and shorts and Sam Browne belts like the Exploradores (Boy Scouts). But they were not Exploradores, they were Jovenes Flechas (Young Arrows) de Falange. The uniforms were, for the time being, somewhat alike. In the beginning, the Jovenes Flechas were taught how to march, how to sing *Cara al Sol*, the Falange hymn, and how to give the *brazo en alto* (upraised arm) salute when they shouted "Franco! Franco! Franco!" Later, they would learn how to shoot, like the older ones.

Following the little fellows came the Sección Femenina de la Falange de Manila. This contingent was an utter surprise to del Castano. It embraced everything from five-year-old preschool girls to nurses in their teens to matrons built along the lines of assault tanks—all of them in immaculate blue uniforms, marching behind the banners of the Falange and Imperial Spain, saluting smartly with the approved stiff arm, carrying themselves like women fit to grace the beds and the kitchens of the new conquistadores.

The feminine section was followed by an older group of Flechas—these ran from eight to about fourteen. They also wore short pants, but they marched with the precision of soldiers. After the Flechas retired, a large color guard—youths of fourteen to twenty—paraded smartly with the flags of Spain and the Falange. They wore the Blue Shirts (*Camisas Azules*) of the *Movimiento*—the glorious *Camisa Azul* of José Antonio, *El Apóstol*.

In a long letter he wrote to Madrid that night, del Castano admitted that the sight of these smart young men way out there in the Orient brought tears to his eyes. So thick were the tears, he wrote, that he could scarcely see the tremendous Falange emblems sewn on the jerseys of the two soccer teams that played a rousing game in his honor to bring the ceremonies at the Manila stadium to a magnificent climax.

During the first week that del Castano was in Manila, he had dinner with a certain Spaniard residing in the Philippines who might have been one of the glamorous figures

of the Spanish State. This individual (his name is known to the American authorities) had amassed a huge fortune, primarily as agent in the Philippines for American manufacturers. He was one of the men on whom von Faupel's agents had originally tested the program of the Falange—and his reaction had been a bit too positive. "Permit me," he had said, "to finance the entire *movimiento*." When the Nazis invaded Spain without this caballero's backing, he was offended. But he was soon brought around to the New Order, and he became a great patron of the Philippine Falange.

This man was typical of the wealthy Spaniards who formed the core of the Franco crowd in the Philippines. Sons of wealthy Spanish planters and colonial traders, they had, as boys or youths, emotionally or physically fought to keep the Archipelago within the Spanish Empire during the Spanish-American War. Trained from childhood to hate the freedom of peoples, the freedom of religions, and the freedom of education, they had within their own lifetime seen all three freedoms develop in the Philippines. The peoples of the Philippines, chattels under the Spanish Empire, had had their lot improved under the Americans. It had been no Paradise, to be sure; but the form of the gesture had been one of democracy.

And then, the Spaniards complained, without too great a struggle the Washington Idiots had signed a paper actually giving the Filipino savages the right to govern their own destinies.

Under the monarchy, the One True Faith had made great headway among the savages. Now, with the separation of Church and State—for which the Protestant Masonic Bankers of Boston were responsible—paganism was again rife.

In the days of the Empire, education was controlled by the Church. It was a privilege, accorded to those worthy of it. Now, thanks to the American devils, secular education was free and universal. And it was education of Satan's own design, with pagan Protestant teachers permitted to

expound upon heresies like birth control, the French Revolution, and the New Deal of the Jew Roosevelt.

The wealthy Spaniards who spoke and thought in these terms did what they could to keep their wives, their children, and themselves from the contamination of this new society. They published their own newspapers, ran their own private schools for their heirs, subsidized colleges—maintained whatever links they could with the Spanish monarchy. When the monarchy rotted away of historical gangrene in 1931, the caballeros refused to believe that the corpse was more than merely sleeping. When the Falange thrust its five arrows over the horizon, the rich Spaniards in the Philippines saw in them the pointers to the type of Spanish Empire their fathers had really known.

In addition to being rich, these Spaniards were also realistic men. By 1940 they knew that Imperial Spain was part of the same Axis as Imperial Japan. It was no secret that Japan had a design or two on the Philippines herself, as well as a few nationals here and there on the Archipelago. Nothing serious, of course, and nothing to get excited about, but nevertheless a problem that was growing acute by the time Don José reached Manila.

"Don José," they asked del Castano, "is it really true that the little brown Japanese monkeys will restore our Empire?"

"Our Fascist brothers in Japan," the Consul General would answer sternly, "are united with us in the common struggle. When they strike, we must help them. When we strike, they will help us."

Del Castano must have repeated this answer a hundred times during his first week in Manila, each time using the exact words he used when he had rehearsed the few sentences for General von Faupel and those strange Nazi luminaries back in Madrid.

The Consul General was very careful to say nothing which would make his set speech on Spain's Fascist brothers in Japan sound in the least bit false. When not discussing the Japanese, del Castano spent much of his time in the first

weeks studying the scripts of the radio shows the Spanish groups put on regularly, speaking at dinners, bolstering the spirits of the local Falange chiefs, and, in his spare moments, attending to his diplomatic duties.

These radio programs were amazing. At the time del Castano arrived in Manila, for example, the Ateneo de Manila, one of the exclusive Spanish private schools, was doing a series on the ideal corporate state of Portugal's Salazar. This was the familiar clerico-Fascist line of all good Axis propagandists in Catholic countries. Within time, del Castano was to hear programs contrasting the American pioneers and the Spanish conquistadores so cleverly that the listeners gained the impression that the pioneers who explored with Boone were drunken desperadoes while the soldiers who pillaged with Pizarro were hymn-singing abstainers.

As regional Falange chief and as Spanish Consul General, del Castano was in supreme command of all anti-American Spanish activities, from radio programs to downright espionage. The scope of del Castano's work as a propagandist, the seriousness of his results, can be gathered in the open alarm expressed by two officers of the Philippine Military Academy, Major José M. Hernandez and Lieutenant Ricardo C. Galang, who, a few months before Pearl Harbor, prepared an emergency manual on counter-propaganda for their government (*What Every Filipino Should Know about Propaganda*).

Two bitter sections of their slim publication speak volumes about what the Falange accomplished on the propaganda front alone in the Philippines:

Transfer is a device by which the propagandist carries over the authority, sanction, and prestige of something that we respect and revere to something he would have us accept. For instance, in our country, the people have a very high regard for the Church because our people are essentially religious. If some foreign power succeeds in getting the Church to sponsor a movement, it is very likely that our people will be won over. We should not be surprised if Generalissimo Franco of Spain

finds a way to influence the Catholic Church to win over some influential Filipinos to a cause that would be inimical to the democratic ideals of our people. Filipinos must remember that even from the pulpit, propaganda, aside from religious, may be sold to our masses. . . .

There is another type of subtle propaganda being used in the Philippines. It is the Spanish propaganda. Fellowships have been offered to Filipinos so that they may study in Spanish universities courses in medicine and social science. Everybody knows that the most outstanding, the most famous, the most scholarly authorities in medicine and social science are *not* in Spain. Why are we being enticed to study medicine there? Because it is earnestly desired that we see present-day Spain with our own eyes, so that we might be convinced of the power and strength of the Franco government, a totalitarian government that maintains views radically different from a purely democratic ideology and inimical to it. Franco has come out in the open in defense of the Berlin-Rome Axis and, therefore, against all democracies, including America and the Philippines.

Why have professors and students of certain educational institutions been persuaded to contribute money to the cause of the Franco government? Why have publications been issued for the perpetuation of Spanish culture in the Philippines? These are instances of pure and simple propaganda for Spain, by overzealous Spaniards seemingly unappreciative of their privileges to live on the bounty and hospitality of Filipinos.

For an official government publication, circulated openly, these were strong words—even though they came much too late. The story they tell is clear enough. Not only had Rector Sancho's dream of exchanging students with Spanish universities worked out since 1939, but, once the plan got under way, it was put to more than cultural uses by the New Spain. More than one of the Spanish students sent to Manila in exchange for a Filipino scholar turned out to be a little old, a little military, and a little lackadaisical in his studies—but not at all backward in his real duty: espionage.

Under del Castano's expert guidance, the conditions the two Philippine officers described in their book grew in intensity. The Falange membership increased, and many of

the more influential Spaniards in the local colony began to drink toasts to the imminent return of the good old days of the Empire.

Then, on June 18, 1941, the Spanish colony of the Philippines—which had long wondered why so important a Falange official as José del Castano had been assigned to a post as far from Madrid as Manila—was suddenly made aware of del Castano's real importance. A brusque official announcement from Washington suddenly explained del Castano's real status. The President of the United States had given the governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan until July 10 to close their consulates on United States soil and territories—which, on July 11, would make José del Castano the ranking Axis diplomat on the Archipelago.

This announcement was followed, in a day, by the word that Señor del Castano would temporarily take over the consular duties of all three closing consulates in Manila.

Not publicly announced, but nevertheless just as official, was José del Castano's appointment after July 18, 1941, to the most important Axis espionage post in the Philippines. The Falange chief was made the top liaison agent of all Axis undercover work in the Islands. His consulate-general offices became headquarters, post office, and clearing house for the entire Axis spy network. His real mission—the mission for which he had been personally picked by General von Faupel—had begun.

Now del Castano really got down to work. He organized his liaison duties, memorized new codes, and tapped some of the most reliable of his Falange *militantes* for service as agents in the Axis intelligence. But del Castano was too big a man to be wasted in a simple liaison job.

It was a matter of days before the new sealed orders, in code, arrived from Madrid. José del Castano decoded the message, read it twice, and then slowly burned the small strip of microfilm on which the message had come and the sheet of paper on which he had translated it. The General was after major stakes this time, and as del Castano scattered

the ashes of the message he began to feel the nearness of the big push von Faupel had hinted at back in Madrid. Yet the message said nothing about any of the things von Faupel had discussed then. It merely said that del Castano was to detail every Falangista to join the ranks of the Philippine Civilian Emergency Administration; and that, once there were enough Falangistas in the C. E. A., del Castano would receive further orders.

José del Castano was no fool. He could have given orders to all Falangistas to sign up as air-raid wardens at once. The orders would have been obeyed—but with murmurs. So instead of issuing these orders by virtue of his supreme authority as provincial chief of the Falange Exterior, del Castano started to hold a series of informal conferences with prominent leaders of the Spanish colony. He told them that the C. E. A., as it was then developing, was becoming the nucleus of an anti-Spanish, anti-Catholic civilian force. Del Castano let his confidants suggest to him that the Falange should counter by quietly infiltrating the C. E. A. ranks and gaining control. It was the type of maneuver which vindicated von Faupel's earlier judgment.

Within a month of the day von Faupel's sealed orders had reached del Castano, practically every Falange member in the Philippines was enrolled as a worker in the Civilian Emergency Administration. The total number of Falange members in the Philippines is known to very few—a trustworthy estimate places it at close to 10,000.

Had only half of the estimated ten thousand calculating Falangistas moved in on the civilian defense organization, the Axis purpose would have been accomplished. The Falangistas who went into civilian defense work all received special training from Falange chiefs close to del Castano himself. They were no average citizens, amiably going through routine drills for air raids and emergencies they never quite believed would come. The Falangistas in the Philippine Civilian Emergency Administration were a trained Axis Fifth Column army, ordered to their posts by the Nazi general who sat as *Gauleiter* of Spain, and directly

responsible to the chief liaison man for all Axis espionage in the Archipelago.

As the international crisis mounted, the Falangistas in the civilian defence worked like Trojans at their tasks. They were particularly keen about distributing the posters and cards containing the ten "Emergency Pointers for the Citizens" which the C. E. A. had printed. The first two points were:

1. Beware of rumors. Be guided by truth and nothing but the truth. Get your facts straight from C.E.A. officials and organizations.
2. Keep calm. Avoid hysteria and prevent panic. Have faith in your C.E.A. leaders.

The Regional Chief of the Falange Exterior ordered all Falangistas in civilian defense to become well known to all their neighbors as C. E. A. workers and officials. The Falangistas in the C. E. A. carried out these orders to the letter.

Toward the end of November, José del Castano made a thorough check-up on the work of the Falange Exterior in the Philippines. He sent a coded report to Madrid, via courier, in which he expressed himself as satisfied with the preparations taken by his Falanges.

On December 7, Spain's Japanese Axis partner bombed Hawaii and the Philippines.

The official Madrid newspaper, *Informaciones*, bluntly editorialized:

Japan has reached the limit of her patience. She could no longer tolerate the interference and the opposition of the United States. . . . We hope Manila will be saved for Christianity.

In Manila, after the shock of the first attack, the people looked to the government, to the Army, to the Civilian Emergency Administration, for guidance. In most cases, the average Filipino turned to the C. E. A.—under ordinary cir-

cumstances the proper thing to do. But on December 7, 1941, the C. E. A. was so shot through with Falangistas as to be the foundation of the Axis Fifth Column in the city.

For three weeks the Falangistas in the C. E. A. lay low. They performed their defense tasks diligently—on orders from their Falange leaders—and concentrated on winning the confidence of citizens in all walks of life in the great city.

On December 29 the Japanese air forces staged their first great raid over the city of Manila. For three hours the Jap planes rained bombs on the forts along the bay, the docks, and the homes of the poorer Filipinos.

Then the planes flew off. But something had happened during the bombardment. The civilian defense organizations seemed to have broken down completely.

Wardens were receiving orders to be everywhere except the places where they were needed most. Stretcher-bearers were dropping like flies with bullets in their backs. Streams of confusing and conflicting orders had most C. E. A. workers running around in crazy circles.

Wild rumors spread like hurricanes through the city—rumors the character of which had already become familiar in all lands invaded by the Nazis in Europe: MacArthur had fled to Washington. Quezon had gone over to the Japs. The entire American Air Force had been destroyed. The American Army had received orders to shoot all Catholics and imprison all Filipinos. Henry Morgenthau had personally requisitioned all the funds in the Philippine National Treasury. *Ad infinitum*.

There was something official about these rumors, something had been added that made even level-headed citizens give them credence. For these rumors were not being spread by obscure Japanese spies: they originated directly from Civilian Emergency Headquarters, from the lips of the hard-working air-raid wardens who had been so diligent about tacking up the posters bearing the ten emergency pointers for the citizen. "Get your facts straight from C. E. A. . . ."

Modern total war is the war of the organized rear. Civilian defense organizations may not be as vital as armies, but they are necessities. Manila taught the world what a menace a city's civilian defense organization becomes when it falls into the hands of the enemy.

All the details of what happened in Manila during the next thirty-six hours are today in the army archives in Washington. Some day, perhaps, they will be revealed in full. Then it will become painfully clear why, thirty-six hours after the first big Jap air raid on December 29, the military authorities in Manila were forced to break off all relations with the civilian defense organizations.

Thanks to the Falange—and its regional chief, Spanish Consul General José del Castano—the rear had been completely disrupted. The civilian defense organizations, created to bolster civilian morale and to counter the effects of enemy air raids, were accomplishing just the opposite.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of January 2, 1942, the Japanese marched into Manila, their military tasks having been lightened a thousandfold by the effective Fifth Column job within the city itself.

The freedom-loving world was stunned. But in Madrid, *Arriba*, official organ of the Falange, hailed the Japanese successes in these words:

The ancient and renowned culture of the magnificent Oriental Empire, and its exceptional human values, are shown in the important victories of the first days—victories that have won for Japan the admiration of the world.

In New York, in London, in Moscow free men and free women mourned the tragedy that had befallen Manila. But in Granada, Spain, on January 5, 1942, there was a joyous Falange celebration. Pilar Primo de Rivera, the psychopathic sister of young Primo and the chief of the feminine section of the Falange, brought the crowd screaming to its feet. In the name of the Philippine Section of the Falange Española

Tradicionalista de la J. O. N. S., Pilar Primo de Rivera accepted a formal decoration from the Japanese Government—a decoration awarded to the Philippine Falange for its priceless undercover aid to the Imperial Japanese Government in the capture of Manila and for a host of other services. Among the latter were the fleets of trucks and busses the Falange had ready and waiting for the Japanese invasion troops at Lingayen, Lamon, and other points.

The cheers in Granada had hardly died when the Archbishop of Manila issued a pastoral letter calling upon all Catholics in the Philippines to stop their anti-Japanese activities and to co-operate with the Japanese in their noble efforts to pacify the Archipelago.

Whatever doubts the Nazi High Command may have entertained about the value of the Falange Exterior to the Axis cause vanished with the fall of Manila. They now knew that General von Faupel had not been wasting his time.

José del Castano is still Spanish Consul General to the Philippines, still regional chief of the Philippines Section of the Falange Exterior.

Sometimes, when del Castano rides around Manila in his new American car, he passes the ancient University of Santo Tomás, founded in 1611 by Spaniards. His Caudillo, Francisco Franco, is still honorary rector of Santo Tomás. Perhaps, when del Castano passes this ancient seat of learning, he thinks that Franco's title should be changed to "honorary warden."

For at present Santo Tomás is not a university. Today Santo Tomás is the Japanese Government's concentration camp for American nationals who were trapped in Manila by Falange treachery and Japanese arms.

Del Castano's old colleague Andres Soriano is no longer in Manila. The wealthy Manila businessman who served as representative of the Spanish state and so dominated the Falange and the Franco organizations of the Philippines, no longer gives the *brazo en alto* salute while standing alongside Falangist leaders at Manila demonstrations. Soriano,

who felt the fury of Axis terror on Corregidor, is very far from Manila.

Andres Soriano is at present in Washington. He has a new job, too. He is the Secretary of the Treasury in Manuel Quezon's Philippine government-in-exile.

He has to get around Washington quite a bit. Sometimes he has to pass the Spanish Embassy. When he does, perhaps he pauses to read the sign which went up on the white gates of the Embassy after Pearl Harbor. It is a simple sign bearing the words:

SPANISH EMBASSY
IN CHARGE OF JAPANESE INTERESTS

It would be interesting to know how this sign affects Andres Soriano.

*Cuba: Pattern and Center of Falangist
America*

THE GRAY, pencil-slim edifice of the Spanish Legation on Havana's Oficios Street overlooks the fine harbor. From its windows one can see all the shipping that enters and leaves Havana. At night, the soft green moon that shines only over Havana and over no other city in the world plays thousands of weird shadow-tricks on the stone façade. Cubans say that these nights the Havana moon traces the outlines of Hitler's face in the shadows on the front of the Spanish Legation. They say, too, that the Nazi Führer's face looks pained and troubled.

This, of course, may be merely a legend. The Havana moon does make many people see many things. But there is nothing mythical about the inside apartment of the Spanish consulate—the apartment on the second floor. In this apartment, a few paces to the left of the stairs, there is a heavy steel door in the wall, a door with a shuttle lock made by an excellent German locksmith. This door opens on a steel and concrete vault.

When one knows how to operate this steel door, it opens on a wealth of reports, secret documents, special codes, and exhaustive lists of people in every Western Hemisphere country from Canada to Argentina, from the United States to Paraguay and Chile. The entire contents of this vault are one of General von Faupel's most closely guarded secrets. They are the records of the Falange Española Tradicionalista in the New World, and they are most complete.

It is no accident that these records should be cached in the Spanish Legation in Havana. From the very beginning of the Falange Exterior offensive in the Western World, Cuba has been the chief advance base of all Falange activities on the American side of the Atlantic. The director of all

Falangist activities in North and South America, appointed personally by General von Faupel, has always made his headquarters in Havana. From the Cuban capital, Falangistas in the twenty Latin-American nations have received their orders—relayed from Madrid. Similarly, when Falangist chiefs of other countries need guidance and answers to pressing problems, it is to the ranking Falange chief in Cuba to whom they write via secret courier.

The Falange-versus-the-democracies pattern of Cuba, Falange center of the Americas, is the basic pattern of every land south of our borders. Without an understanding of what this pattern is like, the success of the Falange Exterior looks like a triumph of racial mysticism. Actually, the racial ties which bind the Falanges of Latin America to the Madrid-Berlin core are very much overtouted by casual investigators who blitz their way through the Latin countries. There was nothing racial about the support Spaniards in Latin America gave to the Nazis and the Italians who spent the years between July 1936 and April 1939 in the slaughter of over a million racially pure Spaniards in Republican Spain.

Rare and talented American diplomats like Spruille Braden and Claude Bowers understand this pattern very well, but they form so small a minority in the councils of our State Department as to be all but voiceless.

The Falange network of Cuba will be described in detail in these chapters. But first—because it will help explain the strength of the Falange in Latin America—it is important to examine the soil from which Falangismo receives its greatest nourishment in the Americas.

As a colony of the Spanish Empire, Cuba had an economy completely dependent on the mother country. It could trade only with Spain, exporting the products of its soil and receiving its imports of manufactured goods only via Spanish ships. Absentee owners in Spain shared the ownership of the vast agricultural estates with Spanish colonial planters. A small, compact set of Spanish colonials controlled all the mercantile business of the island.

The Indians whom Columbus had discovered on the island were enslaved and ultimately killed off by the new Spanish masters. In the sixteenth century slaves from Africa were brought over to replace the native Indians. The island raised cattle for Spanish ships plying the Spanish Main, and sent to the mother country the hides, tobacco, sugar, molasses, and other products of the vast *haciendas*.

The Seven Years' War Spain waged with Britain a decade before the American Revolution gave Cuba its real start as a nation. For during this war Britain seized and held the port city of Havana for one full year. It was a year of amazing prosperity for the island, a prosperity directly due to the fact that Britain had made Havana a free port. Ships of all nations were allowed to trade with Cuba on even terms. The price structures of the Spanish monopoly were ignored by the Cubans—who during Havana's year as a free port sold their exports to the highest bidders and bought their imports from the most reasonable traders.

Spain recaptured Havana in 1762. But now the Empire had to compete with British "pirates" for the commerce of the Antilles. An increasing number of colonial planters had become Cuban *independistas* who chose to risk the hazards of free trade in quest of higher returns for their products.

Under the Spaniards, imports became the chief mercantile trade of the island. Spaniards and Spanish firms in Cuba, protected by Spanish sea power, built great fortunes by acting as agents for Spanish products. In many cases the colonial traders became so wealthy that they were able to buy controlling interests in the Spanish firms from which they bought their wares.

The importers became the leading mercantile factors in Cuban economic life. Because they always had ready cash, they often took control of the banks originally dominated by the large planters. In time, they began to buy into the control of the agricultural estates of the colony.

In the nineteenth century, when the Cuban independence movements began to grow, one of the rallying cries of the *independistas* was a demand for native industries which would free Cubans from dependence on Spanish imports.

For this reason the colonial mercantilists were the first to send their sons into the ranks of the "Voluntarios," the dreaded and despised *guerrilleros* of the Spanish captain-generals. The Voluntarios were the storm troops of the monarchy in Hispanic America whose ugly terrorism against the leaders of the movements for Cuban Independence did so much to win the *independistas* the support of the entire civilized world.

The Spanish-American War of 1898 shook this mercantile class to its very roots. Only the most powerful of its members survived the dawn of Cuban independence, even such independence as Cuba enjoyed in its early years as a free nation. These individuals united to form the Lonja del Comercio, and, if possible, to resume business as usual. Despite the competition from American interests, the Lonja crowd managed to get along pretty well.

The Lonja soon became the center of all Spanish business on the island. Its members invested in real estate, shipping bottoms, sugar lands, tobacco lands, wholesale and retail trade. For the main part, most of them retained their Spanish citizenship and continued their centuries-old practice of siphoning off generous portions of their Cuban profits for Spanish investments.

In politics the Lonja crowd backed Cubans who could guarantee them the highest possible profits at the lowest possible capital outlay. At the same time the Spanish businessmen in Cuba had very good economic reasons for keeping their fingers on the political pulse of Madrid. Their financial stake in Spanish reaction was often as great as their stake in Cuban tyranny.

To the Spaniards in Latin America, the birth of the Spanish Republic in 1931 meant only one thing: a higher standard of living for the people of Spain. This higher standard of living meant living wages, and living wages meant smaller returns on investments in Spanish enterprises. For decades, wealthy Spaniards of Latin America had talked in colorful and mystic terms about restoration of the empire of Ferdinand and Isabella. Beneath all of this fine

racist gibberish lurked a genuine and quite materialistic concern over large-scale business ventures in the Holy Motherland. (Few non-Spaniards realized this better than Wilhelm von Faupel.)

The chief spokesman for this Spanish business crowd has always been the *Diario de la Marina*, Havana's oldest daily newspaper. Founded in 1832, *La Marina* was always more monarchist than the monarch. Its ties to the Spanish Empire were of the strongest. They have never been broken.

The Voluntarios had their heart and life's blood in the columns of *La Marina* until Cuba won her independence from Spain. In these columns Cubans were exhorted to join the Voluntarios, to fight for king and colonialism, and to destroy all attempts to organize groups dedicated to Cuban freedom.

Today, in Cuba, there are hundreds of monuments to José Martí, the revered leader of Cuba's great struggle for independence. The *Diario de la Marina* pays its employees in paper pesos that bear Martí's picture; the cell in which Martí languished as a prisoner of the King's is a national shrine in Havana. But during Cuba's three wars for independence—the wars of 1868-78, 1890, and 1895-98—*La Marina* denounced José Martí as a "foolish dreamer." Maximo Gómez and Antonio Maceo, the military leaders of Martí's forces of liberation, were described simply as "bandits" by the paper. And when, a few years before the Spanish shackles were finally torn from Cuba's heart, José Martí died on the field of battle, the *Diario de la Marina* editorialized that now, thank God, there would be an end to the stupid troubles Martí had caused.

Loudest of the *Diario de la Marina's* loud voices against Cuban independence was the voice of Don Nicolas Rivero. As a young partisan of the Carlists in Spain, Rivero had run into the sort of political trouble which caused Europeans to flee their countries in the '70's. He settled in Cuba, where he won his spurs as a journalist, and soon made his peace with the Bourbon dynasty. He rose to become editor and part owner of the *Diario de la Marina*, where his decades of

molding Cuban opinion were of such nature that, in 1919, he was made a Spanish count by King Alfonso. As an editor and a publicist, Don Nicolas gave no quarter in his savage campaign to keep the Spanish Empire in business. He penned the most violent of the attacks on José Martí and the other tireless leaders of the Cuban independence movement. He made many speeches, chose to back the anti-democratic wing of any dispute that arose in Cuba after 1898, fathered two sons, and died in bed after the end of the First World War—a soldier of the Spanish Empire to the end.

Count Nicolas Rivero, eldest of Don Nicolas's sons, showed little talent for journalism or controversy. He is now Cuba's envoy to the Vatican. The second son, José Ignacio—or Pepin, as everyone calls him today—showed more talent and ambitions for the calling of the old Don. He was brought into the paper while still a young man and soon became director and publisher of the venerable organ of the Spanish colony.

During Pepin Rivero's early days as a journalist, *La Marina* went through its worst crisis since 1898. In April 1917 the *Diario de la Marina* ran a ringing editorial entitled, "Gold! Gold! Gold!" The editorial explained that the real reasons for America's entry into the war against Germany were commercial—only the Yankee lust for gold was behind the war declaration. The American Government promptly dispatched a one-man board of economic warfare to Havana, with instructions to tell the paper's management in simple but stiff words that one more manifestation of such sentiments would find the *Diario de la Marina* suffering from an acute shortage of newsprint sources.

This experience taught Pepin the lesson of caution. Only the birth of fascism in Europe led Pepin to throw caution to the winds so soon after learning its value. Long before Hitler had even aspired to meet men like General von Faupel socially, Pepin was admiring Benito Mussolini in column after column of the *Diario de la Marina*. His favorite device in those days was to sigh that the world was running recklessly toward revolution and ruin, and that in

Fascism, at least, good sober folks had the sane and modern antidote to Bolshevism.

When Hitler invaded Spain in 1936, Pepin—who reflected perfectly the sentiments and interests of the tightly-knit Spanish crowd in the Lonja del Comercio—quickly made the *Diario de la Marina* the most completely pro-rebel paper in the Caribbean. All the Franco forces of Cuba rallied around the paper, and Pepin became one of their most popular spokesmen both in print and on the public platforms.

Shortly after the start of the Spanish War, Pepin made a trip to Europe. One of his first stops was Berlin. Here, in a rousing speech delivered over the Nazi radio, Pepin wound up with a prayer for the success of Adolf Hitler, "the great man of humanity. God save the Führer," he said.

From Berlin, Pepin went to that section of Spain then in the hands of the Nazis. He donned the uniform of the Requetes and sent pictures of himself in Fascist uniform back to his paper. (Old Count Rivero would have been stirred by these pictures; the Requetes were the uniformed Carlists of 1936. They were incorporated into the Falange as a body in 1937.) Pepin participated as an honored guest and speaker in official ceremonies, met the important Falange chiefs, and returned to Cuba convinced that Hitler was guaranteeing the Spanish investments of every good Lonja member in the Spanish set.

Pepin was very busy as a public figure when he returned in triumph from Spain. Fortunately, he had been able to find just the man he needed actually to run the paper in the person of young Raoul Maestri.

Scion of a wealthy, socialite Havana family, Raoul Maestri had started his career in the most amazing manner. This was back in the mid-'20's, while he was still a student at Havana University. Although he shudders to think of it today, Maestri made his initial impression on Havana as a firebrand dilettante in radicalism. Many a Habanero today remembers vividly the scarlet era when young Maestri delivered fulsome lectures on Marxism.

Maestri's family snatched him from the arms of Karl Marx

and sent him abroad to absorb some *Kultur* in German universities. He studied hard and he studied long, and one of the end results was a weighty book published in Madrid in 1932—a book called *German National Socialism*. In this book Maestri expounded an interesting thesis: capitalism and communism having failed, only National Socialism remained as the hope of suffering humanity.

This and many other writings in a similar vein impressed Pepin, who watched Maestri grow up to become one of the intellectual leaders of the Fascist-minded circles of Havana. Maestri was invited to join the staff of *La Marina*, and quickly rose to the position of sub-editor, second in command only to Pepin himself.

The editors of *Diario de la Marina* receive much sage advice from the inner council of the paper, a council composed primarily of heavy stockholders. This inner council includes men like José Maria Bouza, millionaire and violently pro-Falange official of the powerful Gallego Regional Society. Bouza is the father-in-law of Segundo Casteleiro, also a millionaire. Casteleiro owns a cord factory in Matanzas where, in the spring of 1942, the Cuban Secret Police arrested five of his employees who happened to be Nazi spies. Until July 10, 1941, a Nazi agent named Clemens Ladmann was Casteleiro's partner in this Matanzas venture. But Ladmann also happened to have been the German consul in Matanzas and was expelled from Cuba when Batista followed Roosevelt's lead in closing down the German, Italian, and Japanese consulates.

Within hours of the moment the first Nazi bomb dropped on Spanish soil in 1936, Havana's Spanish aristocracy rushed to form the *Comite Nacionalista Español de Cuba*. This committee immediately started to raise funds for the protectors of their Spanish investments.

Senator Elicio Arguelles, one of Cuba's most prominent political figures, became president of the committee. The *Lonja del Comercio* was well represented on the board; *Lonja* directors Federico Casteleiro, Facundo Graell, and

Florentino Suarez became leaders of the *Comite Nacionalista Español*, too.

The Marquesa de Tiedra, immensely wealthy and member of a prominent Spanish clan, became head of the family commission of the *Comite*. Nena Velasco de Gonzalez Gordon, wife of a wealthy Havana entrepreneur, became the new organization's treasurer.

In the *Comite Nacionalista Español*, the Spanish set of Cuba was putting its best foot forward. No rough stuff, no spying, no riff-raff and rabble. Its members were all drawn from the best social circles. Pepin Rivero was honorary president.

The *Comite* collected its funds in the names of widows, orphans, and simple Christian charity. Typical of the *Comite's* own financial statement is the one issued on July 18, 1938:

RESUME OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS MADE TO THE NEW SPAIN

To the Spanish State	\$303,541.68
To the Requetes	5,000.00
To the Falange	5,000.00
To the Falange's Auxilio Social	1,000.00
To Hospitals	3,000.00
To Auxiliary of the Nationalist Navy	22,664.00
TOTAL:	\$340,205.68

The *Comite*, which from this report was obviously raising funds not for war sufferers but for the Spanish Fascists to use as they best saw fit, also shipped vast quantities of Havana cigars and Cuban rum to Nazi Spain during the three years of the Republic's agony. With the above report, the *Comite* and Senator Arguelles addressed a letter to all contributors:

Under the destinies of the Caudillo Franco, genius of the Movement of Salvation, we look to the future of the new Spain with full confidence and racial pride. Franco, while reconquering Spain, returns her again to the moral and material grandeur

of Isabella and Ferdinand and gives her models of maximum humanity and Christianity, helping the fallen and bringing extermination to hatred and class differences. FRANCO! FRANCO! FRANCO! FRANCO!

Continuously we receive messages from the real Spain, grateful for the moral and material aid that reaches her from Cuba. To you, co-operators of the new Crusaders, they are addressed and to you we transfer them. *VIVA CUBA! ARRIBA ESPAÑA!*

While the bluebloods were organizing the *Comite Nacionalista Español*, a Cuban manufacturer, Alfonso Serrano Villarino, hastily formed the *Falange Española Filial de la República de Cuba*. This Falange was organized into cells. The head of cell R-1 was José Ignacio (Pepin) Rivero. Elicio Arguelles headed cell A-1.

This was in July 1936. But Villarino was something of an amateur. He made the mistake of admitting to the inner councils of his Falange some very ambitious men, among them one Capitan Jorge de Vera. The hot-blooded Capitan wanted to be the Caudillo; failing in this desire, he split the young Falange in two by walking out and forming the *J. O. N. S. de la Falange Española en Cuba*.

This state of chaos in the Falange movement went on for a whole winter. In the spring of 1937, a courier brought a sealed packet to Cuba from Burgos, then seat of the Franco-von Faupel government. The packet was for Juan Adriensens, the Franco "consul" in Camaguey. In the packet were some books on Falangismo and a series of directives on the organization of the Falange movement in Cuba. The packet was followed by a small commission of Burgos agents headed by Francisco Alvarez Garcia.

Adriensens brought about a measure of peace in the movement. Jorge de Vera came sheepishly back to the fold, and one great Falange Española Tradicionalista de la *J. O. N. S. en Cuba* was organized—with Francisco Alvarez Garcia as its Caudillo. But just as things began moving smoothly, someone stepped on Jorge de Vera's sensitive toes again. The

result was a new de Vera rump organization—the Falange de España en Cuba.

At this point, General von Faupel, who had already decided that Cuba was to be his main advance base in the Americas, ceased to be amused. In 1938 he appointed Alejandro Villanueva to the post of Inspector General of the Falange Exterior in all the Americas, and shipped him off to Cuba with orders to get down to serious business.

Villanueva, a sharp-faced organizer with a fantastic memory and a vile temper, was given extraordinary powers. He was ordered to act as von Faupel's personal representative in the Falange Exterior organizations from Montreal to Buenos Aires. He was to make Cuba the hemispheric center of all Falange activities. He was to consolidate the Spanish control of all commerce. He was to organize all Spanish activities in the New World under the single banner of the Falange. Most important of all, Alejandro Villanueva was to place the Falanges in the hemisphere on a complete military footing. In this last task Villanueva was to work under the direction of Nazi agents assigned by Berlin to guide him.

The Axis could not have chosen a better man for the job. The new Inspector General worshiped Adolf Hitler as a god. He saw in Hitler the genius of a new and lasting era of world fascism—and therefore based all of his actions on the simple theory that, if Hitlerism conquered the world, Villanueva would have nothing to worry about. Villanueva played only on this basis. The results are evident in the vault on the second floor of the Spanish legation in Havana: only a man completely convinced that he was on the winning side could have been so open, so reckless, and so thorough in his entire campaign.

In the beginning, Villanueva concentrated on helping Francisco Alvarez Garcia build the Cuban Falange into a great, disciplined, fanatical army. They soon had it up to a membership of 30,000 fanatics organized into a military structure familiar to any student of the Nazi state in Germany.

The chief of the Cuban Falange, Alvarez Garcia, was all-powerful. His second in command—another Burgos export named Sergio Cifuentes—was the second most powerful man in the Falange. Alvarez Garcia, of course, took orders only from Villanueva—who, in turn, took his orders only from General von Faupel.

The members of the Falange wore stock Fascist uniforms and developed the muscles of their right arms by frequent use of the raised arm (*brazo en alto*) Fascist salute. Once a week, the average Falangista of military age joined members of his cell on the country estate of some Falangist aristocrat for military drill—often under the supervision of German Army instructors. Not all of the military instructors of the Falange in Cuba were *Reichswehr* officers, however. There were a few Spaniards and also, on occasions, men like former Czarist Naval Officer Golowchenko, of whom more later.

From the very start, Falangistas had been trained to carry out routine espionage duties for the Axis. Even under the leadership of Villarino, the Cuban Falange's original leader, all Falangistas had to fill out a form called *Cuestionario Confidencial*. This was a simple questionnaire which called for answers to, among others, the following: "What languages do you speak? Have you had military instruction? What rank? Do you know how to handle firearms? What arms? Can you drive a car? Do you have a car? Do you know radio telegraphy?"

When Inspector General Villanueva appeared on the scene, the military and espionage aspects of Falangismo were given a thorough overhauling. For with Villanueva came the Germans. And the Germans made such stern demands that more than one simple fellow who signed up with the Falange because his boss or his friends or his priest told him it was the thing to do, started to develop cold feet.

The files of the Ministry of Justice in Havana are crammed with letters from just such simple Spaniards. There are, for instance such letters as that of Antonio del Valle, dated November 30, 1941. Señor del Valle, in his

letter to the Ministry of Justice, reveals that he had no idea what was in store for him when he joined the Falange. He charges that most Falangistas are compelled to commit many acts detrimental to Cuba, "such as photographing U. S. Naval Bases in Cuba" and turning the photos over to a German individual employed by a commercial aviation company. "And this German individual reproduces the photos for shipment abroad."

While the military effectiveness of the Falange was being developed, the propaganda and money-raising activities of the von Faupel column were not ignored. Scarcely a week passed but the Falange held some big meeting or dinner in one of Cuba's cities, or celebrated some special Mass in one of Cuba's churches.

The relations the Falange enjoyed with most of the Hierarchy of the Church in Cuba were similar to those they enjoyed with Spanish businessmen. The reasons for this *entente cordiale* were quite similar. The Hierarchy had funds invested in Spain. It was no secret, for instance, that the Church had great holdings in the Barcelona tenements and the Valencia orange groves. Under the monarchy, the Church had also had a monopoly on education. The free schools established by the newly born Spanish Republic in 1931 cut deeply into the Church's revenue. The social laws passed by the Republic—laws which called for certain needed but costly housing improvements and higher wages for orange workers—also affected Church revenues.

The Nazis were able to exploit these conditions most effectively. On the one hand, they were able to win much Church support for their Falange by promising to repeal all social legislation of the Republic and closing the free public schools. On the other hand, our old friend Eberhard von Stohrer—who succeeded von Faupel as German Ambassador to Spain in 1937—promised the fanatical Fascists of Germany and Spain that the "destiny of the Falange is to eliminate the power of the Catholic Church in Spain."

In Cuba, Villanueva was able to keep most of the Hierarchy very much on the Falange side. When Cuba's faithful

found Nazis and Italian Black Shirts sharing the dais under massed Falange, Swastika, and Italian Fascist banners at most Falange affairs, the majority of them balked at following the Hierarchy politically.

Typical of these public manifestations was the *Plato Unico* (Single Dish) banquet held in honor of and for the financial benefit of the Fascist armies in Spain. The dinner was held in Havana on February 19, 1939. With Swastika banners flying overhead, the seven speakers of the evening took their places at the main table. The following week *Arriba España*, official organ of the Falange Exterior in Cuba, carried all seven speeches. The speakers were: Dr. José Ignacio Rivero; Camarada Alejandro Villanueva, Inspector Extraordinario; Camarada Miguel Espinos, Franco's "Ambassador" to Cuba; Camarada Miguel Gil Ramirez, (nominal) Jefe Territorial en Cuba; Camarada Salvador Ruiz de Luna, Jefe Territorial de Intercambia y Propaganda; and Their Excellencies, the Ministers of Italy and Germany, Giovanni Persico and Hermann Woelckers.

Pepin began his speech with a glowing tribute to the diplomats.

Señor Representatives of the glorious nations of Germany and Italy [he began]. Señor Representatives of the only Spain recognized by all the persons of good will in the world, Comrades of the Falange Española, and I call you comrades because, although I am not inscribed in that glorious institution, I am with it in spirit . . .

According to the records of the Falange Exterior and the files of the Cuban Secret Police, Pepin's ties to the Falange were more than merely those of the spirit.

At the time these seven speeches were broadcast over the Cuban radio, the Falange Exterior was going through its first of three phases. In this phase, the role of the Falange was merely one of building an organization, an Axis machine. The military drills, the bits of espionage, the public

manifestations were merely preparations for the second phase. Just as the war then going on in Spain was merely the first round of Hitler's military struggle for world domination, so—during the Spanish War—was the Falange Exterior maintained merely to make this Spanish triumph of German might all the more complete.

In April 1939 the Republic of 1931 succumbed to German arms. For the time being Spain was Germany's. And between April and September, while Spain buried its dead, the Falange Exterior was mobilized as part of the world offensive the Nazis were to launch in Poland.

The day after the Republic fell, Washington, London, and Paris hastened to recognize Francisco Franco as the head of the Spanish State. Cuba, which, like most of Latin America, follows Washington's lead in diplomatic affairs, also recognized Franco Spain. Now the Nazis had one of their basic objectives—a "neutral" diplomatic network all over the world. The Spanish legation was quickly staffed with trained Fascists. The hectic second phase of the Falange Exterior was on.

The main Falange headquarters were established in the Spanish consulate on Oficios Street, and here, with a brashness that made patient Cuban Secret Police officials like General Manuel Benitez and Lieutenant Francisco Padrone shudder, Nazi agents called regularly to supervise the real work of the Falange.

There were six thousand members of the German Nazi Party in Cuba at this time. Their chief was Eugenio Hoppe, who operated a razor factory in Regla. Their main headquarters were at Copinar Beach, near Guanabacoa.

Hoppe, a favorite of Havana society, presided over a complete Nazi world in Cuba. There was the National Socialist German Workers Party, the Winter Hilfe Fund, the Death Fund, the Hitler Jugend, and all the standard Nazi foreign organizations. These were allied with the Falange in all of its Axis war tasks.

The Italian Fascists and the Japanese were also tied to the Falange. Prince Camillio Ruspoli, Chief of the Black

Shirts in the Americas, controlled about three thousand Italian Fascists. Their front was the Societa Italiana di Assistenza, whose offices were in the Casa D'Italia on Havana's Prado. Ruspoli, a wealthy aristocrat who owned vast orange plantations near Camaguey, acted as president of this society. Like the Falangistas, the Italian Black Shirts were a uniformed Fascist group. At their meetings, the Falange and Swastika banners were displayed as prominently as the Fasces.

Although they had only 700 agents in Cuba, the Japanese were in many ways the best organized of the Axis groups on the island. They were the first subjects of totalitarian nations to be organized as a complete espionage organization in Cuba. Organized into small circles, under military leadership, the Japanese were there for only one purpose: to prepare for the eventual Japanese war against the United States. All of their efforts in Cuba were directed toward this objective.

The primary task of the Japanese was carried on by Tokio naval officers. This was a continuing study of the Gulf currents—a work in which they were later joined by the Nazis. The importance of the Gulf Stream as a U-boat path is immeasurable. Because of the Gulf Stream and other more obvious factors, Cuba is the naval key to the Gulf and the Panama Canal.

Aided no little by the fact that smart Cuban society leaders felt naked without Japanese servants, the Tokio espionage ring in Cuba did yeoman service for the Axis cause. Despite the fantastic, storybook sound of the statement, it is nevertheless true that most of the Japanese servants in Cuban aristocratic homes were trained agents, officers of the Japanese armed forces.

The Japanese concentrated their efforts for years in the north of Cuba and on the Isle of Pines. It is known that the humble and self-effacing Nipponese forwarded hundreds of reports to Tokio on the politics, the economics, and the geography of Cuba. Tokio was deeply interested in backing anti-American movements in Cuba, and groups like the

Falange were made to order for the purposes of the Japanese High Command, which was to eventually order the bombing of Pearl Harbor—and Manila.

Of all the Axis concentrations in Cuba, the Falange was the greatest. The Germans, in April 1939, went to work at the task of making it the most efficient.

The formal outbreak of the war, in September 1939, found the Falange at the peak of its efficiency. It had come through its second phase with flying colors.

The third phase of the Falange Exterior in Cuba—and throughout Latin America—was carefully blueprinted by General von Faupel.

The Nazi general's plans for the Falange Exterior at this point were clear: as long as the Axis was able to maintain its legations in the New World, the Falange was to continue more or less as usual. It was to make propaganda for Germany, commit acts of sabotage and espionage, and stand by for the inevitable day when Germany, Italy, and Japan would be compelled to close up diplomatic shop. At that point, the Falange Exterior was to take over as the diplomatic front for all Axis Fifth Column activities and to supply the cadres for most of these actions.

It was in line with these plans that José del Castano and Genaro Riestra were sent abroad by von Faupel in the fall of 1940.

Riestra reached Havana in November 1940. Affairs were not going too smoothly for the Falange. For one thing, the Cuban Government, the year before, had made the Falange an illegal organization.

This was no secret to Riestra, for he had been in Havana in 1939 when the Cuban Government acted. Twice, before being appointed consul general in 1940, Riestra had quietly visited Havana on Falange business. A violent and most undiplomatic young government official, Riestra had long been a storm center in Latin-American affairs. The Mexican Government had seen fit to expel him for abusing its hospitality, and Alejandro Villanueva looked upon him as an

interloper. For his part, Riestra looked upon the Falange Inspector General for the Americas as a serious rival, and on his earlier visits to Cuba he had tried to increase the power of Francisco Alvarez Garcia, Chief of the Cuban Falange, at the expense of Villanueva.

After the Cuban Government cracked down on the Falange in 1939, Riestra had arranged for Alvarez Garcia to establish his office in the Spanish consulate in Havana. At that time, still smarting from his insults, Riestra held a minor post in the consulate. But he had played his cards cleverly.

He set an example for all Falangist officials by the way he held together the most minute ties of the organization, and when he returned to Spain, early in 1940, he carried in his trunks a complete file of documentary evidence proving that he had successfully circumvented the action of the Cuban Government. Among his exhibits was a letter dated February 5, 1940, a letter from the Rector of the Escuelas Pais—a religious school—in Pinar del Rio. The letter said:

This college feels great gratitude toward the generous gesture of the Falange Española Tradicionalista, and towards you particularly, for having thought of us, Spanish scholars, when distributing college scholarships.

You cannot imagine the happiness we felt upon receiving your letter . . . asking about our school pensions. In answer, I give you the rates we will assign to students recommended by the Falange Española.

The letter then went on to quote special tuition rates and to bless Riestra. It was signed by Antonio Ribernat, the rector. Its significance becomes clear when it is recalled that at the time the letter was written the Falange was illegal in Cuba. Wily Genaro Riestra was able to use this and similar letters as proof that he had been able to keep the Falange going in Cuba despite the Cuban Government's laws.

Riestra's files impressed von Faupel, and he was rewarded with the post of Consul General. He took over his duties at

the same time that José del Castano took command in Manila.

The new Consul General started out like a house on fire. Blithely ignoring the laws and the dignity of the Cuban Government, Riestra began a whirlwind drive to organize all Spanish activities under the banner of the Falange. He concentrated primarily on the Spanish Regional Societies, the social welfare organizations to which most Spaniards in Cuba had belonged for years.

Cayetano Garcia Lago, then head of the Centro Gallego—one of the largest of these societies—was Riestra's chief lieutenant in the drive to make all Spanish societies part of the Falange. For a few months, the campaign hummed along like a Stuka on a bombing mission over unprotected territory.

Then, shortly after the new year began, Senator Augustin Cruz arose in the senate and made a ringing speech. Brandishing documentary evidences of Riestra's contempt for Cuban law, Senator Cruz demanded that the fiery diplomat be given his walking papers.

The Cuban Government took action. For the second time in his hectic career as an Axis agent Riestra was expelled from a Latin-American nation.

Not content to stop with the expulsion of Riestra, the Cuban Government began to take action against the entire Falange. Ace Cuban investigators like Benitez, Padrone, and Captain Faget started to make raids on the secret headquarters of the Falange. These raids uncovered thousands of sensational documents. In the raid on the headquarters in a macaroni factory in Guanabacoa—a coup pulled by the Cuban police in the summer of 1941—fantastic evidences of the ties between the Nazi war and propaganda machines were seized. (This raid took place after the German, Italian, and Japanese legations had been closed.)

Vast amounts of Nazi propaganda, in Spanish and in English, were taken. A whole series of letters from Post Office Box IPL 244, Hamburg, Germany, were transferred from the Falange strongboxes to the files of the Cuban police.

These letters dealt extensively with Falange fueling bases in Latin America for Nazi surface raiders off the coast of Brazil and German submarines in and around Cuban territorial waters.

The police found forged passports of Britain and the United States, vast quantities of Cuban Government stationery printed in Leipzig, and hundreds of strategic maps and photographs of electrical, industrial, and war installations in the Antilles.

But the most amazing document seized in this raid was a complete and detailed set of military orders for a secret army evidently in existence on Cuban soil. This army consisted of:

- An infantry regiment of 120 officers and 3100 men.
- An artillery battalion of 25 officers and 725 men.
- A cavalry squadron of 15 officers and 332 men.
- An engineers company of 4 officers and 250 men.
- An aviation squadron of 22 officers and 179 men.
- A sanitary company of 6 officers and 100 men.

The communication which described this skeleton secret army was in the same file as a letter requesting (1) artillery, antiaircraft guns, field radio telephones, motorcycles, and other war materials and (2) the arming of three fast merchant ships evidently owned by the Cuban Falange.

The Cuban police then raided the homes and business establishments of a large number of known Falangistas. In raid after raid, they discovered caches of rifles and small arms, bullets, and other materials of real armies.

This sudden toughness of the no-longer-tolerant Cuban Government gave the Falange and its leaders a fine case of jitters. Alejandro Villanueva simply disappeared. Some Cubans, intimate with the inner workings of the Falange, suspect that he died an unnatural death somewhere in South America. Only one definite thing is known about his movements after fleeing Cuba in 1941: when he arrived in

Spain, he fell into disgrace and was made a prisoner in Valencia.

Sergio Cifuentes, propaganda chief of the Falange, was arrested in his sumptuous home in Vedado in May 1941. His confidential files were taken by the government and, after a trial, he managed to flee to Spain where he was received with honors by Franco and hailed as a conquering hero by the Falange.

Serrano Villarino, founder of the first Falange in Cuba, was also arrested by the police; and, although he managed to worm out of the charges, he lost one of his most treasured possessions in the process. This was a glowing letter from Fritz Kuhn, Führer of the German-American Bund, a letter which ended with the twin cry: "*Arriba España! Heil Hitler!*"

The expulsion of the Nazi consuls made things more difficult for the Falange. The Falange in Matanzas, for instance, was deprived of the educational benefits of its meetings with the Nazi group led by Clemens Ladmann. While Ladmann was still German Consul in Matanzas and Administrator of the Jarca cord factory, he would meet with selected Nazi and Falange leaders in the Casino Español. After Ladmann was expelled from the country, Oskar Harves, German vice-consul and office manager of the Jarca plant, remained in Cuba to carry on. But the meetings at the Casino Español had come to an end. Although Harves succeeded Ladmann as Number One Nazi, he had to transmit his orders to the Falange through intermediaries.

In Havana, in Matanzas, in Camaguey, and other cities Cubans began to petition their government to break off relations with Franco Spain and to jail all the Falangistas. This growing sentiment frightened the Falange and shook its supporters.

Pepin Rivero and Raoul Maestri began to think seriously in terms of newsprint. Roosevelt was backing the accursed Russians in their war with the Nazis—and newsprint was still controlled by Canada and the United States. So Pepin,

hiding the medals he received from Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, and Maestri, forgetting his own published works, started a flirtation with the American Ambassador, George Messersmith.

Through the good offices of the American Embassy, Maestri was invited to lecture in the United States, at the expense of our government, on Latin-American problems. And when an American magazine took a healthy swipe at the Falange, Pepin, and Maestri, the first man to rush to Maestri's defense was Ambassador Messersmith. As if to make this defense stick, Messersmith posed for a picture with Pepin, Maestri, and other *Diario de la Marina* executives—a picture the paper displayed prominently in its rotogravure section.

Then, for reasons which will some day make interesting reading, Pepin Rivero was awarded the 1941 Maria Moors Cabot Prize for outstanding journalism in the cause of North and South American mutual understanding. He traveled to New York in triumph, picked up the medal and the cash award from Nicholas Murray Butler at Columbia University, turned on all of his charm at a New York banquet, and proclaimed himself a life-long admirer of democracy.

Shortly after Pepin got his medal, Messersmith was transferred from Cuba to Mexico. Cubans express great gratitude to the American Government for having appointed Spruille Braden to Messersmith's old post.

On September 24, 1941, Francisco Alvarez Garcia, chief of the Falange in Cuba, received a coded cable at the Spanish Consulate. They were his orders to return to Spain at once. Francisco de la Vega, an important official of the Spanish Consulate in Havana, also received a cable. He had been appointed the new chief of the Falange. Señor de la Vega was taking over the jobs of both Inspector General Villanueva and the Cuban Territorial Chief.

But getting out of Cuba was not to prove an easy task for Alvarez Garcia. Lieutenant Francisco Padrone, of the

Cuban Secret Police, tipped off that the Falange chief planned to leave on the Spanish steamer *Magallanes* early in October, felt that the Axis agent owed the Cuban Government a long series of explanations.

Waiting only until Alvarez Garcia had boarded the ship, Padrone and his men seized the Fascist's baggage. Alvarez Garcia, aided by the ship's officers, escaped from the boat and took refuge in the Spanish Consulate. Here, despite the fact that the Urgency Court of Cuba was demanding his appearance, Alvarez Garcia hid for a full month under the diplomatic protection of a "friendly" nation. The police surrounded the Consulate for the length of Alvarez Garcia's stay there.

The people of Havana, although angered, were not blind to the humor of the situation. The siege of Alvarez Garcia became the butt of hundreds of jokes, and even the subject of improvised ditties sung by the wandering street singers of the Cuban capital.

While the legal authorities maneuvered to force the Spanish Consulate to disgorge Alvarez Garcia, Padrone and the Cuban Police made a detailed study of the Falange leader's baggage. Like Genaro Riestra, Garcia had taken a complete file of pictures and documents along to prove to von Faupel that he had done his job well. The pockets of the expensive suits in his trunks were filled with letters, military orders, and other official records. In one of the trunks there was a complete collection of *Arriba España*, the official organ of the Falange in Cuba.

But the prize item in the baggage of Francisco Alvarez Garcia was four thousand feet of 16 mm. motion-picture film, much of it in color. A Cuban who was present at one of the many screenings of this film at Police Headquarters describes it as a complete documentary movie on the four years of Falange activities in Cuba. It showed everything from meetings of the Falange to the Auxilio Social of the Falange, military drills, parades, and intimate views of activities in Falange headquarters. The actor who "stole" the entire picture was, in the opinion of all who saw it,

Pepin Rivero. He dominated every sequence he was in, and, say the eyewitnesses, he was in most of them.

Francisco Alvarez Garcia was finally permitted to return to Spain via Spanish steamer in November. While he was on the high seas, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Two days after Pearl Harbor, Cuba declared war on the Axis powers.

As in Manila, the Spanish legation in Havana took over the diplomatic representation of German, Italian, and Japanese interests when the war brought on the complete break. While scores of Nazis, Italians, and Japanese were rounded up and sent to the Cuban internment camp for enemy aliens on the Isle of Pines, the less prominent Axis agents went into hiding.

Somewhere in the interior of Cuba, shortly before Pearl Harbor, a Japanese secret agent met with certain Falangistas and turned over to them a large sum of money, earmarked for the common cause of all the Axis nations.

The funds of the German organizations, from the Nazi Party to the Winter Hilfe, seemed to have vanished into thin air. But in the files of the Cuban Secret Police there is a complete record of the number of visits Walter Lademann, treasurer of the Nazi organizations, paid to the Spanish legation before Pearl Harbor. Lademann is now imprisoned on the Isle of Pines.

Many of the other Nazi agents who regularly visited the Spanish Consulate before Pearl Harbor became prisoners on the Isle of Pines with Cuba's declaration of war. The Spanish Consulate became their legal adviser. For a long time the Spanish Consulate was able to arrange for the Nazis to receive visitors in the internment camp. Manuel Alvarez Reymunde, commercial attaché in the consulate, made frequent arrangements for former Cuban Minister of State Cortina to visit Nazis on the Isle of Pines. This precipitated so great a scandal that, in August 1942, the government clamped down on all visitors' permits to the camp.

The temper of the government and the people has put the

Falange and the Spanish diplomatic corps on its guard. But the 30,000 Falange members, after seven years of training, are far from inactive. Nor are they carrying on with empty hands.

The present leadership of the Falange is held by Francisco de la Vega, who operates out of the Spanish Consulate in Havana. High in the ranks of the current Falange leadership are:

Lopez Santo, Santa Clara 164, Havana
 Aureliana y Faustino Tarnos, Campostela 707, Havana
 José Martinez Gorriaru, Muralla 209, Havana
 Esteban Uriarte, Merced y Picota, Havana
 Jesús Humara, Havana.

Instructions and propaganda still reach the Falange via Spanish ships, which ply the seas with complete freedom. The Spanish diplomatic pouches are kept fairly free of incriminating correspondence, since trusted and secret Nazi couriers on board Spanish ships can carry messages and funds in total obscurity.

The most recent line of Falange propaganda as sent to Cuba from Madrid has an eerie ring. Booklets printed in Madrid and Santander preach Hispanidad as usual, attack President Batista for his "liberal" policies and his "inferior racial origins," hail Charles A. Lindbergh as the "great caballero of the continent," and—hopefully—assert that this war will finally prove the inherent inferiority of the democracies and the strength of the Axis. Many Cuban citizens who receive these booklets in the mails promptly turn them over to the police.

Currently, the Falange is trying to organize a Latin-American Youth Congress in Madrid in 1943. Literature of the Falange says that the delegates from Latin America will be taken on a tour of the New Spain, and that the first step on this tour will be the tomb of *El Apóstol*—José Antonio Primo de Rivera.

The powerful Spanish set which openly and covertly

supported the Falange since 1936 is, today, far from quiescent.

The Spanish crowd in the Lonja del Comercio, under the inspiration of the Falange, is engaged in open warfare against the war policies of the Batista government. Early in the course of the war, Batista pushed through a set of price-fixing laws and created an official agency, the ORPA (Office of Price Regulation) to enforce these laws. They were designed to prevent inflation.

Many of the Lonja members who backed the Falange have persistently broken the ORPA laws, particularly those relating to food prices. As a result, prices in Cuba are in some cases nearly 50 per cent higher than they were at the start of the war.

Certain known Falangist businessmen in Havana are hoarding alcohol for greater profits. This not only creates great fire hazards, but it also keeps much-needed alcohol from reaching the war industries of the United States.

In politics, the wealthy Falangistas and their friends pour vast sums into the political campaign funds of enemies of the Batista coalition.

The *Diario de la Marina*, still the spokesman for the Spanish set, plays a careful but dangerous game. On the surface, the paper is all for the democracies. But the *Diario de la Marina* is still violently pro-Franco. It raises issues like the hazards of a Russian victory in this war, and attacks win-the-war Cuban policies like price control, fair labor legislation, and the diversified agricultural program designed to grow less sugar and more food.

Attacks on price-control legislation are far more serious in Cuba than in most other countries. For the great majority of Cubans are employed in the sugar fields—where there is work for only two months of the year. The slightest rise in prices spells catastrophe to almost the entire population; a catastrophe which benefits only the Axis powers. Like the price-control measures, Batista's labor and agricultural diversification programs are designed to keep Cuba from falling down in her war tasks. Should these programs be

wrecked, Cuba will become, not an asset, but a liability to the United Nations.

Early in 1942, the Cuban Government put an unofficial but nevertheless effective embargo on the trans-shipment via Cuba of war supplies from South America to Spain in the ships of the *Compañía Transatlántica Española*, the shipping line owned by the Spanish State. The Nazis had been receiving Chilean nitrates and other vital war materials over this route. The *Diario de la Marina* fought vigorously and successfully for the lifting of this embargo.

With the outbreak of the war, the Cuban Government issued restrictions against publishing certain types of shipping information, on the logical grounds that such information would be valuable to the commanders of the Nazi submarines in the Caribbean and the South Atlantic. The *Diario de la Marina* violated these restrictions so flagrantly in April 1942 that the government was forced to seize one issue of the paper and take legal steps to prevent further violations.

Of the 500,000 Spaniards in Cuba, only 30,000 joined the Falange. The overwhelming majority of the Spaniards in Latin America, like their brothers in Spain, are sworn enemies of the Falange and the Fascist Axis of which it is a satellite. Cuban Spaniards, those of long residence and those who fled to Cuba as refugees from Nazi Spain, are the firmest allies the Cuban Government has in its unrelenting war against the Falange. The *Casa de la Cultura*, largest of the refugee Republican organizations, has over 30,000 active members. Many of them have risked their lives to get evidence against the Axis Fifth Column in Cuba. More than one cell of the Falange in Cuba and Latin America has within its ranks Spanish Republicans who joined the Falange only to act as unpaid, unsung, and unknown agents of the governments which shelter them.

The average Cuban, far from having any inner desires once again to be part of the Spanish Empire, is aggressively anti-Axis, fervently pro-United Nations. An indication of

how the Cubans feel about the Spanish Empire and the war can be found at any Cuban baseball stadium. Baseball is as popular in Cuba as it is in Brooklyn; and the Cuban fans, like the Dodger rooters, look upon all umpires as their natural enemies. For forty years, when Cuban fans really wanted to tell an umpire what they thought of his larceny, they flung but one choice epithet at his head: "*Guerrillero!*" The *Guerrilleros* were the storm troopers of the Spanish monarchy in Cuba. Today the Cuban fans have another epithet. They call the umpire a *quinta columnista*, a Fifth Columnist.

Although the *Diario de la Marina* is considered by some Americans to be Cuba's leading paper, it falls behind anti-Axis papers like *El Pais* and *El Mundo* in circulation.

The Cuban labor movement, an important factor in the nation's political life, is all-out in its support of the war and the Batista government. The daily newspaper of the Cuban Confederation of Workers, *Hoy*, started from scratch four years ago and now has a larger circulation than the *Diario de la Marina*. For four years its pages have sailed into the Falange tooth and nail, and its ace reporters like Diego Gonzalez Martin and Fernando Carr have put more than one Falangista on the road back to Madrid—or in jail.

Fulgencio Batista, more perhaps than any other statesman of the Western Hemisphere, understands the role of the Falange in this war. Cubans in and close to the government make no secret of the fact that Batista wants to break off diplomatic relations with Hitler's Spain. The only thing, they say, that keeps him back is fear of treading on Washington's toes.

Many democratic Cubans, encouraged by the language and the actions of Spruille Braden, our present Ambassador, feel that Cuba will have the full support of Washington if the Antillean republic breaks with Spain.

Perhaps they are not being overoptimistic. But as long as Axis Spain retains its legations in the New World, the Falange will remain an undercover Fifth Column that does not lack for direction, leadership, and funds.

Meet the Gray Shirts

THE AFTERNOON OF FRIDAY, October 6, 1937, began normally enough in Havana. Then, like locusts, cards began to descend upon the city. They were four inches long and five inches wide, and they were in many colors. But whatever their color, they all bore the same printed message, a message that made many Cubans pinch themselves to see if they were really in Havana. The full text read:

CUBAN:

Attend the first meeting of the LEGION OF NATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALISTS at the Central Park, Saturday, October 7, at 8 P.M.

EXALTED NATIONALISM ABSOLUTE CUBANIDAD

From the legionaire platform all the defects will be explained to you, who are involved. And all the evils caused by Communism, Judaism, politicians' chatter, and the false revolutionaries; and how the LEGION OF NATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALISTS through its CREDO will finish off such perfidy.

Speakers: F. Fernandez, Blas Hernandez, Elicio Garcia, Arturo E. de Carricarte, Abelardo Gonzalez Vila and Jesús M. Marinas.

No more politicians' talk. No more hunger. No more betrayal. No more Jews. No more Racism between Cubans.

Bread and shelter for all Cubans . . .

For a free Cuba, independent and sovereign.

CUBA ARISE!

Commission of Press and Propaganda.

The next evening, in Havana's pretty Central Park, against the background of the classic Capitolio designed along the lines of the Capitol in Washington, Jesús Marinas made his debut as the leader of a Fascist movement.

He wore a gray shirt, as did his small corps of Legionaires,

and an armband bearing the insignia of a dagger and an open book. His small mustache was a cross between the brush under Adolf Hitler's nose and the classic Spanish *moustachio*. He affected at one and the same time the stern serenity of the official portrait of young Primo de Rivera and the frenetic hysteria of the Nazi Führer.

It was a truly amazing performance. To a curious audience of Cubans—probably the least anti-Semitic people in the Western Hemisphere—Marinas ranted and shrieked about the Jewish menace in Cuba. From the Jews, Marinas shifted his attention to "Imperialism." This monster was responsible for Cuba's hunger. But as he went on, Marinas made clear that he was not speaking about German, or Japanese, or Spanish imperialism. What he meant was "Yankee Imperialism," and he meant it in no uncertain terms. With the Jews and Imperialism, Marinas linked Communism as the third of the great problems weighing on the Cuban people.

There was something only too familiar about this credo. Jesús Marinas had but recently changed his Falange Blue Shirt for the Legion gray shirt, and had changed it on orders from his chief, Francisco Alvarez Garcia. The Legion of National Revolutionary Syndicalists was merely a subsidiary of the Falange.

It was the Cuban prototype of Adolf Hitler's Latin-American trump card. Although it never became known outside of Cuba, the Gray-Shirt movement represented the menace of the Falange in its most acute form—the Falange disguised as a native organization without foreign ties of any sort.

This type of false-front Falange organization epitomizes the careful planning of men like Wilhelm von Faupel. Organized while the Falange was still legal, it was created for the primary purpose of providing a base of operations for the Nazis if and when Axis Spain was finally forced to openly go to war against the democracies.

An intimate knowledge of the machinations and the secrets of the Gray Shirts in Cuba provides the key to the operation of Falange-front organizations all over Latin America—including the Sinarquistas of Mexico, whose 500,000 members form a dangerous anti-American bloc on our borders. When and if Axis Spain makes its belligerency official and the Spanish diplomatic network which nourishes and guides the Falange is dissolved, scores of organizations like the Gray Shirts—many of them already in existence—will arise to carry on the tasks of the Falange Exterior in the Americas.

Just as the Falange inherited the Latin-American funds of the Germans, Italians, and Japanese after war was declared, so, too, will fronts like the Gray Shirts inherit the resources of their parent organization if Spain goes to war. The story of the Gray Shirts which follows, then, should be viewed in the light of a pattern for much of the Fascist activities that will develop in Latin America as the war progresses.

In political parlance, the Gray Shirts were originally established as a "stink-bomb" movement. By beclouding as many issues as they possibly could, by stirring up all sorts of national troubles, the Gray Shirts would theoretically keep many anti-Fascist Cubans from worrying too much about the Falange. In time, as the Gray Shirts grew in numbers, their whole membership would make excellent whipping boys to absorb blows aimed at the Falange.

The Japanese had a slight hand in the Gray-Shirt movement, too. Having studied the Cuban domestic situation for over a decade, they were aware that the island's large Negro population suffered from many instances of racial discrimination. (They also knew that the men responsible for this discrimination were the men behind the Falange.) Tokio has for years spread propaganda among Negroes to the effect that the Japanese Army is fighting the battle of all the dark races. While the Gray Shirts were being formed, the Japanese sent in a Cuban who became one of its leaders. This

Japanese agent—his name is known to the Cuban police—inserted the plank about “no racism between Cubans” in the Legion platform.

Marinas started to draw his membership largely from the ranks of the petty middle class. Unlike the Falange, which in Cuba at least attracted the cream of high society, the Legion was largely a *sans culottes* outfit. Marinas organized a feminine section and a Student Legion, wore himself hoarse speaking to small crowds in half-filled auditoriums, and waited patiently for orders.

In the beginning, the Legion’s magazine, *Acción Legionaria*, was expensively printed. One of its early issues ran a tear-jerking tribute to young Primo de Rivera; all of them found something worthy of praise in Italy, Germany, Japan, and Franco Spain.

But propaganda was not the primary mission of the Gray Shirts. The Legion was created to stir dissension in Cuba, and when its membership reached the three thousand mark Marinas, on orders, launched the National Workers Committee, an affiliate of the Legion. This committee was designed to raid the existing labor unions for membership.

Legion officials launched the National Workers Committee in a unique manner. They offered the strong-arm squad of the Gray Shirts to certain firms on the Havana wharves as union busters. The offer was accepted—but only once. It led to something Marinas had not bargained for. The union he chose to break remained unbroken, which was more than could be said for the heads of some of Marinas’s Legionaires.

The Legion of National Revolutionary Syndicalists remained a stepchild of the Falange until the war in Spain came to an end. They did not really figure in the von Faupel plans for Cuba until the second phase of the Falange in the Americas was under way. But as the invasion of Poland neared, the Falange began to pay closer attention to the Gray Shirts.

Francisco Alvarez Garcia, Chief of the Cuban Falange,

had a trusted Falange official make a private survey of the Gray Shirts. By July 1939 they still stood at the three-thousand mark, with possibly another thousand in their Student Legion. Their strongholds were Havana, Camaguey, Cienfuegos, Caibarien, and Matanzas. Under Marinas’s leadership, the Gray Shirts had developed into the proper nucleus of a Fascist terror corps. Many of the students, like the adult Gray Shirts, were in the habit of carrying guns and knives. At their public meetings, the Gray Shirts mauled opponents who showed the slightest disrespect for the speakers.

The Gray Shirts had also established close relations with the Nazis. There was quite a quarrel between the Falange chief and his Gray Shirt underling when a Falange inspector, snooping in Marinas’s files, found a letter sent by Luis Miries Diaz to the Legion chief on July 18, 1939. Diaz, the Legion’s chief of press and propaganda, wrote a long letter to Marinas about Legion affairs. Toward the end of the letter were these sentences:

Antonio Rodriguez has just told me that the sportsman, Bubi Rugchi, is in Havana, and I have agreed to go with him to visit the Legion on Sunday. So you, or the Chief of the Militia, receive him so that he is introduced. He belongs to the Nazi Youth of Germany.

Alvarez Garcia, who suspected that Marinas was trying to get at Nazi funds without his knowledge, threatened to remove him as the Legion leader. Marinas, who felt that he had not been treated properly by the Falange, defended himself vigorously. The quarrel ended with the Falange leader promising Marinas more funds and more jobs for Legion members. Marinas, in turn, had to promise to create more discipline in his ranks.

Discipline came to the Gray Shirts in the person of A. P. Golowchenko, a round, short, rasp-voiced martinet who claimed to have been a captain in the Czarist Russian Navy.

Golowchenko, who spoke Spanish with a heavy accent, arrived in Havana in 1940 to assume the leadership of Cuba's Ukrainian Nazis. There were only two hundred Ukrainian Nazis in Havana but, as Michael Sayers and Albert Kahn revealed in their book, *Sabotage*, the Ukrainian Fascist movement has for many years been used by the Germans and the Japanese as a reservoir of terrorists all over the world. Havana's two hundred Ukrainian Nazis were all hard-bitten, veteran terrorists—ready to commit any act, including murder, at the command of their leaders.

All of the Axis groups in Cuba grew to know Golowchenko well. He had close relations with the Japanese and the Italians, but his particular job seems to have been as drill-master for the Gray Shirts and the Falange. He was a hard taskmaster on the drill fields, training his men in the methods approved by the Czar's army in 1914 as well as in tricks he had learned from the Japanese.

Not only Golowchenko, but also some of his Ukrainian Nazi followers, devoted most of their waking hours to the Legion. They participated in public and private meetings of the Gray Shirts, adding a weird international flavor to the fiercely nationalistic Legion.

The Nationalism of the Legion became as tainted as the nationalism of Franco's "nationalists." In their files was Nazi propaganda, printed in Germany, in the strangest languages. One of the choice exhibits was the assortment of propaganda printed in Hungarian, by German Nazis, for distribution abroad. It became one of the odd jobs of the Gray Shirts to hunt up stray Hungarians in Cuba and press this German propaganda upon them. Other pieces were printed in English and German.

The Russian-Finnish War also served to dilute the nationalism of the Gray Shirts. No sooner had it started than the Legion organized, within its ranks, a Committee for Aid to Finland. The Finnish Consul, Guillermo Evert, was much touched by this action, and on March 6, 1940, he wrote a formal letter of thanks to Marinas on the stationery of the consulate. It had an interesting salutation: "I join you in the

cry of Long Live Finland and Independent Cuba!" The Gray-Shirt slogan the Finnish Consul quoted, "*Cuba Independientes!*", had a particular meaning. It referred to a Cuba independent of "Yankee Imperialism," as everyone in Havana knew.

By this time, the Falange had started to treat the Gray Shirts as a useful factor. In preparation for their coming role, the Gray Shirts were ordered to gain a modicum of respectability and to seek some sound advice.

In February 1940 Jesús Marinas started to see Pepin Rivero. Between visits, they exchanged a most cordial—and revealing—correspondence. There was, for instance, the letter Pepin sent Marinas on March 18, 1940. This letter said, among other things:

I have received yours of the fifth, in which you remind me of your pleasant visit in company of the members of the Supreme Council of the brave League of National Revolutionary Syndicalists.

The enormous accumulation of responsibilities that weigh over me in these times has forced me to cancel the interviews for one month. That is why I send you this letter begging you to have an interview with the secretary of my editorial staff, Dr. Oscar Cicero, who has my orders already to take care of you as you deserve and to place the pages of the *Diario* at the service of the good Cuban legionnaires.

I hope to notify you soon, granting you an interview which will be for me a sincere pleasure.

Affectionate greeting, *brazo en alto*,

Your affectionate friend, etc.,

JOSÉ I. RIVERO

This letter makes clear the fact that Rivero's meeting with Marinas and the Supreme Council of the Gray Shirts was one of a series of interviews. The *brazo en alto* salute—the Hitler salute—is not a typographical error.

The date of this letter makes it particularly interesting to American readers. When Pepin arrived in New York to accept the presentation of the Maria Moors Cabot Prize for

Journalism on November 10, 1941, there was something of a public scandal. Newspapers like PM called Dr. Butler's attention to the fact that the man due to receive the medal at Columbia University was a Fascist of long standing. They cited the fact that Pepin had received the Order of the German Eagle from Hitler, an order awarded to persons who had performed services valued most highly by the Nazis State, and they called attention to his record as a Falangista.

Pepin was forced to make a statement. He denied all. Of course, he said, he had aided the Franco's forces in Spain, but that was only to save Spain from communism. The Spanish war ended in April 1939. By March 1940, Spain had already been saved from what Pepin chose to call communism. And it was in March 1940 that Pepin was offering Marinas advice, publicity, and the *brazo en alto* salute.

Marinas received many letters from the *Diario de la Marina*. One that must be mentioned was on the *Diario* letterhead of the "Private Secretary of the Director." This letter, dated October 5, 1940, notified Marinas that an appointment had been made for the Gray-Shirt Caudillo and his aides to meet with Raoul Maestri. The letter was signed by Miguel Baguer. Miguel Baguer's name also was on the masthead of *Arriba España*, official organ of the Falange Exterior. Baguer was the Director of this Falange organ.

The Gray Shirts also sought spiritual advice in 1940. This letter, written March 13, 1940, on the letterhead of the Archbishop of Havana, was signed by the Vice-Chancellor.

SR. JESÚS MARINAS
CHIEF NATIONAL LEGIONAIRE

DISTINGUISHED AND ESTEEMED SIR:—

By order of the Most Illustrious Capitulary Vicar, S.V. [Servant of the Virgin], I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous letter of the 11th, and at the same time to inform you that His Illustrious Serenity will have great pleasure in receiving you next Friday at 10.00 A.M. to determine who is to be named Counselor of the Legion of National Revolutionary Syndicalists . . .

Marinas had already had one interview at the Archbishop's palace on February 27, when he first asked for a spiritual adviser. It was never revealed who finally was appointed when Marinas returned to the Palace in March, but shortly after this a whole detachment of uniformed Gray Shirts, carrying their banners, marched to the Cathedral of Havana, where they were blessed after praying for the victory of their cause.

This new respectability gave Marinas a feeling of added power. When he was ordered to hold drill sessions more frequently, he made it known that Gray Shirts who missed a single military drill would be subjected to severe punishment.

Acción Legionaria, the now mimeographed publication of the Gray Shirts, grew bolder, too. In 1940 it was coming out with issues so patently Nazi that even the Falangist high command began to wonder if perhaps Marinas was not going too far.

The issue of December 15, 1940, is a case in point. The cover featured a *Der Sturmer* caricature of a Jew and the slogan: "FUERA JUDIOS" [Out with the Jews]. Inside, illustrated with more Nuremberg art, was a long article on the subject. There was also a page by "Comrade Armando Valdes Zorrilla," which contained these choice nuggets:

SUGAR TO SWEETEN THE ENGLISH

There is a movement to get Cuba to remit tons of sugar for 'poor and unfortunate' England. The authors of this project must have souls of honey, must be melting with tenderness, to conceive that Cuba sweeten English life with Sugar. . . .

After all, it is logical that if the English are the owners of sugar in conspiracy with the Americans, that the intended shipment does not arouse notice. This is a proof that hunger only visits England and not Germany. And that for the English babies it comes in handy to get a little bit of sugar water. The Legionaires will send the needed bottles and nipples to wean the English babies.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT AND THE CUBANS

Recently a message was sent to the President-Dictator of the United States in the name of the Cuban people. This message called him the champion of America and the idol of the peoples of America.

It is sad that we have to clarify the fact that Cubans are not in accord with the message in question, since we feel deeply the . . . oppression of the Philippines, the slavery of the small peoples of the Continent, and all the other provocations of the President-Dictator to the peoples who are friends of Europe. When one speaks of the people one has to be very careful, señors parrots of the fostered American democracy and of the hypocritical manifestations of the INHABITANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Gray Shirts were greatly concerned about who the inhabitant of the White House should be. They had their own candidate for this job. On the public platforms, in their publications, and in handbills they shouted his name for all to hear. The name was Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

As they grew more outspokenly fascist, the Gray Shirts became strong-arm men for the Falange at many meetings—precisely the role the Falange itself had played for the CEDA and the Monarchists in the prewar Spain. Marinas tried desperately to gain a greater following by strutting and screaming on platforms everywhere. He made little headway among the average Cubans, running particularly afoul of their magnificent sense of humor. The quip that hurt most was the commonly repeated one, “poor Marinas—he tries so hard to be like Primo Rivera and Adolf Hitler, and all the time, the harder he tries, he succeeds in becoming daily more like Jesús Marinas.”

Yet the Gray Shirts presented a real problem, since they had attracted to their ranks just those elements of Cuban life which form the storm-trooper armies of fascism everywhere. And just as the Brown Shirts in pre-Hitler Germany gave the early storm troopers jobs and uniforms to keep

them going, so, too, did the Falange take care of enough Gray Shirts to keep them happy.

One of the places where Gray Shirts found employment was in the chain of dining rooms maintained by the Auxilio Social of the Falange. But even here Marinas found the going difficult, since the average Falangista looked down upon the Gray Shirts as the scum of the earth. More than once, Marinas was forced to take time off from more important duties to intercede for a Gray Shirt who wanted a job as a waiter in an Auxilio Social dining room.

It was one of these attempts to gain employment for his followers that gave the Cuban police one of their most important documentary proofs of the connection between the Falange Española Tradicionalista and the Legion of National Revolutionary Syndicalists. On September 23, 1940, Marinas wrote a long letter to Falange Chief Francisco Alvarez Garcia about a Gray Shirt who had been fired from an Auxilio Social job.

The other things the letter revealed are worth quoting. Marinas, addressing his letter to Alvarez Garcia as “Distinguished Comrade,” went on to say:

Ties of real and sincere comradeship link me to you, and you know perfectly my devotion and affection for the glorious FALANGE.

I, as Chief of the LEGION, am honored in coming from the Blue ranks (FALANGE) and preserve very deeply in my soul the days of sadness and joy alike that the Movement of Liberation made us all feel. . . .

Could there be people who would like to intrigue between the Falange and the Legion? . . .

Brazo en alto, I am yours for a Syndicalist Spain and Cuba.

Marinas showed his terroristic hand even against his own membership. The Cuban Secret Police twice had to step in to protect Gray Shirts who tried to resign peacefully from the organization.

Fernando Sanchez Gómez joined the Student's Legion in November 1938. Before long he found himself a full-fledged

trusted henchmen were arrested by the Cuban police, tried, and sentenced to long terms on the Isle of Pines within a week of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

For the moment, the history of the Gray-Shirt movement has reached a dark, blank page. But the complete membership lists of the Gray Shirts are in the Spanish Consulate in Havana; and if this copy should be lost, there are other copies in the files of General von Faupel in Madrid and in the Ibero-American Institute in Berlin.

Cubans who have had much to do with combating Fifth Column activities in their country are still very much concerned about the apparently dissolved Legion of National Revolutionary Syndicalists. They know that the underground Gray-Shirt movement will not be leaderless as long as the Falange remains an entity in Cuba. They feel that the Falange is holding the Gray Shirts in reserve until Cuba begins to feel the inevitable pinch of a long war. And that then the Gray Shirts, backed with plenty of funds, will return to add blood to the Axis-muddied waters.

Cliveden in the Caribbean

IN THE LATE SPRING of 1941, Cuba's Secret Police, commanded by General Manuel Benitez, received some secret information through the good offices of the Spanish Republican leaders in Havana. It was the tip that the Falange in Madrid was sending a young assassin to Cuba to commit certain unspecified acts.

Benitez ordered a vigilant watch on every incoming Spanish liner, since this was the most possible means of entry for any Falange agent. The airports in Havana and other Cuban cities were placed under a special detail. Still other police agents began to patrol the Cuban shores in small fishing boats. Sometimes small boats were lowered over the side of a ship and agents landed in them.

Early in June, a young Spaniard, arriving in Havana on board a Spanish ship, attracted the notice of two of Benitez's operatives. They searched him and his baggage carefully. Hidden in a secret compartment of his small trunk were two documents. The first, which bore a photo of the suspicious passenger, was membership book number 244921 of the Falange Española Tradicionalista. It had been issued to José del Rio Cumbreiras in Cadiz on the fourteenth of February, 1939, when its owner was a student of eighteen. The second document was a tattered letter, signed by Diego Dominguez Diaz, chief of the Cadiz Falange, testifying to his complete reliability as a tried and tested Falangista.

While the Secret Police agents studied these documents, young Cumbreiras tried to bolt. One of the agents brought the nervous young Fascist to his knees.

"Why did you come to Cuba?" he was asked.

Cumbreiras answered by attempting to fight his way out of the arms that now held him securely. Again the question was put to him, and when he still refused to answer, he was taken to Secret Police headquarters. Here the authorities

decided quietly to place Cumberras in solitary and, for the time being, to hold him incommunicado until further developments.

Utmost secrecy was preserved. Only a handful of Cuban officials ever knew that Cumberras had been arrested, and where he was being held. Daily the Cuban authorities tried to make the young Falangista talk. Daily he grew more stubborn. Clearly Falange Chief Diaz had not been mistaken when he put his signature to the document which attested to the fact that Cumberras had shown "perfect and total discipline during the entire length of his service in our struggle and conducted himself to the complete satisfaction of his chiefs."

The Cuban police studied Cumberras's luggage carefully. There were no clues to his real function. His letter of recommendation from Diaz had been written on January 26, 1940—over a year before his arrest in Havana—and had been used so much that it had all but disintegrated from wear. The young agent had evidently used it often, but whether he had carried it in Latin America or Spain was a question he refused to answer. The picture on the inside of Cumberras's Falange membership *carnet* was the photo of a dewy-eyed young schoolboy in a uniform and a beret who bore only a faint resemblance to the sullen, pouting, wiry young Fascist in the Havana jail.

Under ordinary circumstances, Cumberras would have been put on board the next Spanish ship to leave Havana and warned to stay away from Cuba for the next hundred years. But Cumberras had arrived in Cuba after the police received their information about a young assassin, and until they could be sure that he was not the man they were looking for, they were determined to hold him. They felt that were Cumberras actually an important, if unpleasant, cog in the Falange machine, the Spanish legation would in time make some move for the young *militante's* release.

So, pending this type of a break in the case, they held Cumberras secretly in solitary confinement, questioning him

with due regularity every day. And learning nothing. But the Cuban police know how to be patient.

The break in the Cumberras case came sooner than it had been expected, and from an unexpected quarter.

On June 19, 1941, the Cuban authorities released José del Rio Cumberras, at the request of the Panamanian Government. Young Cumberras had ostensibly, on the 18th, signed a labor contract of the Panamanian Government, drawn up and countersigned by Dr. Antonio Iraizoz, Consul General of Panama in Havana. The contract, which bore a more recent photo of Cumberras than the one on his Spanish credentials, was legal in every sense.

This contract called for Cumberras to sail for Panama City within ten days after being validated. The Panamanian Government was to provide his transportation and to guarantee his food and lodging for a period of a full year. Nothing was said in the contract about the type of services Cumberras was to perform for the Panamanian Government, but after the contract was presented to the Cuban authorities and Cumberras was released, someone penned the legend "#40: MASON BRICKLAYER" on the top of the original document.

It was a neat *fait accompli*. The Cuban authorities could not risk any international complications by refusing to hand Cumberras over to the Panamanian Government. In order to refuse to release Cumberras they would have been forced to state why the young Fascist was being held—and "suspicion" might not have been accepted as a sufficient reason by the violently and flagrantly pro-Axis Panamanian Government of Arnulfo Arias.

Consul General Iraizoz won out and, much as they wanted to, the Cuban police for diplomatic reasons now had to refrain from asking Iraizoz a series of pointed questions.

These questions, although never put to Iraizoz, made Cuban governmental circles hum for weeks. How had Iraizoz learned that Cumberras was in Cuba? How had the

Panamanian Consul General learned where Cumbreras was being held? Why had the Panamanian Government drawn up a contract with Cumbreras? Was the young Falangista really a mason bricklayer, or did Arias of Panama have other duties in mind for him in the Canal Zone?

The most puzzling, and the most obstinate, of the questions remained unanswered. How had the Panamanian Consul General learned that Cumbreras was being held incommunicado in solitary confinement by the Cuban police?

Some authorities felt that somewhere there was a leak in the Cuban Secret Police organization itself. Others asserted that the Spanish Consulate, informed of Cumbreras's arrest by members of the ship's crew, had deduced his whereabouts. But the most persistent explanation was voiced in but two words: "Cliveden Set."

Before the year ended, a series of events in the Caribbean countries was to bring the role of Cuba's Cliveden Set to the fore and make the Cumbreras mystery one of the secret scandals of Latin America.

The background for the most important of these events went back to 1931, when a young Harvard-educated Panamanian doctor led a successful *coup d'état* in Panama. His name was Arnulfo Arias.

Arias played a bewildering brand of politics in Latin America. Instead of assuming the presidency, he gave the post to his brother Harmodio. He himself concentrated on building a political machine and strengthening the regime he had created.

In 1934 Arias had himself appointed Ambassador to Italy. Here, lavishly supplied with funds, he became a dashing figure in the Rome diplomatic set. He spoke the language of fascism openly and fervently, became friendly with Benito Mussolini, and met Adolf Hitler.

Progressives in Panama, never friendly toward Arnulfo Arias, began to accuse him of being in the pay of the Fascist powers of Europe. They pointed to the role of the Panama

Canal in the defenses of America and wondered, aloud, how Washington felt about having the political power of Panama in the hands of a man like Arias.

The Arias canvas was further confused in 1936, when he took on a new diplomatic job. This time he became Ambassador to France, Britain, and the Scandinavian countries. The new post gave him new fields to conquer—but for whom he was conquering them became even more of a puzzle to sober Panamanians who loved their country. They knew Arias too well to believe that he was simply burying himself in Europe as a diplomat, but they could only speculate as to his real reasons for preferring a diplomatic cloak to the white horse of a native dictator.

Then, on December 23, 1939, Arnulfo Arias returned to Panama. The war had started in Europe, and Arias evidently was about to show his hand. He started by openly praising the "progress" of the Nazi armies throughout Europe. Then he resigned his diplomatic portfolios and settled down to Panamanian politics.

There was no mistaking the type of politics that was in the mind of Arnulfo Arias as the year 1940 began. He formed a small, openly Fascist *junta* composed almost exclusively of non-Panamanians. One of the most important members of this *junta* was the Count de Bailen, Spain's minister to the Republic of Panama.

Arnulfo Arias and his Fascist advisers went to work on a plan for a Fascist Panama which would be a thorn in the side of the United States. The Axis had its eyes on the Panama Canal, and in Arias they had just the sort of adventurer who would make the most useful ruler of Panama in the event that the United States went to war against the Fascist powers.

The Falange had a formidable organization in Panama, headed by Count de Bailen. Under his leadership, the Panamanian Falange became the storm troops of the coup Arias was preparing. At meeting after meeting, Count de Bailen called upon the Falangistas in the Canal Zone to hold them-

selves in readiness for any eventualities. While waiting for these "eventualities," the Falangistas were ordered to make propaganda for Arnulfo Arias.

At first, this propaganda was merely built about the personality of Arias as the man who had returned to his homeland to save all Spaniards from incarceration at the hands of the "Protestant-Jew-Imperialist" bandits of Washington. Falangistas, working closely with Japanese and Nazi agents, warned all Spanish-speaking persons that only the rise of Arnulfo Arias stood between them and pending doom. Rumors designed to prevent Panamanians from keeping United Nations ships sailing were also spread over the country by the Falange.

From propaganda, the Falange expanded its activities to include espionage. This espionage was political, at first. Every week fervent Falangistas had to turn in to their cell leaders new lists of Panamanians opposed to the person and the policies of Arnulfo Arias. These lists found their way to Count de Bailen, who turned them over to Arias. The ambitious doctor filed them away for future use.

Then, in June 1940, Arnulfo Arias felt ready to move. He moved straight into the *Presidencia*. The day after he assumed this office, he appeared on the balcony—like his idols Hitler and Mussolini—and greeted a cheering mob with the straight-arm salute of fascism. The Falange, mobilized in full for this demonstration, dominated the crowd which was photographed cheering and giving the new President the *brazo en alto* salute.

Once in office, Arias whipped out the long lists the Falangistas had helped prepare—the lists of his political enemies. Overnight, the jails of the militarily strategic little country became packed with anti-Fascist Panamanians who had made the mistake of voicing their political sentiments in the presence of Falange Exterior members.

The old Constitution of Panama, modeled roughly on the Constitution of the United States, was replaced by a newer, more modern, completely Fascist constitution written by

Arnulfo Arias. One of the provisions in this new constitution increased the President's four-year term to six years.

The completeness of the Fascist pattern of the new Arias government was further revealed in October 1940, when the new President held a plebescite to vote on his new order. He announced that the standard Fascist choice of simple "Yes" and "No" ballots would be made available to all qualified Panamanian voters.

But Arias, on the day of the plebescite, went a bit further than Adolf Hitler. Voters who demanded "No" ballots on plebescite day were promptly clapped into jail. Other voters, who heard about this, boldly wrote "No" across the face of the "Yes" ballots handed them at the polls. For their "treason," they were not only jailed but also, in most cases, given severe beatings.

After the plebescite was over, Arias started to flood the Canal Zone with "refugees from war-torn Europe." They were the most amazing set of refugees ever seen in the Western Hemisphere. Whatever the ostensible nationalities listed on their passports, these refugees all spoke flawless Spanish.

They were also the most fortunate body of "refugees" the world had ever known. Most of them, before leaving Europe, had signed labor contracts with Panamanian consuls—contracts exactly like the printed contract Consul General Iraizoz had awarded to José del Rio Cumberas in Havana.

In Panama the privileged refugees were given work as laborers near the canal locks, on the new defense works, as waiters in hotels and bars patronized heavily by United States military personnel, as engineers and technicians in key public works, and as office employees of Panamanian government bureaus.

The role of Arnulfo Arias in the war plans of the Axis was becoming very plain. It became so plain that, in October 1941, his regime was brought to an abrupt end by a coup supported by all anti-Fascist elements in Panamanian life. The United States Government did not look with disfavor on the new government established by R. A. de la Guardia, a former member of the Arias Cabinet.

The immediate cause of the coup which finished Arias was the crisis which followed in the wake of his vetoing a bill permitting ships under Panamanian registry to arm themselves against Axis raiders, which were sinking them regularly. After this flagrant pro-Axis action, Arias's hours as President of Panama were numbered.

On the tenth of October, 1941, carrying a passport bearing his mother's name, Arnulfo Arias fled to Havana—to see his “oculist,” he said. He had often made this trip before; the “oculist” in question was a charming lady whose name is of little bearing at this writing.

The Cuban Government pulled the welcome mat from under the ex-President's feet and, torn from the arms of his mistress, he left in a few days to seek refuge in Nicaragua.

In Cuba the end of the Arias regime had one immediate result. Dr. Antonio Iraizoz, whom Arias had appointed Consul General in Havana, found himself without a job. Iraizoz was a veteran Cuban newspaperman who had long worked for the *Diario de la Marina*. The collapse of the Machado dictatorship in Cuba had some years before sent Iraizoz fleeing into exile for a grim period. Now, with the collapse of the Arias dictatorship and his diplomatic portfolio, Iraizoz decided to return to his old profession of journalism. Few Cubans were therefore surprised when Iraizoz became a writer for Pepin Rivero's *Diario*.

Iraizoz's was not the only life in Havana to be affected by the end of the Fascist regime in Panama. There was also the Count de Bailen. In October, when Arias fled Panama, the Count de Bailen remained in the country in his twin posts of Spanish Minister and Regional Chief of the Falange Exterior of Panama. For some reason, he retained his *persona grata* status with the de la Guardia regime.

Panama observed its Independence Day on November 11, 1941, with many celebrations. But during the day one sour note was heard above all the others. The Falange held a meeting, too, and at this meeting the indiscreet Count de Bailen chose to deliver a heavily sarcastic address weighed down to the breaking point with attacks on democracy, the

United Nations, and the government of the United States.

The effect of the speech was more than mildly electric. To save the Count's life as well as to protect its own dignity, the government of Panama was forced to expel him from the country.

While the Count was packing his bags, he received a coded message from Madrid ordering him to go to Havana. The Count de Bailen obeyed his orders.

He arrived in Cuba a week later, flat broke, and carrying in his trunk the dress uniform of the former German Consul General to Panama. He leased Apartment 85, on the eighth floor of the Lopez Serano Building in exclusive Vedado, Havana's finest suburb. Gonzalez Gordon, the Havana business leader, gave him some substantial funds, and within a few hours the Count de Bailen was ready to assume his duties as one of the guiding spirits of Cuba's Cliveden Set.

The Cuban police arrested the Count de Bailen during his first week in Havana, but the combined pressure of the Spanish Consulate and the Cuban Cliveden Set was sufficient to win the Falange leader's release.

Cuba's Cliveden Set existed for many years before it received its name from a Fascist-hating Havana newspaperman. Like the British Cliveden Set, it is presided over by a number of titled ladies. (The titles, incidentally, are of the old Spanish monarchy.)

Prominent in the affairs of Cuba's Cliveden Set are the Marquesa de Tiedra (*née* Leticia de Arriba,) sister-in-law of a powerful Cuban official and immensely wealthy in her own right. The Marquesa was head of the Family Commission of the *Comite Nacionalista Española*, which raised funds for Franco during the Spanish War.

Nena Velasco de Gonzalez Gordon, wife of the financier who loaned Count de Bailen money, and treasurer of the *Comite Nacionalista Española*, is another prominent leader of Cuba's Cliveden Set. The Falangist Countess de Revilla Camargo, Gonzalez Gordon himself, Senator J. M. Casanova, a powerful Cuban industrialist and plantation owner,

and some members of the Cuban Senate and lower house attend most of the Cliveden Set's fabulous functions.

The Cuban Cliveden Set, which holds endless series of dinners, banquets, and luxurious social events, is far from lacking in foreign members. At all of its functions, there is a strong representation from many foreign legations—particularly the Spanish legation. The diplomats of Vichy France were among the earliest members of the Cliveden Set.

The most interesting foreign member of the Cuban Cliveden Set is not a Spaniard, however. This person is a woman, the wife of a diplomat accredited to Cuba. Despite the name she bears, she is an Austrian, mother of two sons in the German Army, and believed to be one of the most important back-stage plotters against the unity of the Americas in the entire hemisphere. Even the Cuban Secret Police, who know both of her names well, avoid mentioning her original name. "Frau K.," they call her, and Frau K. she will remain for the present.

When Count de Bailen was released from the custody of the Cuban police, the Cliveden Set held a big private dinner for him. It was attended by the cream of "Spanish" society in Havana. The Count sat next to the Marquesa de Tiedra, with whom he maintained very close relations. At this dinner the foreign diplomats of the Cliveden Set rubbed shoulders with Cuban politicians, army and navy officers.

The Cuban Cliveden Set is unalterably opposed to all of the war policies of the Batista government. They use their weight and their influence to back all anti-Batista moves, and more than once attempts to save Falangist agents from the rewards of Cuban justice have been traced right back to members of the Set acting either singly or in pressure groups of their own.

Actually, the Cuban Cliveden Set is the social front of the old "Spanish crowd" in Cuban economic and political life. It is but another facet of expression for this crowd, as real and as effective as the Falange and the "Spanish bloc" in the Lonja del Comercio.

One of the intellectual favorites at the Cuban Cliveden Set's functions is Dr. Raoul Maestri, sub-editor of the *Diario de la Marina*. Unlike many of its members, Maestri today professes to be a great friend and admirer of the United States.

The Cuban Cliveden Set were among the first to know, on January 28, 1942, that Arnulfo Arias had flown to Havana from Yucatan on that day.

Arias, who was accompanied by a Mexican priest named Martin, escaped from both the newspapermen and the police at the airport. He went to an unknown address. None of the people who looked for him could locate his Cuban retreat.

Had they gone to the house at the corner of 19th and 8th, Vedado, they would have flushed their elusive quarry. They would have found him to be busily at work, too.

What Arias was working on in Havana at this time was hard to say. On February 3, late in the afternoon, Arnulfo Arias sent two cables. The first was to Ernesto Bellini, in Mexico City. The second was to Deputy Sabayera of the Panama Republic.

One of the few Cubans who saw Arnulfo Arias at this time was Ava de la Vega Martinez. This Martinez was far from a stranger to the Cuban police. In their drive against the Falange Exterior and other Axis satellite groups in Cuba, the police had four months previously arrested Martinez.

In the Martinez home on 24th Street, Miramar, the Cuban police had run across many pictures of great interest to their investigations. In many of these pictures they found Arnulfo Arias embracing Senator Elicio Arguelles, President of the Comité Nacionalista Española. The Martinez files also yielded scores of documents and cables of particular value to the Cuban Secret Police.

What Arias and Martinez talked about in Havana early in 1942 is something at least three government Intelligence Services would like to know. After one of his meetings with Martinez, Arias and Count de Bailen held a long, private conversation in Vedado.

On February 6, 1942, Arnulfo Arias was driven to number 420 Oficos Street, Havana, the address of the Spanish Consulate. He remained inside the Consulate for over four hours.

After leaving the Spanish Consulate, Arnulfo Arias returned to Vedado, where he dashed off a cable addressed to Ricardo Welhead, Palmito Moron, Venezuela. The text of the cable read:

I am coming by plane. Will be there on the 8th. Wait for me.

He left Havana at dawn the following day, but he did not go straight to Venezuela. He stopped at Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico before joining Welhead in Venezuela.

A study of the itinerary Arnulfo Arias followed on his trip from Yucatan to Venezuela and back, as well as of his cables, raises some interesting questions.

Perhaps it was merely a coincidence that Arias's odyssey covered the main bastions of the Caribbean just at the time that the Nazi U-boat activities broke out furiously in these waters.

Perhaps, too, the name and nationality of the man who received the Arias cable in Venezuela is a story in itself.

These are little points that the Cuban Cliveden Set, which showed such an interest in Arias during his visit, might be able to explain. But wait—the Cuban Clivedeners, like their British cousins, deny that they ever existed as a set. In fact, they deny all.

Some of them, after August 1942, even denied ever having wine and dined the dashing and slightly bankrupt diplomat and Falange Exterior leader, the Count de Bailen. For in August the Cuban Government, its patience at an end, finally expelled the Count de Bailen for being an active leader of the underground and illegal Falange in Cuba.

Compañía Transatlántica Espanola: Hitler's Bridge of Spies

LATE IN AN AFTERNOON of September, 1941, the Spanish liner *N—*, bound from Spain to the United States via Havana, approached the Florida shores. On the bridge the captain ordered the engineer to reduce the speed. Her engines all but idling, the liner crawled parallel to the American coastline while the setting sun bathed the red and gold flag of Axis Spain.

As the sun started to sink into the sea on this September afternoon, a small boat was lowered over the side of the *N—*. It was an ordinary little fishing boat, powered with a good marine engine, and not at all different than any of the fishing boats that dot the southern Florida waters.

In the boat were two men, dressed like American vacationers. They spoke perfect vernacular American English, and they carried fishing tackle made and sold in America. Their clothes came from American stores, and the small fortune they carried was in American currency.

Nevertheless, the two men who were in the small boat lowered from the Spanish *N—* off the Florida coast in September, 1941, were not Americans. They were Germans. Nazi Germans. Officers of the Gestapo.

When the small boat rested on the water, one of the Gestapo agents undid the lines that bound it to the *N—*. His companion started the engine, pointed the bow toward Florida, and waved a cheery *adiós* to the Spanish officers lined up on the deck of the steamship.

On board the *N—* the captain watched the small motorboat disappear across the darkening horizon. Then he nodded to the radio operator. "All right," he said. "You may send it now."

The radio operator entered his shack. He turned to a

small auxiliary short-wave radio and started to send a code signal. When he reached the station he was seeking, he sent the coded message: "All goes well."

Some 150 miles east of Havana, in the small, secret short-wave radio station to which the *N*— radio man addressed his message, a Falangista sat with earphones clamped to his head. He tapped out the reply: "Message received, thank you," and then broke the contact.

A few minutes later, ranking Axis officials in Havana knew that the two Nazi agents on board the *N*— had been transferred to the fishing boat. In less than an hour, the intelligence was flashed to Berlin via Venezuela.

Two more Axis agents had been landed in the United States via the Spanish network.

The ships of the *Compañía Transatlántica Española*, owned by the Falangist Spanish State, had after September 1939 become Hitler's chief avenue for spies and saboteurs bound for the Western Hemisphere.

On September 30, 1941, the C. T. E. liner *Ciudad de Madrid* arrived in Havana from Spain. That afternoon, two of the passengers from the *Ciudad de Madrid* were taken to the Hotel Lincoln, on the corner of Galleano and Virtudes streets in Havana.

Brought to the hotel by a friend who had met them at the pier, the two visitors signed the hotel register casually and went up to their rooms. The first of the two to sign the register was Dr. Hoguet Hornung. Although he gave his address simply as "Switzerland," he bore a Peruvian passport. The number on his passport was 178, 1938.

The second man signed the register as Enrique August Luni. He carried Passport Number 38 issued by the Republic of Honduras, declared that he came from Barcelona. He was a slight, dark, gentle traveler, thirty-one years old, and spoke excellent Cuban Spanish.

Luni was given room 408. His friend Doctor Hornung took room 410.

For four days Luni and Hornung lived the lives of aver-

age tourists. A good friend of theirs, no stranger to Havana, plied them with food, drink, and excursions to the city's varied pleasure places. Then, after four days, the two passengers from the *Ciudad de Madrid* checked out of the Hotel Lincoln and moved to the Hotel Siboney, on the Prado.

There was nothing strange about this move. The rates at the Siboney were somewhat lower than the prices charged at the more modern Lincoln. Jewish refugees from Hitler-occupied Europe had been flooding into the Siboney since 1933. No one thought it odd that Luni and Hornung should join the refugees at the Siboney.

The friend who had met them at the boat, and who had done so much to keep them amused during their first four days in Havana, remained on as a guest at the Lincoln. He had been living at the Lincoln since March 20, 1941. His name was Ricardo Dotres.

Ricardo Dotres, like his friends Luni and Hornung, had also reached Havana via a C. T. E. steamer. A typical Catalan, he registered as a native of Barcelona. He had a Spanish passport, number 10-E.

Short, thin, in his late thirties, Dotres carried himself with military erectness, moved and spoke with much poise—when dealing with men. In the presence of women—practically any women—Dotres would change. His black eyes, under their heavy eyebrows, would flash. His white teeth would gleam. The very cleft in his chin would seem to quiver as Dotres prepared to give chase.

In a city which had seen skirt-chasers from all over the world, Dotres soon became part of its immortal comic legend. His zeal knew no bounds. He courted women in five languages, being equally at home in Spanish, French, German, and English, as well as in his native Catalan. He pursued them with flowers, bonbons, night-club invitations, and an endless stream of chatter. When rebuffed, as he generally was, by the female guests and the employees of the hotel,

Dotres remained undaunted. He would hail one of the dozen cabs usually parked outside of the hotel and drive to any one of the hundred brothels where his sallies were greeted with laughter and his pesos accepted with gracious thanks.

He was a garrulous, social fellow with a lust for life and many friends on both sides of the ocean. Hardly a week went by but Ricardo Dotres received a cable from Barcelona or Basle or Madrid announcing the marriage of a friend, or the birth of a comrade's child, or the wedding anniversary of a boon companion. During the course of a month, Dotres would always send a handful of cables to friends in these cities. They were ebullient, joyous cables of congratulations and good wishes.

Dotres also sent many business cables, in code, to Basle and Barcelona. They were addressed to the Om Laboratories, a Swiss chemical concern with branches in many countries. Om Laboratories had a branch in Havana, too. It was on Cuba Street, opposite the Police Headquarters. Dotres, who had worked for the Om firm abroad, drove to the Cuban offices of Om every morning in one of the cabs parked near the Lincoln.

The Om Laboratories, evidently, were a legitimate concern. They were not then and are not now on the American black list of Axis firms in Latin America.

This was a bit puzzling to the Spanish Republicans in Havana. For Dotres was not a stranger to some of them. They knew that he had been in Barcelona during the three years of the Spanish War, and that the Spanish Red Cross uniform resting in the trunk in Dotres's room on the fourth floor of the Hotel Lincoln was not the only uniform he rated. Señor Dotres had, during the entire course of the Spanish War, been an officer of the Fascist Army. He was, in fact, one of the key men of the Fifth Column in Catalonia.

Of course, there was no proof that Dotres was still an officer of the Franco Army. Perhaps all that was behind him. Perhaps he was merely a simple chemist, working hard for an honest living at the Om Laboratories and indulging in a little relaxation from his labors seven nights a week. The

only way to find out was to keep a careful eye on him, and keep an eye on him they did.

This study of Dotres's moves soon revealed a set pattern of existence. Ordinarily, Dotres divided his time between his office and his continuing chase after women. Only when a Spanish steamer arrived in Havana would the routine of the life of Ricardo Dotres change.

With the docking of a C. T. E. ship, Dotres would become a new man. His poise, his easy-going ways, his careful husbanding of his energies for the myriad women in his ken all went by the board. Instead, he would become very busy with various arriving passengers.

Like an excited mother hen, Dotres would descend upon his charges as they walked down the gangplank, whisk them into a waiting cab, and take them to one of Havana's better hotels. For days he would hover at their sides, attending to their every whim, showing them the sights, and guaranteeing their comforts. During these periods he would leave his own hotel early in the morning and return very late at night, so tired that he had hardly enough energy even to ogle any woman he might encounter in the lobby or, heaven help her, in the elevators.

But always, much to the relief of the madames of Havana's bordellos, these periods ended as abruptly as they began. Within a week of the arrival of a Spanish steamer, Dotres would slide effortlessly back into his accustomed ways—and the fathers and husbands of attractive women at the Hotel Lincoln would resume their practice of carrying weighted canes and little pearl-handled revolvers.

When summer came Dotres began to spend his Sundays at one of Havana's better beach clubs. Here, clad in crimson shorts, Dotres exposed to the sun and to the women one of the hairiest bodies that ever bared itself to the Caribbean. Covered with black, curly hair that clung in veritable mats to his chest, his back, his arms, his legs, and even his hands, he chased up and down the beach, begging females of all ages to give him the honor of teaching them to swim by a method he had developed at Biarritz.

On these excursions to the beach, as well as on week ends spent in the country, Dotres shot scores of pictures with his excellent German camera. These pictures were generally of Dotres and his new-found friends, often posed against exotic backgrounds like wharves, electric turbines, airports, reservoir sluices, and Cuban army field artillery.

Dotres led a charmed, if often hectic, life. He made friends in all circles, including Cuban army circles, and his conquests mounted like Hitler's. Nothing ever occurred to upset this routine. Not even the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor.

But a few days after Pearl Harbor was bombed, Dotres suddenly showed up in the lobby of the Lincoln one Wednesday morning with a slightly long face. It was just a mite longer than the face left by the hangover of a night's debauchery. "I am worried," Dotres announced, "about my poor old father."

Until that tense morning—for by then Cuba was in the war—no one had ever heard of Dotres the Elder.

"And what," asked the desk clerk, "is the matter with your father, Señor Dotres?"

The fabulous chemist heaved a mighty sigh. "My old father," he said, "is in Manila. The cablegram pad, please."

And Ricardo Dotres sent the first of his many cables to Manila. Not until *after* José del Castano and the Falange handed Manila over to the Sons of Nippon did Ricardo Dotres receive a cable from Manila. Between that day and the morning Dotres left Havana, he received other reassuring cables from Japanese-held Manila.

On April 11, 1942, Ricardo Dotres approached an employee of the Hotel Lincoln. This employee was known to him as an ardent Spanish Republican.

Dotres smiled his most ingratiating smile. "*Amigo*," he said, "tomorrow I go back to Spain. If you have any Republican friends or relatives in Spain, I'd be glad to bring them some gifts or a confidential message. I always sympathized with the Republicans myself, you know."

This employee smiled politely, "Señor Dotres," he an-

swered, "I have a more reliable way of reaching my Republican relatives and friends in Spain. And please do not call me *amigo*."

With the crack of dawn the next morning, Ricardo Dotres sped to the Rancho Boyeros Airport. Here he boarded a Pan-American Airlines ship for the first leg of a flight to Caracas, Venezuela. He traveled light, carrying only a small valise. His trunk was left behind in the storeroom of the hotel.

Three days later, thirty postcards, mailed by Dotres from Caracas, were delivered to the Hotel Lincoln. Evaristo Fernandez, the owner, received one. The waiters, the elevator operators, the bartenders, the kitchen help, the prettier female guests—everyone but the one Spanish Republican employee received cards.

On the heels of these postcards came a cable from Dotres to Fernandez. Like the cards, the cable had also been sent from Caracas. Dotres asked the hotel manager to please open his trunk, take out the five chemical books he would find there, wrap them well, and airmail them to: "R. Dotres, c/o Pan American Airways, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I."

Fernandez, who had contributed money to the Franco forces during the Spanish War, sent the five chemical books to Port-of-Spain at a personal expense of twelve dollars. Two months later, the five chemical books were returned to Havana, marked "Unclaimed." Fernandez shelled out another twelve dollars and put the books back in the trunk, where they rested next to a picture of Dotres and some Cuban officers.

They remained in the trunk until October 1942, when a visiting American investigator learned of their existence and realized that the volumes contained more than chemical formulae.

Dotres simply disappeared. He never sent for his trunk, and he never sent another postcard to the Hotel Lincoln. Whether he went the way of Villanueva, or whether he became the contact man for Axis spies in another Latin-

American capital is still not known. Some Spanish Republicans at one time had reason to believe that Dotres had quietly returned to Cuba. But to date, Dotres has still not been found.

Like Dotres, Dr. Hoguet Hornung, one of the two *Ciudad de Madrid* passengers whom the contact man had brought to the Hotel Lincoln, simply vanished from Havana.

Enrique August Luni, the handsome younger passenger, remained in Havana for exactly thirteen months.

The beginning of his stay was marked by days of idle loafing. He frequented many bars, took many sight-seeing tours, and saw the insides of most Havana night clubs. Waiters grew to like him for his liberal tips and for his unassuming friendliness.

One waiter, let us call him Pancho Vivaldi, which is not his real name, became a great friend of Luni's. This waiter, a man of Luni's own years, grew to look forward to the idler's daily visits to the *cantineria* at Virtudes and the Prado. Before long, Luni was confiding to Pancho that he had but recently inherited a tidy fortune in Honduras. A day later Luni told Pancho that he was tired of doing nothing, and was looking for a business in which he could invest some of his money.

"But I can't work too hard," Luni explained. "You see, Pancho, I have a bad touch of rheumatism."

Pancho had a wife, Maria, who worked at home as a dressmaker. Maria was as skilled with a needle as are few women on this earth, thought Pancho. With a little capital, Maria could no doubt become one of the great fashionable dressmakers for the "high-life" set of the city. Besides, if Maria did all of the work, Señor Luni would not have to strain his rheumatism too much.

Young Señor Luni listened gravely to Pancho's musings. Modestly, he admitted to always having had a secret yearning to own as gentle a business as a fashionable custom dress salon. After glancing at some samples of Maria's labors,

Enrique August Luni knew that his dreams had come true. He dipped into his apparently ample coffers to open a factory on busy Industria Street.

Maria, Pancho, and Luni became equal partners in the new firm. While the happy seamstress and her simple husband fixed up the workrooms, Luni moved a large diathermy machine into a corner of the atelier. "It's for my rheumatism," he explained. "They object to my using it at the hotel."

But once the factory started production, Luni felt self-conscious about taking diathermy treatments in the plant. He took a room next to Maria and Pancho on Teniente Rey Street, and moved the machine there.

To his room Luni also brought a cage with four canaries. All his life, he explained, he had wanted canaries. He spent little time in the business establishment he was financing, but he was far from aloof toward his new friends. When he went on a shopping spree for tubes, coils, condensers, and other radio parts, he took Pancho along with him.

On one of these trips, he bought a pair of "Junior G-Man" telegraph keys for a quarter each in Woolworth's. "For my nephews in Barcelona," he said.

Then, after buying all the parts "to build a radio myself," Luni passed a shop window in the gleaming, streamlined America Building on Galleano Street. There, at a bargain price, stood a powerful American console radio. Luni bought it for cash, and had it delivered to his new room.

In the house at Teniente Rey Street, the American radio began to boom until all the windows shook. Some of Luni's new neighbors protested. They suggested that, when Luni felt like listening to his super-radio, he should at the very least close the transom over his door if he could not play it with less power. This Luni refused to do, until one day, while he was listening to the radio, he decided to let his canaries have the freedom of his room. Before he could say "Don Quixote de la Mancha," two of the four canaries were through the transom and out of the house.

After that, whenever Luni liberated his canaries, he al-

ways did so with the transom tightly closed and the door locked. Since he always had the radio on while the canaries were out of their cage, his neighbors began to be increasingly thankful that canaries were made with wings.

Luni spent very little time in Maria's dressmaking shop. Instead, he chose to while away many hours at places like the Porto Chico bar, on the water front, a stone's-throw from the Spanish Consulate.

These, however, were not hours idly spent. For here Enrique August Luni really went to work. Here he met with officers of Spanish ships and plied them with endless questions. Here, too, he used to set up drinks for Cuban customs officers and pier officials.

The sidewalk tables of the Porto Chico, like the front windows of the Spanish Consulate, commanded a panoramic view of the Havana wharves. Nothing could miss the scrutiny of a trained pair of eyes at a Porto Chico table—all ships entering and leaving the harbor, all loading operations, everything.

When Luni wanted a closer view of a ship in the harbor, he merely borrowed a small boat and rowed out to look the ship over.

Between visits to the water front, Luni would repair to his room on Teniente Rey Street, close the transom, lock the door, and turn on his radio to the maximum of its power.

Then, while boleros and congas rattled the plaster of the room, Enrique August Luni would open the locked steel door of his diathermy machine. From one of the drawers of his dresser he would take out a coil of wire and a set of earphones. From another drawer he would get one of the Woolworth toy telegraph tickers. A few deft maneuvers with pliers and screw driver were then enough to convert the diathermy machine into an ultra high-frequency short-wave radio station.

The radio drowning out the clicking of his nursery-room telegraph key, Enrique August Luni would tap out brief,

but vital, messages to the commanders of Nazi submarines lurking in the South Atlantic and the Caribbean. Sometimes the messages went to other Lunis, seated at similar clandestine two-way radios, in Santo Domingo, Argentina, Venezuela, Guatemala, and Chile. The Chilean Luni was a man named Robinson. Often, they themselves reached Enrique August Luni in Havana through their radios.

On the high seas, Axis submarine commanders, guided constantly by these radios, started to sink United Nations ships in great numbers. Guided by such excellent intelligence, they had things all their own way.

In addition to his radio messages, Luni also sent daily letters to certain business firms in Barcelona and Lisbon. Each letter was signed by a different name. Answers to these letters, also sent to different names each time, were re-routed to Luni by their recipients in Havana.

When Luni moved from the Siboney to the room on Teniente Rey Street, he neglected to notify his correspondents abroad of this change of address. Within two days, he had an angry letter from Barcelona, rebuking him for this oversight.

The Barcelona letter was signed, "Manuel Alonso." Luni broke into a cold sweat when he saw the signature. For at that address in Barcelona there was no Manuel Alonso. This was the name used on all letters addressed to Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Gestapo. And Luni knew a thing or two about the Gestapo.

Señor Enrique August Luni, resident of Barcelona and Havana, citizen of Honduras, was a fiction; a figment of Manuel Alonso's imagination.

In 1910, in the city of Hamburg, Germany, the Italian wife of a German importer named Luning bore him a son. The boy was christened Heinz August Luning. Thirty-one years later, this boy stepped off the gangplank of the *Ciudad de Madrid* in Havana as Enrique August Luni.

Young Heinz Luning had grown up looking like the

image of his Latin mother. While in his early 20's, he had been gripped by the wanderlust. It had led him to far away places he had read about in his schoolbooks. Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, Venezuela—the Caribbean had early colored his fancies. When he was twenty-five, Heinz August Luning returned to Hamburg, where his father and his uncle still ran an importing business. Hitler now ruled Germany, and Luning joined the Nazi Party.

As the war clouds began to grow darker over Hamburg, Luning started to look for something safer than a spot in the front-line trenches. His search led him inevitably to the Gestapo, where he figured that his newly acquired knowledge of Spanish and his most Latin appearance would stand him in good stead.

The Gestapo enrolled Luning early in 1940, and sent him off to a special school for foreign agents in Bremen. Here, under expert instructors, Heinz August Luning was trained in the manufacture and use of secret inks, radio, telegraphy, and kindred skills.

From the Bremen school Luning was sent to Madrid, where he was given special courses in Central and South Atlantic geography and vernacular Cuban Spanish. Once this training was completed, Luning proceeded on to Barcelona. Here he was trained to memorize codes and key addresses, given his Honduran passport, and put on board the *Ciudad de Madrid*.

Heinz August Luning did not lack for company on board the C.T.E. ship. Among his fellow passengers were many fellow graduates of the Gestapo school in Bremen. They were bound for points as divergent as Santiago de Chile, Buenos Aires, Baltimore, Los Angeles, and Port-of-Spain.

The Gestapo agents had the run of the ship during the entire voyage. They ate with the captain, lolled in the sun, and practiced taking and developing pictures with their new miniature cameras. Luning was later to say that this voyage was one of the most pleasant in his whole life—but this was much later.

Luning's letters to Barcelona and Lisbon from Havana were all sent via air mail. All of them had to clear through the offices of British censorship in Bermuda. Some time after he started sending them, the letters began to attract the attention of alert British agents in the Bermuda station. The British made photostatic copies of each letter, put the originals back in the envelopes, and allowed them to proceed.

But when the British had collected enough photostats of Luning's letters, they realized that, although each was signed by another name, they were all the product of one individual. Similarly, they were able to spot the answers to the Luning letters, as well as the additional directives which were mailed to the Gestapo agent from Spain.

When they were sufficiently certain of these basic facts, the British communicated with the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, which maintains an office in Havana. The F.B.I. immediately checked with the Cuban Secret Police.

For months the Cuban censorship watched for letters to and from Barcelona and Lisbon. Each letter was carefully studied by American and Cuban secret agents, photostated, and then filed away. The different Havana recipients of the letters from Barcelona and Lisbon which the United Nations intelligence officers suspected were for the unknown spy they sought, were watched like hawks.

Finally, on August 15, 1942—after operating his radio station for nearly eleven costly months—Luning was revealed to the Cuban and American investigators as the man they were after. Captain Faget, of the Cuban Secret Police, and F.B.I. Agent Sweet, acting together, nabbed Luning just as he was getting ready to send the information which would lead to the sinking of another American ship.

Only the German High Command actually knows how much United Nations shipping, how many men perished in the deep seas because of Heinz August Luning alone. All estimates are frankly a guess, but persons close to the

Luning case feel that the actual figures are staggeringly large.

So complete was the intelligence job done on Luning that the spy had no choice but to confess to his true role almost immediately. He was quickly sentenced to death by the Cuban military court which tried him. But as the door of his death cell clanged shut, Heinz August Luning was not without powerful friends in Cuban life.

Tremendous pressure was brought to bear on President Batista and other members of the government to commute Luning's sentence to a "reasonable" term of imprisonment. (This despite the fact that a Cuban ship had been sunk by a Nazi raider shortly before Luning was caught.) Pro-Falange newspapers in Havana began to run long sob stories about the gentle and patriotically misguided character of the young Nazi spy. One paper even went as far as printing a ballot asking its readers to select their own punishment for Luning.

A group of powerful men in Cuba forced the Luning case to the Supreme Court, in a legal test of the military tribunal's right to try a civilian spy.

Throughout the nation, simple people began to curse the slowness of their government. They were afraid that the "high-life" Spaniards would succeed in saving Luning's neck.

The case dragged on. The Supreme Court was still considering the case on October 10, 1942—Cuba's National Independence Day. And on this day Luning's doom was sealed. It was not the Supreme Court that acted on October 10; it was the Cuban people.

All the anti-Axis organizations of the nation united with the government that day to stage the official celebration of National Independence at the National Theater. The square outside of the theater was blocked off and filled with seats. Loud-speakers carried the speeches of the day to the square, to the crowds in Central Park. Every radio station in the country had a microphone on the platform inside.

On the platform, Prime Minister Zaydin stepped up to the microphone to deliver the main oration of the day. He talked about Cuba's long struggle for independence, about the United Nations, about the meaning of the war to every Cuban. Then, bringing the speech closer to home, he mentioned the Luning case as an example of United Nations vigilance.

The audiences—those in the theater, in the square outside, before thousands of radios all over the island—stirred restlessly.

Suddenly Zaydin shouted: "Luning must, Luning will die before a firing squad!"

The crowd inside sprang to its feet even as every man and woman in it started to shout. The cheer that welled up from their lungs would have given Wilhelm von Faupel an apoplectic stroke could he have heard it. It contained the anger, the honest hatred, the determination of a simple people enraged to the breaking point. Not since the shouts of relief which rang through Havana on the day Cuba declared war on the Axis had such a roar been heard in the land. Long after silence was restored within the hall, the cheers continued rolling in from the square outside.

The people had passed sentence on Heinz August Luning, and the Supreme Court was quick to ratify their decision.

Luning faced the well-oiled rifles of a Cuban firing squad in the courtyard of the Havana fortress on the morning of November 8, 1942. He faced them with an angry sneer on his lips. The soft charm he had so carefully cultivated—the charm which had so captivated Pancho, and Maria, and the feature writers of so many Havana papers—was no longer useful. It was discarded. Bareheaded, his chest strangely shrunken, Heinz August Luning chose to stand revealed as a Gestapo agent, a Nazi spy contemptuous to the very end of the democracies which had trapped him.

The Nazi died secure in the knowledge that, even as the Cuban bullets whipped through his eyes, other Spanish ships carrying scores of other Lunings were on the high seas—bound for North, Central, and South American ports.

The C.T.E. ships are still delivering Axis agents to our side of the ocean.

It was the day after Zaydin proclaimed that "Luning must, Luning will die," that I heard the first-hand account of the voyage of the *Magallanes*, sister ship of the *Ciudad de Madrid*.

Tomás told it to me. He is a Spanish Republican who has never stopped fighting Hitler.

"The *Magallanes*," he said, "left Spain on the seventh of September, 1941. Passengers were shocked at the great number of Germans on board, Germans bound for the Americas.

"The ship reached Port of Spain, Trinidad, on the 17th. There was a United Nations convoy of over 100 ships in the harbor at the time. The British authorities checked on all the passengers when the ship cast anchor.

"Two of the passengers assumed new identities. One became a sailor. The other a ship's machinist. The British, who separated the crew from the passengers, examined the papers of the passengers only.

"The man who posed as a sailor was Leopoldo Sanchez Carbojal. He is a Spaniard trained by the Gestapo in Germany. He was not the only Gestapo-trained Spaniard on board ship. He and the fake machinist took pictures of the convoy and the defenses of Trinidad with telefoto-lens German cameras.

"There was a third person on board; a third key person the British passed over. He was the chief radio operator, and the Falange chief of the ship. He had two radios. One was for regular wireless uses. The other transmitted details of the convoy. This man was the famous Camarada Martinez who twice escaped from the Cuban police. His full name is Miguel Barcelo Martinez.

"When the ship arrived in Cuba on September 26, many Cuban officers were waiting on the dock. They boarded ship as the social guests of the Company. They had dinner on

board, and after dinner were shown Fascist films in the ship's theater.

"The officers of the ship were Falangistas. They brought over instructions and propaganda materials for the Cuban Falange."

Tomás is a man of few words. He neglected to say that his life was in danger during the entire crossing.

Puerto Rico: Gibraltar or Pearl Harbor?

TINY, TRAGIC, OVERCROWDED PUERTO RICO—the island's population of nearly two million makes it the fourth most densely peopled country in the world—is very much in the news. The island, less than two-thirds the size of Connecticut, means many things to many people. To Puerto Rico's nationalists, it is America's India. To Puerto Rico's Spaniards, it is the Lost Colony of the Holy Motherland. To serious-minded Latin-American thinkers, it is the touchstone of our relations with all of Latin America. To the naval and military High Commands in Washington, Puerto Rico is today primarily the Gibraltar of the Caribbean.

A glance at the map is enough to tell why Puerto Rico bulks so large in our defenses. American-owned anchor in the Antilles chain of islands, it guards the approaches to the Panama Canal and sits squarely in the path of Axis sea raiders of the South Atlantic.

Puerto Rico is today a bristling garrison. An important American garrison.

The civilian defense organizations of Puerto Rico—like the civilian defense organizations of Manila on Pearl Harbor Day—are packed with Falangistas.

Perhaps it is because of the Falangistas and their friends in the Puerto Rican civilian defense bodies that many worried Puerto Ricans talk the way they do. Freedom-loving, decent Puerto Ricans who look to a United Nations victory as the key to the ultimate solution of Puerto Rico's gravest problems always include one idea in their discussions of the Falange menace on the island. "Puerto Rico," they say, "is called the Gibraltar of the Caribbean. Pray God it does not become the Pearl Harbor or the Manila instead."

For it was in Puerto Rico, during the Spanish phase of World War II, that the Falange Exterior built one of the most effective of its branches in the Americas. And today,

although the Falange of Puerto Rico has been officially dissolved since January 10, 1941, the leaders and *militantes* of the Puerto Rican Falange are still very much among the present on the island.

Puerto Rico became a colony of the United States after the Spanish-American War of 1898. Under the Spanish rule of the old Bourbon Empire, life had always been harsh for the people who tilled the soil and cooked the meals, and who made up all but a minor percentage of the population. Under the administration of the United States, the island's population nearly doubled, but the conditions of life for the average Puerto Rican were far from improved.

The small set of Spanish colonial planters and businessmen who dominated the economic life of the island under the Empire grew somewhat smaller with the American occupation, but they survived as a body. Most of them retained their Spanish citizenship. They sold most of their good soil to large American sugar corporations and retained for themselves the control of the mercantile commerce of the colony.

Sugar became the one industry of Puerto Rico. The island, which never grew enough food for its own needs, grew less than ever after the land was given over almost entirely to sugar. During its entire history as a Spanish colony, the island's people had never been permitted to develop native manufacturing industries. Under American domination, this taboo was maintained—if only in an economic form. (A bitter example of how this works and one which came home to roost after Pearl Harbor, is the experience of a group of Puerto Rican capitalists who attempted to establish a native pineapple canning industry. While the cannery was being established, a large Hawaiian grower dumped enough canned pineapple in the island to ruin the native industry.)

The wealthy Spaniards on the island took control of the shipping industry, the importing business—now greater than ever, and most wholesale and retail trade. Like their

fellow Spanish businessmen in Latin America, they invested sizable portions of their Puerto Rican profits in various enterprises of the mother country across the seas. The advent of the Spanish Republic grated on their sensitive pocket-book nerves as violently as it grated on those of their brothers in Spain.

Socially, the wealthy Spaniards of Puerto Rico were a set apart from the Puerto Ricans and the Americans on the island. They looked down upon the Puerto Ricans as an inferior, mongrel assortment of peasants and servants. The Americans, whom they also considered their inferiors, were accepted by the powerful Spaniards as a necessary evil. The aspirations of the various native movements for national independence were never shared by the Spaniards—who were content to pay lip service to the new American masters while they dreamed of the island's ultimate return to the Spanish Empire.

The cleavage between the Spanish set and the other cultures of Puerto Rico is physically evident in the three great cultural centers of the island. In San Juan, the Spaniards flocked to the Casa de España, while the Puerto Ricans centered their cultural and social life around the Ateneo Puertorriqueño. The buildings stand within a stone's throw of each other. In Rio Piedras the University of Puerto Rico stands as a bastion of the third culture in the colony—the American culture.

A year after the Spanish Republic was established, the Spanish business crowd in Puerto Rico found itself faced with a new potential menace. This was the New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The outbreak of the Spanish War found the Spanish colony of Puerto Rico torn between the real menace of the Spanish Republic and the social legislation of Washington. When Hitler and Mussolini openly sent their troops against the Spanish Republic, many of the wealthier Spaniards in Puerto Rico correctly interpreted the war as being the first stage of the war against the United States as well as against Spain. Whether they saw the Spanish War as purely a Span-

ish affair or not, the wealthy Spaniards of Puerto Rico united as one behind the banners of Francisco Franco in the war for the extermination of democracy in Spain.

The Franco-Hitler-Mussolini partisans of Puerto Rico lost little time in organizing for action when the fighting began in Spain. In San Juan's largest daily paper, *El Mundo*, they had a spokesman made to order for their cause. The weekly *Puerto Rico Ilustrado*, published by the *El Mundo* owners, was similarly impartial—on the Fascist side. Not until January 1937, with the appearance of the first issue of *Avance*, did the Falange bring out their official organ.

Dionisio Trigo, the president of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce of Puerto Rico, assumed the leadership of the Franco forces. Burgos—then the seat of the Axis power in Spain—appointed Trigo the official representative of the Franco government in Puerto Rico.

Trigo was the brother-in-law of the insular Chief of Police, Colonel Enrique de Orbeta, and an individual of much power in the Spanish community. Always a spokesman for the most reactionary elements in insular life, he was a natural leader for the Axis cause. His close associates in the Franco movement were millionaire Spaniards like Gonzalez Padin, Leopoldo Ochoa, Secundino Lozana, and José Maria del Valle.

Trigo and his intimates were men to whom money talked louder than all creeds. Their primary idea of how to best aid the armies protecting their interests in Spain was simple: money. Like Elicio Arguelles in Havana, Trigo concentrated on the raising of funds for the Fascist forces in Spain.

This campaign was phenomenally successful. No less an authority than Elicio Arguelles, who was not exactly raising a pittance for the Fascists himself, recognized Trigo's efforts as a major contribution to the Falangist war effort. In a letter sent from Havana on October 26, 1937, Arguelles told Trigo:

Here we fight with great firmness but not with the success

you have had. . . . Without any argument, Puerto Rico and you have shown the best and most positive examples that we owe to the new Spanish Crusaders. For the high spirit of adherence to the cause, the patriotism which prevails and the successes obtained in your subscriptions, it is necessary to place Puerto Rico in the place of distinction and honor. We, less fortunate, fight with faith and will continue to prosecute our task until we are able to see the ONLY SPAIN, Great and Free. . . .

Acting informally, without an official organization, the Puerto Rican supporters of the Fascist armies in Spain raised close to a million dollars in less than a year. This the men of Burgos appreciated, but money was not the prime need of von Faupel. What was needed was a functioning section of the Falange Exterior. For Puerto Rico figured very much in the plans of the architect of the invasion of Spain.

The initial edition of *Avance*, dated January 1937, was the first formal move of the Falange in Puerto Rico. The cover of this issue, which featured young Primo de Rivera's portrait, bore two emblems on its masthead—those of Puerto Rico and of the Falange Española. The inside masthead listed Alfonso Miranda Esteve, a lawyer, as director, and two sons of Dionisio Trigo as members of the staff.

Three interesting features appeared in the third issue of the then biweekly Falange organ. The first was the official program of the Falange Española Tradicionalista de la J.O.N.S.—the famous twenty-seven (now twenty-eight) points quoted in full in Chapter I. The second was a little notice headed: "Falange Española." It announced that the Puerto Rican Falange would soon be formed. The third was a long, lyrical pro-Franco article signed J. Fidalgo Diaz—a name which will come up later in this chapter.

The young Fascist organ was crammed with large advertisements from the very first issue on. Firms like Bull Insular Lines, headed by Honorary Japanese Consul Miguel Such, Mendez & Company, large shipping agents, the Fajardo Sugar Company, bought space immediately. Other

firms, a bit more discreet, paid for full-page complimentary but anonymous advertisements.

In February 1937, *Avance* published an interesting schedule of short-wave broadcasts in Spanish. Heading the list was station DJQ of Berlin. Although the list included two American stations as a matter of form, it included one other Berlin station, two in Rome, and five in the then Fascist-conquered parts of Spain, the Canaries, and Spanish Morocco.

Notices appeared in both March issues about the impending formation of the Puerto Rican Falange. In April the Franco slogan—"Una Patria, Un Estado, Un Caudillo"—appeared in *Avance* for the first time. This slogan, which appeared constantly in the magazine after that, was handed to the Falange by the Nazi experts called in by General von Faupel to mold the Falange as an Axis instrument. It is a translation of the Nazi war cry, first heard in Austria and Czechoslovakia—"Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer." One People—Spaniards; One State—Fascist Spain; One Leader—Franco.

Despite its publication of the anti-American Twenty-Seven Points and of this slogan, *Avance* was never stopped by the United States postal authorities.

The July 1, 1937, issue featured the face of one Leo Ribilzki on its cover. A long caption explained that the Señor was the radio speaker on short-wave stations DJA and DJN, of Berlin, whose speeches about the cause of the Fascists in Spain meant so much to Puerto Rican listeners. The same issue also carried an article by Alfonso L. Garcia, an instructor at the University of Puerto Rico. This article praised not only Franco, but also Italy and Germany.

In issue after issue *Avance* continued to lay the groundwork for the organization of the Falange under the American flag. By September, when Franco dispatched a traveling "ambassador" to Latin America, the Falange banner was flying from the radiators of half of the cars parked outside of the University of Puerto Rico every day.

Luciano Lopez Ferrer, the first of Franco's official "ambassadors at large," reached San Juan in September 1937. His party included Dr. Francisco J. Almodovar and a Captain Julio de la Torre, of the Spanish Fascist Army.

Dignified, venerable, very much on the stuffed-shirt side, Lopez Ferrer had a simple mission to perform. While glad-handing and flattering the wealthy Spaniards of the countries he visited, he acted as a perfect front for serious Falange agents like de la Torre.

The Captain had a mission of his own in Puerto Rico. He was charged with getting the Falange Exterior branch formally organized.

Hard on the Captain's dashing heels came another Falangista from Burgos, charged with the task of making the organization stick. This individual was no stranger to Latin America, or to the Falange—where he rated as an "Old Shirt," the Spanish equivalent of a Munich Beer-Hall Putsch veteran in the Nazi Party. His name was José Gonzalez Marin.

The New World escapades of Gonzalez Marin have made him almost as fabulous a creature as Ricardo Dotres, the woman-crazy Falangist who acted as Axis liaison agent in Havana. Gonzalez Marin, however, never bothered with women. He had been to Puerto Rico and other Latin-American countries long before the Spanish War. He had for years been one of the leading *recitadores* (poetry readers) in Spain. With the coming of General von Faupel, Gonzalez Marin became one of the first of the many noted Spanish actors, musicians, and dancers to make international tours as Axis agents disguised in the robes of artists.

It was as an artist that Gonzalez Marin arrived in Puerto Rico in the fall of 1937. He gave some public performances, including a benefit show for the Fascist side in Spain, handed out pictures of himself giving the Fascist salute while wearing the Falange uniform, and then went to work in earnest.

The results of Gonzalez Marin's labors were soon made plain. The December 1 issue of *Avance*, on page 17, ran a half-page photo of the speaker's table at a dinner given

by the Spanish Societies of San Juan at the Casa de España. Present are seven men, each of them giving the *brazo en alto* salute. Gonzalez Marin is the man in the center of the group. At his side stands Alfonso Miranda Esteve, identified in the caption as: "The Chief of the Falange Española and Director of *Avance*."

The Franco forces of Puerto Rico thrilled Gonzalez Marin. While he was in San Juan, he was taken to see the building occupied by *El Imparcial*, a daily newspaper whose press was bombed in 1937 when the editor had the temerity to print a story giving the Republican viewpoint of certain events in Spain. He was shown the hold the pro-Falange groups had on the Casa de España, and heard for himself the difficulties the anti-Fascists of Puerto Rico encountered at every turn in their battle against the Falange.

The Falange of Puerto Rico had finally been launched. Satisfied with his handiwork, Gonzalez Marin boarded the plane for Venezuela. His "artistic tour" ultimately included a visit to the Falange of New York—but that is a story for a later chapter.

International law became a mockery in Puerto Rico where Spain was concerned. Dionisio Trigo, whose position as official representative of the Franco government had no legal standing in the United States, attended official functions at the Governor's Palace—La Fortaleaza—regularly. More regularly than Jacinto Ventosa, the consul of the Spanish Republic, the only Spanish government recognized by the State Department.

Enemies of the Fascists in Spain found it next to impossible to broadcast simple truths over the radio. Dr. Antonio J. Colorado, spokesman for the Asociación Pro-Democracia Española de Puerto Rico, was forced to evade the unique censorship in a spectacular manner. Since the censors forced him to delete all references to the fact that Hitler and Mussolini were even interested in the Spanish War, Colorado wrote his scripts around the magic word *censura*. In time, radio listeners knew what Colorado meant when he declared, "Franco is fighting with the *censura* armies of the

censura of *censura* and the *censura* of *censura*, who has a little mustache."

The Fascists in Puerto Rico were never forced to resort to such devices by the censors, nor were their presses ever bombed.

Even before Gonzalez Marin arrived in Puerto Rico, *Avance* was publishing the standard Hitler attacks on democracy. He was particularly impressed by the unsigned editorial which had appeared on June 1, 1937, a piece called "National Socialism and Democracy."

This editorial made the interesting point that only in Germany did the truest democracy exist since

. . . the repeated plebiscites held in Germany indicate that its government is a faithful expression of the conscience of the people. And if no credit is given to that institution, it is enough to travel through Germany and talk to all classes of people to see that an intimate bond exists between the government and the people.

After demolishing the idea that democracy existed in England and France, the editorial went on to declare:

As to North America, President Roosevelt has just said in his second inaugural speech that one-third of the population has no food or sufficient clothing. That cannot be said of Germany or Italy. And there you see where democracy is effective, and where it is merely an illusion; where the government is for the people and by the people.

Editorials like this one made it clear to everyone but Americans like Governor Winship, Colonel John W. Wright, head of our garrison on the island, and Federal Judge Robert A. Cooper, that the Falange of Puerto Rico was involved in something more serious than preventing "communism" in Spain. These three gentlemen were the most important American officials on the island, and their cordial relations with the Falange crowd became the subject

of a most enthusiastic report Gonzalez Marin delivered to his Axis masters in Madrid.

Early in February 1938, after Gonzalez Marin had left, the German warship *Meteor* steamed into San Juan's harbor. Flying two enormous swastika flags, the Nazi vessel tied up at the docks and held open house for the "high-life" Spanish set of the city.

The Spanish Fascist societies of San Juan welcomed the Nazis as heroes. They hung a great picture of Adolf Hitler in the Casa de España and invited Henry Fiese, Honorary German Consul in San Juan, and the officers of the *Meteor* to a banquet.

When called upon to speak at this banquet, the commander of the Nazi warship said: "Today we find ourselves in the Casa de España as guests of a nation whose sons, far away from their land, follow the events of their motherland with ardent hearts. They support the same struggle against Bolshevism that held Germany on the border of ruin. . . . I give my most expressive thanks and I greet their motherland, the noble Nationalist Spain. *Viva Franco! Arriba España!*"

The Nazis and the Spaniards then posed for two interesting pictures which appeared in the *Puerto Rico Illustrated* of February 12. The first picture showed thirteen Spaniards, including five members of the Falange, under Hitler's picture. The second showed Fiese and the officers of the *Meteor* standing before Franco's portrait.

Publication of these pictures had no seeming effect on the good relations the Falangistas seemed to enjoy with the Insular and American authorities. On February 19, the Spanish Republic's Consul Ventosa was forced to issue a pained statement to the press:

For quite a while now there has existed little cordiality between this Consulate and the Executive of Puerto Rico [Ventosa revealed]. There are concrete cases that indicate that the Governor, to our mind, has not proceeded with absolute im-

partiality in accordance with international law. We have been able to see in certain of these official acts this manifest tendency. . . . This [*Meteor*] incident is considered by the Executive as of no value and as a purely social and private affair. On the other hand, this Consulate, as much as for the ideas shown as well as for the people who have participated, considers it public because of the facts involved.

Puerto Ricans who recognized the implications of this statement were, at that time, starting to encounter the repeated spectacle of uniformed Falangistas marching behind Franco's banners through the cities of the island. To many of them, the continued official indifference to the anti-American, openly Fascist tenets of the Falangistas became the yardstick by which they measured the democracy of the United States.

Consul Ventosa himself became a symbol to thousands of Puerto Ricans. Secrets are very hard to keep, scandals impossible to hide on the island. Thus, when Ventosa was insulted and threatened by gun-waving Falangistas in the Pardo Restaurant of San Juan, the whole island knew that the authorities had ignored the incident.

Some time after this gun-waving incident, Ventosa delivered a lecture at the Ateneo Puertorriqueño. While he was on the platform, Francisco Cerdeira, a pugnacious Franco partisan, rushed up and jammed a pistol into the Republican Consul's abdomen. In plain sight of the entire audience, Cerdeira pulled the trigger.

The gun jammed. Ventosa pushed his assailant to the floor. A group of men present at the scene grabbed the gun and hid it in the piano. Cerdeira was subdued, and a call was sent for the police.

Six of Puerto Rico's most distinguished professional men signed the complaint against the gunman. The magistrate before whom the charge was brought complained that there were too many witnesses.

D. A. Frankel appeared as attorney for Cerdeira. Frankel was the son-in-law of Miguel Such, the wealthy Spanish

shipping man who served as honorary Japanese consul in San Juan. Cerdeira himself was the author of a laudatory biography of Señor Such.

The trial was postponed. It remained postponed until after Ventosa had departed forever from Puerto Rico; then the case was heard. The judge chose to accept the testimony of a waiter who claimed that the gun had belonged to Ventosa. Cerdeira was acquitted, and the stock of democracy sank still lower in Puerto Rico.

Voices raised against the Falange in Puerto Rico were generally heard with great difficulty by the people. Even the voice of Father Martin Bernstein, a Dutch friar at Catanzas, was drowned out by the thunderous barrage of Falangist propaganda in the press, the cathedral, and over the radio.

Father Martin's little weekly paper, *El Piloto*, was one of the first publications in Puerto Rico to denounce the Falange. Like the average Catholic in Spain, Father Martin looked upon the Falange as being anything but a holy crusade for Christianity.

In January 1937 Father Martin wrote the most classic of his denunciations of the Falange. More than any one single piece of writing, this denunciation sums up the attitude of the vast majority of Catholics in Spain and in Latin America toward the Falange and explains why they fought the Falange in Spain and abroad. Father Martin wrote:

In Spain there is fascism. There it is called Falangism or National-Syndicalism. We have already said . . . that Spanish Falangism is also to be condemned from a Catholic point of view. Falangism is incompatible with the Christian ideology.

Falangism as a system tends to what is called totalitarianism, absolute State Power. As such, it is an enormous danger for personal liberty and for Peace. As such, it preaches exaggerated national pride, imperialism, militarism, violence, hatred, and vengeance; violence against all those who do not submit to what a Falangist leader deems to be the "dignity of the State" or "national integrity."

We do not exaggerate. Here are the words from the official manifesto of the Falange:

To the realization of this task [to strengthen, elevate, and enlarge the supreme reality of Spain], it will be necessary to *subordinate inexorably* the interests of individuals, groups, classes. Our will is Empire. . . . Our state shall be a totalitarian instrument. We will make a militaristic conception of life to permeate all Spanish life. . . .

That [charged Father Martin] is a purely fascist program. It is the totalitarian monster with all its pride, intransigence, coercion, violence. It is a system in which there is no room for virtues of humility, indulgence, respect, and love. Fomenting violence, it foments hatred: unhealthy hatred, against Jews, Masons, etc. . . . The very essence of Christianity is precisely love, universal love, a love which will exclude no one, a love which will presuppose a deep respect for human liberty and dignity. Falangism, therefore, is as such incompatible with the genuine Christian ideology.

Father Martin's blunt words earned him the wrath of those sections of the Hierarchy which had a stake in Spanish fascism. Many Spanish priests canceled their subscriptions to Father Martin's paper when he continued his attacks on the Falange. The Falangistas of Puerto Rico denounced the white-haired friar. But his words struck home.

In many instances, Father Martin's words were a long time in taking their effect. There was, for instance, the case of Father Victor Jesús Herrero Padilla.

Father Padilla is a Spaniard, a citizen of Spain. He was the priest of the Monserrate Church in Santurce, and originally a Franco partisan. In fact, on April 1, 1939, Father Padilla took the Falangist oath and received membership book number 305 in the Puerto Rican branch of the Falange Tradicionalista Española de la J.O.N.S. He held his book until October 1, 1940. Then, without a word of explanation, he formally resigned from the Falange. Puerto Ricans close to the Padre of Monserrate broadly hinted that Father Martin's writings on Falangismo had caused this resignation.

The uniformed Falangistas preferred the writings of *Avance* to the columns of Father Martin's *Piloto*. In the issue of January 1, 1938, *Avance* hailed the Japanese recognition of Franco as the legal head of the Spanish State—more than a year before the Republic fell—in words the German origin of which was unmistakable.

Japan could not be missing among those powers who offer us their company and their friendship [*Avance* announced]. Japan is a hierarchical believing nation, fundamentally honest with the ethical principles of society, noble in her aspirations, and an intelligent nation. She has to be with us hand in hand, heart to heart, with conscience and with unshakable will to fight Communism . . . who will not yield until the definite defeat of the Red credo is inflicted—defeat to Judaism, Masonry, the Soviet . . . Spaniards! For this victory of today . . . cry out with me: Long Live the Japanese Empire, as of today the intimate friend of our Spain!

The same issue of *Avance* also denounced the “russo-yankce press” and the Jews for the “calumnies” against Falangismo many Spaniards had noticed on the Island of Puerto Rico.

Two weeks later, *Avance* printed a speech by Oliveira Salazar, the Caudillo of clerico-Fascist Portugal—a speech praising Franco for his role on the Iberian Peninsula. On April 15, 1938, *Avance* carried the latest regulations of the Falange Exterior as promulgated in Burgos.

Alejandro Villanueva, General von Faupel's Inspector General of the Falange in the Americas, visited the Falange of Puerto Rico in June 1938. According to *Avance*, Villanueva's visit was merely an inspection trip, since the Inspector General was due to sail for Spain in August. Perhaps it was as a result of Villanueva's visit that the Falange organization of Puerto Rico was shaken up. Leopoldo Martinez Ochoa, a wealthy businessman of San Juan, replaced fiery young Alfonso Miranda Esteve as regional chief, and the pace of all Falange activities was stepped up.

Dionisio Trigo, the elder statesman of the Puerto Rican

Falange, went to Spain shortly after Villanueva. He never returned to Puerto Rico. His visit to Franco Spain had inevitably led him to Nazi Germany. In Frankfurt, Trigo underwent an operation and died.

The Falange turned out in full uniform to attend a Mass for Trigo in San Juan on October 20, 1938. It was the most spectacular Falangist mass until the one they celebrated in April 1939 upon the victory of the Franco forces in Spain. At both Masses the Falangistas and the feminine section of the Falange donned the Fascist uniforms and carried the Falangist flags into the Cathedral.

The Falange kept growing in Puerto Rico until the advent of the British and French declarations of war on Nazi Germany. Many Falangistas who thought of the American Government in terms of Governor Winship were rudely shocked by the obvious feelings of Franklin Roosevelt. Word had already filtered through to the New World that the Germans were gobbling up all of Spain's resources. Many Puerto Rican Falangistas who had looked to Franco to guard their investments in Spain were shocked to discover that the Nazis were keeping all funds from leaving Spain—even dividends due Spaniards in Latin America.

The Presidential Executive Order freezing Axis funds early in 1940, while it chose to overlook Spain's being part of the Nazi Empire, sent many of Puerto Rico's wealthier Falangistas scurrying to their bank vaults. They had no illusions about the fact that Spain was an Axis nation, and most of them felt that Spanish funds would inevitably be frozen under the terms of this order. In their panic, they began to sink vast sums into real estate—causing an astonishing land boom on the poverty-stricken island.

Many of the more timorous rich Falangistas resigned from the organization and tried to cover up their pro-Axis records. They began to talk in terms of seeking United States citizenship, much to the disgust of the Franco consul in San Juan. From the Spanish Consulate the Axis consul

sent angry reports to Madrid and to the Spanish Embassy in Washington. He complained of the cowardice of the frightened Falangistas on the island, and followed up these complaints with a number of scathing personal denunciations.

But the economic forces which had originally drawn the wealthy Spaniards of Puerto Rico into the Falange were now operating to force them into at least a tactical retreat. The New Spain might be glorious and real democracy might exist only in Italy and Germany, just as *Avance* wrote. Nevertheless, the prosperous Falangistas were confronted with the reality of a German *Gauleiter* who had already frozen all Latin-American investments in Spain and the spectacle of an American President who had frozen the funds of Italy, Germany, and Japan in the New World. The logical next step of freezing the funds of Axis Spanish firms would place them economically between the German anvil and the Yankee hammer. Economic common sense, therefore, dictated that the Falangistas in Puerto Rico should take all possible measures designed to protect their funds in the Western Hemisphere.

The wealthier Falangistas began dropping out of the organization. Those who were Spanish citizens immediately began to apply for American citizenship. What remained in the Falange was, by and large, exactly that element which the Nazis wanted most—the young, fanatical, emotional Fascists who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by an Axis victory in World War II.

Not even the voluntary dissolution of the Falange of Puerto Rico in January 1941 bothered Spain's Nazi masters. The pocketbook panic which had given the older Falangistas such hysterics was a perfect cover for changing the form of the Falange in Puerto Rico. By 1941 it suited von Faupel's plans to have the United States Government accept at face value the fact that the Falange no longer existed in Puerto Rico. The seeds which had been planted in 1936, and nursed along by such master Fascist gardeners as Gon-

zalez Marin, Julio de la Torre, and Alejandro Villanueva, had produced a plant which could not be killed by a formal act of a small group of frightened men.

As war approached, the United States started to increase the Puerto Rican garrison. Blanton Winship and Colonel Wright disappeared from the scene. Winship was succeeded for a time by Admiral Leahy, who in turn was succeeded by Guy Swope and then by Rexford Guy Tugwell.

When the former New Deal Brain Truster became Governor of Puerto Rico in September 1941, he inherited one of the greatest headaches in our government. The forty years of American bungling which had succeeded four centuries of Spanish misrule had brought Puerto Rico to the brink of the war in a condition conducive neither to good government nor to sound military defense. The island could produce practically no food for the suddenly increased garrison, let alone its own people. An inadequately fed people lived in inadequate houses in shocking sanitary conditions. Only the temporary emergency jobs provided by the defense projects stood between thousands of Puerto Rican families and ruin.

Governor Tugwell had plans for Puerto Rico, plans which would have made it both a better place to live in and a sounder base of operations for the defense of the Caribbean and the Panama Canal. These plans included projects for a safe water system, cheap sanitary housing, and the enforcement of the 500-Acre Law begun in 1941 after four decades. This act, written into the original Puerto Rican charter when the island first became a colony of the United States, was designed to keep the small Puerto Rican farmers from being made landless. It limited the size of all farms to five hundred acres. Had it been enforced, Puerto Rico's history as a stepchild of the American Government might have been a brighter one. Instead, the fertile bottom land of one-third of the island was absorbed by forty-two sugar plantations owned by absentee American and Spanish corporations.

The wealthy Spaniards who had flocked to the Franco banner were quick to join hands with the American sugar corporations who declared war on Tugwell. Supporters of Tugwell were more numerous on the island than his enemies. Their voices, however, found fewer effective forums and newspapers at their disposal.

The bombing of Pearl Harbor ended the reconstruction programs of Governor Tugwell. Nazi submarines in the Caribbean, guided by scores of Heinz Lunings, sank supply ship after supply ship. The island's food shortages, always serious, became catastrophic. The completion of the naval and military defense projects added to the island's unemployment.

In Madrid, General von Faupel had the satisfaction of learning that the war had brought Puerto Rico to the state of acute crisis. He had the additional satisfaction of learning that in Puerto Rico, as in the Philippines, the Falange and its friends had swarmed into the civilian defense organizations.

The civilian defense organization of Puerto Rico, established in 1941, has sixty thousand workers. Prospective air-raid wardens and other civil defense volunteers were accepted into the ranks and given their credentials without investigation.

Puerto Rico's scrambled political lines had their reflection in Governor Tugwell's appointee as the Executive Secretary of the civilian defense organization. Against his better judgment, Tugwell was maneuvered into appointing to this important post Enrique de Orbeta, former Insular Chief of Police, brother-in-law of Dionisio Trigo and uncle of two outstanding Falangistas.

Orbeta's nephews, Juan Trigo de Orbeta and Dionisio Trigo de Orbeta, are today in the civilian defense organization of Puerto Rico. Both held membership cards in the Falange; Juan was a member of the *Avance* staff. Bonifacio Fernandez, who was also a Falange member, is a lieutenant in the civilian defense organization. His brother, Telesforo

Fernandez, who carried a Falange card, is in the State Guard.

José Fidalgo Diaz, who was both a member of the Falange and a contributor to *Avance*, is not only in the civilian defense organization but also the personal secretary to Sergio Cuevas, the Insular Government's Secretary of the Interior. Eliado Rodriguez Otero, contributor to *Avance*, is in the civilian defense organization of Rio Piedras.

The list of proved former members of the Falange in Puerto Rico's civilian defense organization is huge. In certain communities, the people who suddenly awoke to discover that the Falangistas had taken over the local civilian posts raised such a scandal that the offending wardens had to resign.

Former Falangistas and Franco partisans have also swarmed into the U.S.O. Wives and daughters of Falangistas who marched through the streets in the uniforms of the feminine section of the Falange yesterday are now serving coffee and cakes to American soldiers in U.S.O. clubhouses.

Among the outspoken Franco partisans now engaged in U.S.O. work is a society woman of Arecibo. Her case is typical of the new conditions in Puerto Rico.

On Pearl Harbor Day, as the news of the Japanese bombing attack came over the radio, she was in a store in Arecibo. The news excited her. "Viva Hitler!" She cried. "*Este es el hombre que necesitamos!* (He is a man we need here!)"

She is now active in the U.S.O. of Arecibo. In this seacoast town there are also a group of Spanish priests who were and are violently pro-Franco. On Labor Day 1942 a dozen American fliers got reeling drunk at the parish house. The fliers were from the emergency air base the Army built near Arecibo.

This air base was built in great secrecy. As soon as it was finished, the Vichy-controlled Martinique radio put on a special Spanish broadcast beamed at Puerto Rico. In mocking tones two announcers congratulated the Americans upon the swift completion of the base and then

launched into a solicitous critique of its various shortcomings.

The effect of this broadcast on the Puerto Ricans was about as shocking as the well known fact that the Nazi submarine commanders in waters around Puerto Rico have never made the mistake of sending a torpedo into a ship carrying dynamite. Submarines which torpedo dynamite ships are in danger of being sunk by the resulting concussion—a dynamite ship, in exploding, acts like a depth bomb. But the Nazi submarine commanders who prey on Puerto Rican shipping seem to have an uncanny idea of what is in the cargo hold of every ship that crosses their periscopes.

Pearl Harbor sent many once-proud Falangistas scurrying to the Federal Court with petitions for American citizenship. Early in 1942, twenty-one Spanish residents of Puerto Rico, all of them admitted members of the Falange during its official existence on the island, applied for American citizenship before Judge Robert A. Cooper.

It was the most spectacular court hearing in Puerto Rico since Judge Cooper had found the leaders of the Nationalist Party guilty of treason in 1937. At that time, Cooper had ruled that the Nationalist program of independence for Puerto Rico constituted treason.

In the case of the twenty-one Falangistas, the official program of the Falange Española Tradicionalista, like the program of the Nationalist Party, was on trial. Puerto Ricans, well-acquainted with those points of the Falange program which called for the restoration of the Spanish Empire, looked for fireworks from the bench.

They had good reason to expect drama. In an earlier citizenship hearing, on September 15, 1941, Judge Cooper had made a strong pronouncement. "Any person who belongs to organizations opposed to the United States," he declared, "cannot be considered a good citizen, cannot fulfill his oath to defend and support the Constitution of the United States."

When the hearings began, however, it was not the Judge

who provided the fireworks. First blood was drawn by Alfonso Miranda Esteve, Director of *Avance* and first chief of the Falange of Puerto Rico.

Esteve was not an applicant for citizenship. He was one of the chief attorneys for the petitioners. He beamed when the Judge decided to hold court on Washington's Birthday, since, "In these days of emergency, one cannot lose time in festivities." * He sat unruffled through the early skirmishes, smiling softly to himself as he laid his trap.

Before Esteve could spring his surprise, the Falange Oath used in Puerto Rico was introduced into the evidence. On the face of it, it seemed enough to disqualify the petitioners who had signed it. In a faithful translation, it reads:

I SWEAR to give myself always to the service of SPAIN.

I SWEAR not to have any other pride than that of the Motherland and of the Falange with obedience and joy, impetus and patience, gallantry and silence.

I SWEAR loyalty and submission to our Chiefs, honor to the memory of the dead, unswerving perseverance in all vicissitudes.

I SWEAR that wherever I may be or be ordered to obey, to respect our Command from first to last rank.

I SWEAR to reject and consider unheard any voice of friend or enemy that may weaken the spirit of FALANGE.

I SWEAR to maintain above all the ideas of unity: UNITY between the lands of SPAIN, UNITY in man and among the men of SPAIN.

I SWEAR to live in the holy brotherhood with all those of FALANGE and to lend all aid and oppose all differences whenever this holy brotherhood is invoked.

After the Falange oath was introduced, Esteve maintained his amused calm. He sat quietly at the counsel table while Benecio Sanchez Castano, associated with him in the case, agreed with Judge Cooper on the importance of

* This and other speeches made at the hearings are translated from the accounts appearing in *El Imparcial*, *El Mundo*, and other Puerto Rican newspapers at the time.

denying citizenship to members of subversive organizations. Nevertheless, Castano asserted, the fact that a person had been a member of the Falange was not grounds for the denial of citizenship.

When Castano was done with this argument, Esteve himself started to answer the Judge's questions. He began by explaining that, after the war began in Spain, a group of Puerto Ricans organized an association to aid the cause of the Fascists. Then, Esteve said, the *Comite de las Damas*—the Women's Committee—was organized in 1937 to collect funds for Franco. "The organizers were all rich people," he said, "and contributed money of their own."

The Falange in Puerto Rico, Esteve said, was organized in 1938. (This would have made the announcement in the December 1937 issue of *Avance* of which Esteve was the Director a lie.)

At this point Judge Cooper asked Alfonso Miranda Esteve whether the Falange Española Tradicionalista was the same as the Nazi Party of Germany.

Esteve was ready with a very glib answer. The Falange, he said, was quite different. The Falange was for a corporate state like that of Portugal, and supported Franco because he promised to support its Twenty-Seven Points. "The Falange of Puerto Rico," Esteve said, "stood for the same program as the Falange of Spain."

The first leader of the Puerto Rican Falange and director of its official magazine belittled his own efforts. Never, he told the court, had the Falange on the island reached a membership of more than 250—a figure which startled all Puerto Ricans who had seen the streets darkened on more than one occasion by processions of uniformed Falangistas.

Then, mopping his lips with a limp handkerchief, Esteve launched into an apparently pointless story of the celebration held at the Casa de España to celebrate the Franco victory in April 1939. Innocently, he started to describe the celebration in detail. He blandly mentioned the names of many notables who attended the fiesta.

Courtroom spectators gasped as some of the names slid from Esteve's lips. At the Franco victory celebration there had been many high officers of the American Government and the Army. Esteve named them all, pausing between names for effect. He cited then-Governor Blanton Winship, Colonel Wright, Judge Martin Trabieso, of the Puerto Rican Supreme Court.

Esteve paused again, exchanged a queer look with some of the petitioners. He revealed that the band of the regular United States Army garrison performed in the Casa de España at that celebration. And then he named another prominent person who he saw in the Casa de España that day. The name was—Judge Robert A. Cooper!

Had he hurdled the bench, tied a string of giant Chinese firecrackers to the Judge's robe and ignited the fuse, Esteve could not have created a greater sensation in the San Juan Federal Court on that memorable Washington's Birthday.

When order was restored, the Judge spluttered an indignant denial. He hotly denied that he had attended the celebration, or even that he had been invited to attend. But he felt that he owed some sort of explanation, for he asserted that if he was in the Casa de España on that day, it was merely to play a game of billiards. Judge Cooper also felt constrained to remind his listeners that billiards was his favorite game.

Puerto Rico has been a land without laughter for four centuries. Judge Cooper's hasty explanation, however, made many suffering Puerto Ricans laugh. For reasons best known to themselves, they thought it was very funny.

Miranda Esteve continued to dominate the hearing. He went on to tell the court that the Puerto Rican Falange was disbanded after the Spanish War, since it no longer had any reason to exist. But he did not explain why the Falange waited for nearly two years after the Franco victory before disbanding for this stated reason. Answering another question, he said that the Falange still existed in Spain.

"Is it true," the Judge asked Esteve, "that the relations of Franco and the Falange are similar to the relations between the National Socialist German Workers Party and Adolf Hitler?"

"In essence, yes," Miranda Esteve replied. "They are similar. But the Government of Francisco Franco," Esteve added, "is not opposed to political parties." (There is only one legal political party in Spain.)

"Is the government that now exists in Spain a representative government?" the Judge asked.

"Not exactly," Esteve answered.

The Judge glanced at the petitioners before he put the next important question to Miranda Esteve. "How do you think some persons can advocate one form of government for one country and swear loyalty to another system of government under which they live?"

The answer was quite frank. "I don't know."

Puerto Rican democrats took heart from the Judge's reaction to this answer. Cooper said that he did not "understand how a person wishes to swear loyalty to a system of government different from one he aided in organizing in another country."

Not even the parade of high-placed character witnesses who appeared for the petitioners shook the faith of some spectators in Cooper's determination to refuse comfort to Axis partisans. The imposing array of character witnesses was headed by Dr. Muñoz MacCormick, director of the Puerto Rico Defense Council. He was followed to the stand by Filipe de Ostos, head of the Puerto Rican Chamber of Commerce and leader of the anti-Tugwell forces. Both MacCormick and de Ostos testified for Petitioner Emeliano Mendez. Alfonso Valencia, of the Bull Insular Lines, testified for a group of the petitioners.

So imposing was the weight of the testimony about the Axis character of the Falange, that, at one point, the Judge was forced to postpone the hearings in order to study the record. At this point, Judge Cooper sounded what seemed

to many listeners like the closing of the door to all citizenship petitions by Axis partisans.

"My attention has been called to the possibility that the activities of the Falange Española in Puerto Rico might be anti-American. I do not know if the assertion is correct, nor if it includes the petitioners. I want it to be understood," the Judge said, "that in postponing their cases I am not prejudging their admissibility. I believe I must proceed with a detailed examination of these petitions. . . ."

"Lately, we have discovered that (some) political organizations are much more powerful than we believed. Of course, citizens may be in disagreement, but there should be no discrepancies at least as to certain fundamental principles.

"For example," Judge Cooper, the former Governor of South Carolina, pointed out, "it has been resolved that the principles of the Ku Klux Klan were anti-American. If proof were offered that a candidate for citizenship belonged to the Ku Klux Klan, it seems to me it would be my duty to clarify the situation before making a decision as to his admissibility."

Again, in these words, the foes of the Falange found much promise. For the Ku Klux Klan, while as Fascist as the Falange in its principles, never demanded that any state or colony of the United States of America be restored to a foreign empire. On these grounds alone, the Puerto Ricans who backed the United Nations in the war against the Axis felt that at Judge Cooper's hands the Falange of Puerto Rico was finally to receive a setback.

These hopes were all blasted on March 10, 1942, when Federal Judge Robert A. Cooper, having studied the evidence, prepared to hand down his decision. "If I had any doubts regarding the good faith of the petitioners," Judge Cooper declared, "I would plainly refuse their request. . . . No matter what may be said for or against the Falange," Cooper said, he was "satisfied that the petitioners would take the oath of loyalty in good faith."

The twenty-one Spanish Falangistas, four months after Spain's Axis partners and masters declared war on the

United States, were admitted to American citizenship by the judge who played billiards at the Casa de España.

Few judicial actions have ever given Fascists in American territories the encouragement Judge Cooper's decision gave the enemies of democracy in Puerto Rico. It came at a time that Nazi submarine raiders in the Caribbean were reaching the peak of their destructive efficiency, when democracy meant only increased starvation on the island.

Before Judge Cooper handed down his decision, the American authorities in Puerto Rico had appeased Franco in a manner that had made Puerto Ricans writhe. When the garrison was increased, the authorities had to find a suitable headquarters for the U.S.O. Two buildings proved physically and geographically suitable—the Ateneo Puertorriqueño and the Casa de España. Both had ballrooms, meeting halls, social rooms, and quarters for libraries and buffets. The Casa de España, which flew the Franco flag, was bigger and more modern than the Ateneo. It stood as a symbol of Axis power on the island, while the Ateneo was the only meeting place for pro-United Nations citizens of the island.

Perhaps the authorities did not know all this when they decided to take over the Ateneo Puertorriqueño for the U.S.O. Nevertheless, they could not have aimed a heavier blow at the pro-United Nations forces of Puerto Rico than when they took the Ateneo. The U.S.O. banner now flies from the Ateneo's standards, and the dispossessed Puerto Rican intellectuals gag every time they pass the near-by Casa de España and see the Franco flag waving insolently in the lazy breezes of the troubled colony.

The Franco flag waves in Puerto Rico, which has very few secrets. Disheartened Puerto Rican democrats, who see the Falange in its true colors, can see only danger ahead in the continued tolerance American officialdom seems to show for the most outspoken of the Axis partisans of the island.

In the meanwhile, Franco supporters and former Falangistas move about the island in perfect freedom. They

dominate the civilian defense organizations and the U.S.O., they hold positions of importance in the government, and they rub shoulders with American soldiers.

A case in point is one Obregon, headwaiter at La Mallorquina, one of San Juan's smartest restaurants. American army and navy officers often eat and drink at this expensive café, and many of them talk shop. Obregon is a recent arrival from Santander, Spain. He boasts of having been an important Falange leader in Santander, where, he claims, he personally liquidated many enemies of Spanish fascism. Today he pours rum and whisky for the officers of America's Gibraltar.

Dr. Juan Homedes Cortiella is another Spaniard who moves about in San Juan in perfect freedom. Cortiella was living in Barcelona with his family when the Spanish War started. He went to France, where he wrote to Dr. Roldan, head of the Puerto Rican Auxilio Muto and asked for a job. He reached Puerto Rico early in the course of the Spanish War and went to work as an intern in the Auxilio Muto clinic.

When Dr. Cortiella reached San Juan, he visited the Spanish Republicans. He was, he told them, an old anarchist and a foe of the Falange. He started to attend pro-Loyalist meetings and make anti-Franco declarations. During all of this time, however, he was attending various Falange functions. On February 24, 1939, Dr. Cortiella joined the Puerto Rican Falange and was given card number 100. He resigned from the Falange on July 1, 1940, the date the President's order freezing Axis funds took effect.

Many outspoken supporters of Franco and the Falange own large estates which touch on the coastlines of the island. These estates are all capable of sheltering and shielding Axis agents with radio equipment more powerful than the clandestine sender Heinz August Luning operated in Havana.

Wherever one turns in Puerto Rico, the Falange and its most open supporters appear in high places. Only after Pearl Harbor was the daughter of a leader of the feminine

section of the Falange removed from her confidential post in the postal censorship office. A high-ranking military officer who exchanged a glowing correspondence with Franco during the Spanish War today holds an important command on the island.

Between the Falangistas, sworn enemies of the democracies, and the American authorities, who evidently choose to ignore them, stand the vast body of Puerto Ricans. The lot of these Puerto Ricans is an increasingly unhappy one. Starvation and unemployment are increasing in their ranks. America has failed them. The most articulate of their numbers welcomed America's entry into the war as the catalyst which would stimulate the factors which can bring democracy and its benefits to Puerto Rico. Today, they are losing hope. In the continued official tolerance of the Falange and its leaders on the island, Puerto Ricans can see only the negation of all the democratic war aims.