

What's Left of Spain

By Frank Gervasi

The war-weary Spaniards realize now that it wasn't Franco who won the civil war but Hitler and Mussolini, and they are filled with hatred and bitter despair

Real ruler of Spain is not Franco but his Fascist-dominated brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer (right, bareheaded) with Italian Foreign Minister Ciano

Food in Spain is scarce and prices prohibitive. Below, Madrid citizens stand in line for hours waiting for government relief-station handouts



BREAD and parades are the meat and wine of dictatorships. The less bread there is to feed the people, the more the parades to make them forget how hungry they are.

Unique among totalitarian states is Spain. There is no bread. And there are no parades. The absence of circuses surprises the reporter in Old Castille more than the famine that withers the land. Hunger in a nation that has disemboweled itself in thirty-two months of war is understandable. It isn't any more surprising than a hang-over after a big night.

But why no parades?

And then when you see the limp, smudged stuff they use for money you realize that part of the answer lies in the fact Spain is broke. There is practically no money in Spain; what there is resembles cigarette coupons with just about their purchasing power. Spaniards have no faith in it, just as they have no faith in one another. They have no bread, no meat, tobacco, gasoline, coffee, and the only commodity of which there is a surplus is an intangible one called hatred.

Hatred hovers like a miasma over the ruins that remain where \$23,000,000 worth of modern buildings stood on the site of University City. It is perpetuated by daily executions of captured Reds by the victorious Whites, and Spaniards do not say of themselves or of each other . . . "I am a Spaniard, he is a Spaniard" . . . but call each other Blancos or Rojos—Whites or Reds—in a nation half conquered, half victorious.

Spain swapped Republicanism for Fascism at a high price. The country is a heap of ruins where people live like rodents in shell-smashed houses that they are too poor and too tired to repair.

Spaniards ask themselves why they fought the war that lasted from July 18, 1936, until Madrid fell on March 28, 1939. They don't know. They have chaos with no personal power to do anything about it. At least under the republic, with its revolutions and periodic government upheavals, they could express themselves with the ballot.

Not only do they wonder why they fought the civil war at all, but they wonder if Franco really won it. They suspect, when they see Nazis and Fascists overrunning the land, the swastika hanging from the windows of German tourist bureaus, banks and trading houses all over Madrid, that Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler, who helped Franco, really won it.

They feel the need of a leader, someone to guide them out of their bewilderment and disillusionment. Spaniards who were stanch Francoites when the war ended told me the majority of the people are disappointed in him and that they are aware that Franco is not the real ruler of Spain at all, but a stooge for his brother-in-law, Don Ramon Serrano Suñer, minister of government and boss of the Spanish government



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party, *Falange Española Tradicionalista*.

Suñer, close friend of Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, married the sister of Franco's wife. He was educated in the Fascist University of Bologna, in Italy. He is in his early forties, and sold on the Fascist idea. When he speaks or moves, the wires that manipulate him are pulled from Rome and Berlin.

The Power Behind the Dictator

Important neutral diplomats as well as Spaniards told me that if Suñer lives long enough—he is reputed to suffer from tuberculosis—he will be the next dictator of Spain. Don Ramon has the power to obliterate Franco and prevent him from impressing Spaniards with his virtues and splendor. Spaniards call Franco, behind his back, that "pallid olive carved into the likeness of a man." But they respect this Don Ramon, a respect born of fear.

As minister of government he wields an enormous power. Through this ministry he controls the police whose upkeep forms the largest item in the secret budget of the country. Control of the police means control of the private lives of every citizen of the nation.

He is also in control of the ministry for the press and propaganda and thereby determines what Spaniards shall see in the movies, the newsreels, on the stage, read in their newspapers, and what foreign correspondents shall write about the New Spain. Every day, from twenty to thirty per cent of the news that correspondents try to send, already watered down to make it palatable to truth-allergic censors, is spilled down the drain by Suñer's lieutenants.

Suñer fused Franco's Monarchist-Carlist supporters and Traditionalist supporters with the Spanish Fascists and formed *Falange Española Tradicionalista*, whose program is autarchic and mildly corporative and whose economic and political program is directly patterned after that of Italy.

Ciano was partially responsible for the emergence of Spain as a Fascist Corporate State from the war that began as a revolt to restore the House of Bourbon to the throne. Ciano advised Suñer and through Suñer brought pressure on Franco to remember that a dictator must appease the masses to maintain power. This is why Spain still has, under new names—syndicates they call them now—the same labor unions it had before the war began. The old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and

other social legislation of the old Republican regimes is intact.

But Spain needs more than a Suñer or a Franco to lead the country through the difficult period of reconstruction. Spain needs someone who knows the power of forgiveness and can wield its healing effect in a Spain where at least 250,000 and probably 500,000 Reds captured by the victorious Whites are still in jail and concentration camps.

Every day twenty or thirty of them are shot.

They Needed a Lincoln

They needed an Abraham Lincoln or a General Grant when the war ended. They had only a Franco. Spaniards who ought to know told me that he wasn't meant to have been the real leader of the rebellion. More inspiring men such as General José Sanjurjo, General Mola, General Queipo de Llano or young José Antonio Primo de Rivera were to have been the candidates for dictatorship.

Sanjurjo, a lifelong Monarchist, was killed in an airplane crash in Portugal at the beginning of the civil war. Mola died in another plane crash in the middle of the fighting. Queipo de Llano, (Continued on page 55)



One Thing at a Time

By Wallace Stegner

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Treachery to the rescue of a
man with love in his heart—
and too much on his mind

DOWN in the House Rock country they'll tell you a lot of stories about Les Magowan. They'll tell you his tracks were fourteen inches long and eight wide, and that he rode a horse without stirrups, pushing with his feet like he was on a kiddycar, and that he had to duck walking under the plaster-mill flume, which was nine feet off the ground. But there's only one thing to remember about him: He made up his mind to things one at a time, and anything he made up his mind to he did, all except once.

He was that way even when he was a kid. I remember a time I came riding home from school, and about a quarter mile up the canyon road I caught up to Les, hopping on one leg like he was hurt. I thought his pony'd thrown him, so I stopped and says get on, I'd take him home, he couldn't make four miles on a bum leg.

But he just perches there in the trail like a one-legged buzzard on a carcass, and says, "I got to make her. My leg's broke and there ain't any help in thirty miles."

So I see the bug that's biting him, and play I'm all serious and sympathetic. "Hurt you much?" I says.

He leans on a fence post and waggles his head, and his leg dangles from the knee like he don't dare shift it fast, and he says, solemn as an owl, "Just bust your leg sometime and see. But I'll make her. I got to make her. I can't lay out here on the mountain all night." And off he goes hopping again. I look back from the top of the first rise just in time to see him miss a hop and fall down, but he doesn't stick down his leg to help himself. He falls like she's really busted, and lights heavy as a sack of fodder with his foot poked up in the air to keep her from getting bumped.

I told my old man about it that night, and laughed, but my old man didn't laugh. He just sort of nodded. "There's a kid'll amount to something," he says. "He'll get what he goes after. Maybe he ain't got sense enough to know what to go after, but he'll get it, whatever it is."

My old man was right, too. If Les had turned his mind to making money he'd been a millionaire. But he always seemed to get dead set on darn' fool things, like making pets out of mountain lions. He caught four cubs one summer, and tamed them, and when they got big he just turned them loose to roam the ranch. It got so you couldn't go within ten miles of the place, and the neighbors missed so much stock we finally got him to let us shoot them. But that's the kind of thing he'd do. He wanted to be tough as buffalo meat, for some reason. He'd go off on the mountain with one cartridge and a little jerky beef, and stay out till he got the lion or coyote or deer or whatever he went after. Lots of times when he was still a kid I'd see him after work, after he'd worked with a trail herd all day, standing by the sheep wagon muscling rocks to make his arms hard.

Like I say, he did everything he set his mind on, all except once, and that time he was trying to do two things at the same time. You can't say he didn't do what he said he would with that bow and arra, but he should have stuck to one thing or the other.

Up at the herd one day last summer I found Les setting on the ground whittling away at a big, long stick of wood. I ask him what he's doing, and he says he's making a bow and arra. "What for?" I says.

"Getting ready for deer season," he says.

I think to myself this is the nuttiest yet, but I know it doesn't do any good to argue with him. "So you're gonna shoot deer with a bow and arra," I says.

"Indians did," he said, whittling away.

"Yeah," I says, "if the Indians hadn't've used bows and arras they'd still be boss in this country."

"You're really hunting with one of them things," Les says. "You ain't just butchering."

I have to laugh, he's so solemn-serious. "I'll be darned," I says. "Hunting with a bow and arra!"

Les sights along the (Continued on page 58)

Before you could spit Les has let fly two arras at them and the buck has cut into the brush along the wall