

Part 8/5/64

# Quick as the Click of a Camera

By Al Burt  
Miami Herald

HAVANA — A sweating, gray-haired man ran shouting down the street after me. He was angry.

"Did you take pictures of the Mexican consulate?" he asked. I told him, "Sure." I had taken several.

He called a militiaman.

This was my introduction to the Committees for Revolutionary Defense (CDR) a citizen's alert system that essentially spies on its neighbors for the government.

In a few minutes, I was being booked in the Fourth District police headquarters. In two hours, I was being questioned by the G-2, Cuba's state security police.

It did not matter to the CDR, or the militia, or the police, that I was a news-

man invited here by the Cuban government and promised full freedom by Premier Fidel Castro.

"Those people on the local level are patriots. We can't control them," a man from the Foreign Office explained later as he apologized.

It started at the Mexican consulate. There were lines of Cubans outside, waiting to apply for permission to leave the country. The Cuban government is sensitive to people waiting in line, although you frequently see people in line for food, for clothing, for credentials.

### Took 3 Photos

I took three pictures and walked down the street. That was when I met the CDR.

When the militiaman came, he took my camera,

called headquarters, commandeered a passing car and away we went.

The driver was on his way to pick up his wife to take her to work and he didn't like the militiaman's arrogance. Said he: "I will take you where you wish, but I will take my wife to work first."

They argued about it. Finally the militiaman threw up his hands, stopped the car and we got out. He stopped another one in the street. This time we went to the Fourth District without any argument.

### 'Freedom' Fizzles

There I showed my credentials again, explained again the promise of full freedom for pictures and news gathering and gave them two telephone numbers to call in the Foreign Office.

They would not let me call, and I discovered later that they did not call. Two different men questioned me, one in uniform and one dressed all in white.

Then they produced a witness against me. A militiaman who had been guarding the consulate gate

## Farms Inspected By Khrushchev

Reuters

LONDON, Aug 4 — Soviet Premier Khrushchev, on an inspection tour, visited farms in the Saratov region of Russia today, the Soviet news agency Tass reported.

The Premier who was expected to travel for about three weeks, made his first stop at Ershov, in the Volga valley, about 500 miles south-east of Moscow.

# —You're a Spy in Cuba

told police he had warned me not to take pictures. The man had told me nothing about pictures.

A report was typed out in quintuplicate and the G-2 was called. They still would not let me make a phone call. The G-2 car came with a driver and two uniformed guards. I sat in the back between the police questioner who wore white and one of the guards. The destination was Villamarista, described to me as the new G-2 headquarters.

### At G-2 Post

It was 10 miles away with a high stone wall around the outside and guards armed with tommy guns at two entrances.

Inside, they took my credentials and the Foreign Office telephone numbers and left me to wait in a

small room with bars on the windows.

Later, two men came, questioned me briefly, said they would keep my film and return it to me at the hotel. A driver would take me there.

"We must be careful," one of them said. "Some people have been making some attacks on us. When they saw you taking pic-

tures, they grabbed you. It was a mistake."

Some three hours after being picked up, I was free again. Minus only the film. I had seen Cuba's police system in routine operation from the neighborhood spy level up to G-2.

Only one question remained: If I had been an ordinary Cuban, where would I be now?