

Protector

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FRANCO'S ROYALIST COUP

By ALLAN CHASE

—Franco is also part of this monarchist conspiracy to restore the Bourbon dynasty to Spain.

COLONEL JUAN BEIGBEDER of the Spanish Fascist Army is now in Washington. He is well received in high places. He attends very exclusive dinner parties given by the very flower of Georgetown society, and at these quiet little feasts he tells many indiscreet but highly hilarious anti-Franco stories. A charming fellow, this Beigbeder, he makes these anti-Franco anecdotes of his sound as funny as the anti-Hitler stories Marshal Goering used to tell gullible statesmen in Berlin until September 2, 1939.

But Beigbeder is in Washington for more than the amusement of the smart set. He has assumed the toga of Spain's Badoglio, and his best friends are openly boasting of the support he has received in high places in Washington. A modest man, Beigbeder likes to picture himself not as a candidate for the job now held by Francisco Franco but as the loyal warrior who will lead the fight to restore the decrepit Bourbon dynasty to the vacant throne of Spain.

In August, 1942, Beigbeder fled from Spain to London, where he permitted all and sundry to bill him on the after-dinner circuit as the "Spanish Hess." His act at that time consisted of letting it be known that he could no longer stand for the German domination of the Spanish Army.

To Spanish civilians and army officers familiar with Beigbeder and his history, this was indeed a novel role for Juan Beigbeder to assume. They recalled, for example, the World War

I record of the good Colonel (who, incidentally, was the son of Alsatian, not Spanish, parents). During the last war, Beigbeder, then a staff corps captain in the Spanish Monarchist Army, was one of those Monarchist officers who conspired with Eberhard von Stohrer of the Kaiser's Embassy to bring Spain into the war on the side of Germany. Nor was Beigbeder's role in this conspiracy confined to secret discussions in the back rooms of cafes: working under Mannesman, chief of German intelligence in Morocco, Beigbeder did the staff work for those German-controlled Arab armies which attacked the French forces of Marshal Lyautey.

After the Spanish Monarchy rotted away like a diseased thing and died in 1931, Beigbeder remained in the Army. He even took an oath to the Spanish Republic, an oath he proceeded to violate immediately. The trusting republic sent him to Berlin as military attache; when, in 1934, the republic recalled Beigbeder from Berlin the Nazis actually protested this move. The republic sent Beigbeder to Morocco. There, working on orders and with funds from General von Faupel's Ibero-American Institute of Berlin, Juan Beigbeder organized the armies of Moors and Foreign Legionaries he and Franco were to lead against the Republic in July, 1936. Beigbeder's mercenaries were transported from Morocco to the Spanish mainland in German Junkers planes flown by Nazi officers.

During the German-Italian war against the Spanish Republic, Beigbeder served with distinction in the Axis armies. His intimate during this war was a man who chose to be known simply as "Paco." Friend Paco made many trips from his villa in Southern France to Spain during the Spanish War. On many of these trips, he was accompanied by Juan Beigbeder. Very few people in Spain knew what Paco's real name was, or why he made these trips. But Beigbeder knew very well who Paco was, and what he was up to; he knew because Paco was his boss. Paco was really Frank Ritter von Goss, the head of Nazi intelligence in Spain.

Madrid fell to the Nazis in April, 1939. Shortly after this defeat for world democracy, Juan Beigbeder was made Foreign Minister of the puppet government of Spain. He lost both this job and his blond mistress in an intra-family fight to El Cunadissimo (The Brother-in-Lawissimo) Serrano Suner. As his reward for being a good Fascist, Beigbeder was then placed in charge of important Axis activities in Spanish Morocco—the scene of his earlier services to Germany.

And then, after the Russian armies began to maul the Nazi divisions on the Russian front, Beigbeder suddenly saw the light. He went to London as the Spanish Hess. He also was quoted as having said some very nasty things about the Nazis.

Be that as it may, Beigbeder and the Germans evidently kissed and made up—for this year the Spanish Hess arrived from London as the head of a mission of officers officially representing the German-dominated Spanish Fascist Army. As a visiting Spanish Fascist official, the Alsatian colonel

maintained excellent relations with the Spanish Embassy, and made many tours of U. S. Army camps and military establishments.

And then, as the British and American forces prepared to move into Sicily, Juan Beigbeder suddenly saw the light again. He quietly broke with the Spanish Embassy in Washington—a break which Spanish diplomats in the United States have generously advertised in lush bars and excellent homes—and unlimbered the first of his devastating personal anecdotes about the chubby little Spanish Caudillo. In making this break, however, Beigbeder did not part from his pro-Nazi Spanish friends like Enrique Cervantes (see editorial on Page 9, Ed.).

Why Beigbeder had to go through the motions of breaking with the Spanish Embassy when he embarked upon his social career as a retailer of anti-Franco stories is a little hard to understand in the light of recent activities of Juan F. Cardenas, Spanish Ambassador to Washington. For Juanito Cardenas, who in his long career betrayed, in turn, the Spanish Monarchy and the Spanish Republic, is now entertaining private dinner parties in New York and Washington with a line of anti-Franco stories as funny as the yarns delivered by Juan Beigbeder. Even more significant is the fact that Juanito Cardenas is adding pro-Monarchist morals to most of his anti-Franco diatribes.

It seems like only yesterday that the bogus Marqués de Aguiar arrived on a British diplomatic passport (issued to Augustin Guitierrez de Balbontin) and registered with the State Department as the official representative of the Catholic and Royalist Parties of Spain. The Marqués made some bitter

anti-Franco statements, and no less a personage than Juanito Cardenas showed up the spuriousness of his title. Cardenas then attacked the Marqués and all that he claimed to stand for, an attack which was carried in *Spain*, that organ of the Spanish Library of Information in New York which suddenly ceased publication after Pearl Harbor.

But since that dim yesterday in 1941 when the shady Marqués arrived in Washington, the detested Jewish Bolsheviks and Protestant Plutocrats have taken the offensive in Russia and in North Africa and in Italy. The noble Mussolini is no more, and the "Dear Ally" Hitler ("Dear Ally" are exactly the words used to describe Hitler in Falangist propaganda distributed in Latin America) has discovered that Russian summers are even worse than Russian winters.

The Duke of Alba, Franco's Ambassador to London, has also hit the sawdust trail. He too is telling anti-Franco stories these days, and, like Juanito Cardenas, Alba is now all-out for the restoration of the Monarchy in Madrid. He is lending more than his voice to this great crusade—he is even lending his name. His best friends hint that he is about to wed Victoria de Bourbon, last of the Spanish Queens—a ceremony which leads old Madrilenos to mutter "after thirty years, it's about time."

Prominent Falangistas in the United States, in Latin America, and even in Spain are now openly declaring themselves to be Spanish Monarchists. Juan March, and his agents in New York and London, have raised the banner of Restoration. Leaders and organizers of the Casa de Espana of New York (which, like the magazine *Spain*,

quietly folded its tents after Pearl Harbor), now claim that they were monarchists all along and never, never held any brief for the Falange.

The monarchist crusade gave birth to a queer Odyssey this year, a voyage which must not pass without notice. In the summer of 1943, the prominent, wealthy Spanish Falangist, Jose Antonio Sangroniz, gave up his job as Spanish Ambassador to Venezuela and set sail for Europe. Sangroniz, one of the Spaniards who backed the Axis invasion of his homeland with his millions, went first from Venezuela to Switzerland. The Axis press and the Axis radio, through their gossip mills in Berne, Ankara, Stockholm and other cities, soon let the world know that Senor Sangroniz had broken with Franco and was bound for Switzerland to implore Don Juan de Bourbon to become King of Imperial Spain.

Sangroniz did, indeed, see Senor Bourbon in Switzerland. He also let it be known—off the record, of course—that he was bound for Spain to demand that Franco get off the dictator's seat and make way for the King. But somehow, despite this apparent treason, Sangroniz was not flung into a concentration camp when he returned to Madrid. In fact, after the people of Palermo greeted the American troops with flowers and wine, Sangroniz was given an important diplomatic job by the Caudillo. Sangroniz was sent to Algiers to be Spain's unofficial ambassador to the French Committee of Liberation—where he can be paraded as living proof that Franco is not taking orders from Hitler. For you see, Franco is also part of this monarchist conspiracy to restore the Bourbon dynasty to Spain.

Franco is in it because, as a German

puppet, he has no choice in the matter. Like the so-called Spanish Civil War, the projected restoration of the monarchy in Spain is a plan conceived and directed by Berlin. The men who created Hitler expect no mercy from the common people of England or the Soviet Union. They not only expect to lose the war, but also expect to finally lose Germany. Spain is the last line of retreat for the men who own Hitler. If they lose Spain, which they control today, they have lost all.

If Germany's masters can retain their present control of Spain, they can make a third bid for world domination within the next decade. The men behind Hitler are no fools. They know that there will be no room in the post-war world for the shirted, stiff-armed type of Fascism which is now being blasted to bits by the armies of the United Nations. They know that if the modern slave-state is to continue after the war, it must change its form. The obvious Spanish form for this slave-state is that of a Bourbon Monarchy.

In a slave-state, where wages are kept permanently low, where taxes are not spent on such democratic luxuries as free schools, hospitals, social security, where prices and rents can never be regulated—in such a state, its masters can afford to throw its products on the world markets at lower prices than those asked by the free states. A slave-state in Spain can remain a safe repository for the investments of the powerful Spanish landowners and merchants of Latin America.

The masters of Germany, the careful planners of the war we are now fighting, know exactly what they are doing in Spain. If they can come out of this war with Spain in their hands, they propose to create an Ibero-Ameri-

can bloc which would embrace Spain, Fascist Portugal, Argentina and certain Latin American nations now nominally on our side. Such a bloc, with its economic lines extending into every Latin American nation as well as the Philippines, can quickly grow into an octopus of no mean proportions. This octopus, with its head in the Iberian Peninsula and its tentacles extending to every Spanish speaking country in the world, must inevitably reach a stage when it will attempt to crush all in its way. In short, it will be the beast which can unleash World War III before the wounds of World War II can be completely healed.

It is easy to see why the men who created Hitler are now trying to restore the Spanish Monarchy. What becomes somewhat harder to swallow is the spectacle of high officials in London and in Washington lending their support to the traveling salesmen of this Berlin-Madrid real estate promotion.

Why do the Beigbeders of the Spanish world get British and American visas? Why do stories by informed sounding boards like Pertinax raise the issue of Lend-Lease Aid to Spain when the name of Beigbeder is mentioned?

Why do minor "Spanish monarchist leaders" like the "Marqués" de Aguiar and his Mexican stooge, the "Marqués" de Castellon travel to America on British diplomatic passports?

Why does Dr. Juan Negrin, last Premier of the anti-Axis Spanish Republic, sit in London as a virtual prisoner? Why are the anti-Fascist leaders of the Spanish Republic which fought the Nazis for three years denied British and American visas? Is it that they are still being punished for "premature anti-Fascism," that worst of all modern transgressions?

The treatment of the Spanish Republican leaders raises an even more disturbing question. Spain is today the scene of a bitter struggle between the Republican underground and the Nazis. The Republicans never stopped fighting after Madrid fell to German arms and world appeasement in 1939. As in 1936, the vast majority of the Spanish people are Republican and anti-Fascist. The Republican underground is also quite in tune with events on the Italian and Russian fronts: its illegal radios and its illegal newspapers are increasing in numbers and in power. The sabotage squads of the Republican underground did quite a decent job of wrecking the Fascist naval base at Cartagena this Spring. The Republican guerrilla armies in the hills of the Asturias, in Catalonia, in the southern provinces are killing more Fascists and dominating more regions. More frequently, now that Naples and Kiev have fallen from Fascist hands,

the Spanish Fascist papers report that troops have been called out to fight "highwaymen." The highwaymen, of course, are the Republican guerrillas.

This growing Republican underground has repeatedly served notice that any Bourbon foolish enough to sit in the Spanish throne will be killed within a few days of his coronation. It has also served notice that any attempt to put over a monarchy deal in Spain will be answered with a full-scale open revolt.

There is no doubt but that the Germans intend to go through with their plans for the restoration of the monarchy. When the Spanish people rise up against this Nazi incubus, are they to get the same treatment from the western democracies that they received when they fought the Axis troops from July, 1936 to April, 1939?

In the answer to this question lies the key to the history of the next twenty years.

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PILLAR OF FIRE

*Through dusk I hear good Chopin, limpid steel
In drops of sweet precision, while the sky
Crowds closer, children's voices gently die;
But I am one with hosts that hold, and reel,
Where Stalingrad lights up the Volga's plain,
Beacon of courage, epic of the slope
Our race is mounting to its cherished hope,
The goal in sight, and so all decent men,
Of every faith, are with us; glorious life
For all awaits beyond the murder cloud;
My ears that, too, have borne the thunders loud,
Tremble to Chopin. Love shall conquer strife.
And I, a sailor, keep that thought most dear,
Blinded with daybreak though the night is here.*

JOHN ACKERSON
U. S. Merchant Marine