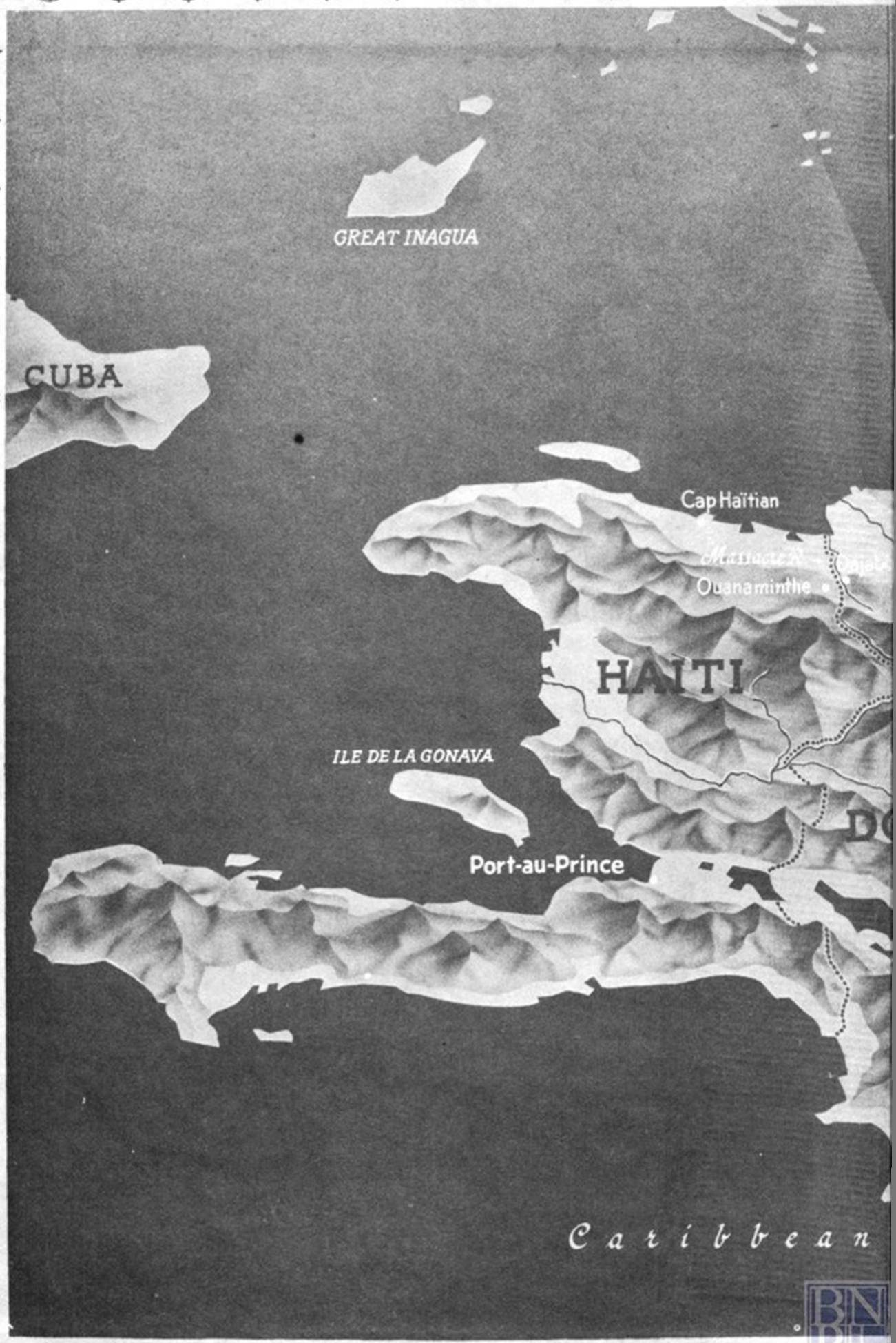
BLOOD IN THE STREETS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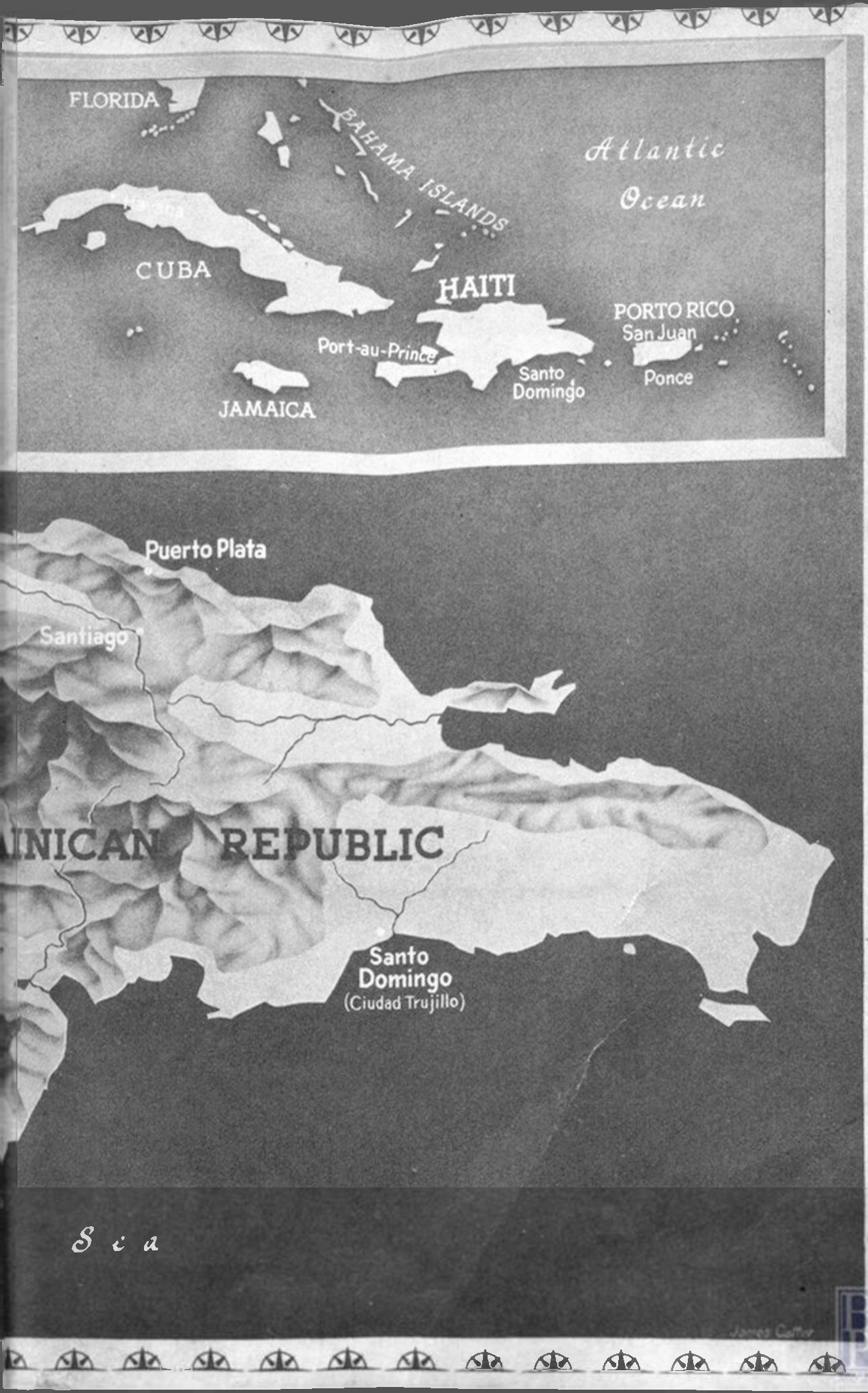
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BLOOD IN THE STREETS

The Life and Rule of Trujillo

by

ALBERT C. HICKS

Introduction by Quentin Reynolds

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INTRODUCTION

EDITORS, of course, are born, not made. A good editor has to have second sight. In 1937 we had such an editor at *Collier's*. His name was William Chenery and he had received his early training in the rough, hurly-burly of Denver newspaper wars. One afternoon he came to me with a short clipping from the New York *Times*. It was a UP story of about six lines and it merely reported that there were rumors of fighting between soldiers of the Dominican Republic and Haitian farmers. The alleged fighting was at the Dominican-Haitian border and some natives had limped into Port-au-Prince with stories that many of their compatriots had been killed.

"There might be a story in this," Chenery said mildly. "Get a plane to Miami. From there you can fly out to Santo Domingo. See Trujillo and then go to Haiti and see Vincent. Try to get to where the trouble is supposed to be. You may find a story there."

"Apparently these are just rumors," I said. "Maybe there's no story there at all."

"That could be," Chenery said, shrugging his shoulders, "but it's worth a try. Besides, it's very cold here in New York. You'll find the weather down there nice.

If there's no story there, we've only wasted a week or so of your time. I guess we can stand that."

So that night I caught a plane to Miami and woke up wondering who in hell Trujillo was. Who was Vincent? I had no idea. Since I had a couple of hours to kill at Miami, I went to the morgue of the Miami *Herald*. Under TRUJILLO I found a Rafael Trujillo, President of Santo Domingo; under VINCENT I got Stenio Vincent, President of Haiti. Then I went to Santo Domingo and the next day found myself lunching with His Excellency, President Rafael Trujillo.

It was a very good meal, which began with cocktails and ended with *Lanson, 1928,* as good a champagne as you'll find in a year of travel. President Trujillo was a handsome, friendly man with copper skin and twinkling eyes. He drank a mighty good glass of wine too. He reminded me a lot of Ernst Roehm, with his hail fellow well met attitude. I asked him about those rumors of trouble at the border. He nodded understandingly and discussed them with what appeared to be great frankness.

"Yes, it is true," he sighed. "A few Haitian farmers crossed the border up north and tried to steal some goats and cattle from our farmers. There was a fight—very regrettable—and several were killed on both sides. Ordinarily, we have only one judge up there in the north. I immediately sent two others to adjudicate the case and see that justice was done. The proceedings are quite open"—he smiled disarmingly—"to representatives of Haiti."

The luncheon broke up in a very friendly atmosphere, and you felt that it only needed someone to start singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" to make it complete. I had just come from Germany and this reminded me very much of the *Bierabende* Putzi Hanfstaengl used to hold for the American press. The atmosphere was so heavy with friendliness that it oppressed you and stuck in your throat. So I left and went to Haiti and two days later stood in the Justinian Hospital at Cap-Haitien. The hospital was bulging with patients and virtually all of them were suffering from knife or machete wounds.

Dr. Anthony Leveque was in charge. "Two weeks ago we had six patients here in the hospital. Two had malaria, three had skin infections. Now? Count them. Something like four hundred, nearly all with bad wounds. There are many times this number in first-aid camps we have established near the border. They were all wounded by Trujillo's soldiers."

"Can you believe their stories?" I asked.

"Many of these men and women are going to die," he said, throwing me a look of contempt. "They know it. They have received the last rites from Father Emil Robert and from our Bishop Jean-Marie Jan. They would not lie."

So I talked to them and they told me then of the things that had happened—things which Bert Hicks discusses in this book. They told me that Trujillo had ordered the massacre of all Haitians who were in Dominican territory. The Haitians were not there illegally.

Each year thousands of them went across the border to cut the sugar cane. And this year Trujillo had ordered his Army to massacre them. Every story was the same. It was a familiar story to one who had just come from Germany. Could you believe the stories? As Dr. Leveque said, you can usually believe people who know that they are going to die.

I went to see Bishop Jean-Marie Jan. He had ordered every Haitian who had escaped to report to him. From each he took an affidavit. The Bishop, Paris-educated, doctor of philosophy, doctor of theology, holder of the Legion of Honor, was a calm, scholarly man.

"If you do not believe that Trujillo gave the order to kill my people, read these affidavits," he said. "When the survivors crossed the Massacre River, which is the border line between our two countries, they were taken care of by Father Robert. He took more than 2,000 affidavits from them. He asked each one, 'How many of your family did you see killed? How many do you know for certain are dead?' Their answers are here in the affidavits. Now, Père Robert is at a small village named Ouanaminthe, and he only saw those who had escaped to his village. Thousands undoubtedly escaped at other points. Our border is a long one. Read the affidavits. Here, take a handful of them. I have copies."

I took about a thousand of them and read them. There was no disagreement even in detail. You knew that this had been an organized massacre by an army. It was no spontaneous uprising. Trujillo, following the Hitler pattern, had found his whipping boy. With Hit-

ler it was the Jew; with Trujillo it was the Haitian. There was little that Haiti could do about it. I saw President Stenio Vincent, who had been a poet.

"What can we do?" He shrugged helpless shoulders. "We are not a warlike people."

He was right. The Jews weren't warlike people either, yet Hitler destroyed some 2,000,000 of them. Trujillo only killed between 15,000 and 20,000 Haitians. The ravines where their bodies were dropped are deep, and now the heavy foliage has grown over whatever is left of the corpses.

This is merely one incident in the life of suave, smiling Rafael Trujillo, whose best friend in this country was Hamilton Fish. Bert Hicks tells the story of the border massacre in detail. He also shows how thoroughly corrupt and ruthless this dictator was long before those murders, and how consistently rotten he has been ever since.

Hicks decided to investigate Trujillo, fact and legend, after listening to and examining lots of terrifyingly one-sided evidence against the dictator. A good newspaperman and reporter, he maintained a healthy and objective suspicion about Trujillo until he had collected considerable first-hand stuff. He interviewed friends and enemies of Trujillo in Puerto Rico, Haiti, the United States, and elsewhere. In a short time he became known, as he still is, to Trujillo's Gestapo. And he finally decided that he couldn't be objective about Trujillo any longer.

For Hicks had found a dangerous political gangster.

He tells us how Trujillo started off as a village tough and cattle thief and slugged his way to the Presidency of a once respectable republic. After that Rafael's henchmen strutted about in international parleys and finally got a lot of Americans to believe that the President of the Dominican Republic was a great humanitarian. One of the most fascinating parts of this book tells how Trujillo's Government offered refuge in the small Caribbean nation to the European victims of Franco and Hitler. But Hicks tells the rest of the story here. What looked like humanitarianism was just another racket. Many of the refugees paid fantastic black market prices to Trujillo's hirelings for Dominican visas.

It's true that Trujillo's Government was one of the first to declare war on Germany after the United States was in the shooting part of the war. But Hicks shows how Trujillo made a good thing for himself of that too. He also shows that this same alleged enemy of the Axis harbored German spies in his domain right up to the time it declared war.

There's absorbing material about Ham Fish in this book too. The former New York congressman once denounced Trujillo as a monster, but later wound up as an honored guest in Santo Domingo and a business associate of its boss.

Trujillo has always had enemies in the United States. One of these, Bert Hicks points out, apparently became so troublesome that Trujillo had him rubbed out right in New York City.

Hicks says Trujillo wants to control all of Haiti and has ideas about getting Puerto Rico into his orbit. That isn't speculation and it should be listened to carefully. For obviously Hicks sees Trujillo as something more than a two-bit Latin-American dictator. That is as it should be.

This is the first unsubsidized life of Trujillo. It makes exciting reading—if you have a strong stomach.

This book is important. A dictator three thousand miles away got us into the most horrible war in history. Santo Domingo is a lot closer, and a charming, friendly eyed dictator named Trujillo has been in the driver's seat down there for more than fifteen years. Maybe this book will make his seat less secure.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PREFACE

WHEN the subject for a biography is in his grave, perhaps for several decades, perhaps for a couple or more centuries, writing about him is a matter of interpreting the recordings of history and of searching out new material.

Invariably a writer is inspired to do the biography of a living person because of a prejudice in favor of or against his subject. I am prejudiced against my subject. I would rather it were otherwise, but my feelings in the matter are beyond my control. Despite my prejudices, however, I can say, with equal honesty, that I did not first consider this task and later plunge into it because I had any ax to grind. The facts of the case alone prejudiced me.

I am not a Dominican. I have no relatives who are Dominicans. None of my ancestors was a Dominican. I am an American, born in Chicago of American parents, who were in turn born in America of American parents.

I have no financial interests in Santo Domingo, directly or indirectly. Rafael Trujillo has personally never harmed me, nor has he harmed anyone that I ever knew personally prior to the first day I started

the investigations that led to the writing of this book.

A biographer approaching a subject long dead delves into archives and comes up out of the delving with a well-drawn character in his mind. Frankly, I have simply let the facts draw the character of Rafael Trujillo, adding, parenthetically, my own interpretations. My only preconceived picture of the dictator and tyrant of Santo Domingo before settling down to record his life, was that of one of the greatest criminals in modern history. As the book worked itself out, as the facts went down on paper, my first opinion grew, and what interested me doubly is that the man is not only very much alive at the time of this writing, but he is my neighbor, your neighbor, the neighbor of everyone living in the Americas. He is only a few hours away from New York by air. His activities constitute important sections of the current history of the United States, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and other neighbors. As for unfortunate Haiti, its current history is necessarily an integral part of any study of Trujillo.

Three biographies of Trujillo had been published when I started this one. All are worthless. The best of the three seriously suggests that Trujillo be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. This inspiration came to the writer less than two years after Trujillo ordered some 15,000 Haitians slaughtered. Obviously, I could not look to these biographies for more than dates and figures.

I began my investigations in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

I was working there on an English-language newspaper, the *World-Journal*. Like many Americans I had heard of this fabulous dictator of Santo Domingo, and I started asking questions. The more questions I asked the more interested I became. The first person to inspire me to see the investigation through was Bill O'Reilly who teaches literature at the University of Puerto Rico and who, at that time, was also a columnist for the *World-Journal*. Bill has been around those parts for well over a quarter of a century, and with his vast knowledge of all things pertaining to the Greater Antilles section of the Caribbean, has learned to look with considerable disfavor upon Rafael Trujillo. As a result, my early meanderings were entirely with the anti-Trujillistas.

Bill gave me a number of leads; and one led to a hot tip that there was a big news story in Haiti. This was in May of 1945. I hopped a plane, landed in Port-au-Prince, and without realizing it at the time, found myself plunged into the life of Trujillo.

When the plane stopped at Ciudad Trujillo, I was promptly set upon by Trujillo's immigration officers who announced that they must examine my passport. Whereupon I became slightly suspicious, for I knew that Trujillo's spies crawl through San Juan, and despite an effort to make the journey in secrecy I wondered whether the facts hadn't got out. When I learned a couple of days later that examining passports of transients in that manner was a somewhat irregular procedure, I suspected the worst and was soon to find out

that my suspicions were well founded. From the moment I set foot in Port-au-Prince my every movement had been watched by Gontran Rouzier's spies. Rouzier, as Haiti's Minister of Interior, headed the Army and the secret service, and was President Lescot's most trusted watchdog.

I had the names of half a dozen or so persons to see, some of whom, on our first meeting, opened up and either poured out considerable information or led me to other sources. Each time we would arrange a second meeting, but by that time one of Rouzier's representatives had always reached my informant and completely sealed his lips. Finally Rouzier got around to trying to seal mine.

One fine tropical morning I found myself facing Rouzier across his desk in his gloomy office on the main floor of the Interior building. Rouzier knew I had made reservations on a Government plane to Cap-Haitien and he was hell-bent on finding out the name of the person there whom I wanted to see. He was equally determined that I should not get there. He exploded, pleaded, threatened and cussed, but got no name or other information from me. He did get one lie. He asked, "Out of all the people you've seen you learned nothing, have you?" I assured him I had not—but what else could I do but lie? He warned me not to leave Port-au-Prince for the interior. However, several days later I managed to line up an automobile and a driver and made for the interior, though not to Cap-Haitien, for I could not risk exposing another

person to the wrath of Minister Rouzier. Where I went into the interior, and with whom I talked, I cannot set down in this book, but the trip got some results.

Meanwhile, too, I was getting more information in Port-au-Prince, and it all added up to a story. The story appeared on June 6 in *PM*, the New York daily. Considering that I was pressed for time in Haiti, not to mention that I was somewhat harassed by Rouzier and his corps of spies, I was not very much surprised later to discover I had made one mistake in my reporting of the facts. I stated in my *PM* story that in 1932 Haiti gave land to Trujillo, whereas the facts were that Santo Domingo gave land to Haiti in 1935. Actually, as this book will show, the truth is somewhat more sinister than the mistaken report. There was no official denial of any other part of my *PM* story, although I was officially banned from Haiti for life.

What I found in Haiti was a horrible indictment of Trujillo and his reign of terror. I pleaded for help to Haiti. Trujillo could not attack me through his own Dominican-controlled newspapers and hope to get results, but he forced Haiti to take action against me. On June 25 the Haiti *Journal* gave over the whole of its front page, along with banner headlines, to denouncing me for the purpose of appeasing Trujillo. They said I was an agent provocateur, and they proceeded to prove this by the supposed fact that I used a pseudonym. This is important because herein is the proof that the story was forced upon the editor of the Haiti *Journal*—whom I saw on two occasions—for it

was Rouzier who asked to see my credentials, and in looking at them said, "On this your name is Bert Hicks, on your passport it says Albert C. Hicks." I explained that I wrote under the name of Bert Hicks. But the author of the *Journal* story knew nothing about my passport carrying one name and my San Juan police card another. As for Rouzier, he had the *Journal* make the most of it. And Rouzier was acting on orders that originally came from Trujillo. Trujillo's orders quite apparently included the demand that the Government officially bar me from their beautiful country. If the action was taken independently it was still a sop to the Dominican dictator, for it is all too obvious that it was Trujillo I had harmed, and the people of Haiti, if not their President, had benefited.

Shortly after the story appeared in the Haiti *Journal,* Trujillo had his representatives in Latin American countries, in most cases consuls, make a translation of the original into Spanish (in Haiti the language is French) and plant the story with every possible newspaper, especially those over which he had gained a direct or indirect control. He even tried to have an English translation planted in New York, but without success.

I have gone into a brief outline of my experiences in Haiti for it was there that I fully realized the impact of such a man as Rafael Trujillo, and from that time on I took my search for the facts as a major undertaking which in time might give birth to a book.

Also, the *PM* story referred to, followed in good

time by another in the same paper and several in the *World-Journal,* brought me more Dominican connections. Above all, they put me in direct contact with both the Dominican underground and Trujillo's representatives.

I do not know the exact number of Dominicans in the Caribbean and in New York with whom I have discussed the situation in Santo Domingo, but among them were Trujillo admirers as well as enemies.

I am especially indebted to the help I received from Dr. Angel Morales and Oscar Michelena in Puerto Rico, and also from M. M. Morillo, Trujillo's consul-general in San Juan, and Felix Benitez Rexach with whom I corresponded.

Morillo called on me twice in the offices of the *World-Journal.* Both times he made blanket denials of stories I had written on events in Santo Domingo. Not only did he talk with me, but he presented Bill Dorvillier, the editor, with a letter which he asked to be printed, and was. In it he said: "I can assure you most categorically that the incidents reported in your paper are *completely* false and can only have existed in the imagination . . ." Among the facts Señor Morillo called completely false was the story of Moises Franco's imprisonment. A couple of weeks later I received a letter from Benitez Rexach, dated June 5 (he meant July 5), 1945 and postmarked Ciudad Trujillo. Attached to the letter was a clipping from Trujillo's newspaper *La Nacion,* saying that Moises Franco had been released from prison. The letter included an invi-

tation to come to Ciudad Trujillo as the guest of Benitez Rexach, who is one of General Trujillo's most trusted representatives and, incidentally, an American citizen. In my reply I said that I would be only too glad to come but that I must be allowed to ask questions freely, and as that is wholly impossible within Trujillo's Santo Domingo, I was not surprised when the invitation was withdrawn. I did not say anything in the letter about Trujillo's consul maintaining Franco had never been imprisoned.

As for Dr. Morales and Señor Michelena, the contributions they made to this book will become apparent in the reading of it. Later, I saw Dr. Morales in New York quite frequently, and through him met many exiled Dominicans. Among them I am especially indebted to Antonio Borrell, Dr. Gerardo Ellis Cambiaso, and his daughter, Miss Esperanza Ellis, Miguel Angel Ramirez, and Manuel Bernier. There are others, but some of them cannot be mentioned because Trujillo's spies have long been after them. Some are still living in Santo Domingo, others are in exile. There are Americans, too, who provided me with valuable material, and for good reason their names must be withheld.

For assistance on the chapter about refugees invited to Santo Domingo I am especially indebted to Margaret D. Finley of the staff of the Council for Pan American Democracy. I also wish to thank Fernando Gerassi, a Spaniard who worked for a time in the Dominican embassy in Paris and helped to arrange for

the immigration of several thousand Spanish Republicans to Santo Domingo. I had a long talk with him in his apartment in New York.

Newspaper and magazine files were resorted to, of course. The publications I referred to are published in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and the United States, but due to Trujillo's censorship, the newspapers could help me only in tracing Trujillo's activities outside his country. Throughout the now-in, now-out dictatorial regime in Argentina, newspapers in the United States could keep their readers informed of events in Argentina with stories carrying Buenos Aires datelines. Even the newsreels showed shots of democratic Argentinians parading in demonstrations against the dictatorial reign of the Army colonels. This is impossible within Trujillo's Dominican Republic. No story not to his complete liking is allowed on the wires or goes through the mails, with the result that none has ever appeared in a newspaper outside Santo Domingo carrying a Ciudad Trujillo or Ciudad Santo Domingo dateline. As for the parade, not to mention the filming of it for circulation throughout the world, that could never happen in Trujillo's Santo Domingo. Before the participants in such a parade could assemble, the leaders would be shot, poisoned, garroted or otherwise put suddenly to death, and their followers would be jailed and tortured and warned against entertaining thoughts of any further demonstrations or plots against the Government.

I have also had access to the excellent review of

Trujillo's regime up until 1936 which appeared in the Foreign Policy Association Reports in the April 15, 1936 issue. This study was written by Charles A. Thompson "with the aid of the Research Staff of the Foreign Policy Association." I found it a valuable source of information.

I am greatly indebted to *Collier's* for Quentin Reynolds' story of the Haitian massacre, the best, from the Haitian side of Massacre River, to be recorded. My coverage of the massacre was from Trujillo's side of the border, and my observations, along with Reynolds' excellent account of the happenings in Haiti and the results of the massacre there, gave me an over-all picture of the sanguinary events. Reynolds' story was also valuable in verifying dates, figures and other material.

I have not used, by any means, all the stories I have heard about Rafael Trujillo, Trujillo's brothers, family and henchmen. Many of them I found interesting and entertaining, but bordering on gossip. People from the United States visiting Puerto Rico tell all kinds of stories about Trujillo. But Puerto Rican natives live in fear of Trujillo and don't talk much about him. For the Dominican dictator's spies are everywhere throughout the country, along with his money.

For that matter, there are Trujillo spies and Trujillo money about everywhere in the Western Hemisphere where there is anti-Trujillo activity.

ALBERT C. HICKS

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I

THE "CYNICAL" MOVEMENT

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1930, just after twilight in Santiago, metropolis of the north and second city of the Dominican Republic, Nacle Nazar's garage in the heart of the business section was crowded with men milling about the purring and snorting engines of several trucks. Outside many more trucks waited in the now almost wholly deserted street. Soon the men emerged, followed by the trucks which formed a long single file with those already on the street. Armed with rifles and other weapons, the men got into the trucks at the head of the column, while the rest of the four hundred or so loaded on to the remaining vehicles or prepared to accompany the convoy on foot. Seated in an automobile parked near the entrance to the garage and watching the proceedings intently was a short, slender politico with buck teeth, Rafael Estrella Ureña, who hoped that the events of the next few hours would ultimately make him President of the Dominican Republic.

A bombastic orator and ambitious politician, Estrella had three years before organized the Republican Party and had gained a sizable following in his home town of Santiago. But he had succeeded in finding few followers outside of that city. The national elections were to be held on May 16, less than three months away, and Estrella knew that unless he did more than campaign in the usual manner he wouldn't have a chance against President Horacio Vasquez who was up for re-election.

A coup d'état might, however, do what free elections never could, and with the support of the Army the chances of success were better than even. Estrella was banking on just that, for he had talked it over and made appropriate arrangements with the Army chief, General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, the dark, fairly tall man with the not unhandsome face, with the black hair—later it was to become attractively gray—the "bedroom eyes," as a newspaperwoman from the United States once described them, and the engaging smile—Rafael turns it on and off at will—which has deceived so many men and enthralled so many women. Estrella was well acquainted with this gentleman, his warped mentality and his long criminal record.

The Government troops under Trujillo were concentrated within two sixteenth-century fortresses, San Luis on the outskirts of Santiago, and Ozama in Ciudad Santo Domingo, the capital. Estrella's first objective was San Luis.

His followers, moving up in trucks and on foot, con-

gregated about the main entrance to San Luis. Those with guns quickly spent their magazines, shooting bullets harmlessly into the thick stone walls and into the air. From within came a great volley of shots, but the guns were all aimed well over the heads of Estrella's little band of revolutionists. As per schedule, on orders from Trujillo, the gates of the fortress were thrown open and Estrella triumphantly made his entrance.

Immediately word went out to Ciudad Santo Domingo that San Luis fortress had fallen to Estrella's rebels "after a fight." After the coup d'état the Army could collect all the weapons in the hands of civilians.

Shortly after midnight Estrella's men, all in civilian clothes, were ready for their march on the capital. The trucks they had started out with were now augmented by Army trucks from San Luis and, packed with men, the great caravan of rebels set out on the 110-mile trip to the capital, which they expected to make by dawn.

The early reports had failed to terrorize the Government. This loud-mouthed Santiago politico, Estrella Ureña, and his band of rebels! Why, the Government's Army would cut them down and imprison them before they could get near the capital, thought the men around President Vasquez.

Early in the morning of the 23rd President Vasquez sent for his Army chief, General Trujillo. The general, at his headquarters in Ozama fortress, sent word he was very ill, and confined to his bed. It was then that Vasquez' close advisers warned that Trujillo was in all probability a traitor and the man behind Estrella.

Vasquez had cause to believe them. On January 6 he had returned to Santo Domingo from Baltimore, where, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, he had undergone an operation for removal of a kidney. Accompanying him back was his Minister to Washington, Dr. Angel Morales, a young man not yet forty and one of the President's closest confidants.

They were immediately told of what appeared to be the makings of a plot against the Government. The informants were José Dolores Alfonseca, the Vice President and an intellectual who was considered the brains of the Administration, and Señora Vasquez' nephew, the Secretary of the Treasury, Martin D. Moya.

Trujillo, they told the President, had been transporting arms and ammunition from the Ozama fortress to San Luis. It appeared, they added, that a plot to overthrow the Government was being hatched.

At this point Vasquez blundered. He knew Trujillo to be a physical and moral coward, and he did not believe the general would ever have the courage to act. He also knew him to be unpopular with his own Army officers and, not knowing then that Estrella Ureña was plotting with Trujillo, the President did not think his Army chief could get any political support.

At the time Vasquez was confined to his bed in the spacious two-story presidential home. He listened carefully to the accusations and then called for Morales.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will retire to another room and in the presence of General Trujillo and

Angel Morales repeat your charges. Morales will act as judge."

At the meeting held in Morales' room on the second floor, the two men unexpectedly refused to repeat their charges, and in the end, the four men were called before Vasquez in his sickbed.

"Mr. President," said Trujillo, solemnly, "I give you my word of honor these charges are false. I am loyal to you and the Government. I could not be otherwise."

And now, several weeks later, with the Estrella uprising he helped prepare in full swing, came the order from the President to confer with him about the revolt with which Trujillo had vigorously denied having had any connection, but which had come off, just as predicted. The general had no choice but to stay away from Vasquez. So he sat down and wrote out a message, informing his superior that he was sick, confined to his quarters, and unable to come to the capital.

That didn't work. A message from President Vasquez was soon delivered, saying that if the general could not come to the President, the President would come to the general. A meeting was urgent. Trujillo also learned that a caravan of automobiles was approaching the fortress. The President and members of his cabinet were in the leading car, while the passengers in those following were influential citizens who were in sympathy with the Government.

"Allow only the President's car to enter the fortress," the general commanded.

As ordered, only the President's car was allowed within the fortress.

Trujillo contrived to look pitifully ill.

Vasquez came immediately to the point. "What is the situation?" he asked.

"Desperate," answered Trujillo. "It is very bad. The country is in chaos. But I am yours to command. Depend upon me, Mr. President."

Whether Vasquez believed in Trujillo's loyalty at that moment is not known. He probably made himself believe in it, for he had no choice. He was without proof of the general's plotting and even if he had had the proof, it was now too late to order him arrested.

The two conferred for a short time and it was decided to send a company of well-armed soldiers to meet Estrella's forces. At the President's request Colonel José Alfonseca—no relation to Vice President Alfonseca—was called in to take command of the forces that were to be sent out. Trujillo then barked out further instructions. A trusted captain was to be second-in-command of the 200 troops who were to meet Estrella's revolutionists and destroy or imprison them. Vasquez then returned to the presidential home.

The soldiers were about to leave Ozama fortress when Trujillo called the captain aside. "Captain," he said, "I know I can trust you. See to it that your company never meets Estrella Ureña. If it should, shoot Alfonseca and return immediately with your men to the fortress."

Immediately after the company set out it became

apparent to the colonel that his captain had orders different from those given him. His suspicions grew, for he also knew General Trujillo. So to save his own life, which he was now certain was in peril, he pretended to be unable to locate Estrella and returned to the fortress without having done battle in defense of the Government. At a somewhat later date, Colonel Alfonseca was obliged to flee Santo Domingo for his life and is now in exile in Venezuela.

Early in the morning the forces of Estrella Ureña entered Ciudad Santo Domingo and President Vasquez with his staff immediately sought refuge in the American legation.

As the now fully armed rebels entered the city, they fired into the air, and commandeered one Government building after another while Trujillo's Government troops remained within Ozama.

Late that day Estrella Ureña met with Horacio Vasquez in the American legation. Present also were the members of the President's cabinet. The first to resign was Dr. Alfonseca, Vice President. The second was Sergio Bencosme, the Minister of the Interior. The resignations were demanded in that order by Estrella, who was acting on the advice of the wily Trujillo, and for an excellent reason. Vasquez was then asked to name a new Minister of the Interior. He named Angel Morales. The rebels refused to accept Morales. An unknown voice was heard:

"Name Estrella Ureña or General Trujillo."

The voice was speaking on instructions. At that

point American Minister Charles B. Curtiss took a hand. He strongly advised Vasquez to comply.

So Vasquez named Estrella Ureña Minister of the Interior in preference to Trujillo, and, as planned, signed his own resignation as President. According to the Dominican constitution, the Vice President succeeds the President in the event of a vacancy, and if that post is not filled, the Minister of the Interior becomes President.

So Estrella Ureña became President.

Meanwhile, Rafael Trujillo remained behind his fortress walls, watching developments. But he soon went into action. He ordered his soldiers to gather in all the arms and ammunition in the hands of Estrella's civilian army. He also announced his candidacy for President in the coming May elections.

Estrella Ureña had called his rebellion a *"civico"* (civilian) movement. As the people watched Trujillo gathering arms and ammunition for the election campaign, the movement came to be known as the *"cinico"* (cynical) movement.

II

GUNS AND BALLOTS

THE period between February 23 and May 16 was not one for subtle intrigue, and no one knew this better than Rafael Trujillo, candidate for President.

Trujillo's running mate, the candidate for Vice President, was the earnest politico of Santiago, the Provisional President, Rafael Estrella Ureña, who was taking second honors through no choice of his own and who was to live to resent it, and to show his resentment.

Meanwhile the democrats outside the country were hurrying home to join in the unification of forces dedicated to bring the general's political career to an early end and to save their country from a tyrant.

The *Partido Nacional,* the former President's party, and the *Partido Progresista,* whose chief was Federico Velasquez Hernandez, joined forces to make certain of an overwhelming majority on election day. Velasquez was named their candidate for President, and Angel Morales, who had promptly resigned as Minister to

Washington upon the fall of Vasquez, their candidate for Vice President.

And then came the fireworks . . .

A popular slogan at the time was *No puede ser* (It cannot be), referring, of course, to Trujillo and his bid for power. The general, however, knew otherwise.

Trujillo immediately announced his party's platform. It promised freedom for all, improved health measures, improved finances, more jobs and better jobs for all.

Trujillo also denounced the Horacio Vasquez Government as a dictatorship. "Above all," he cried, "I am against dictators . . ."

Whereupon a squad of Trujillo executioners, their faces smeared with burnt cork, turned their guns upon Virgilio Martinez Reyna, one of the country's leading poets and the opposition leader in Santiago. The murder took place high up in the mountains, in the poet's summer residence at San José de las Matas. The gunmen broke down the latched door, poured bullets into Martinez Reyna, slashed his body, severed the nose from the face. When the victim's young and pregnant wife came suddenly upon the scene, a gun was turned upon her. She was shot twice in the abdomen and died the next day.

News of the murder of Martinez had hardly got out when shots erased Moncito Matos, the leader of Trujillo's opposition in the province of Barahona. The opposition chief in the province of Moca, Elisio Esteves, was promptly removed in the same manner.

So was Juan Paredes, opposition leader in San Francisco de Macoris province.

Despite the glowing promises to workers, labor was against Trujillo. Members of the chauffeurs' union one day made the rounds of Ciudad Santo Domingo, holding rallies in plazas and at street corners. They wound up in Independence Park where they distributed leaflets carrying the headline: "Trujillo the Cattle Thief." The rally in the park had just ended when a detachment of soldiers, in uniform and fully armed with submachine guns, appeared. These worthies were under the command of the then Captain Joaquin Coco, now a wealthy civilian. The guns were turned upon the chauffeurs, there followed the dit-dit-dit-dit sound of machine gun cartridges exploding, and a score of men, several of them dead, crumpled to the ground.

Monte Cristy is a northern Dominican town near the Haitian border. One day the leaders of the opposition, Angel Morales, the Vice-Presidential candidate, José Dolores Alfonseca, the former Vice President, Martin de Moya, the former Secretary of the Treasury, and Pedro Ricart, the former Secretary of Public Health, arrived in the city for a campaign rally. The rally, which was to be held in the public square, came to a sudden halt because Trujillo's soldiers appeared and pointed their guns at the crowd. The guns won out over free speech, the speakers suddenly finding themselves without an audience.

The opposition leaders started back to the capital. Shortly after the three automobiles in which they were

traveling had passed through Santiago, they were ambushed by soldiers hiding in canals on either side of the road.

At this point Trujillo came close to winning the elections by physically wiping out virtually all of the opposition leaders. After the first shot was heard the drivers of the cars pressed their accelerators to the floorboards, and all three motors sang out above the whine of flying bullets. All three automobiles were riddled and two of the occupants of one of the ambushed cars, Ricart and Moya, had their clothing pierced, but miraculously there were no casualties.

In the Dominican Republic at that time there was a Central Electoral Committee consisting of a representative of each party and a non-party man, to supervise and control orderly, free elections. Velasquez daily made formal complaints to the committee against Trujillo's campaign tactics. The committee, including Trujillo's supporter, fully realizing the situation was well beyond their control, resigned in protest against Trujillo's violence. It was then up to Congress to appoint a new committee. But since members of Congress were lame ducks left over from the Vasquez regime, Trujillo had the Acting President, Dr. Jacinto B. Peynado (Estrella having taken a leave of absence to run for Vice President) force through an "emergency" decree allowing the President to name the members of the Central Electoral Committee. Whereupon the opposition entered a petition in the court of the city of El Seybo calling this newly introduced electoral

procedure unconstitutional. One Judge Heliberto Nunez declared for the plaintiffs, and the Government (Trujillo, in other words) took the case to the Court of Appeals in Ciudad Santo Domingo. The higher court upheld the original findings.

Under the law, the secretary to the court must read its decision aloud in a courtroom open to the public. The decision had been reached and made public the day before the reading was to take place. There was much rejoicing in the camp of Trujillo's opposition. An honest electoral committee could now be named and could be counted on to take action against Trujillo for his reign of terror. There was some hope now that the Dominicans could go to the polls and vote for candidates of their own choosing.

Dominicans, anxious to hear the details of the higher court's decision, crowded the courtroom. The secretary rose to read from the papers he held in his hand. Suddenly his hand began to tremble. From the rear of the courtroom, several men suddenly appeared, submachine guns in their hands. There was a wild scramble for the exits and the court was unceremoniously adjourned, the judges' decision never becoming law.

Velasquez, Morales and other leaders of the opposition party hurriedly held a meeting. They decided that there could be nothing faintly resembling a free election. Their candidates, Velasquez and Morales, then formally announced they would withdraw rather than participate in the inevitable farce.

On May 16, election day, Trujillo's soldiers were in

charge of the polls. And each officer was in receipt of a command—in code—to shoot anyone, on the spot, who might have the audacity to cast a vote for any now non-existent opposition candidate. Few voters went to the polls, and there was no shooting. Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina and his running mate, Rafael Estrella Ureña, were elected without opposition.

But it was a general election: mayors and deputies and senators and governors of provinces were being elected, and in some cases anti-Trujillo candidates were actually chosen. The general, now the President, handled that situation with dispatch. Wherever such absurd blunders were made by voters, names were erased and the "proper" names substituted.

There was other work before the victory could be called complete. The candidate who opposed Trujillo in the elections, Federico Velasquez Hernandez, was forthwith thrown into prison. His running mate, Angel Morales, was smuggled out of the country on June 16, going by boat to Puerto Rico. The following day, Velasquez, released from prison, was sent into exile, going by plane, also to Puerto Rico, where he died four years later. Scores of others were murdered and imprisoned.

III

BIRTH OF A TYRANT

DURING the latter half of the last century the island of Cuba was torn with strife and terror, plots and counter-plots, as the people fought among themselves and against the Government of Spain. Few leading citizens of Havana could escape becoming involved in a cabal, either with the rebels or against the rebels, and a Government employee, no matter what his capacity, could only survive by his wits, a quick trigger-finger and a flare for handling the knife.

Obviously, then, only a right tough hombre could function long as a member of Havana's police force. This, José Trujillo Monagas, grandfather of the future President of Santo Domingo, not only managed to do, but he functioned with such a superior efficiency that he rose to the rank of captain of the police. He reigned supreme over the *Cuatro Caminos* section of the Cuban capital, and his high office brought him countless perquisites. But he must have lived high, higher than his abnormal income allowed, or perhaps he simply could

not resist the temptation of gathering in more money. Whatever the cause, he got involved in a robbery of considerable proportions and was finally obliged to flee Cuba.

He went directly to Santo Domingo and installed himself in that nation's capital. Ciudad Santo Domingo at that time was a popular rendezvous for exiled Cuban revolutionists who were still plotting war against Spain.

Trujillo Monagas met with hardships here. Without office or social position, there was no graft ripe for his plucking. Revolutionary activities provided no outlet for his irrepressible will to lawlessness. So Trujillo Monagas made contact with the Spanish authorities and offered to spy on the exiled Cuban revolutionists in Santo Domingo. But Trujillo Monagas as a spy lacked the efficiency he had shown as police officer in Havana. The revolutionists soon learned of the one-time police captain's new activities and forced him to take to the hills, to the quiet recesses of farmlands and isolated settlements. He finally got to the town of San Cristobal, 30 kilometers to the west, a considerable and safe distance in those days.

In the town of San Cristobal there lived one Silveria Valdez, a mulatto who kept a small boarding house. José took a room there and settled down to remain for some time. He evidently found Silveria attractive. She probably was, since her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, most of them alive today, are also pleasant to look at. At any rate, she soon gave birth to a son by Trujillo. He was christened José, Jr., but was known

as Pepito. And it was in this manner that the father of the present dictator of the Dominican Republic was born.

What finally happened to Pepito's father is not known. As for Silveria, she moved back and forth between the neighboring town of Bani and San Cristobal, and being a lady of considerable talents, managed to win for herself a niche in Dominican history.

At a later date, while Silveria was still alive—she lived to be 105—a novel appeared called "Engracia y Antonita," by Gregorio Billini, a former President of the Republic. In it Silveria masquerades under the fictional name of Candelaria Ozam.

From 1883 to 1899 a tyrannical dictator by the name of Ulises Heureaux ruled Santo Domingo. Helping him into power and helping to keep him there was Silveria Valdez.

A gang of five notorious professional murderers in the southwestern part of the country took orders from Silveria. In her home in San Cristobal they would gather for sanguinary plots and instructions. Among their victims was a famous political leader by the name of Antonio Guerrero.

Meanwhile Pepito, Silveria's natural son, had found a wife, Julia Molina, an innocent, naive country girl of San Cristobal. Julia's parents were Pedro Molina, an apparently highly reputable Dominican, and Luisa Ercina Chevalier de Molina, an intelligent, attractive daughter of a miscegenetic union. Luisa Ercina's mother was one Leonor, better known as Diyetta Che-

valier, a lady with a penchant for Haitian officers. Diyetta had married twice and each marriage had produced a son. There followed another Haitian Army officer, a Turene Carrie. They never married but she bore him a daughter, Luisa Ercina, Rafael's maternal grandmother.

Pedro Molina remained on the scene little longer than was necessary to conceive Rafael Trujillo's mother. Julia was born after the death of her father. Her mother did not remain long a widow, taking as her second husband, one Juan Pablo Pina. And in good time the former Luisa Ercina Chevalier brought into the world two fabulous sons who were to play major roles in the life of Rafael. The first was Plinio Pina Chevalier, who is today an official attaché of the Dominican embassy in Washington, but who is in reality the dictator's personal representative in the United States, a job calling for considerable diplomatic prestidigitation. Most of his time is spent in New York, where he lives at the Ansonia Hotel on upper Broadway. The other son was Teódulo Pina Chevalier.

Julia's husband made a dubious living in and about San Cristobal. She bore him seven sons and four daughters. Their first child was a son, Virgilio. Then came Rafael. Their other sons they named Arismendi, later known as Petan, Romeo, who came to be known as Pipi, and Anibal, Pedro and Hector. Hector, whose dark skin reflected the Negro blood of his grandparents, came to be called El Negro. The daughters were

named Marina, Nieve Luisa, Japonesa (Spanish for Japanese), and Julieta.

This mixture of blood, and especially the fact that Julia Molina is mainly of Haitian origin, is of inestimable importance in this recording of the life of Rafael Trujillo. As a dictator he has proved himself a blancophile, bending his every effort towards populating his country with whites at the expense of the blacks, and he has carried on a steady program of provoking the Haitians, butchering them and stealing their lands. Had Ercina Chevalier not been Rafael's maternal grandmother, and had she lived in 1937 in the town of San Cristobal and had Julia Molina not been his mother, Rafael Trujillo would probably have had them both murdered, just as he did some 15,000 other Haitians.

Yet one cannot come to the quick conclusion that Trujillo's hatred of the Negroes is the direct result of his having Negro blood in his veins, although it may well be a contributing factor. More important, perhaps, is the fact that Trujillo knows that Dominicans can be aroused on the color question because they remember that Haitians occupied Santo Domingo for over thirty years early in the last century. That is further in the past than the American Civil War, but still a sore spot. A brief résumé of Dominican history may prove helpful here.

When Columbus discovered the island of Hispaniola in 1492, that part of it which was to become the Domin-

ican Republic was called Quisqueya (Mother of All Lands) by the Indians then inhabiting the island. Santo Domingo is thus the oldest white settlement in the New World. Later the same year, Columbus came upon that part of the island now known as Haiti. The Spaniards who followed Columbus preferred to settle in the eastern part of the island, and from Santo Domingo City along the banks of the Ozama River and near the river's mouth, which opens out into the sea, fanned out until they occupied two-thirds of Hispaniola.

In 1502 one Bartolomé de las Casas brought the first Negro slaves to Santo Domingo to replace the Indian slaves. The Indians had treated the white invaders of their land as guests. Although they directed the white men to the island's riches and provided them with food and shelter, the Indians were rewarded by being made slaves.

Bartolomé was deeply troubled by this exhibition of white greed and ingratitude. He said, "The Negroes have no souls," and with that he introduced black men from Africa as slaves to replace the Indians. But upon getting to know the Negroes, he quickly changed his mind about them and became the first man of the New World to fight slavery. Being a man of considerable influence, his efforts were not without some success. Although he was unable to bring an immediate end to slavery, he did succeed in halting the slave traffic to Santo Domingo, and what had promised to be a great influx of Negroes was brought to an early demise.

Meanwhile, along the eastern shores of the island the French were settling upon the lands the Spaniards had neglected for Santo Domingo. They had no scruples about slavery. They wanted slaves to work the rich soil and build great plantations, and they imported them from Africa in enormous numbers.

While the French of Haiti were importing Negro slaves and building a highly profitable colony, the Spaniards of Santo Domingo emphasized other things. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Santo Domingo City came to be known as the cradle of New World civilization. The first university in the Western Hemisphere was founded there. Spanish artists and intellectuals came to the new nation. Architects erected beautiful cathedrals and churches and public buildings, and a great wall to protect their civilization from pirates. Much of the wall and its entrance still stand.

Around the middle of the century the Spaniards began to hear of newly found riches in Peru and Mexico, and began leaving Santo Domingo. With the exodus the colony languished. Ghost settlements appeared as farmers, in a rush for the gold of Peru and Mexico, deserted their lands. Santo Domingo City declined rapidly as a center of culture, and the entire colony lost its importance to Spain.

However, in the French region of Hispaniola, now known as Haiti, a prosperous and powerful colony made such headway as an autonomous unit, that Spain in 1697 formally recognized the development in the Treaty of Ryswick and gave France the western third

of the island of Hispaniola. And in 1795, in the Treaty of Basel, Spain ceded the whole of the island to France.

In 1801 the Negro slaves of Haiti, under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, rose up against their white masters and defeated the French forces sent by Napoleon. They won complete independence in 1804 after Toussaint had been thrown into a French prison.

Toussaint fought for the freedom of his race, but not for political independence. During the rebellion he invaded the former Spanish colony of Santo Domingo to free the slaves there, for he regarded the island as a single unit under French rule, according to the treaty of 1795. In 1809 the Dominicans revolted against Haitian rule, and, with the aid of the British, captured Santo Domingo City, after which Spanish rule was re-established. But Spain continued indifferent toward Santo Domingo, and in 1821 the Dominicans proclaimed their independence. The following year the Haitians again invaded Santo Domingo. They kept occupation forces there until 1844. In 1856 Santo Domingo again became a colony of Spain, but more neglect resulted in the revolution of 1866 and the final expulsion of Spain as the ruling power.

But the struggling Dominicans wanted the protection of a great nation, and applied for statehood in the United States. Annexation of Santo Domingo was defeated by a single vote in the United States Senate.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the current century, Santo Domingo began to evolve as a recognizable political entity. Sum-

ner Welles, American Commissioner to the Dominican Republic from 1922 to 1924, has recorded the struggles of Santo Domingo from 1844 to 1924 in his excellent history, "Naboth's Vineyard."

As a growing nation Santo Domingo became involved in financial difficulties with United States banks in 1916. United States Marines occupied the country in an attempt to stabilize things. Due largely to the efforts of Commissioner Welles, the military rule of the Marines came to an end in 1922, and by 1924 the last of the Corps was withdrawn from Santo Domingo. Welles played a considerable and worthy role in the shaping of what became a wholly independent republic in 1924, a republic that six years later was to be trampled upon by the upstart Rafael Trujillo.

Haiti is the only Negro republic in the Western Hemisphere, and one of the only two in the world. The country's mulattoes, though powerful, constitute a small minority. After the Haitian invasion of Santo Domingo, numerous Haitians stayed on, adding to the minority Negro population of that country. Mixed marriages flourished, and what had been a small minority group of mulattoes grew to considerable proportions. Today, mulatto is the term sometimes used to describe Santo Domingo's people. It has also been said that Santo Domingo is now one-third Negro, one-third mulatto and one-third white. Percentages have also been figured by the quarters, adding the combined blood of Negroes and Indians.

The democratic Government that preceded Tru-

jillo's coup d'état was making a serious effort to solidify cordial relations between the two countries when Trujillo reversed the process. During his rule the Negro, particularly the Haitian Negro, has been relegated to virtual second-class citizenship in the Dominican Republic. Even Maria Sander Ariza, long an ardent admirer of Trujillo, states in her sugary biography of the dictator that in Santo Domingo "there were some families, including the Molinas, who would rather cease to be, than mingle with the black folk." In another part of her volume she says that the "Negroid 'Dominican' "—the single quotes are hers—is "a beast of burden," "lazy" and "cared nothing for progress."

Rafael's maternal grandfather, the Haitian Chevalier, contributed respectable blood to the Trujillo family, and Rafael now boasts of his Chevalier ancestors despite the fact that they are Haitian. But Teódulo Pina Chevalier, his mother's stepbrother, probably affords a better explanation of Rafael's tender feelings toward the Chevalier family.

Pina Chevalier had a flare for writing poetry and prose. A highly voluble extrovert, he found an excellent companion in one Colonel McClean, a man who liked both Teódulo's rum and his conversation. McClean was an American who had been in Santo Domingo for several years, and at the time he and Rafael's uncle Teódulo first met, the American was a receiver in a customs house along the Haitian border.

In 1915, in the interest of peace and order and American investments, the United States Marines landed in

Haiti and took over the control of a country in complete confusion. The following year the Marines also sent troops to the Dominican Republic, and because Trujillo is in part a product of the United States Marines, their ghastly occupation record must enter into this biography from time to time. Some of the Marines and a few of their leaders in Santo Domingo during that period were obviously a very different lot from those who have given the Corps its otherwise magnificent tradition.

Soon after the Marines arrived they named McClean chief of the Dominican national police.

Meanwhile, Rafael, known then as Chapita, had grown up—the hard way, as a hoodlum. He and his brother Petan were headstrong lads, always getting into trouble, stealing mules and horses and cattle. At twenty, back in 1911, Rafael experimented with earning an honest living as a clerk in a telegraph office, but when he got wind of three newly arrived and highly valued English imported saddles at the San Cristobal Agricultural Experiment Station, he stole them and later got caught with the goods. As for Petan during that period, his exploits were landing him in the hoosegow so repeatedly that the San Cristobal newspaper's police column set a head: "Another one for Petan." The Trujillo brothers were the toughs of the town.

In 1918, Chapita, now twenty-seven years old, tried his hand at forgery. He was apprehended and sentenced to serve six months in jail.

But there is a footnote to this episode in the life of Trujillo that throws even more important light upon his character. The forgery was perpetrated in the town of Los Llanos in the province of San Pedro de Macoris. The victim managed to come upon Rafael one day in the town's central plaza. Immediately the flat of a hand crashed twice upon Rafael's cheek. Young Trujillo did nothing to defend himself, for that would have meant a fight. And Trujillo has never been known to fight back without the overwhelming support of men and guns. In those days he was just a hoodlum on his own.

It was shortly after being released from jail that he met Colonel McClean through Uncle Teódulo. The colonel, when sufficiently sober, found a profound satisfaction in the company of harlots. Rafael, immediately recognizing a job he could fill, played the pimp to the chief of the constabulary.

So when Uncle Teódulo suggested one day to his good friend, the colonel, that his nephew, Chapita the pimp, might well prove of great value in the Marines' intelligence service, McClean saw the point and got Rafael the job. The Marines had not been around long and they were having no end of trouble with bands of Dominicans they referred to as rebels, to wit, patriots who had somehow conceived the notion that the Marines were foreign invaders and rather objectionable. There were some bandits among them, but the Marines were not pausing to distinguish between patriot and bandit. To them, all were rebels. They were not averse to taking pot shots at the Americans when-

ever an opportunity presented itself, and this, of course, called for retaliatory measures. The Marines would scout the hills and often torture innocent citizens of hill towns in an effort to learn the names of rebel leaders. Many of the forms of torture the Marines used have since been adopted by Dictator Trujillo, on a much larger and more effective scale.

It was in those days that Rafael was introduced to the use of the rope as a means of torture. The rope is placed securely about the head and twisted—tighter, tighter, tighter—until the victim goes insane. It is a bloodless form of torture and it takes but a few minutes. There were others—the slow, methodic drop, drop, drop of water on the head, borrowed from the Orient; the more prosaic, though no less effective, method of tying the victim to the tail of a horse and then riding the horse at top speed.

John Gunther in his book, "Inside Latin America," said of Trujillo: "The United States Marines liked Trujillo . . . They said, 'He thinks just like a Marine!' " Obviously, Trujillo was swimming with the current once he got in with the Marines. In due time he made many good friends among them, including a Major Thomas W. Watson and a Colonel C. A. McLaughlin, who later served as his chief aide.

Under the circumstances, Rafael's progress was rapid. He had not been long at the task of informing upon his countrymen when he was transferred to the national police under McClean. Soon McClean drank himself out of a job. Relieved of his post, he stayed on

in Santo Domingo, and some time after the Marines pulled out of the country in 1924 the colonel, who now knew more intimate secrets about the rapidly rising Rafael than probably any one man, was murdered in Barahona province.

IV

THE PATH TO SUCCESS

BUT Rafael Trujillo wasn't chief of the Army yet. A Major Cesar Lora was the commander in charge of the San Luis fortress of Santiago. He was something of a Lothario, and in one particular period of his life—which, thanks to Rafael, happened to be the last period of his life—had a penchant for the lovely Señora Sanabia, wife of a Lieutenant Sanabia, a dentist in the Medical Corps of the national police.

The ever-watchful Rafael started dropping subtle hints to the lieutenant. When he discovered the meeting place of the clandestine lovers, Trujillo stopped being subtle. He divulged all the facts—in the interest of higher morality, of course—to the scorned husband.

One night Lieutenant Sanabia went to a bridge spanning the Yaqui River just outside the city of Santiago. Carrying his service revolver, he eased himself down a path that led under the bridge, and pumped bullets into his wife and Major Lora. That finished off the commanding officer of San Luis.

At that time—it was late in 1923 or early in 1924—the President of the country was Juan Bautista Vicini Burgos. On the recommendation of the Marines, the President promoted Captain Trujillo to major and named him commander of San Luis to succeed the unfortunate Major Lora.

During this period the Dominican Army also served as the national Dominican police. Colonel Buenaventura Cabral Baez was its chief. As commander of San Luis, Rafael Trujillo was now second in line for the post.

Colonel Cabral was an honest, though not too efficient, commander. Upon his election to the Presidency in 1924, Vasquez viewed Cabral's inefficiency with some alarm. He saw the morale of the men in the early stages of disintegration, and he decided to replace him with Lieutenant Colonel Manuel de Jesus Garcia, second-in-command at Ozama, chief of the organization.

The President conferred with his Minister of the Interior, Angel Morales.

"Have a talk with Garcia," the President suggested. "Tell him he is to take over the command; but have him sworn to secrecy. We wouldn't want Cabral to learn of it through him."

Morales had a lengthy conversation with Garcia. He told him that within the next few days Cabral was to be relieved of his post and that the President would name him, Garcia, as next in line, his successor. He then swore Garcia to secrecy. But suddenly finding

himself on the eve of becoming commander of the national Dominican police was too much for the lieutenant colonel. He celebrated by getting terrifically drunk, and talking. And on the following day a member of the police was at the office of the Minister of the Interior to inform upon his superior. The informant, a young officer, Morales learned later, had been sent to his office by Rafael Trujillo.

Garcia did not get the appointment and for the time being Cabral remained as chief. Morales, shortly thereafter, was sent to Paris as minister.

One day the Vice President, Federico Velasquez, received a letter that startled him. It was signed by Colonel Cabral, and in it the colonel swore undying loyalty to the Vice President, which was another way of saying: If you want to start a revolution I am on your side and against the President. Velasquez, as was to be expected, took the letter to the President. An investigation followed and the letter was proved a forgery. Had the forgery never been discovered, Cabral would have lost his job, and the man who would have directly profited thereby was the commander of San Luis, Major Rafael Trujillo, now that Garcia had fallen into disgrace. It might have been recalled then that this same Trujillo had tried his hand at forgery on another occasion. But, apparently, it was not recalled, and the smiling, affable, suave commander of San Luis was wholly ignored and the investigation closed.

The Government at this time was being advised

almost daily on the disintegrating morale of the national police. Trujillo was a busy man keeping his followers occupied making reports. And in June of 1925 President Vasquez instructed the Ministry of Interior to relieve Colonel Cabral of his post and name the next in line—it was now Trujillo—chief of the national police. Trujillo received his promotion to colonel and the post of commander on June 22, 1925.

Almost immediately, Trujillo turned on the most ingratiating of his smiles and directed it at the members of the Congress, the senators and the deputies. He would tell one, and then another, and now still another that the Marines gave this body of men the name of national police . . . It is undignified . . . Pass a law calling it the Dominican Army. He did not force the issue. He would drop an idea here, a provocative thought there, and finally got results. In 1927 Congress passed a law changing the name of the national police to the Dominican Army; and, of course, its chief's title from colonel to general.

The general paused in his intrigues to view his personal life. His wife, for instance. When he had married her he was a struggling hoodlum. She had given birth to a child, a daughter to whom they had given the colorful name of Flor de Oro, or Flower of Gold. Neither mother nor daughter had developed along with the father. Aminta Ledesma de Trujillo was plain and humble, colorless; and Flor de Oro, despite her wondrous name, gave little evidence, as a child, of developing into a young lady suited to the surround-

ings of a general. And besides, the general had his eye on something more to his taste, a young lady of considerable quality who could blend in harmoniously with his new position, one Bienvenida Ricardo, of an old and landed family of Monte Cristy.

So the matrimonial switch was made.

V

THE TRANSITION PERIOD

THERE came the day when Rafael L. Trujillo of San Cristobal, the onetime forger, cattle rustler, informer and pimp, was ready to draw the blueprints for a coup d'état.

It was a serious political blunder on the part of the incumbent regime that gave Trujillo his opportunity. In 1924, the year the United States Marines left the country, General Horacio Vasquez was elected President in a free and orderly election. The constitution called for a single four-year term. The republic was developing, its people progressing. And then in 1929 the Vasquez administration tripped.

Vasquez, an inordinately honest but vain man, felt that the country's welfare was largely dependent upon his administration remaining in office. He was possibly right. Anyway, his Congress amended the constitution, lengthening the President's term in office to six years. This caused a split within the ranks of Vasquez' own

party, but more important, it resulted in the birth of the Republican Party.

As noted earlier, Rafael Estrella Ureña, an attorney of Santiago, organized and headed the new party. From its conception, the party was dedicated to the downfall of the Vasquez administration because it feared—and not without some justification—that the incumbent regime was molding the constitution to perpetuate its hold on the Government.

The Republican Party had great difficulty making any headway outside the city of Santiago and its environs. As time went on it became increasingly apparent that its handful of followers could never swing an election.

However, fate lent a hand. Vasquez fell seriously ill and was obliged to journey to Baltimore for an operation.

There is little doubt that the President's bad health contributed mightily to the success of the coup d'état. Vasquez had been out of bed but a short time when he was obliged to face Estrella Ureña, and, out of sight, the guns of Trujillo's Army, in the American legation.

As for Estrella, time has proved he did not wake up to the fact that he was so completely Trujillo's tool until after the coup d'état. Immediately after Estrella became Provisional President, Trujillo forced him to name Jacinto B. Peynado Minister of the Interior. Peynado had long been associated with the general and was one of his closest personal friends. He was, until

1940, when he died, to play the role of leading puppet to Trujillo.

After Trujillo had machine-gunned his way into the Presidency in 1930, with Estrella as his Vice President, Peynado was again named Minister of the Interior. Trujillo, fearful that Estrella had far too much time on his hands and might get ideas for another revolution, tossed the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs into his lap. Trujillo knew only too well that Estrella could not be satisfied as a member of a gangster regime; so he simply saw to it that his Vice President was too busily engaged to give time and thought to a new and bigger rebellion.

The gulf between the gangster and the honest, albeit not always too intelligent, politician widened rapidly. In 1931 Estrella in a formal announcement laden with panegyrics for Trujillo, let it be known that his office of Foreign Minister required a journey to Europe. In Puerto Rico he cabled love and kisses to Trujillo, boarded a ship for New York where he disembarked and where he remained. A year later he flirted with exiled Dominicans opposed to Trujillo in New York. In time he contributed to their efforts, but eventually, in 1939, he returned to the Dominican Republic, on invitation from the general.

Immediately after Trujillo became dictator, there followed the inevitable blood purge. José Brache, a former Secretary of the Treasury who had refused to lend Trujillo a considerable sum of money, attended

a movie one night in the town of Moca. As he was leaving the theater an automobile passed by, several guns from within spat their fire, and Brache lay dead in the street.

On June 20, 1931, in the mountains near Mao, a former senator, Desiderio Arias, had his head lopped off and his body riddled with bullets. Emilio Reyes was a journalist who had the audacity to believe in the freedom of the press. He attacked the Trujillo regime with his pen. One day he was arrested in Ciudad Santo Domingo on a trumped-up charge, whereupon he was killed "while attempting to escape."

Dr. Gerardo Ellis Cambiaso was strongly opposed to Trujillo. As a result he was obliged to go into exile to save his life. In his absence, Trujillo got his revenge. The doctor's son, Gerardo Ellis Guerra, a normal-school student, was walking with his fiancée along the main street of Santiago at dusk. The magnificence of the dying tropical sun had just dimmed to darkness when a shot rang out and the student lay dead at the feet of his fiancée.

It is impossible to name, here, all those who have died on order of the dictator-general. (At the end of this book appears a partial list of the better known Dominicans who have been murdered by Trujillo.) During the immediate post-election period, from the summer of 1930 to October of 1931, at least one thousand Dominicans who were on the Trujillo black list, were killed. Thousands of others were imprisoned and

tortured. So properly and thoroughly were they tortured that Trujillo had little to fear in releasing them from prison.

After the initial purge, the general adopted a policy of keeping his cells as empty as possible of political prisoners. He realized it would not look well. So he filled the cemeteries instead. And those who were thrown into prison were usually not kept there long. That is still his policy.

A political prisoner, if he is registered at all, is customarily listed as a prisoner on some wholly fabricated charge. He is placed in a solitary cell about two feet wide and about five and a half feet long. It is furnished with one bucket and nothing more. The bucket is emptied only when filled and spilling over. There is no window for ventilation and the air gets to the cell by an indirect passage through an opening in the ceiling. The floor on which the prisoner lies is sometimes concrete, sometimes dirt. On occasion two or three prisoners are stuffed into the same cell. In that case no one lies down. The cells are full of rats and vermin.

One of Trujillo's favorite forms of torture, especially when he is seeking information, is to refuse a prisoner any other liquid but his own urine. At best, in solitary, only scant rations of water and bread are served.

Almost immediately upon coming to power, Trujillo started laying ambitious plans for the confiscation of farmlands. He wanted these lands for himself, for members of his family and his more worthy henchmen. The

whole of the nation must become his great, vast estate. The land he would sell, in some part, to foreign interests not already established in Santo Domingo. On numerous ranches he would raise his beloved stolen cattle and sheep for the slaughterhouses he was soon to take over.

Prior to Trujillo's ascent to the Presidency, about 90 per cent of the Dominican farmers owned their own land, and grew tobacco, cacao, coffee, corn and other vegetables. The sugar cane plantations were pretty well controlled by foreign interests, mostly American. Early in the century rice as a crop was introduced into the country by a Belgian engineer living in the province of Santiago. Always an important part of the Dominican diet, within a quarter of a century it became a major crop.

Through the winding mountain roads and through the valleys and over the plains, caravans of donkeys carry the farmers' produce to near-by settlements where it is sold and traded for other necessities.

The great fields deep in the valley and the sometimes rocky, sometimes thickly coated mountainsides, deep in green brush and great, towering palms and coconut trees, are dotted with *bohios,* the houses of the Dominican peasants. The *bohio's* roof is built of cana, leaves of the royal palms, while the sides are made from the trunk of the same tree. Cattle roam under grotesque kapok trees whose roots protrude above the surface of the earth like the legs of an enormous octopus. In the fields men and oxen toil.

Along the coast the hills and the slopes reach down to meet the lapping, transparent blue waters of the Caribbean, tiny fishing boats dotting the surface.

In the smaller settlements there are numerous *bohios,* but in the larger towns and cities the dwellings are reminiscent of the days when the nation was a Spanish colony. There are the narrow streets built in that manner by early settlers in the tropics to give a maximum of shade when the sun is at its height. And there are the wide avenues, the *avenidas* of more recent history. Some of the homes are stately and elegant with wide verandas looking out from between magnificent white columns. Others are more modern, with small and large patios leading to high French doors.

But there are also, especially in Ciudad Santo Domingo, the pitiful, rickety frame dwellings of impoverished families. But the slums of Santo Domingo are small in number compared with the great slum areas of other Latin American countries, and near-by Puerto Rico in particular. When Rafael Trujillo came to power in 1930, about one-tenth of the capital's inhabitants lived in the slums. The proportion rose rapidly under Trujillo.

It was to this setting, on September 3, 1930, but a few months after the general became President, that a hurricane came, and with it death and destruction that proved a blessing for Trujillo. He was served by it in many ways. One of his first acts was to name himself President of the Red Cross so that he could be in complete control of the emergency funds that rolled in.

Hundreds of political prisoners filled the cells of Nigua, located in a malarial swamp near a leper colony and built by the United States Marines during their occupation. Rats were gnawing off hands and feet of prisoners stuffed in tiny cells, dysentery was leaving them virtually fleshless. Many had been beaten with Trujillo's version of the cat-o'-nine-tails, in which wire instead of rope or leather, knotted at the ends, is fastened securely to a wooden handle. Still others had gone insane when a rope had been placed round their heads and slowly twisted tighter and tighter. Trujillo had even resurrected an ancient rack that had been cast into the corner of Ozama fortress and had lain their since the days of the Inquisition. After a bit of remodelling it was put to use.

These men were a ghastly looking lot and it would be better if they were never seen again. Trujillo decided that they could easily be done away with and reported as victims of the elements. Nature was blamed for the deaths of others, those who had been shot in out-of-the-way places, in the purlieus of cities and up in the hills, where there had been no witnesses to make a report.

The hurricane also gave Trujillo an opportunity to show his originality when the nation's health was threatened. He had hundreds of bodies piled high in the main square of the capital and had them drenched with gasoline before setting fire to the huge pyres. "This speedy action," announced Trujillo, "has saved our country from a horrible plague." The Government

later announced 2,500 dead as a result of the hurricane.

Hurricanes have a way of cleaning out slum areas. It doesn't take much of a wind to topple the frame shacks of squatters. The wind of September 3 did quite well by Santo Domingo. It took with it hundreds of shacks. Soon Trujillo pointed with pride to the success of his slum clearance efforts.

But the former slum-dwellers had to find new houses, new slums, since they were as poverty-stricken as ever before. Trujillo had them rebuild elsewhere, further away from the main section of the capital. He also had a law passed making it mandatory for all Dominicans, the inhabitants of slums included, to keep the fronts of their homes and their streets clean. Today there are more Dominicans living in poverty than ever before, but they keep the fronts of their homes in perfect order. Those who don't, go to prison.

During his first days as dictator, when he wasn't signing death warrants, Trujillo was appointing his followers to posts ranging from porters to cabinet members. He introduced a remarkable system which is still in effect. Before a man is appointed to office—any office—he is obliged to sign his resignation. When he signs, there is no date attached to the resignation. Trujillo fills that in the day the man has outlived his usefulness.

So the President rushed into the task of building the framework for a political party. Within a few months, on August 16, 1931, he was ready to announce its existence. He called it the *Partido Dominicano,* Do-

minican Party. As the only political party in the country, it reigned supreme. Within a year it claimed 80 per cent of the electorate: You joined the party or starved. Sometimes you were thrown into prison and left there until you signed up. Government employees are still required to contribute 10 per cent of their salaries to the Dominican Party's treasury.

VI

EARLY AND MIDDLE THIRTIES

THE guns of the Generalissimo did not cease barking after the great blood-letting of 1930 and 1931. Nor were his chambers of torture to remain from that time on in disuse. Greed so gripped Rafael's soul that not only Dominicans, but citizens of Haiti and of Cuba were to become prominent victims of a terror that was to spread through the Caribbean like a mysterious plague, and to remain, clinging to the tropical earth like a great fog in a windless valley. There it remains to this day; and there it will continue to remain until Rafael L. Trujillo Molina is swept away.

This terror crept slowly over the Caribbean area with the advent of Trujillo as dictator-tyrant. There was an ever-widening purge of the Dominican opposition within the nation's borders. A dictator was taking over, it was inevitable, it was even to be taken for granted. But its insidiousness, its malignant growth spreading even to the island of Manhattan, struck horrible fear into the hearts of countless thousands.

On September 4, 1932, Max Rodriguez, a young Cuban in Ciudad Santo Domingo, was arrested. The Cuban Minister to the Dominican Republic, General Enrique Loinaz del Castillo, wrote the Cuban Department of State that there existed a "reign of terror, perpetuated by constant clandestine assassinations." * The Cuban Minister sought an interview with Trujillo to demand an explanation for the imprisonment of a citizen of Cuba.

After repeated efforts to see Trujillo met with failure, the Cuban Minister took his case to the new Dominican Minister of the Interior, Rafael's brother, Virgilio. The two brothers conferred. General Loinaz del Castillo reported to his Government that Virgilio visited Max in his cell. The report stated:

"He carried to him a document in which Max transferred in favor of Virgilio Trujillo a mortgage bill by means of which Max was the owner of a country house situated in Independence Avenue close to the bathing beach of Guibia. Max signed the transfer demanded. Don Virgilio embraced him and promised him his liberty soon."

Rodriguez, now deprived of his property, was released on October 24.

On April 29, 1933, one Eduardo Colon y Piris, an

* Letters from General Enrique Loinaz del Castillo to his Government were published in the press of Havana after the fall of Gerardo Machado in Cuba. Machado, deposed in 1933, was one of the great tyrants of Caribbean history. Many Cuban writers who lived under Machado have since given much of their writings over to the fight against Trujillo and have stated that his terror is far worse than that brought to Cuba and the Caribbean area by Machado.

American citizen from Puerto Rico, eighteen years old, was arrested in San Pedro de Macoris by a Lieutenant Sindulfo Minaya Benevides and charged with having spoken disrespectfully of General Trujillo. The youth's mother rushed to the Dominican Republic from neighboring Puerto Rico. She went to the United States consul in Ciudad Santo Domingo, and this worthy functionary, according to statements made later by Señora Colon y Piris, could assist her only to the extent of making general assurances that her son was safe. But the facts, in good time, revealed that Eduardo had been shot and killed two days after his arrest.

When the facts became known, protests from Puerto Rico poured in upon the State Department at Washington. Rafael Trujillo feared the consequences. Here was a major blunder, one that could well mean the beginning of the end of his still young dictatorship. Withdrawal of United States recognition would certainly mean that. Responsibility for the murder was therefore thrust upon the unfortunate Lieutenant Minaya who had arrested the American. The Dominican Government followed this up with the announcement that the lieutenant had been arrested in San Pedro de Macoris and had been shot "while attempting to escape." *

As for the diplomatic demands from Washington, Trujillo promptly settled matters to the satisfaction of

* Political murderers acting upon Trujillo's orders are always promptly disposed of immediately after the commission of their crime, usually by being shot "while attempting to escape," or by "hanging themselves in their cells."

the United States Government by paying the mother of the victim $5,000. The mother, upon receipt of $5,000 for one dead son, was not as pleased with the settlement as was the State Department. She let it be known what she thought of the State Department and the consul in Ciudad Santo Domingo in particular, on July 6 of the same year, through the columns of the newspaper *El Dia* of Ponce, Puerto Rico's second largest city.

Hardly had the Colon y Piris affair been settled when another American citizen, a Juan N. Miranda, a teacher and a farmer who had been living in the Dominican Republic for twenty-five years, was reported killed by officials in Barahona province. The details of this case appear to have been properly disposed of by Trujillo, and there is no record of any action by the State Department.

In March of 1935 Oscar Michelena, a sugar mill owner and former banker, was arrested on a charge of being the leader of a group conspiring to overthrow the Trujillo Government. Juan de la Cruz Alfonseca, an engineer, and José Selig Hernandez, a dentist, were also among those arrested, as was Amadeo Barletta, the Italian consul, who may or may not have been involved in the conspiracy, but who was wanted anyway because he was one of the men holding up the general's complete control of the tobacco monopoly.

In all, some eight or ten men were arrested. Their plans included assassination. Knowing the President was to make a journey by automobile on a certain day and along a certain route, they planned to park their

own car just off the road, and when Trujillo passed, blast the tires of his bullet-proof Packard automobile and machine-gun the President's party. But one of the group, either fearing the consequences in the event of failure, or viewing an unexpected opportunity to win the general's favor, betrayed his comrades.

Barletta lived to cause an international incident. As for the others, all but Michelena were killed or left to die slow deaths in prison. Michelena, fortunately, though born in Santo Domingo, was the son of influential Puerto Ricans, and the United States State Department could therefore claim him as an American citizen. After weeks of diplomatic pressure, Michelena was finally released from prison, and from there went to San Juan and into exile. Shortly thereafter Trujillo passed a law that would make Michelena a Dominican citizen and asked the United States for his extradition to Santo Domingo. The request was denied.

This writer met and came to know Oscar Michelena well in San Juan. He told this story of what followed his arrest:

"I was thrown into an ordinary cell and then a few nights later Trujillo's soldiers came and took me down to the beach below rocky cliffs. They had been questioning me, trying to find out the names of others who were in on the plot against Trujillo, but I had refused to talk. Now, I was sure they had decided to shoot me because this was the Army's favorite spot for the firing squad to do its duty. They questioned me constantly and when I still refused to talk they started beating me

with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Trujillo doesn't use leather: these were steel cables laced together and knotted at the end. Every once in a while they'd stop beating me to ask if I was ready to talk; and then they'd go on beating me. Just as I thought I could no longer bear the pain I became unconscious. When I woke up I was alone in a cell just a little over two feet wide and not quite six feet in length. I couldn't see out and there was scarcely any air. I lay there for days in terrible pain, and with only a little bread and a small quantity of water each day. The bucket, the only thing in the cell besides rats and vermin, which I had for use as a toilet, was never emptied until it overflowed. This was done purposely, it was part of the torture. They would take me out and repeat the beatings every so often. I was in solitary for three months, and then I was moved into a more comfortable cell and given food. I learned the reason later. The American consul had called on the Minister of the Interior; and the American Government had asked for my release."

In 1936, when Rafael had been operated on for a serious ailment and took a turn for the worse, his brother, Petan, came to the conclusion that the dictator did not have long to live. Whereupon Petan set about plotting to take over the Government. Surrounded by men who hopefully looked forward to political plums, a conspiracy was hatched in the town of Bonao in the interior of the country. But Rafael's secret police got wind of the plot. The dictator promptly ordered Colonel Manuel Emilio Castillo of

the Army to Bonao, where he was to place Petan under arrest and bring him back to the capital "dead or alive." However, the colonel did not take his soldiers directly to Bonao, but went to the home of Julia Molina. He knew only too well that if he were actually to bring Petan back dead, he would shortly follow his victim to the grave. So he poured out the facts of the case to the mother who wanted neither of her sons dead. Meanwhile Rafael telephoned Petan, and told him what he thought of his treachery. Petan, in answer, reputedly called Rafael a thief and a murderer. All of which made Julia Molina's mission the more difficult. She too telephoned the recalcitrant Petan and advised him to return to the capital voluntarily. By the time Colonel Castillo had arrived in Bonao, Petan had taken his mother's advice, leaving his fellow plotters to their own devices, which were not sufficient to maintain life. All of them were killed, including a well known Dominican doctor who was born in Bonao, and who had received his education in Paris, one Dr. Pedro Columna. At the time of his death he was practicing medicine in San Francisco de Macoris. As for Petan, he was packed off to Puerto Rico, where he remained a few days while Brother Rafael cooled off.

Not only Petan but others were encouraged to try their hand at wresting power from the dictator during this period. One of the general's most trusted officers in 1936 was a racketeering colonel by the name of Leoncio Blanco. He was military commander of Barahona province and controlled the lucrative gambling

establishments in the rich fields of the Barahona sugar mills. Also, as Rafael's partner, he smuggled Haitian laborers across the border for the sugar mills, and along with the workers, Haitian rum. One day the colonel invited his chief to Barahona for a ceremony in his honor at the city hall. Upon his arrival, El Generalissimo was met with the familiar shouts of "Long live Trujillo." But, this time, the people added to these words: "And long live Colonel Blanco." Trujillo turned pale, first with anger and then with fear. To him, this "Long live Colonel Blanco" could mean only that his trusted officer was bursting with traitorous ambition. Trembling with fear, sensing an ambush, a plot to murder him on the spot, Rafael Trujillo quickly climbed back into his bullet-proof Packard and sped back to the capital. The next day the President had Colonel Blanco relieved of his post as military commander of Barahona province, transferring him to a subordinate post at Ozama fortress in the capital, where he was close by and could be watched.

All went well for a few months, and then one Lieutenant Camarena informed Trujillo that a military coup was being planned to overthrow the Government. Rafael flew into action. He had General Ramon Vasquez Rivera, former chief of the Army, Colonel Blanco, Major Anibal Vallejo, chief of the Air Corps, and several minor officers promptly placed under arrest and thrown into prison.

General Vasquez Rivera admitted knowledge of the plot, but pleaded innocence, saying that he had refused

to take part in it. Trujillo, only partly convinced, had the general set free, and then, to maintain a good distance between Vasquez Rivera and any future conspirators, shipped him off to Bordeaux, France, as Dominican consul general.

As for Colonel Blanco, his fate was a most unhappy one. At the thought of him, General Trujillo would rant and rave, curse Blanco as a traitor and a scoundrel, for here was a one-time friend become enemy. One day Rafael could contain himself no longer. He visited Blanco in his cell. The colonel was chained and handcuffed, and Trujillo, standing before him, let loose a torrent of abuse and insults. According to witnesses who described the scene later, the colonel, who made up for a lack of intelligence with a stubborn bravado, answered Trujillo's insults by spitting in his face. Rafael denounced the colonel as a murderer.

"Yes," cried Blanco, "I am a murderer, but with courage, and you are a murderer but a coward." The following day Colonel Blanco was found hanging by his neck in his cell, and it was officially announced that he had committed suicide. According to one story describing his death, Blanco's jailers, on orders from Trujillo, experimented with another version of the usual rope torture. And the experiment proved successful. Instead of twisting the rope tightly around the head, they tied it about Blanco's waist and twisted it tighter gradually until the tortured Blanco was squeezed to death.

Major Vallejo of the Air Corps was released from

prison, but only after hours of torture designed to remind him that plotting against the President was a highly unprofitable means of getting ahead. He was discharged from the Army and later named to a position in the Public Works Department as inspector of roads. When, in 1938, Trujillo's power was again threatened, following the Haitian massacre, he concluded that his road inspector was still dangerous. Vallejo was therefore sent on an inspection tour to Comendador near the Haitian border. A few days later he was found dead in a ravine just beyond the border. The Government announced that Anibal Vallejo had been murdered by Haitians.

On April 28, 1935, the long arm of Rafael L. Trujillo reached north as far as New York City, and the life of another man came to a sudden end.

Angel Morales, who was one of the leaders of the counterrevolutionary movement inside the country, became one of the leaders of the exiles plotting against Trujillo. After a short stay in Puerto Rico he went on to New York, later returning to San Juan. While in New York he lived in an apartment at 87 Hamilton Place, with his secretary, Sergio Bencosme, who had served in the Vasquez cabinet.

Early in the evening of April 28 the two Dominicans attended a meeting of their exiled countrymen. When it was over, Morales went to dine with friends, and Bencosme returned to their apartment. Their landlady, Mrs. Carmine Higgs, a native of Santo Domingo, was in the kitchen preparing a dinner for Bencosme

when the doorbell sounded. When she opened the door she was met by a short, swarthy Latin American who pointed a gun at her and shouted: "Where is Morales?" The gunman stepped into the apartment, closed the door behind him, and Mrs. Higgs ran screaming into the kitchen. Again the gunman shouted: "Where is Morales?"

Bencosme had finished bathing and had just lathered his face for a shave when he heard the commotion in the living room. His face covered with soap, he ran out of the bathroom and upon the gunman. Trujillo's envoy fired twice, a bullet entered Bencosme's chest, and he died the following morning in Knickerbocker Hospital.

Luis de la Fuente Rubirosa—related to Trujillo by marriage—was staying in New York at the time. He departed by plane almost immediately after the killing. The grand jury in New York, on February 18, 1935, indicted Luis de la Fuente Rubirosa for first-degree murder and asked his extradition from the Dominican Republic. But Rafael had his Government inform the New York police that Rubirosa could not be found.

In June 1945 a sixteen-year-old student, José Luis Fermin Perozo, who lived in San Francisco de Macoris, was heard to boast, "I'll get even with Trujillo—I'll even the score . . ."

José was the last of the male Perozos. Either he would even the score or no one would. It all started back in 1933 shortly after Rafael Estrella Ureña went into exile.

There were three Perozo brothers, Cesar the oldest, about forty, Faustino who was about thirty-eight, and Andres, the youngest, in his middle thirties. In 1930 Cesar, listening to the golden oratory of Estrella Ureña, became enamored of the little man's political beliefs and joined his Republican Party in Santiago. When Estrella told his followers that there was to be a bloodless coup d'état, that everything had been arranged with General Trujillo, the chief of the Army, Cesar, dreaming of a Utopia for Santo Domingo, joined in the cabal and in the march on the capital. But Faustino and Andres chose to stay out of politics.

The coup d'état completed, Rafael Trujillo was seen storing arms and ammunition for the coming elections, and Cesar began to wonder if he had, in truth, chosen the path to Utopia. The elation he had experienced upon the promotion of Estrella Ureña, his leader, to the exalted post of Provisional President, was melting away.

Came a day in 1933 and his dreams disappeared into thin air, along with Estrella Ureña who left the shores of Santo Domingo that freedom of thought and expression, if not of action, might once again be his. Cesar then knew that there was no longer hope, that Santo Domingo was now the tyrant's estate.

Cesar went to his brothers, Faustino and Andres. He suggested that the three of them form a nucleus around which an underground opposition to Trujillo might be formed. The three brothers agreed. But they had hardly joined together to combat Trujillo, when they

learned that the dictator had ordered Cesar's arrest. All three decided to flee.

So with General Trujillo's troops on their heels, the three men disappeared into the hills. They could halt but infrequently to rest, for time alone was on their side. They plunged on through swollen streams and rivers, and slashed their way through jungles. Stones and pebbles tore away the soles of their shoes. It was about their third day out when Cesar and Faustino noticed that their younger brother was limping. They examined Andres' foot. It was badly swollen, obviously infected. Andres kept on through the day, but he could no longer use his infected foot, and realizing he was slowing down the race for the border, pleaded with his brothers to go ahead without him. But Cesar and Faustino refused. So the soldiers of Trujillo's Dominican Army caught up with the fleeing brothers just as Haitian soil loomed up within distant sight.

The three men told their captors the story of their flight. One of the soldiers—who was later to retell the story—alone was in favor of bringing the brothers back to Santiago. But the officer in charge of the group observed that there were hardships enough without adding to their burden a man who must somehow be carried the distance through jungles and rocky hills. So he gave his men an order to shoot Cesar, Faustino and Andres.

Surviving the three brothers was a sister, Georgina. She was married to Tiberio Santillana who owned a garage, where he repaired automobiles and sold tires

and accessories. One day in 1934 Santillana failed to arrive home for dinner. Nor did he make his appearance through that night. The following day Georgina Santillana, née Perozo, called at her husband's place of business, but the garage attendants said they had not seen him since some uncertain hour the previous day. Georgina waited through the day, through another night, and then appealed to the national police in Santiago to help her search for her husband. Although his sympathies were not with Rafael Trujillo, he had never been known to speak out against the general, nor had he ever been known to take an active role in opposition to the general's regime. A couple of days later the Santiago branch of the national police informed Señora Santillana that they had searched in vain for her missing husband. Frantic, Georgina rushed off to Santo Domingo City. There, she visited the national headquarters of the police, but was met with only a series of shoulder-shruggings. She carried her plea to governmental officials. Desperate, she pressed her demands for action. Finally—apparently to rid themselves of her—she received word from one of the President's brothers that her husband was dead. But she was never to learn how, where or why her husband died.

The three brothers had a niece, Isabel Garcia Perozo, who also lived in Santiago. Her husband was Santiago Lazano, better known as Chago. One evening, in 1934, the same year that Tiberio Santillana disappeared, Chago was reading in the living room of their home. Isabel had retired early. She was just dropping off to

sleep when she heard a blast of gunfire in the adjoining room. She rushed into the living room in time to see a group of men hurrying out the door, smoking guns in their hands. Chago was dead in his chair, his body riddled with bullets.

Alfonso Perozo was a cousin of Cesar, Faustino and Andres. He was an active Mason. He was employed as a salesman for the Santiago firm of Armando Bernuduz, distillers of rum. On the evening of December 28, 1935, he joined his fellow Masons at the Masonic Lodge, carrying with him more than $500 in cash. It was the money which he had that day collected from clients. He left the lodge early, and as he stepped into the street he found himself surrounded by uniformed soldiers who promptly escorted him toward a waiting automobile. When Alfonso resisted his captors, they clubbed him over the head and threw him in the car. One of the soldiers then noticed a small boy standing by viewing the proceedings. Here, they observed, is a witness to the kidnapping. Whereupon the boy was promptly slain. One of the brave soldiers ran a knife into his small belly. On the outskirts of Santiago was a shooting range. The soldiers drove directly to the range, hauled the now badly mauled and battered Alfonso out of the car, stood him up against a post and proceeded to enjoy several minutes of bayonet practice. The practicing did not last long. Alfonso was shortly cut to ribbons.

When what was left of his body was picked up along a near-by road, it was discovered that the five hundred-

odd dollars Alfonso had collected that day were missing.

These killings of the immediate male relatives of the Perozo brothers should not be laid directly to Rafael Trujillo. He probably did not order their executions, or even their arrests. But he had ordered Cesar, Faustino and Andres killed, which was a way of informing personal enemies and thieves that other members of the family could be murdered and robbed with impunity. During these formative days of the dictatorship, all relatives of condemned members of the opposition automatically became suspect, and Rafael could not help but enjoy a certain satisfaction in seeing them wiped out, for the fewer suspects there were about, the less chance there was of uprooting the foundations of his tyranny.

At the time of Alfonso's death, his son, José Luis, was a boy of five. The last of the Perozos, the only living member of the family who could hope to perpetuate the family name, he was watched over and guarded closely by the women of the Perozos, and also of the Garcias and the Santillanas. As he grew to adolescence, he learned more and more about his father's death and developed an almost morbid hatred for his father's torturers and murderers, and one in particular: the self-styled Benefactor of the Fatherland, El Generalissimo, *El Presidente de la Republica.*

José Luis and his youthful friends had heard the Cuban broadcasts of the Dominicans in exile. They knew, now, that help outside the country was being

organized for the downfall of Rafael Trujillo. And they wanted to lend their youthful efforts to the cause.

But youth, lacking patience and filled with explosive exuberance, is not always fitted for underground activities. In time their natures must force them up above ground and expose them to their enemies. It was this way with José Luis.

José Luis knew the tide was about to turn once again against Rafael Trujillo: a great surging tide riding on the will for freedom. What he could not see and hear of activities within and without the country against Trujillo, he could sense, for his senses had been keenly sharpened by the loss of all his male relatives.

"I will get even with Trujillo—I will even the score . . ."

He began by saying it only to his closest intimates. And then, in his youthful bravado, spurred on by a will to act, and finding pleasure and some satisfaction in the threat, a vicarious introductory act to revenge, he repeated the threat to acquaintances.

Late in the afternoon of June 13, 1945, José Luis stood in the main plaza of the town of San Francisco de Macoris to which he had moved, and talked with a friend. A lottery ticket vendor approached them. The vendor's hand held tightly to a great cluster of long lottery tickets that fell to his knees. He mumbled his usual speech about buying a ticket, the boys shook their heads, and then suddenly the vendor's other hand shot out from behind the flowing tickets, a long knife flashed in the dying sun and then disappeared into the strong,

young stomach of José Luis. As the youth screamed out the knife flashed again and again, five or six times, each time carving another mark on the body of the boy stumbling now across the plaza toward the police station beyond. The vendor turned and ran. José Luis, leaving a trail of blood behind him, stumbled and fell several times, each time picking himself up out of a pool of blood. After what must have seemed to him interminable minutes, he half fell across the threshold of the police station and dropped to the floor unconscious.

A number of passers-by and townspeople seated about the plaza had witnessed the stabbing, and among them was a doctor who had hurriedly crossed a street on the far side of the square and had followed the boy to the police station. He entered the station and looked down upon José Luis lying in a great pool of blood, and informed the police that if the boy were not given immediate medical attention he would bleed to death. The police informed the doctor that the police surgeon had been sent for, but the doctor persisted, explaining that the youth could not wait, that prompt attention was his only hope of surviving the stabbing. The doctor, who had no way of knowing that this was a political affair and that, therefore, Rafael Trujillo was involved, again persisted and proceeded to administer first aid to the last of the Perozos. But he had hardly begun his work when he felt the strong hands of several policemen on his shoulder and his arms, and he was led away to a cell. José Luis died a few minutes later.

Early that evening the police arrested the lottery vendor and placed him in a cell. They released an official announcement that he would be charged with the murder of José Luis Fermin Perozo. The following morning, according to established custom, another official announcement stated that the murderer had committed suicide by hanging himself in his jail cell. What happened to the meddling doctor was never made known.

Today there are no more Perozos to plague the progress of Rafael Trujillo.

VII

TROPICAL GOLD

FOR some time now Rafael had been losing interest in his comely, aristocratic wife, Bienvenida Ricardo de Trujillo. All through his life he had had a variety of mistresses, but for the past two years or so his interests had settled more or less upon one, the pulchritudinous Maria Martinez, who, in the year of his rise to absolute power, had borne him a son, Rafael, Jr., better known as Ramfis.

This Maria Martinez had brains as well as beauty, and was amazingly thrifty, to put it politely. When her lover Rafael was but a general at the head of the Dominican Army he rewarded her with the laundry concession, to which each soldier was obliged to pay eight to ten dollars every month out of an average pay of fifteen to twenty dollars per month. In short, Maria received about the same amount of money as did the whole of the Dominican Army—around four thousand men at that time—after the laundry deduction.

There were other opportunities for economic ex-

pansion. Maria examined the Government's financial setup and found that pending bills for supplies to the Government had mounted suddenly to huge proportions. Also, since the coup d'état, rarely had a Government employee seen a paycheck. So Maria wangled another concession.

The Government employees were to receive their long overdue salaries out of Government funds, but by way of Maria who, for the service she rendered them, was to receive a percentage. The proportion she took ranged from 75 to 80 per cent. As for the merchants hung with unpaid bills—here, too, a settlement was to be made. For her commission, Maria took a paltry 60 per cent of the value.

Thus, within a year's time this delightful lady had cleared for herself in the neighborhood of some $800,000.

If one is wondering at this point why Rafael let such a large sum of money out of his hands, it should be understood that Maria was the first woman in his life to bear him a male heir, and Trujillo was grateful. Also Rafael well knew he would one day marry the girl and thereby bring her income into the family; but what was more, he had his eye on vaster and virtually illimitable sources of income.

From the very outset, Rafael got his fingers into the obvious and easily obtainable sources, such as prostitution and Government finances, fees for appointments to posts, rake-offs on illegal gambling and the sale of food.

When he came to power, salt went up in price from 50 and 60 cents per 100 pounds to $3.00. Two of the three dollars went to Trujillo, the balance to the Government. From the start this enterprise alone has netted the general some $400,000 yearly. The national treasury, deducting 10 per cent of the salaries of Government employees for the newly organized Dominican Party, turned the bulk of the money over to Trujillo personally, and since then it has brought him an annual income averaging around $500,000.

By this time such lofty enterprises as prostitution and gambling were mere peanut stands to Rafael. So, asking only for a cut, he put his brothers and friends in charge of the lesser media. Incidentally, the man in charge of prostitution, the man who still collects the profits on purchased love, is none other than Rafael's brother Romeo!

In the halcyon days before Trujillo took over, rice, the principal ingredient in the Dominican diet, sold for four to five cents a pound. After Trujillo it shot up to twelve and fifteen cents. The cost of production did not exceed $2.50 per 100 pounds. The net to Trujillo was about six and one-half cents of the difference in price, the Government taking the balance. As the home consumption ran to around 50 million pounds per year, the general, almost from the time he gained power, has received about $3,500,000 each year out of rice alone.

Of course, the press from the very start was properly throttled. But Rafael took over the leading newspaper

of the capital, *La Nacion*. He didn't buy it. He buys nothing. He simply takes over. Or he makes these deals appear legal. The newspaper's plant now gets all the Government printing jobs and all Government employees are obliged to subscribe to the newspaper. As a publisher Rafael enjoys an income of around $150,000 a year.

As a lad Rafael and his brothers tried their small hands at rustling cattle. When Rafael was made chief of the Army he intimidated cattle raisers, forcing them to sell their livestock to him at ridiculously low prices, and had his soldiers rustle cattle from those who refused to meet his demands. Naturally, the cattle owners and the legitimate slaughterhouses protested. The then free press was starting to ask questions and the Government was laying plans for a thorough investigation, when along came the coup d'état.

This, his first love in matters economic, has ever since occupied much of the general's time. He took over the slaughterhouses in the capital city, and the distribution of meat in and about the capital has been clearing a neat $500,000 annually for him. He ostensibly has left the slaughterhouses in other principal cities in the hands of private owners, but Trujillo still takes the lion's share of their earnings, some $300,000, or a total of $800,000 on the domestic consumption of meat.

Came the global war and with it lend-lease money to Santo Domingo. Some of this money bought a new slaughterhouse in the capital city. Here, meats are

packed for shipment outside the country. Trujillo took over, and to make it all appear quite legal, still pays his Government rent for its use. At one time the Office of Price Administration in Puerto Rico reported that imports of meat from the Dominican Republic amounted to 150 tons monthly, and at an over-the-dock price higher than meat imported from Chicago. Shortages as a result of the war let Trujillo get away with it for a while, but then in July 1945, when his contract with the United States Government ran out, he marked his prices still higher, but by that time the OPA had made up its mind about him. That's how Trujillo lost his biggest Caribbean market.

After becoming dictator the general no longer had to rustle his cattle. He started raising his own, on his 3,000 acre ranch, *Fundacion,* using prisoners and soldiers as cow hands to keep the cost of operation down. When he is obliged to go outside his own ranch for cattle, he pays a mere 75 cents to $1.00 per 25 pounds for livestock. Up to the day he lost his Puerto Rican market his exports brought him around $450,000 yearly.

He ships his meat in a fleet of boats built by lend-lease money. Despite that fact, he registered them with *Compania Naviera Dominicana,* a company he took over after becoming dictator. Just how much of an income this line brings him, it is impossible to say.

When independent cattle raisers ship their livestock to neighboring islands, Trujillo personally collects from four to five dollars per head of cattle.

Not long after coming into power, Rafael recognized the incalculable potentialities offered by the import trade. When a shipment of goods arrives on the docks in Santo Domingo the Government promptly collects a duty, but before the importer can get the goods moved off the docks he is obliged to make a call on a man in a small office. Neither the name nor the office has a title. The importer pays over a certain sum of money—in cash, always—the sum depending upon the size of the shipment. There is no receipt, no record of the transaction, but it serves miraculously to move the goods off the docks or out of the storehouses. This item could easily reach well over $1,000,000 annually.

The general quickly got around to the sugar business. He collects one cent per pound of sugar, and the Dominicans consume about 25,000 tons annually. This monopoly has been bringing Trujillo about $500,000 a year.

The sale of milk also was to become one of his monopolies. It yields an annual profit of some $300,000 in the province which includes the capital. When he became The Savior of the Republic, he started acquiring dairies by the simple expedient of having his Sanitation Department condemn them.

The Government has always taxed alcohol. So Trujillo, rather than tamper with this official revenue, put his brothers to work bootlegging liquor, often in forced collaboration with legitimate distillers. He splits these profits but still manages to clear around $100,000 a year.

Another of his early monopolistic moves was to crash the pitch pine industry. He took over mills in La Vega, Santiago and Monte Cristy provinces, and named henchmen as their ostensible owners. The trees are logged on privately owned property, but no payment is made the owners, and most of the labor consists of prisoners and soldiers. Because of the horrible poverty Trujillo brought to the Dominican Republic, the domestic consumption of pitch pine has been considerably reduced. Still, the sawmills manage to show a profit of around $200,000, some of which goes to the legal owners.

The export of mahogany, oak and other timber used to be a source of income for the war refugees who came to the Dominican Republic upon Trujillo's invitation. In the spring of 1945 the Government banned the export of all precious woods. By the time this book goes to press Trujillo will probably have moved in to establish another monopoly.

When the country was a democracy the profits from the national lottery went to charitable institutions. In the middle 1930's the general placed his brother-in-law, Ramon Savinon Lluberes, in charge of the lottery. Trujillo takes the giant's share of the proceeds which come to around $600,000 a year; a substantial decrease from the pre-Trujillo days because the lottery has fallen into bad repute.

Shortly after taking office *El Presidente* took over the tobacco industry by acquiring control of the *Compania Anonima Tabacalera* as the majority stock-

holder. But he had considerable trouble holding on to this monopoly, and in his efforts he almost got shelled by an Italian warship.

In March 1935 Trujillo uncovered a new conspiracy to overthrow him, and among those arrested as an alleged conspirator was the Italian consul, Amadeo Barletta. Barletta, besides being consul, was a prominent businessman, the representative of General Motors in the Dominican Republic and president of the Dominican Tobacco Company, a corporation largely financed by American capital.

Perhaps Barletta plotted, perhaps not, but the Dominican Tobacco Company had broken the monopoly of Trujillo's company, and the general was out to break the Dominican Tobacco Company. Both the United States and Italy made diplomatic protests, but Barletta was held, nevertheless, incommunicado. On May 4 he was sentenced to two years in prison and fined $2,000 for having allegedly evaded tobacco excise taxes.

On May 15 Mussolini, apparently well understanding the idiosyncrasies of dictators, and, therefore, the plight of his consul, let it be known through his ambassador in Washington that an Italian warship was about to receive instructions to put out for the Dominican Republic with orders to shell the capital. The next day the court ordered that Barletta be released from jail on $50,000 bail. Came May 20 and he was still behind bars. Mussolini cabled an ultimatum and Barletta was unconditionally released.

However, in the end Trujillo won out. Today, his is the only tobacco company operating. Intimidated dealers dared not buy tobacco from any other company, and so the American financed company went out of existence.

As for the lesser enterprises, from which Rafael still takes his cut but about which he is not directly concerned, his brothers and other relatives and trusted henchmen are in charge. Romeo, besides taking a percentage from the earnings of madames, inmates of their establishments and free lance ladies of the evening, has the bars of the nation paying tribute to him. He also owns the monopoly on firewood as well as the only concern which sells hay for army horses.

Brother Petan does right well for himself too. He controls the export of poultry, plantains and bananas, each exporter paying Petan a few cents on each bunch of bananas, and $1.00 for every box of plantains. Exporters of poultry pay Petan a flat rate of $10,000 per year for a permit.

Without mentioning other rackets, it can be seen that the Trujillo boys have done pretty well. Just what Rafael's income comes to is difficult to estimate, so various are his enterprises. But it isn't tampering with the imagination to set it at $50,000 a day. It should be added that none of this income is taxable.

Before the war most of Trujillo's fortune was stored away in the Bank of England. It is frozen there now, but that does not bother Trujillo. It is for future use.

He is also one of the two largest foreign clients of the National City Bank of New York.

Contrary to an accepted belief in Puerto Rico, there is no evidence that the general either directly or indirectly owns any real estate outside Santo Domingo.

VIII

THE MODEST RAFAEL

AFTER Estrella Ureña went into exile, Jacinto B. Peynado became Vice President. Dictator Trujillo, by now in the midst of a great building program, which included numberless monuments glorifying himself, ordered his architects to erect a magnificent home for the Vice President, a fine and noble gesture of profound gratitude for the man who had dedicated his life to performing as a puppet.

It is difficult to ascertain now which came first: the idea of a home for the Vice President or the sign to be erected atop it. But we do know that the home, when completed, proved, above all else, to be the base of a wondrous neon sign with letters a foot high, spelling out in flashing red, white and blue lights, *Dios y Trujillo,* GOD AND TRUJILLO.

The dictator's servitors and the harlot press of the nation, wanting at times to go their President one better, not infrequently reverse the words and paraphrase the sign: TRUJILLO AND GOD.

In 1932 President Trujillo created a new province, calling it Trujillo province and naming his birthplace, San Cristobal, as its capital. Ciudad Santo Domingo (Santo Domingo City), founded in 1496 by Bartholomew Columbus, is the first city of the New World, and was for centuries the nation's capital. There was too much tradition, too much history attached to this city to permit the immediate changing of its name to the inevitable Ciudad Trujillo. But by 1935 he could wait no longer. He had one of his puppet senators, Mario Fermin Cabral, in June of that year, propose that Ciudad Santo Domingo become Ciudad Trujillo.

Rafael, knowing what a storm of protest would assuredly accompany the changing of the name—loud protests from without his country, silence from within—put on a delightful act of humble reticence. He wrote the senator, saying that while he was reluctant to accept the honor because he wished to keep "the Dominican nation intimately linked with its glorious tradition," it was nevertheless his fixed belief that the personal feelings of public officials do not give them the right to refuse honors which are legitimately offered.

All these gesturings failed to erase the obvious. So Rafael had his Dominican Party members draw up a petition demanding that in the interest of due and justifiable respect to the great Savior of the Republic, the Benefactor of the Fatherland, et cetera, the name of the capital city be changed to Ciudad Trujillo. The petition claimed 599,173 names. Although it is a certainty that no one would refuse to sign, it is highly

doubtful if the party went to the trouble to collect more than a handful of genuine signatures.

At any rate, and without further delay, the general's hilarious reluctance was swept aside by the national Congress, and on January 9, 1935, Ciudad Santo Domingo became Ciudad Trujillo.

In September 1934 the dictator sold his own Government a ranch for the tidy sum of $100,000. He had paid $10,000 for it. In October he was honored by the University of Santo Domingo, the oldest university in the New World, with the honorary degree of Doctor *honoris causa* in the Economic and Political Sciences, which, one can almost believe, he richly deserved, for here, truly, was a rising master of these sciences.

It was in May 1933 that Congress raised his rank of general to Generalissimo. But there was another promotion, second only in importance to this one, which Trujillo had taken action on. There was Ramfis, his natural son, now all of three years old and deserving of high rank. A month before his father was promoted to a Generalissimo, this three-year-old worthy, on April 17, was declared a colonel in the Army by official decree, and authorities were promptly instructed to "render him all considerations befitting his rank."

There was an obvious reason for making a colonel of Ramfis Trujillo; it all fitted with perfection into the pattern of his father's life. Besides Maria Martinez, the general's mistress and mother of Colonel Ramfis (then Martinez), had been complaining for some time that she was not being treated with due respect by members

of the Army, and this wounded the lady's vanity deeply. Now, with her son a colonel, drawing a colonel's pay and wearing a colonel's uniform, even high ranking Army officers were obliged to stand at attention and salute as she went by in the company of her son.

For some time now the President had been living openly with Maria and apart from his wife. He finally managed to send Bienvenida Ricardo de Trujillo on a prolonged visit to Paris, and on February 20, 1935, in her absence, he rushed a new divorce law through Congress making failure of a wife to bear a child during five years of marriage grounds for divorce. The first to take advantage of this new law was Rafael Trujillo. La señora was informed by long distance.

No sooner had the Generalissimo married his mistress than he felt an urge for a new one. He chose the wife he had just divorced for having failed to produce a child, whereupon, as his mistress, she promptly bore him a daughter.

In April of 1933 a law was passed declaring that all persons who in their "writing, letters, speeches or in any other way spread information of subversive character, injurious to the authorities or defamatory of the Government," would be tried as common criminals. The people immediately realized that Trujillo had every intention of enforcing the law, and that the only sure method of enforcement would be the use of a great network of spies. As a result, everyone began to fear everyone else: friend, stranger and servant were suspect. And ever since then few have dared mention

the name of Trujillo in public, even in praise, for fear they might be overheard and, only the general's name being heard, suspected of breaking the law.

Not only the general but his brothers were feared. One day, shortly after Rafael came to power, Brother Petan, who was given to drawing checks on banks where he had no account, entered a branch of an American bank in the capital and pushed a check through the teller's window. The teller, on instructions, rejected the check as one of the bouncing variety, whereupon Petan, then a captain in the Army, drew his service revolver and started shouting threats. Everyone ducked out of the probable line of fire, but Petan just stomped about, shouting and cursing. Even the general realized his younger brother's display of ugly tantrums in public was unbecoming an Army officer, and before assembled high ranking Army officers had Petan broken and sentenced to prison. His insignia were torn from his uniform with great ceremony, and as he was being led away to a cell, an officer was heard to laugh derisively. Petan swung about and exclaimed: "I'll get out of jail tomorrow and I'll be a major!"

Major Petan Trujillo was true to his word.

Dominicans were soon getting lost in the streets of the country's larger cities. Everywhere, the streets were being renamed—all for members of the Trujillo family. The nation's largest bridge became Ramfis Bridge. The highest mountain became Trujillo Mountain.

The Army grew rapidly. No one knows its exact size today, but it probably totals 4,500 men in uniform and

approximately the same number out of uniform: spies and undercover agents of other descriptions.

In 1931 $1,141,000 went toward the support of the Army. This was 11.5 per cent of the total budget. By 1936 the figure was $1,690,000, or 16.1 per cent of the budget. *La Prensa,* Spanish-language newspaper in New York City, reported in 1936 that 14,000 men participated in military maneuvers in the Dominican Republic. The 14,000 figure sounds extravagantly high. Trujillo probably let it out to frighten Haiti. When the nation was a democracy it had in the neighborhood of 2,000 troops.

Why all this rattling of swords? For one thing, there was Haiti, and El Generalissimo had militant plans for Haiti. And there was the matter of ruthlessly suppressing opposition within his own country. The Army, as the years went by, was not idle.

Early in his regime, Trujillo introduced an extensive program of construction. The Vasquez Government in 1928 had contracted with the United Steel Products Company of New York for seven steel bridges. Trujillo found the material already fabricated and put it to use. He also built new government buildings and great highways.

On March 8, 1935, the Dominican Government signed a contract with Felix Benitez Rexach, a fabulous Puerto Rican contractor and architect, for harbor improvements that were to cost about $2,500,000. Now, ten years later, Benitez Rexach is still working for and with Rafael Trujillo.

The story of this great friendship affords the Caribbean area some of its most sensational gossip. Whatever truth there is in the gossip, certain facts are known. They had a falling out in 1939 and Benitez Rexach, from his suite in his Hotel Normandy, San Juan, Puerto Rico, which he built, made overtures to anti-Trujillo Dominicans in exile. The Puerto Rican talked at great length and spilled considerable inside information. However, a short time later Benitez Rexach was back in the good graces of the dictator, and since that time the two have been closer than ever.

Trujillo is interested in independence for Puerto Rico. With the island away from America's watchful eye, he believes he can take it over economically and in other ways. His representative in Puerto Rico is Benitez Rexach. Through him and other clandestine channels, Trujillo has contributed heavily to the independence movement. Because every political party is represented in the independence movement, few of the *Independentistas* fully realize the role Trujillo is playing. They know only that Benitez Rexach is an ardent *Independentista,* and many of them find that embarrassing. Most of Benitez Rexach's time today is spent in Ciudad Trujillo.

The Puerto Rican is something of a Trujillo envoy without portfolio. He is the dictator's direct contact with all things Puerto Rican. Leading industrialists, insular officials, writers and other key personages of Puerto Rico receive their invitations to Ciudad Trujillo through Benitez Rexach.

In his formative years it was the United States Marines and Major Thomas W. Watson in particular, who were the most important foreigners in the life of Trujillo. Major Watson, now Major General Watson, still visits Trujillo from time to time. He made his last known visit during the first week of August 1945, when he was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

But today the important foreigner in Trujillo activities is Benitez Rexach.

IX

WASHINGTON'S DILEMMA

BY NOW, one may well wonder why loud, official protests were not made to Trujillo's Government by the United States State Department.

During the past decade and a half the State Department has received some rough treatment at the hands of editorial writers throughout the nation. Newspapers far to the left have hammered at it for not taking action against dictator governments, while those far to the right have criticized it for meddling in the affairs of other nations. The State Department usually does not answer its critics. An attempt will be made here to analyze its apparent attitude toward the Dominican Republic.

When President Roosevelt introduced the Good Neighbor Policy, the Latin American Division of the State Department was confronted with a dilemma. There were certain nations of the Americas that were unequivocally totalitarian, and it naturally looked a bit incongruous for Washington to condemn on the

one hand the dictators of Europe and on the other hand placate and nurse the dictators of Latin America.

Without attempting to do more than skirt the intricacies of Latin American politics, let us view certain aspects of it, since they may reveal some of the reasons for our Dominican policy.

It does not necessarily follow that a dictatorship is fascist. Whatever Soviet Russia under Stalin's dictatorship may be, it is not fascist. All totalitarian states are rigid one-party political structures, but their ends are not necessarily alike, nor are the means to those ends always similar. Sometimes an individual heads a dictatorship, sometimes it is a clique. In Brazil it was an individual, Getulio Vargas. He came into power about the same time Trujillo did. In the 1930's he was the main target of the critics of the State Department. During his reign there were no free elections in Brazil, but there had up to that time been only one popular national election in the whole of Brazil's long history.

While Vargas ruled there was open opposition to certain of his policies, and his critics were not silenced with torture and sudden death. Newspapers were comparatively free to print what they wished. There were some political persecutions. Now and then opposition leaders were jailed, and a political murder was occasionally committed.

When Brazil joined the United Nations in the war upon the Axis powers it was not fooling. It joined as an active ally and contributed within its limitations to the fighting in Europe. When, in October 1945,

President Vargas was thrown out in a bloodless coup d'état, it became obvious at once that his opposition was acting politically and not against the person of Vargas, for he immediately announced he would be a candidate for the Senate and he was elected. When tyrants are overthrown they do not remain on the scene to continue with their political tenets. They either flee or are killed. Obviously, then, Vargas was no tyrant. During his reign there were American liberals who defended his dictatorship as a contribution to liberalism.

It would appear, then, that the Washington State Department was justified in its attitude toward the Vargas regime. When Vargas stepped out the recognition accorded his Government was automatically continued by the United States, Great Britain and all the other Latin American countries.

With the totalitarian Government of Argentina the problems of Washington were numerous, for here was not only a tight dictatorship, but one that was outspokenly pro-Axis in both word and deed, and, therefore, an unofficial enemy of the United States. The Argentine Government was the government of a clique, and the clique's strong-arm man was Colonel Juan D. Perón, a former army officer whose partner was President Edelmiro Farrell. Wholesale criticism of the United States State Department for its attitude toward Argentina came at the time of the United Nations San Francisco Conference in the spring of 1945, when the United States and England took sides against Soviet

Russia on the question of seating the delegation from Argentina.

Russia lost the fight, Argentina became one of the United Nations, and a roar of condemnation fell upon the State Department.

During the war it was either a case of fighting Argentina or appeasing that nation. The only Latin American country in a position to fight Argentina was Brazil, but if she did that, she would have needed the help of the United States, and then would have been a useless ally in the war against the Axis. Even before Brazil had entered the war, the United States was the exclusive recipient of numerous critical materials, such as rubber, quartz and manganese. In the midst of war the United States obviously could not afford to risk losing these exports, and appeasing Argentina was the only way of guaranteeing continued delivery. Argentina had a navy consisting of two battleships, a couple of cruisers, and numerous smaller craft, and as a belligerent neutral might well have stirred up trouble in the South Atlantic and the Caribbean.

As a necessary evil, Argentina became doubly important to the United Nations upon the ending of the war, for there were millions of Europeans, Chinese, English, and defeated enemies to be fed. Argentina is one of the greatest grain-growing and cattle-raising countries in the world. There are meat-packing plants in about every major city, and in Buenos Aires there is the largest refrigerating plant in the world. In the past

Argentina has supplied the United States with about half of its imported hides.

In short, the stand taken by the United States and Great Britain at San Francisco was simply a case of international back-scratching at a time when it was either a case of scratching Argentina's back or letting a few million more persons in Europe and Asia die of malnutrition.

Perón's clique strongarmed its way into power in June of 1943 and was immediately outspokenly pro-Axis. It was a military coup in which the colonels of the Army took over control from the generals. Early in the present century, before the First World War, representatives of the German military caste descended upon Argentina, and from that time until the defeat of Germany in the Second World War, the officers of the Army of Argentina were German-trained. It is not, therefore, at all surprising that they were pro-German when the Perón clique took over. This made the task of the Washington State Department doubly difficult during the war and immediately after it.

Internally, the political scene is even more complex. It is no simple case of the Ins being at odds with the Outs. For instance, this pro-German dictatorship, when the going got tough in the late summer and early autumn of 1945, had the support of the Communist Party, although it was in the spring of the same year that Soviet Russia fought against accepting Argentina as one of the United Nations because of the Perón-Farrell clique and its pro-German sympathies.

Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, head of the Washington State Department's Latin American Division and former ambassador to Argentina, upon taking over his duties as successor to Nelson Rockefeller, spoke out against the dictatorship of Perón's clique. Meanwhile, news flowed out of Argentina that told of abortive efforts to overthrow the dictatorship and establish a democracy. There were accounts of political persecutions, of opposition leaders being thrown into prison, of a great parade of democrats being broken up. There came stories of the brutal methods of oppression under the guidance of Perón's Chief of Federal Police, Colonel J. Filomeno Velazco. And all these stories have appeared in American newspapers under Buenos Aires date lines, many of them written by Arnaldo Cortesi for the New York *Times*.

Such stories could never find their way out of Santo Domingo, and if Cortesi had been there instead of in Argentina, following his very first attempt to file such a story he would have been thrown out of the country and kept out, or mysteriously murdered.

Considering Trujillo's record before he rose to power, and considering the manner in which he gained the Presidency, it is difficult to understand why Washington, in 1930, ever recognized his Government. There seems to be no explanation, unless it is to be found in utter negligence, the problems of a small nation of less than two million inhabitants being below the concern of President Hoover's administration, what with a world depression smothering the broader view

of world affairs. As we know—and as we shall get to know even better in the chapters that follow—it would appear that Washington on several occasions passed up opportunities to right the original wrong and repudiate Trujillo's Government. It has been said in print that Washington had a subtle hand in ousting the Cuban tyrant Machado in 1933. If so, the same pressure could have been justifiably brought to bear upon Trujillo on these occasions.

But from 1938 to May 1945, when the Germans surrendered, the picture was different. There had been rumors that Trujillo had allowed the Nazis to use the Dominican coastline for refueling their U-boats. There had been several known outright pro-Nazi activities under the eyes or sponsorship of President Trujillo. So again, it meant either appeasement or landing the Marines in Santo Domingo once again. But the latter course was quite impossible. United States Marines were not remembered with affection in Santo Domingo, in Haiti and Central American countries they had occupied in the past. Throughout Latin America the United States had lost prestige, friends, trade and Western Hemisphere ties. President Roosevelt finally ordered all remaining Marines in Latin America withdrawn with the introduction of his Good Neighbor Policy. To send them down there again would have been disastrous to Western Hemisphere solidarity.

With the advent of lend-lease, all Latin American members of the United Nations were marked for their portions, according to their needs. Trujillo's needs

were regarded as high, partly for military reasons, partly because more appeasement seemed to be necessary.

As a result of this policy, Rafael Trujillo and his Government received considerable military and financial support. Many of his Army officers were trained by the United States at bases in Puerto Rico, and arms and ammunition were shipped him in large quantities so that he might repulse militarily any further attempts by the Nazis to seduce him. As already pointed out, large funds were sent him under lend-lease so that he might increase his shipments of meats, which he did, to his own financial profit.

The current attitude of the Washington State Department can best be seen in recent shifts of the department's officials. When President Truman took office Nelson Rockefeller was in charge of Latin American affairs. Rockefeller's acts suggested an unrealistic, as against the sometimes realistic, appeasement of all Latin American governments, no matter what their political color. In a later chapter we will find President Trujillo's Ciudad Trujillo newspaper reporting that at the San Francisco Conference Nelson Rockefeller, in a speech to the delegates, lauded Trujillo's Dominican regime. The files of the New York *Times,* which covered the conference in considerable detail, produce no such story, and in all likelihood Trujillo's story was almost entirely fabricated. Given an opportunity to deny or verify the Ciudad Trujillo story, Rockefeller did neither. Rockefeller's actions and attitude had

never been known to go that far overboard in the interest of solidarity.

When Rockefeller gave up his post to Spruille Braden in the spring of 1945, he gave way to an outspoken critic of all Latin American dictators. Braden appointed Ellis Briggs Chief of the Division of American Republics. In 1944 Briggs was ambassador to Santo Domingo and departed that post after having been declared persona non grata by President Trujillo.

With the ending of the war, appeasement of Rafael Trujillo's Government lost its realism, and the Dominican President fully understood the transition. As a result, Trujillo has since had his emissaries, his consuls and his envoys and his ministers, and his Public Relations Department play up the Good Neighbor Policy to the hilt. Whenever the facts are written about the Dominican Republic under Trujillo, one of his representatives writes in to say that they're false and, furthermore, it's bad for the Good Neighbor Policy and harms trade.

But the fact remains that the policy of the State Department in the past, and especially during the war, when perhaps there was no other choice, helped considerably to write the sanguinary history of Santo Domingo under President Trujillo. For it cannot be denied that the United States Marines lifted their protégé, Rafael, to power, and that the State Department helped keep him there.

There is nothing necessarily insidious about power politics. It is power politics when Washington repudi-

ates a dictator, as well as when Washington appeases a dictator. In short, power politics are played by great governments year in and year out simply in a race against the stupidity of mankind. When Trujillo came to power the Hoover administration failed to play the game of power politics with Santo Domingo by officially recognizing his Government. As a result, the stupidity of mankind raced on ahead, causing thousands upon thousands to die, thousands of others to be mauled and beaten and tortured. In fact, recognition of the Trujillo Government from the start was most certainly one of the stupidities of mankind.

X

MORE MONOPOLIES

AFTER the general came to power, thousands could not afford to buy a bottle of the Trujillo-controlled milk. Therefore Trujillo, out of the goodness of his heart, gave them milk free. He did it in this ingenious manner: He forced the dairies to sell it to him for 3 cents per bottle. He then forced his Dominican Party to buy it from him for 5 cents per bottle. Having accomplished this highly profitable turnover, he ordered his political party to give the milk free to the needy.

Ever since, Dominicans have been lining up early every morning, often as early as one o'clock, at the milk centers, which are located at numerous, newly built Dominican Party buildings spread throughout the nation.

As soon as Trujillo got his political and military machines in order he reorganized the educational system. "I wish to see emerge from the schools," he announced, "generations of men who are practical,

methodical, disciplined and valiant, who shape their personality and their destiny."

Before Trujillo there were fourteen industrial schools for girls. This number was slashed to two, and five schools of domestic science were founded to replace the industrial schools. At the same time the general had two manual training schools for boys erected. Military training, supervised by Army personnel, for all male students from the age of nine was also ordered.

Under the sponsorship of the Dominican Party some 1,000 small schoolhouses were erected. At the same time Trujillo, charging inefficiency and pleading lack of funds, erased 270 "rudimentary" schools from the system, despite the fact that between 1920 and 1935 the population of the country had nearly doubled. In 1920 the school enrollment totaled 101,886; in 1935, according to a Government report, 96,980. Along with the enrollment, down went the appropriations for education—from $1,382,000 in 1920 to $1,061,000 in 1935.

The general's business and industrial monopolies were now well under way and gaining momentum, and he could rest in the knowledge that far fewer Dominicans were to gain an education, and then, only a scanty education. So Rafael could now relax and give attention to the establishment of another and very important monopoly—the monopoly on pulchritude.

Numerous men have offered up wives, sweethearts and daughters that the Trujillos, father and son (now grown to adolescence), might not spend a restless night in want of the proper company, and that they them-

selves and sometimes all of their families might not spend a futile and unhappy existence in prison. Not all those who have made the sacrifice have done so under threat, but with the full knowledge that here was a sort of sexual patronage that could bring a more desirable life.

Certainly not all the pulchritudinous ladies have been forcibly dragged to their hour of official amour. The general not only has "bedroom eyes," as observed by the girl reporter from the United States, but he probably has the manners to go with them.

There is only one phase of life in the Dominican Republic that is not under the direct, monopolistic control of Trujillo. Most of the great sugar cane and some banana and cacao plantations are owned by Americans, and a few by Canadians. Here, the general has wisely made compromises. On the one hand, he gives them every co-operation. Corporate taxes, part of which go to him, part to the Government, are high, but Trujillo has made up for this by supplying the plantations with what is almost slave labor. Haitians are allowed across the border to work the plantations, but must be back on their side by nightfall. Most of what they earn goes to Trujillo and his high Army officers who collect from the Haitians proportionately exorbitant permit fees. Gambling (except for the national lottery) is illegal throughout Santo Domingo, but in sections near sugar plantations it is allowed to thrive so that in the end the Haitians will return to their country with little, if any, money. The gambling

is sponsored by Trujillo's most corrupt Army officers. and is allowed to flourish by the dictator because it helps keep certain high ranking officers tied to his own destiny, and also because he wants as little money as possible to leave the country.

It was to these surroundings, this atmosphere of total corruption, that the deposed, repudiated dictator of Cuba, Gerardo Machado went. Machado lived in a brown concrete house on the outskirts of the capital, near the road leading to San Cristobal, Trujillo's birthplace. It was a well guarded house and the Cuban rarely ventured outside it because the Cuban Government was requesting his extradition, and the exiled dictator was, according to the Dominican Government, no longer in the country. It was during Machado's stay there that his host was able to exhibit the workings of another monopoly which both so well understood and appreciated.

In 1934 the Dominican Republic's constitution called for another election. The dictator Trujillo didn't blunder as did his predecessor, the honest and sometimes capable President Vasquez. There would be no amendments calling for a lengthening of his term. There would be an election, exactly as per schedule, though not quite in the manner prescribed.

By now there was just one political party, Trujillo's Dominican Party, and therefore but one candidate, Rafael Trujillo. Estrella Ureña had been eased into exile. So the eminently suitable Peynado was named Vice-Presidential candidate.

Like all modern dictators, Trujillo prefers to make it appear that he observes legalities. As the world becomes smaller, it is necessary to consider official reactions outside the country.

As for wiping out the opposition with guns and terror—well, the manner in which legalities are arrived at is of no official concern to other nations.

XI

PRELUDE TO SLAUGHTER

IN 1929, during the Vasquez regime in the Dominican Republic, a long border dispute, one of many that had been cropping up for more than a century and a half, was apparently settled. Angel Morales and Moises Garcia journeyed to Port-au-Prince, Haiti's capital, and after several weeks of negotiation signed a treaty with Louis Borno, then President of Haiti.

In area, Haiti is approximately one-third the size of the Dominican Republic. It has a population of around three million. Santo Domingo's population is just short of two million. In some sections of both countries arable land is considerably limited by mountain ranges. As a result, for many decades Haiti has been faced with the necessity of acquiring additional land. During the early part of the present century the country was torn almost continually by internal strife, and alleviation of the plight of the peasant was set aside for the day when the Haitian Government could show some stability. During one four-year period, from 1911

to 1915, Haiti viewed a parade of six presidents, three of whom were murdered in office.

By the 1920's Haiti had got into the political rut of adhering to a constitution, and every four years a legislature was elected, and the legislators in turn elected the nation's President. By the time Louis Borno was named the country's chief executive the officialdom of Port-au-Prince had had time to give due consideration to the vexing territorial problem.

Meanwhile, it had been the policy of the Vasquez administration in Santo Domingo to promote friendship between the two nations. The treaty of 1929 delivered considerable land to the understandably land-hungry Haitians; especially in the south, in the neighborhood of the city of Lascahobas.

Then Rafael Trujillo came to power, and hundreds of persecuted Dominicans fled across the border into Haiti. Trujillo asked for their extradition. Haiti refused. And the United States of America kept Trujillo and his troops from doing the obvious. But there was a way for Rafael. The way of power politics.

First give so that you can the better take. That treaty of 1929—it was perfectly obvious that the Vasquez regime had cheated the poor Haitians. They deserved more territory than they had got. Generous, altruistic Rafael Trujillo would attend to that.

On October 18, 1933, a meeting was arranged between Stenio Vincent, elected President of Haiti in 1931, and the President of the Dominican Republic, Rafael L. Trujillo. The two Presidents met in the

northern frontier Haitian city of Ouanaminthe, and a few days later met again across the border in the Dominican town of Dajabon. The two men named a joint commission which was to meet in January of the following year.

On November 2, 1934, Rafael Trujillo crossed the border again, this time traveling all the way to Haiti's capital, Port-au-Prince, where he remained for six days. On February 26, 1935, President Vincent returned the call, and after an hour with Trujillo in Ciudad Santo Domingo, it was announced that a new border treaty had been signed. Several thousand more acres of land went to Haiti. Mutual understanding and trust now prevailed between the two countries, said the announcement.

Almost immediately after Vincent returned to Port-au-Prince the Haitian Government announced that the Dominicans in exile in Haiti would not be allowed to remain there. Whereupon Rafael Trujillo sent his troops out to pick up the returning émigrés at the border as they returned. But those émigrés didn't come.

Loud protests from other countries, Cuba in particular, descended upon the officials of Port-au-Prince. Sending all these Dominicans across the border to their deaths, and, in many cases, torture and prison, was obviously a barbaric procedure.

President Vincent faced a dilemma, and he met it with a compromise. These Dominicans, he let it be known, could go anywhere they pleased, just so long as they left Haiti! Latin American legations in Port-au-

Prince were therefore busy for several days filling out visas for Dominicans in exile.

Trujillo had lost his game to the will of common decency. But he had other plans.

During this period Elie Lescot, who was to become the next President of Haiti (in 1941), was that country's ambassador to Ciudad Trujillo. Lescot and Trujillo had somehow become close friends, and it was in opposition to the wishes of the Dominican dictator that Lescot, a man of considerable culture and diplomacy, was named ambassador to the United States. Lescot was to play an important role in the relationship of these two countries through the first half of the current decade. As President, even a puppet President, he could not have avoided it.

Having once been a close friend of Rafael Trujillo, Lescot was to become a greatly maligned man. How many of the rumors about him are true it is impossible to say. To his credit it must be said that in good time he saw the light, even if he had to be shocked into it, and seeing the light he almost paid with his life. But most assuredly he was not the man to lead Haiti out of its present darkness of Trujillo-manufactured terror.

Unfortunately, there appears to be no evidence that Lescot, as his President's representative in Ciudad Trujillo, sought means or invented ways of diplomatically halting the rapidly rising accumulation of insidious events that could plainly lead only to a great tragedy. Had the ambassador known that all that was going on directly under his nose meant the approach

of as terrible a massacre as history can record, and that the victims were to be his own people, he might have been moved to appropriate action. But he assuredly is not to be condemned for having failed fully to appreciate the extent of the horror into which his post had plunged him. Had he not, at that time, been such a close friend of Rafael Trujillo, he might better have suspected the unavoidable trend of such an appallingly distorted, grotesque mentality. But no man could have guessed the full meaning of this prelude to slaughter.

XII

THE SCARLET SYMPHONY

UP IN the north where the mountains and valleys roll gracefully through the lands of the Dominicans and the Haitians, there winds the long Massacre River, so-called because in the eighteenth century a gang of buccaneers was caught by Spanish troops with its loot and slaughtered along its banks. Here Massacre River serves admirably as a natural boundary between the two countries.

Border towns, Dominican and Haitian, dot the area: Ouanaminthe in Haiti, Dajabon in Santo Domingo just across the way, and Banica, also Dominican, are the principal outposts, all connected by scores of small and large settlements.

In September 1937 border incidents were becoming more numerous, and Trujillo's troops were massing. Now and then they were catching a Haitian, hungry, penniless, stealing across the border at night and laying felonious hands upon Dominican cattle, a donkey,

or produce. They were killed as thieves. And then there were the thousands of invited Haitians who worked the American-owned sugar plantations, and at countless other pursuits, since the boom days of 1918. They had been increasing in number ever since. By now more than 200,000 Haitians lived in the Dominican Republic, most of them near the border or on the great plantations in the provinces of Monte Cristy and Santiago. But there wasn't enough work for all. The price of sugar had long since crashed and the boom had spent itself. What to do with these Haitians who were no longer an asset? The Benefactor of the Fatherland had not yet given an official answer. But meanwhile the Dominican troops could with impunity kill a Haitian now and then.

Rafael Trujillo had made a trip or two along the border area. In Dajabon he heard good news. During the past few weeks many Haitians had been killed in the area. It was a start in the right direction, but there must be several hundred more.

That pact of eternal friendship between Haiti and Santo Domingo, signed in 1935 by Trujillo and Vincent—had the dictator forgotten it? Probably. There is no evidence that Trujillo had signed the pledge for any other reason than to force the return of the exiled Dominicans, and the maneuver had not forced them back. It had only scattered them through Latin American countries.

Not so with President Stenio Vincent. He remembered it. Well enough to recall it later.

October came, and with it, many rumors. More than the usual number of Haitians could be seen crossing the bridge over the Massacre River at Dajabon early in the evening. They had heard of mass murders in the town of Banica. But there was no panic. There were those who said that Dominican soldiers had stabbed and macheted dozens of Haitians. Perhaps eight or ten or a dozen or fifteen—but dozens! Absurd. But as absurd as it sounded, there were those Haitians who preferred the safety of their soil across the river. And by dusk the trickle across the bridge at Dajabon had grown into a steady stream of black humanity.

In the town of Dajabon there was great activity in the church. Small and large Dominican flags were being placed round the room used for social gatherings. Someone carefully dusted the portrait of The Benefactor of the Fatherland, Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina, the President of the Dominican Republic. For there was to be a dance the next night and the guest of honor would be the President.

Rumor of sudden death in Banica spread through the night and gained momentum through the following day. During the night hundreds had been killed, according to the rumor. Hundreds! Haitians arrived in Dajabon to tell of it. And the exodus of blacks increased.

That night, the night of October 2, people crowded into the church. Others, swarming outside, stood and waited and listened to the music within. Many in the crowd were Haitians. The rumor of death in Banica

had dissipated itself. And they stood with Dominicans in the crowd waiting outside the church. Soon the moment for which they waited came. A caravan of automobiles pulled into the road and came to a halt before the church. A squad of soldiers came quickly to attention before the familiar Packard. As El Generalissimo stepped out there was much saluting, the crowd of curious gave way, murmuring, and Rafael Trujillo, smiling broadly, hurried into the church.

The dancing came to a halt. The President stood before the assembled Dominicans, and before those outside crowding round the windows. Trujillo, on this occasion, had no long-winded speech to make. It was brief and very much to the point.

"I came to the border country to see what I could do for my fellow countrymen living here. I found that Haitians had been stealing food and cattle from our farmers here. I found that Dominicans would be happier if we got rid of the Haitians." God's partner, the Savior of the Republic, paused, stamped his foot, and raising his hand added slowly, throwing great emphasis on each of his words: "I will fix that. Yesterday three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. This must continue!"

Elsewhere throughout the country, soldiers of El Generalissimo's Army had already received their orders.

In an inland town an Army captain and his señora laid their napkins down as they finished the first course of their evening meal. Their servant was no longer young. She had been with the family for several dec-

ades. Her hair was gray against her black face. She entered the dining room to clear the table. The captain rose from his chair, picked up the carving knife and before the gray, old woman realized what her master was doing, the captain had sunk the blade into her breast. The piercing cry that stabbed the night air came from the throat of the horrified señora. The servant, at her feet, had made only a few gurgling sounds and had died. For a considerable period after that day the captain's wife had to live locked in a room in a sanatorium, a raving maniac. She couldn't understand that her husband was simply acting on orders from El Generalissimo.

In every town and every village in the provinces of Monte Cristy and Santiago, Negroes were dragged from their homes, lined up in streets and hacked at with machetes. Seldom were guns used. The machete looks like a butcher's instrument. Its blade is two to three feet long. Used primarily to fell brush and cut the sugar cane, it is rarely finely sharpened. It tears rather than cuts.

Here and there gunfire was heard above the cries of the Haitians. But most of the shots were killing mutinous Dominican soldiers. Great numbers were refusing to obey the orders of The Benefactor of the Fatherland.

Soldiers and Dominican farmers were stationed up and down Massacre River, and were bunched at bridges. As the panic-stricken, defenseless Haitians sought the safety of their own land, machetes flashed through the night. The President had hurried on after

his few words in the church at Dajabon, and now the bridge there was rapidly piling high with bodies. Officers barking commands sent some soldiers to clear the bridge of mangled blacks. They were thrown into the river or along the river's banks. And the piles of blood-soaked blacks at the entrance to the bridge grew higher and higher.

The soldiers' arms were growing weary swinging machetes, and as dawn approached it was becoming increasingly apparent that great numbers of Haitians were gaining asylum across the river. So the soldiers threw their machetes away and used their rifles. As dawn came and they could take aim, they stood along the banks of the river and knocked off the fleeing Haitians. Their Krag rifles were scorching their hands well before the sun was high in the sky.

Outside the town of La Vega there is a hill called Santo Cerro, and on it is the church of Santo Cerro. The Italian-born pastor of the church, Father Francisco Fantino, lived in an adjoining house. He was well along in years and greatly venerated by Dominicans. He had come to Santo Domingo as a young priest. As the years advanced he gave materially as well as spiritually to all persons, whatever their color or faith. Once he took under his care two small, forlorn abandoned Haitian boys who grew up in his household as healthy youngsters. One was ten and the other twelve when Trujillo's soldiers arrived at Santo Cerro to carry out their orders. It was late in the afternoon. The boys

were busy preparing dinner for themselves and Father Fantino.

When the padre saw the soldiers coming he was not surprised. He had been fearing that moment. He met them a short distance from the church. He pleaded with them not to take the boys. They explained they had their orders. He, too, had his orders, God's orders that "Thou Shalt Not Kill." But there was "God and Trujillo" and the soldiers had Trujillo's orders. They must. With apologies they swept Father Fantino aside and took the two boys. Father Fantino entered his church, but before he could reach the altar he heard first one and then a second shot ring out . . .

For a few hours through the heat of midday the slaughtering came practically to a standstill.

Bodies were strewn up and down the banks of the river, and the ravines scattered through the hills were almost leveled by black corpses. Trujillo's soldiers, rounding up groups of Haitians, had tied them together, had decapitated one at a time with machetes, and had thrown the headless torsos into the nearest ravine. Blood-smeared heads lay in heaps alongside the roads.

Though during the day the pace of the killing had slowed, had almost come to a standstill, all through the land Haitians were still being rounded up. In the city of Santiago, northern metropolis, 1,900 Haitians had been herded into a courtyard surrounded by Government buildings. They were in groups of ten and thirty

and fifty, shackled together, their hands secured behind their backs.

When the executioners were ready to carry out their orders it was late in the afternoon. If they could have set machine guns up and turned them on the massed Haitians, the worst would have been over in a few minutes and the executioners home in time for dinner. But Trujillo had given orders to use guns only in an emergency, to rely upon the more primitive weapons, and for a very good reason, as we shall see presently.

The soldiers chosen for the Santiago job were a picked squad of sadists. They entered the courtyard gripping great and small clubs, jagged clubs, smooth clubs, iron bars. The cries of the Haitians rose up out of the courtyard and filled the city. Despite the heat, many residents of Santiago closed their doors and their shutters to shut out the horrified cries of more than a thousand terrorized Haitians screaming for help. Some of the 1,900 Haitians knelt in silent prayer; but others were too terrified to utter a sound.

Out of the courtyard and into the night a long line of trucks and wagons filled with the horribly mangled bodies of the 1,900 Haitian citizens moved through the streets of Santiago and out into the country. Ravines in the hills near-by were piled high with the dead.

Behind them the trucks and the wagons left a trail of blood, from courtyard to ravines . . .

"This must continue," The Benefactor of the Fatherland, the latter half of the partnership of "God

and Trujillo," had said. And it did, into its second night.

In the cities located near the sea these same macabre caravans continued through the night and on into the next day. Then they loaded small and large fishing boats, stuffing holds and cabins with black, mangled bodies, and piling them high on decks. During these first October days in 1937 in the waters about Santo Domingo, the sharks did not go hungry for want of human flesh.

By the morning of October 4, the massacre had spent itself. Tales of the horror immediately spread through the Dominican Republic and Haiti, tales of brutalities unequaled in modern history. Groups of Haitians here, groups there, hacked to death with machetes, stabbed to death with knives, shot with Krag rifles. Haitian homes raided, whole families wiped out, babies beaten to death against trees and sides of houses, tossed on bayonets.

The tales were endless and investigations several weeks later proved them all to be true.

On the Haitian side of Massacre River, and in Ouanaminthe in particular, homes and hospitals and churches and schools were filled with wounded and dying—filled with little girls and little boys, grown men and women, with legs or arms chopped off, with heads split by machetes, bodies with gaping, torn wounds, or the neatly sliced wound of a knife, or a fine round hole drilled by a bullet.

Immediately following the massacre, the number of

Haitian dead was unknown. For several days each district thought it alone was the victim of Rafael Trujillo's soldiers. Reports, like election returns, drifted in. Three hundred-odd bodies counted here, eight hundred-odd in another place, fifty in a small village, more than 5,000 in the Monte Cristy and Santiago areas, some 3,000 in the city of Dajabon. The exact number will never be known, but with time it has been possible to name a minimum figure of 12,000 dead, and a maximum figure of 20,000, although estimates have run as high as 25,000 dead. And all within the brief space of two nights and one day.

Now Stenio Vincent could see—in his sleep as well as his waking hours—the great piles of bodies of his brutally mangled countrymen. President Vincent told Quentin Reynolds, on the scene later to make a report of the ghastly events for *Collier's,* "What can we do? We are not a warlike people."

The President's dilemma was understandable. The Haitians aren't warriors. Nor was Haiti geared for war in any other manner against the highly organized totalitarianism of the tyrant Trujillo.

Rafael Trujillo was wise enough to want to keep the facts of the massacre secret. He quickly clamped on a censorship that extended over the whole of Haiti as well as the Dominican Republic. How he succeeded in keeping President Vincent and the Haitian press wordless on the subject is still a secret. Certainly this was the moment for Vincent to cry the facts to the world. But his lips were sealed.

No doubt Rafael Trujillo told Vincent what he was later to give as an official explanation:

A deplorable incident, one he greatly regretted. But his soldiers did the killing . . . No, his soldiers did not. The killings were done with machetes and knives by angry Dominican farmers. His soldiers use rifles.

But rifles were used, bullets from Krag rifles were found in Haitian bodies. And the Dominican Army used Krag rifles. A lie! The Haitians were all killed by machetes and knives in the hands of Dominican farmers angered by Haitians who had been stealing their livestock and their produce.

That speech at Dajabon? Rafael Trujillo did not make it, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. But later there were scores of affidavits to prove he made the speech, and all the witnesses agreed on what he said.*

* In the January 26, 1946, issue of the *Nation* (N. Y.) it was reported by Alvarez del Vayo that Trujillo recently "had a law passed changing the name of Dajabon . . . to 'Franklin D. Roosevelt.' This graceful gesture was abandoned . . . after representations from the [U. S.] State Department."

XIII

SILENCE!

CENSORSHIP of mail came automatically into being with Rafael Trujillo. Since he came to power letters have always been unceremoniously opened, examined, and sent on their way without evidence that they have been read. Usually, however, only the mail of persons suspected of activities against Trujillo is opened. From time to time he has bought up postal clerks in Haiti to do as much for him there.

During and following the massacre of the Haitians, we can be sure, all mail was censored, in Santo Domingo and in Haiti. But the Dominicans had learned much during the first seven years of Trujillo. They knew that when they saw no mention of the massacre in the newspapers, they were to say and write nothing about it.

But Father Barnes was an American citizen. He had for several years been a missionary in the Dominican Republic. He was known and loved for his work among the needy. Profoundly shocked by the massacre, he sat

down and wrote a sister in the United States the details as he had heard them. Getting no immediate reply—his letter had apparently requested one—Father Barnes fully realized his letter had never left Santo Domingo. He wrote another and attempted to smuggle it out of the country. This, too, was a failure. And the next day Father Barnes was found lying in a pool of blood in his home, shot and brutally beaten to death.

To keep the American embassy from entering an official protest and asking for an explanation, Trujillo's national police promptly announced they were investigating the missionary's murder, and that an arrest was expected momentarily.

The police were true to their word. The murdered man's houseboy was placed under arrest and charged with the murder. And then the police released their account of what had happened. Father Barnes, said the police report, was known for his sexual depravities, and he had, on this occasion, attempted to seduce his houseboy, a young Puerto Rican. The houseboy, in his anxiety to protect his sexual integrity, had been provoked into overt acts that had resulted in the death of Father Barnes. Whereupon the courts judged the boy guilty of justifiable homicide, and sentenced him to serve a short term in prison. The boy, however, was never seen again, and it is presumed he died shortly after being placed in a cell.

In all likelihood, the boy was bribed—no doubt with an enormous amount of money—to enter into the

frame-up, and was promised his liberty within a few months.

Yes, it was death to anyone, American as well as Haitian and Dominican, who attempted to reveal the facts of the massacre. So for a whole month not a single word of it appeared in print anywhere in the world.

And then one day two Dominicans arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico. One of them had in his pocket a letter from a sister who lived in Haiti. In it was the story of the massacre. He told this story to Pepe Toro Nazario, who is today chief of the information department of the University of Puerto Rico. At that time Toro was correspondent for *La Voz,* a Spanish language newspaper published in New York and no longer in existence. His informant told him that 20,000 innocent Haitians had been massacred. Toro, as he wrote out his dispatch, decided this was an error, that what the Dominican meant was 2,000. So, to be safe, he filed a story stating that 1,500 Haitians had been butchered by Rafael Trujillo's soldiers. In transit the 1,500 became 15,000: a remarkable error, for subsequent investigations settled upon a 15,000 figure for the number of dead Haitians.

This was shortly after the first of November and *La Voz* carried the story on its front page under a banner scare head. The newspaper had few readers, and it was not until the day after *La Voz* hit the newsstands that the proverbial cat Trujillo had been so carefully confining to the bag was let loose.

A United Press correspondent who covered Latin

American activities in Washington, D.C., bought a copy of *La Voz* at the newsstand opposite the Hotel Willard. He got in touch with the UP desk in New York and UP started making inquiries. Soon the story was breaking in newspapers all over the United States. The news service, like Toro Nazario, considered the 15,000 figure a probable exaggeration. Early reports in the United States therefore varied the figure from 2,500 to 5,000.

Quentin Reynolds of *Collier's* hopped a plane and set out for Port-au-Prince. From Haiti's capital he went to the border area where most of the mass executions took place. He talked with bishops and priests and the chief of the Haitian Army, Colonel Jules André. He viewed broken heads and torn bodies and he talked with survivors of the massacre, and although he named no total figure for those killed he gave district figures and the then unconfirmed total came to more than 5,000. Later he made an estimate of 20,000 dead.

In Haiti President Vincent was mysteriously silent on the matter right up to November 12, 1937. In Washington his ambassador to the United States, Elie Lescot, was equally silent. Only Haiti's Foreign Minister, Georges Leger, appears to have fought to make public the facts of the massacre. Leger rose out of a sickbed to serve his country and fight Trujillo. Despite the fact that Trujillo brought all the pressure it was within his power to bring in Port-au-Prince, and despite the fact that he poured money into the fight, it is still incomprehensible why Vincent and Lescot re-

mained silent at a time when they could have taken action that would have cast their hated enemy Trujillo out of power. On November 12, after the facts had been printed in newspapers throughout the world, Vincent took action reluctantly. He appealed for mediation under the Gondra Inter-American Convention, a treaty signed by all the nations of the Western Hemisphere at Santiago, Chile, in 1923, and providing for an investigation of the dispute and recommendation for peaceful settlement by three neutral nations of the Americas.

And what followed was an even greater mystery.

The moment official request for mediation was made, Rafael Trujillo got busy. He sent special envoys to the three Governments (United States, Cuba and Mexico) that were to send representatives as a committee of three to investigate the massacre. An investigation would almost certainly mean the end of Rafael Trujillo. His envoys, well supplied with money, spread the story in the three capitals that negotiations for a settlement were going on between the two countries involved and that an understanding would be reached shortly. Trujillo did not stop at that.

His story and that of his envoys was that a few Haitians had been killed by Dominican farmers incensed by "the loss of cattle and produce to thieving Haitians," and that it was all "a regrettable incident." He promptly had ten Dominican farmers sentenced to prison for the killings. And he then paid for full-page

advertisements in leading American newspapers explaining that there was no necessity for an official investigation, that all was being settled amicably between the two nations. On December 17, 1937, the full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* was headed: "Important Document that Clarifies the Position of the Dominican Republic in Relation to the Haitian Incident . . ." There followed in great detail an account of the alleged developments between the two nations, and how a satisfactory agreement was about to be reached.

While his envoys brought diplomatic pressure to bear upon the nations of the Gondra Inter-American Convention committee, some apparently mystic pressure was being leveled at the officialdom of Port-au-Prince. Had Haiti refused to settle with Trujillo, had that country stood pat and welcomed the committee's investigation—and it would seem that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by it—Rafael Trujillo would have been forced out as dictator of Santo Domingo, Haiti would have won an undeclared war and her 15,000 citizens would not have died wholly in vain. Instead, "Papa" Vincent, who in his earlier life was a poet, and who as a President obviously felt deeply the death of his countrymen, gave way to the dictator who was personally responsible for the butcherings. The Dominican Government paid the Haitian Government the sum of $750,000, and the "regrettable incident" was considered closed. Taking 15,000 as the

figure for the total dead, and it may well have been closer to 20,000, the settlement meant that Trujillo paid $50 for each dead Haitian.

Why these easy terms? Haiti could have had the United States and nearly every Latin American country backing her in just about any demand she might have made; so obviously Vincent's explanation to Quentin Reynolds is not the whole truth. He said to Reynolds:

"What can we do? We are a peaceful people. Our Army is just large enough to police the country. We have a population of three million and an Army of 2,500. That is more than enough for internal policing. We never have real trouble here in Haiti.

"Our neighbors have an Army of at least 5,000 and they have planes and artillery. It would be madness for us to think of fighting. We never thought that we would be called upon to defend ourselves. We always thought that the Dominicans were our best friends. Not long ago we signed a pact with them pledging eternal friendship . . ."

Everything Vincent said was true, and is still true. But what Vincent did not say to Reynolds was that he knew that while the Dominicans were Haiti's best friends, no one knew better than the President of Haiti that Trujillo was their worst enemy. If he had not known it before, the pre-massacre border incidents and the details of the carnage itself made it obvious. As for fighting for Haiti's rights at that time, President Vincent knew that a declaration of war was quite unnecessary, that the representatives of the United States,

Cuba and Mexico would use their good offices to bring about a just settlement, that that was precisely the *raison d'être* of the committee. And he knew, too, that Trujillo was fighting to keep the committee from functioning because an investigation could only result in a decision in favor of Haiti and the downfall of Rafael Trujillo.

There was never an investigation, and Rafael Trujillo had won his war. Fifteen thousand Haitians had died for a cause—for the perpetuation of Rafael Trujillo's power.

There is not a prouder people anywhere than the Haitians; they are almost pathologically proud. And not without justification. As black slaves they fought for their independence, and in 1804 they won it. Their history is one of turbulence and strife and they have always survived the worst, and come out of it with their heads up. Since the advent of Trujillo to power they have faced the most dangerous and most vicious threat from the outside since they defeated Napoleon's troops under the great black general, Toussaint L'Ouverture. Which makes all the more mysterious the power that is Trujillo's over Haiti. One can only come to the conclusion that Haiti is faced with an evil that is almost beyond the comprehension of the human mind.

That is how the people of Haiti came to understand it. They wanted "Papa" Vincent to arm them or permit them to go into the Dominican Republic with their machetes, and avenge their dead. But their President called for restraint.

In the United States voices were raised against Trujillo, great and small voices. There were editorials, and horrified columnists were blasting Trujillo's defenses. There was the late Heywood Broun, sickened at the thought of a Rafael Trujillo. There was General Hugh S. Johnson, diametrically opposed to Broun on most political issues, who cried out in both his column and on the radio. In a broadcast over the Blue Network from radio station WJZ in New York on December 9, 1937, he described the massacre and he told of Haitians who were "beaten with clubs and hacked to death with machetes . . . women . . . stabbed to death, and even babies were tossed on bayonets . . . [Haitians] taken from jails where they were waiting deportation, trussed up and tossed into seas to drown . . ."

And Rafael Trujillo was sent reeling under the blows. He poured great sums of money, perhaps as much as $2,000,000, into the fight for his existence. There was lobbying in Washington, writers were bought, newspaper and other advertising totaling several hundred thousand dollars was purchased.

And while all this was going on, there was furious activity at home. At the very same time he was telling the world about peace and harmony on the island of Hispaniola, Trujillo was working to overthrow the Haitian Government. His agent in this instance was Demosthenes Petrus Calixte, at that time chief of the Haitian Army.

Hardly had the thirty-six-hour slaughter of Haitians spent itself when the plot to overthrow the Haitian

Government was uncovered. On the surface this seemed to be a purely domestic affair: some Haitians, incensed at Vincent for not taking immediately the strongest action against Trujillo, were plotting against him. In large part, what appeared on the surface was true. A number of Haitian intellectuals were in on the plot, and they were undoubtedly motivated by patriotism only. Those who were not caught were obliged to flee for their lives, among them Max Hudicourt, the director of the newspaper *La Nation*.

Vincent's troops quickly took care of the revolt, and then the President, suspecting Calixte was involved, relieved him of his post and shipped him off to Marseilles, France, as consul-general. But the real depths of the plot did not become apparent until a few months later when Calixte resigned, went to New York, and from there to Ciudad Trujillo. Shortly after arriving in the Dominican capital, Calixte was put in command of a company of Dominican troops stationed along the border. His mission, apparently, was to stir up more border incidents and confound the Haitian Government, then awaiting the arrival of the committee of three which was to investigate the massacre. Shortly thereafter the two Governments agreed upon a settlement, and the investigating committee never arrived.

It is not known just when Calixte first became a paid servitor of Trujillo, but it is generally believed that Rafael's money was financing the plot to rebel, a fact unknown to the idealists involved although they, too, suspected Calixte's duplicities.

Not long after he arrived at the border as a renegade Haitian in the pay of Trujillo, Calixte disappeared. One story has it that he was murdered by Trujillo, who feared Calixte might talk. But according to Hudicourt, formerly an exile in New York, Calixte, apparently repenting, quietly crossed the border into his homeland and disappeared into the hills, where he lives today incognito, as a Haitian farmer.

XIV

JAMON PESCADO

"JAMON PESCADO" was heard frequently among Rafael Trujillo's inner circle during the months following the massacre. For in English the two words mean Ham Fish.

The year 1937 had been a busy one for Congressman Ham Fish of New York's Dutchess County. As one of Washington's leading apologists for Hitler's Nazidom, his was no simple task in the face of a growing disgust for the cause he championed.

It was then all the more surprising, when, in November, 1937, he rose on the floor of the House of Representatives, and, speaking of the massacre of 15,000 Haitians by General Trujillo, cried out:

"This is the most outrageous atrocity that has ever been perpetrated on the American Continent." (Although the island of Hispaniola where the massacre took place is in the Americas, Hamilton Fish was slightly confused geographically. It is not on any American continent.) He continued: "I should like to see

the Government of the United States withdraw our recognition of the Dominican Republic."

And then, on January 24, 1938, the New Yorker again spoke in Congress, again let out a blast at Rafael Trujillo's dictatorship. At the time he was ranking member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and these blasts at Trujillo had meaning. Immediately, the Government of Haiti took cognizance of an American congressman who could champion the cause of the oppressed. On order from President Vincent's Government, Haiti's ambassador to Washington, Elie Lescot, decorated Congressman Hamilton Fish as a gesture of gratitude for the sympathies shown the Haitian people.

Here was a phenomenon indeed. The man who could find excuses for Hitler's abominable treatment of the Jews was among the loudest to condemn Trujillo's sadistic acts against the Negroes of Haiti.

Although the nature of man frequently appears paradoxical, time and its events will invariably fit the puzzling pieces together and give us the continuity we have come to expect. In little more than a year we find both Hamilton Fish and Elie Lescot in the arms of Rafael Trujillo.

In February of that year—1939—there came to the United States a mysterious figure called George Jamhar Djamgaroff, better known as the "White Russian Mystery Man." He filed with the United States Department of State as an agent of the Dominican Republic who received a yearly salary of $50,000. And he gave,

as a reference, Hamilton Fish, the same Jamon Pescado who had been denouncing his employer!

From this point on events practically raced to their natural, if improper, conclusions. About a month later Congressman Fish, in the company of Agent Djamgaroff, set out for a visit to the home of General Trujillo. All of the congressman's expenses were reputedly paid.

We can imagine these two, host and guest, as the congressman lolled about the palatial establishment in Ciudad Trujillo and drove about the countryside with his host, viewing the magnificence of the newly erected buildings, the fine bridges, Ramfis Park, the largest children's playground in all the world, named after the general's natural son, the great salt deposits near Cabral where the salt is so clear it is often mistaken for rice, and where the outcropping is so great it can be quarried. Wholly relaxed in one of the general's bullet-proof Packards, they no doubt drove to the border areas, and Rafael Trujillo could point as they proceeded and say, "See, there are no Haitians being killed; and those who were killed deserved it for they are an inferior race given to stealing our cattle and our produce." El Generalissimo perhaps also spoke highly of the efficiency of Hitler's Reich, for it was in 1938 that the Trujillo Government subsidized the Dominican-German Institute, which, with the noble aid of German scientists, was busily engaged in the study of water depths and marine plant life, the better to guide submarines in the event of war. This, assuredly, would

have a great appeal for Hamilton Fish who had long maintained the proposition that the British and not the Germans were America's enemies. For upon the outbreak of the widely anticipated, clearly impending European war, thanks to the Institute "researches," U-boats would have a considerable advantage over British freighters plying between South America and the British Isles.

When questioned later as to why he ever condemned General Trujillo, Ham Fish replied: "I had not met the general then."

Later in the year Dictator Trujillo visited the United States. There was a reception for him, a dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in New York. The dinner was sponsored by the Pan American Society; and during it exiled Dominicans and New Yorkers, who had not forgotten the brutal killings of defenseless Haitians, picketed in protest. The principal speaker at the dinner was Hamilton Fish. Said Jamon Pescado:

"General, you have created a golden age for your country and I am proud and happy to repeat at this time to a United States audience that you will go down in the history of your country as a builder greater than all Spanish Conquistadors together."

Two days later Heywood Broun wrote in his *World-Telegram* column:

"There is consistency in the Ham who talks like a Fish. The gentleman from Dutchess County takes his dictators straight and manifests the same enthusiasm for the home-grown kind as he has for those in foreign

lands . . . Ham Fish has repeatedly declared himself a true neutral and has argued that his votes have been motivated by his abhorrence of bloodshed. How, then, does he explain the fact that he has just taken occasion to shake the hand of General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina, the dictator from the Dominican Republic? Mr. Fish is quoted as having said at a dinner to Trujillo in New York on Wednesday, 'You have created a golden age for your country.' But if Trujillo has brought any treasure to his country it certainly was compounded out of the blood of many thousands. Quentin Reynolds was sent by *Collier's* several months ago to make a first-hand examination of the Trujillo massacres along the border.

"I know Reynolds well, and he is a reliable reporter of high competence . . . There were obscure Haitian peasants who were murdered under the fury of the Dominican dictator. Reynolds thought that 20,000 was about the closest estimate which anybody could make concerning the dead . . .

"And this is the man and the hand which Ham Fish delights to honor. This is no dictator across the water. These are not outrages concerning which there is any fundamental dispute in testimony . . .

"Drink deep, oh Ham and Hitler and Trujillo! Here's a cup to the next man who dies.

"The murdered men and women at our doorsteps were Negroes of Haiti. The persecuted folk of Germany are Jewish. And it seems that such things can be overlooked by certain statesmen . . ."

At the time Broun loosed his words of condemnation upon Trujillo and Ham Fish, he did not know that this newly found love was not wholly a blending of idealism and deep political fidelity, but that there was, besides all this, holding the two together, congressman and tyrant, the more mundane link of a cash transaction.

Like a leaf out of a Hollywood scenario there suddenly appeared a special credit account of $25,000 in the National City Bank of New York in the name of Fish, the amount having been transferred from Rafael L. Trujillo's personal account at the same bank.

Shortly after becoming the recipient of this new and handsome bank account, Ham Fish sailed for Germany where he traveled about in Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop's private plane. Upon his return to the United States he announced that Germany's claims were just, and proceeded to set up and become the chairman of the National Committee to Keep America Out of Foreign Wars. The headquarters of the organization was listed as being the same as that of Hamilton Fish's Congressional office.

Meanwhile, it appears, busy as he was with his new organization, making such pronouncements as "It will take a navy three times the size of ours to attack us," and "I have no patience with Americans who tremble every time Hitler sneezes . . ." Fish made two withdrawals of $2,000 each from his $25,000 bank account, and deposited the sums in his Washington bank. He also withdrew $8,000 with which he purchased shares

of stock in the Nepaugh Oil Company of Houston, Texas, the company's records showing the name of the owner of the stock as Hamilton Fish. At a somewhat later date the balance of the money reverted to Rafael Trujillo's account.

In the meantime, certain United States Government agencies, especially the Treasury Department, had become interested in the economic meanderings of the congressman and the dictator. For it seems Ham Fish had failed to make mention of the transaction when he filed his income tax returns. Ham Fish promptly released a statement saying that he had acted as an agent for the Dominican dictator, and as an agent he was not required to mention the transaction in his income tax return. He said he not only put $8,000 into the Nepaugh Oil Company but that $4,500 had gone into shares of another oil company, the Sun Ray Company of Oklahoma. And that both speculations were in the interests of General Trujillo. When called upon to explain how it happened that the stock was under his name, he said, well, he had discussed the matter with a representative of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, who said he did not have to include a statement of the dealings in his returns, whereupon the Government agency stated that no responsible agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue was authorized to make any such declaration. Fish then added that he also lost $3,000 of his own money in wildcat oil deals. But he never did explain how, if he were acting as Trujillo's agent only, the stock happened to be in his name.

XV

ALL IS NOT WELL

WHEN in 1933 the ousted Cuban dictator Machado, fleeing for his life, found refuge in the land of Rafael Trujillo, he included among his gifts to his host sound advice as well as the mundane Crespo, his prize triggerman. It is impossible to record here the exact words Machado used, but we know what he said if not how he said it, and what he said amounted to this:

"Rafael, my friend, host and colleague, allow me to offer you some exceedingly important advice. What I have to say is founded upon bitter experience, and you may as well profit by my irreparable loss. Stop at nothing to avoid bad publicity in the American press. Beware, for it is the press of the United States that caused my downfall."

And now, early in 1938, the American press was at the throat of the dictator of the Dominican Republic, and the man chiefly responsible for the deaths of some 15,000 defenseless Haitians faced disaster. At this point, we can feel quite certain, Rafael Trujillo re-

called his friend's advice, and swore that forever after, no matter what the cost, no matter what the means, whenever possible the newspapers of the Americas must be brought under his control, directly or indirectly. Of course, only a few could be bought outright. A few newspapers that had raised their editorial voices against Trujillo, at the time of the massacre and later, suddenly reversed their lofty attitudes. There were those that compromised and, at a price, agreed not to print news or editorials that made difficult the life of Rafael Trujillo. Others went over completely to the side the money was on. Where once they condemned, they now praised.

The dictator's methods of handling the press have not been without considerable success. By using the *Mein Kampf* method of making the most of a lie, he has, ever since 1938, succeeded in planting dark doubts in the minds of editors, who, like their publishers, cannot be purchased and who are anxious to print only the facts. Trujillo's lies, spread by his consuls and his paid propagandists, are not accepted by these editors as facts, but they do serve to cloud the facts that are threats to the reign of Rafael Trujillo.

Yes, Trujillo's dark days of 1938 were instructive. And Rafael made the most of them. Reverses are likely to prove more beneficial to a pathological coward. For, tormented with fear, he feels them more deeply and remembers them longer. During the early months of 1938 Trujillo must have asked himself a thousand times if he ought to make a run for it. By running for

it he might save his life and his fortune. But what a hollow, vacuous life his would be without power—a power such as few men in all the world ever so completely enjoyed!

In the early days of his reign he was in a weak position, and the opposition to his dictatorship made itself felt. Later, in 1935, his health failed, and again plots against him gained momentum. Now, once again he was weak. Would there be new plots? More rebellions to face?

But there were certain advantages to be considered. No known leaders of opposition groups were still in existence within the country, with the possible exception of Brother Petan. But would there be others who would rise with the tide that had turned against him? Were yesterday's friends today's enemies?

He had none to fear in Haiti. He had brought that country to heel, and as a result there had been no international investigation of the wholesale butcherings. And it was at this time that the loudest voice in the United States Congress was speaking out against him—as soon as Jamon Pescado would understand better the workings of the mind of Rafael Trujillo, he would readily become a convert. We can be sure Trujillo had studied Fish's record and, with his knowledge of men could anticipate the day when the New York congressman, like certain newspapers, would reverse his position.

As for the growing world protests against his regime, there were several large and small acts that should

help. Perhaps it was at this point that he hatched his *pièce de résistance.*

There were countless thousands of Central Europeans, mostly Jews, and Spanish Loyalists seeking refuge. He could offer them asylum in the Dominican Republic. A brilliant idea! It would bring him many friends; and not only friends but *mucho dinero*—perhaps millions of dollars—and white blood to help dilute the black blood of the nation!

And this, 1938, was election year! It might help if he retired as President. It would not require giving up all his prerogatives—on the contrary, it might offer the opportunity of adding to them as the power behind the title of *Presidente.* But that title. Much time and energy had been spent making it his. And how difficult had been the road, littered with thousands of dead and mangled countrymen. Yet there seemed to be no other choice.

So with the coming of May and the elections, Rafael Trujillo was not a candidate for President. His Dominican Party named Jacinto B. Peynado, the sometime lawyer, onetime Vice President and Minister of the Interior, candidate for President. Peynado's running mate was Manuel de Jesus Troncoso de la Concha, formerly a professor at the University of Santo Domingo. Both men were along in years, but there was no need to give any energy to a campaign. There would, of course, be no opposition candidates, and voting would be the mere formality it had always been since the advent of Rafael Trujillo as dictator.

But let there be a super-president!

Whereupon Rafael had his obliging Congress make legal the illegal, so that El Generalissimo could be the keeper of all the keys. They decreed no appointments could be made without El Generalissimo's recommendations. And just to give added lustre to the Trujillo name, Congress obliged by making Rafael's mother and his wife the First Ladies of the Land.

There was more than one reason for creating a super-presidency. This period of transition offered tempting opportunities for revolt. Trujillo must maintain his complete control, must even add to his power, so that rebellion might be wholly discouraged. He knew only too well that any effort to overthrow him would receive outside support, perhaps even semi-official recognition by certain governments.

How the President's mind must have returned again and again to the early and middle thirties when he first gained power and was still weak. The plots against him then almost succeeded. Would there, now, be new organized efforts to overthrow him? This was another one of those periods that invites enemies to action.

The naming of a puppet president was also an invitation to revolt. Not Peynado, nor Manuel de Jesus de la Concha—these model puppets would never plot against El Generalissimo. But could Petan now be fully trusted? Or the Army? Or this person and that person, friend and foe? And which was which?

These were troublesome months for Rafael Trujillo. Throughout the year 1938 he was by turn fretful,

fearful, jittery and domineering. For now was the time to domineer as never before. He bullied his puppets and he bullied his Dominican Party. And by the end of the year Rafael Trujillo was more the dictator than ever before.

Since the rough and tumble days of the early 1930's El Generalissimo had acquired a *savoir faire* and a highly estimable diplomatic sheen that were to serve him well during this period. Now that he had the domestic situation well in hand, he turned to impressing the rest of the world, for beyond the borders of his country he was still known as the Bloody Dictator.

First he set writers to work on his biography. During 1939 three alleged biographies of Rafael Trujillo were run off presses, two by Dominican publishers and a third in New York. All three books were sugary laudations. One of them was somewhat more ambitious than the others and pretended to relate the history not only of Rafael Trujillo the man but his regime from 1930 to the day of his farcical retirement as President. This book was called "President Trujillo, His Work and the Dominican Republic." Its author was Lawrence de Besault, who also managed to do some work, at a later date, for Dictator Batista of Cuba. Besault, besides writing this book, did a feature article on Rafael Trujillo which he succeeded in planting in a Washington newspaper.

The book is fantastic as history and biography. As we already know, Trujillo and President Vincent met several times to agree upon a border treaty. We also

know why Trujillo was anxious to make a treaty pledging eternal friendship between Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and we know what happened shortly after it was signed.

Perhaps Besault did not know about the mass murders; but all the world knew about them. For it was in 1939 that the book was published, and in it the author recommended that Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize! And with a straight face, too. He gave several paragraphs to arguing his point. He made the convenient observation that Trujillo had brought lasting peace between Haiti and the Dominican Republic (there was no mention in the book of the 15,000 dead Haitians), and, added the writer, it was high time that this paladin of modern statesmanship be recognized and rewarded for his peaceful endeavors.

The Dominican Government promptly saw to it that the book received proper circulation. It was sent to libraries the world over along with other pro-Trujillo literature, including shorter biographies and numerous pamphlets, all conveniently translated into several languages.

After this barrage of publicity Rafael Trujillo felt safe in making plans for his first visit to the United States and Europe.

XVI

THE TOURIST

IN 1939 President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States was helping along his Good Neighbor policy with White House invitations to high officials of Latin American nations. Through the early part of the year there had been a steady parade: Batista of Cuba, Nicaragua's Somoza, representatives of Brazil . . .

The visitors from Latin America had held conferences with President Roosevelt in the White House. They had been received with military honors and entertained both officially and informally.

But for the Bloody Dictator of the Dominican Republic there had been no invitation.

Obviously, no time should be lost repairing the damage. Having given all his early years to making good, to scheming and intriguing and murdering and soft-soaping, and having given his best years to maintaining his success no matter what the means or methods, Rafael Trujillo had never found time to leave his country for so much as a week-end visit to a neigh-

boring island. Now, he not only had the time but he could not afford to do otherwise. There was much to be done.

It was of great importance that he make his entrance into the waters of the United States in a manner befitting a potentate. No common steamship for him; nor even a chartered plane. He must make the voyage by private yacht. So he purchased the magnificent 225-foot *Camargo* from Julius Fleischmann, and renamed the yacht *Ramfis*. Rafael had installed in the *Ramfis* new and elegant furnishings, and a powerful receiving and sending wireless set to keep him in close touch with activities at home. If a rebellion were to break out this set would enable El Generalissimo to direct the defense of his regime. And, too, if the rebels were successful, Rafael would be safe from harm, safe from sure death, and the *Ramfis* could widen the distance between him and his enemies.

Early in July the *Ramfis* sailed for Miami, Florida, on its maiden voyage.

Meanwhile the Dominican embassy in Washington and the consulate in New York were busy preparing for the chief's arrival. On the afternoon of July 6, Trujillo's special car on the train from Miami, loaded with a party of fifteen persons, Dominican and American officials, arrived in Washington. His representatives in Washington had handled their jobs well. El Generalissimo was met at the station by Stanley Woodward, Assistant Chief of Protocol of the State Department; Laurence Duggan, Chief of the Division of the

American Republics; R. Henry Norweb, the United States Minister to the Dominican Republic, and Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director-General of the Pan-American Union; plus a handful of military and naval officers. There was also a guard of honor—four squads of Marines, and a drum and bugle corps.

El Generalissimo proudly viewed the reception and announced:

"I am happy to be on American soil and I am profoundly grateful to the American Government for the cordial welcome extended to me. I bring greetings from the Dominican Government and people for the American Government and people. We are sincerely bound to the policy of peace and harmony of the American continent and I offer my heartiest co-operation to the service of its ideals."

The general then drove out to Mount Vernon, placed a wreath on George Washington's tomb, and hurried on to Arlington Cemetery, where he deposited another wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. He wound up his first day's activities with a visit to a Civilian Conservation Corps camp at Fort Hunt. He then relaxed over cocktails with a group of congressmen.

For the next five days Rafael was a busy fellow in and about Washington. Secretary of State Cordell Hull received him, but for only a brief, formal call. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt, caught in Trujillo's beautifully executed squeeze play, were obliged to invite the general to a quick White House tea.

But above all the Washington activities worth the mention, there was the luncheon given Trujillo, the murderer of some 15,000 Haitians, by Haiti's Minister to Washington, Elie Lescot. Here, indeed, was one of the ghastly moments of human history: Elie Lescot of Haiti, dining the man who had ordered the butchering of 15,000 Haitians less than two years before. Obviously, no mention was made of this luncheon in the newspapers of Haiti. Nor did its newspapers print the photograph of the two men, Lescot and Trujillo, greeting each other, their arms about each other, their faces wreathed in broad smiles. *Time* magazine used the photograph with the caption: "Trujillo And Lescot—dead Haitians were forgotten."

On July 12 Rafael Trujillo's private car took him to New York City. He stepped off the train at the Pennsylvania Station clad in a sartorial symphony of gray, well guarded by Secret Service men, detectives and uniformed policemen. This guard constituted more than a routine precaution, for in the United States, and especially in New York, there lived, and still live, numerous Dominican exiles who have had relatives murdered by Trujillo and his gang. There were also Haitians in New York, who, unlike their country's minister to Washington, could not forget their countrymen murdered along the border in 1937. There were even irate Americans who sided with the exiled Dominicans and the Haitians.

Trujillo and his party, escorted by motorcycle policemen, went directly to the Waldorf-Astoria. On the

following day New York's Mayor La Guardia gave General Trujillo the most abrupt welcome ever given a visiting official. The Mayor rushed through the proceedings and Rafael Trujillo found himself being shown out of the office five minutes after making his entrance. La Guardia escorted Trujillo to his waiting automobile, hustling past newsreel cameramen and newspaper photographers without so much as a pause. The cameramen had been waiting for El Generalissimo for an hour, hoping to catch shots of him with the Mayor, but they caught only two men on the run, with La Guardia leading the general in a rush for the car.

As Generalissimo of the Dominican armed forces, Trujillo went from La Guardia's office to West Point as guest of Brigadier General J. D. Benedict, superintendent of the Military Academy. He was received with an artillery salute of twenty-one guns, since he was a former head of a state. The same salute welcomed his departure. He had lunch at the officers' mess, inspected the Academy, and reviewed the cadet corps.

Upon returning to New York Rafael Trujillo visited the Salvation Army's Brooklyn Nursery and Infants' Hospital. Here he contributed $1,000 for a bed which was to bear the name of son Ramfis. Ramfis Bridge, Ramfis Park, the *Ramfis,* a yacht, and *Calle Ramfis,* a street, and now a Ramfis bed . . . He was also photographed at the institution patting the head of a blond child. Next to the youngster was a small Negro

boy, wide-eyed and slightly startled by the flash of the camera's bulb. Hitler visiting Brooklyn and photographed patting the head of a small blond boy seated next to an infant Jew would hardly have appeared less out of place.

That night Rafael was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Pan-American Society and the Dominican Chamber of Commerce. The gala event took place at the Hotel Biltmore. It is the dinner referred to in a previous chapter, at which Ham Fish, Jamon Pescado, was present as the principal speaker. Outside the hotel a long line of pickets paraded throughout the festivities. One of their placards read: "We object to the visit of the bloodiest dictator the world has ever known." Another: "Trujillo is responsible for the deaths of 20,000 people." The pickets also handed out reprints of a column by General Hugh S. Johnson that had appeared in the *World-Telegram* on July 8. It was headed "The Butcher Boy," and read, in part: "Now we are witnessing another display honoring Señor Trujillo from Santo Domingo. Of all the bloodstained terrorists that now encumber the earth, his record is the worst . . . [he] is probably responsible for the bloody deaths of 20,000 helpless human beings . . . This whole business stinks to heaven . . . Let's send for Hitler and Mussolini and give them the kind of ovation that we gave the British King and Queen. It would be exactly as appropriate as turning ourselves inside out for this blood-splattered bully."

The crowd in the street outside the Biltmore also

shouted, "Down with Trujillo," and one or two persons even cried, "Kill the tyrant." It was past these pickets with their placards and their cries that Rafael Trujillo had to pass earlier in the evening. After the dinner and after the speeches Trujillo sneaked out of the hotel through a rear entrance, surrounded by his bodyguard.

The Committee for Dominican Democracy, Carlton Beals, chairman, William J. Schieffelin, vice chairman, and William Loeb, secretary, followed this up by wiring President Roosevelt that any honors paid to General Trujillo were not in accord with the policy of the United States, adding that it was not consistent to condemn foreign dictators while honoring "homegrown ones."

Charles H. Wanzer, president of the Dominican Chamber of Commerce, an organization made up of American businessmen, took strong exception to the activities of the Committee for Dominican Democracy, claiming that the "self-appointed committee" was "presumably inspired by one or two disgruntled Dominican self-exiles living in the United States."

Trujillo, with reservations on the French liner *Normandy,* ordered his yacht *Ramfis* to meet him in southern France. War in Europe was coming and the United States Government was already watching the Western Hemisphere activities of all persons with Nazi connections. And among those suspect was one Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. For several German scientists in Santo Domingo were carrying on suspiciously

in their studies of marine plant life and water depths at an institute subsidized by the Dominican Government. So during the general's stay in Washington and New York, his yacht was thoroughly inspected by United States authorities who found that its powerful wireless set was not to their liking. They urged—their urgings coated with diplomatic phrases, no doubt, but nevertheless constituting a demand—that the set be whittled down to the bare necessities of trans-ocean travel. And then Rafael Trujillo sailed away on the *Ramfis* with a considerably weaker wireless set than he had arrived with.

XVII

PLOTS AND BROTHERS

RAFAEL the tourist spent most of his time on the European continent in Paris. There were the usual pleasures, but there was also business to attend to.

From Paris Rafael went to the Riviera. As planned, he was met there by the *Ramfis*. He was cruising in the Mediterranean when Hitler invaded Poland. Before he reached the Atlantic Ocean, England and France had declared war on Germany. At Gibraltar the *Ramfis* was held up while inquiries were made, for the British also knew about Trujillo and his Nazi friends in the Caribbean. Finally, the *Ramfis* reached Portugal's Madeira Islands in the Atlantic. The Germans had begun sinking ships and Rafael decided the safest way to return home was by a neutral vessel, a wholly neutral vessel. And the closest thing he could find to a wholly neutral vessel was not his yacht, the *Ramfis,* but an American freighter.

But traveling by freighter had its disadvantages. For

ten days there would be no direct word from the Dominican capital.

And events then proceeded to prove that Rafael's worries were not without justification. For things started happening in Santo Domingo and Rafael was not to hear the details until he returned. But they had their brighter side. They showed that Brother Petan was once again to be trusted.

The same General Ramon Vasquez Rivera, of the now known abortive plot against Trujillo, had some time ago returned from France, to which country his chief had sent him as a consul-general, and had ostensibly settled down as a private citizen in the capital, Ciudad Trujillo. But even as a private citizen Vasquez Rivera enjoyed great influence in Army circles. And during Rafael's absence he attempted to overthrow the Government. Involved in the plot were several officers, including two of General Vasquez Rivera's brothers. A soldier included in the cabal was the informer who told Petan Trujillo about it.

Informing Petan was perhaps part of the plan. Hadn't he, on another occasion, led just such an uprising? But if that was part of the plan, it proved to be a major blunder, though an understandable one, for with Petan in their ranks the rebels stood a far better chance of success. Whether Petan hesitated to consider joining the rebels we cannot say. Perhaps he did. But not for long. He went to Brother Hector, chief of the Army, and told him everything. Hector promptly had

all the officers involved arrested and clapped in cells to await the return of Rafael.

This was the unfinished business awaiting El Generalissimo when he returned to Ciudad Trujillo. Informed of all the details, El Generalissimo ordered all those involved, with the exception of General Vasquez Rivera, executed by a firing squad. They were the fortunate plotters.

For Vasquez Rivera was placed in a prison cell. The imprisoning of Vasquez Rivera illustrates how Trujillo fights bad publicity outside his country. The correspondent for the New York *Times* in San Juan cabled his paper the news, but accidentally called the general "Valezquez" Rivera. When the story appeared in the *Times,* the Dominican embassy in Washington announced that the newspaper had been misled by its correspondent and the whole story was a lie, for there was no General Valezquez Rivera in Santo Domingo, and in all the nation's history there never had been a general with the name.

The Vasquez in prison received his meals regularly, but horrible stomach pains soon ruined his appetite. As the days went by he could usually drink water only. The horrible, stabbing pain he suffered was accompanied by vertigo and nausea. He would spend hours retching, but there was nothing, now, within him to vomit. As the pain would ease, he would momentarily regain his appetite, ask for food, receive a meal, eat it, only to have a more intensified pain return. For days he would lie doubled up in his cell, retching and crying

out in agony. And then one day he died—the slow, agonizing death brought on by carefully fed small doses of poison.

The Dominican newspapers announced General Vasquez Rivera's death in prison. The general's wife made a request for his body so that it might be given a burial. The request was denied. According to a whispered version, the body was taken aboard a Government coast guard boat and dumped into the sea.

The execution of all the participants in the plot appeared to have the desired effect. It was several months before organized resistance to Trujillo was to break out again. The case of Anibal, one of Rafael's brothers, could hardly be described as an organized movement against Rafael.

Brother Anibal often acted strangely, supposedly because of an unattended case of syphilis. He owned a ranch, *Santa Rosa,* turned over to him by Rafael. In 1940 Anibal decided to expand as a rancher. He would call upon the owner of adjacent property, announce his intentions of buying the land and to save the time of bargaining, would arbitrarily name a price, the only price he intended to pay and invariably far below the value of the property. Neighbors who refused to sell he promptly murdered. Their number grew and the feeling in that section against the Trujillos increased proportionately.

General José Garcia, a senator and a brother-in-law of Rafael, told the dictator about the homicidal antics of Brother Anibal. Rafael had probably forgotten by

now how he and Anibal rustled cattle in their youth; he could understand only that Anibal was doing his cause no good, and that there wasn't enough profit in Anibal's new occupation to warrant all this murdering and cattle rustling. So Rafael sent a handful of soldiers to Anibal's ranch with instructions to prevail with force if necessary, upon Anibal to return the stolen land and cattle to their rightful owners. Anibal and his cowhands, all well armed, ambushed and massacred the dictator's soldiers.

One can imagine Brother Rafael's state of mind upon hearing that his soldiers had been butchered. He promptly sent for Colonel Fausto Caamaño, ordered him to take a company of soldiers to *Santa Rosa* and kill every person on the ranch, including Anibal. Caamaño saw to it that Anibal was given an opportunity to escape, and then proceeded to murder all of the fugitive's employees. Caamaño knew that Rafael did not want his brother killed.

Anibal made his way to Puerto Rico with a large sum of money. He remained there for several weeks, living in luxury and boasting about how some day he would succeed his brother Rafael as dictator of Santo Domingo. And then one day he heard from Rafael. The dictator had sent Petan to Puerto Rico to bring him back.

Upon Anibal's return to Santo Domingo Rafael performed a characteristic act. This occasionally insane, homicidal maniac and recent exile was named by Rafael Trujillo a senator of the republic!

The arrest and execution of the plotters in the Vasquez Rivera affair were more than warnings to the scattered remnants of Trujillo's opposition. Here was a signal to go into hiding. Many of them felt they were suspect if not actually known for their activities against the regime and started making their way across the border into Haiti.

And once again President Stenio Vincent of Haiti reversed his attitude toward these exiles. Following the great massacre President Vincent, although apparently not anxious to take the offensive against Trujillo, no longer harbored the slightest desire to co-operate with the Dominican dictator. As a result, Haiti was once again a convenient refuge for fleeing Dominicans. Numerically, the exodus was of little importance. By 1936 there were few if any militant opposition leaders left. Those who had wanted to fight it out with Rafael Trujillo had fought it out against stupendous odds, and had lost. By 1939 the opposition within the country was mainly composed of intellectuals; former Trujillo friends turned enemy, mainly military men; and opportunists who could be counted on to oppose any form of government in which they were not top dogs.

Most of this opposition fully realized that to take action against Rafael Trujillo promised only death. Therefore they remained silent, waiting, watching for the unguarded hour. But there were those who more or less imprudently spoke out openly against the dictator, or wrote against him, and were obliged to flee across the border.

When Rafael Trujillo found Haiti refusing once again to extradite these fugitives he met the emergency with a brilliant stroke of ruthless diplomacy. He named one "Piogan" Paulino ambassador to Haiti. Now this Paulino could hardly be described as a career diplomat. He was a more or less illiterate gunman. But he did know well the arts of mayhem and murder. Trujillo surrounded his ambassador with able secretaries, underworld characters of the same mold as their embassy chief.

Above all else, Paulino's job required a bit of prestidigitation wherein the person of one Clemente Savinon was concerned. This Savinon was the brother of a well-known and retired general of the Army, Tancrede Savinon, whose home was in La Vega. Clemente, long wanted desperately as a plotter against the dictator, had fled to safety across the border. El Generalissimo had asked Haiti for his extradition and had been refused. So Paulino, the new ambassador to Port-au-Prince, arrived with his credentials plus, apparently, instructions buried in his brain to somehow use his "diplomatic" powers and make Clemente Savinon disappear from the earth.

For weeks Savinon had been seen regularly on the streets and in the stores of Port-au-Prince. And then one day he disappeared. And he was never seen again.

On Christmas Eve of 1939 Clemente's brother, General Tancrede Savinon, was sitting on the veranda of his home in La Vega. A man appeared out of the darkness, and behind him several other men. They were in

civilian clothes but the general could recognize the man in front as Ludovino Fernandez, a former lieutenant in the Army and now chief of the Santíago branch of the national police. Bullets poured forth from several guns, two or three struck Savinon, and the general crumbled to the floor of his veranda, mortally wounded. He died Christmas Day surrounded by friends, but not before he whispered the name of his assailant. As for Fernandez, he announced that an investigation had shown that a gang of hoodlums had murdered the general. And there is no denying the truth of his statement.

In fact, Fernandez did his job so well that he rose rapidly, in due time becoming chief of the Dominican national police.

Throughout the year Rafael Trujillo had been asking Rafael Estrella Ureña, then living in New York, to return to the Fatherland. Assurances that all was forgiven, and promises of a position worthy of his abilities, were made to the former politico of Santiago by Trujillo himself. Late in the year, homesick and jobless, Estrella Ureña took a chance and sailed for Santo Domingo. Upon arrival he was thrust into prison.

The year 1940 was marked by the death of the President of the Dominican Republic, Jacinto B. Peynado. But this event was given but passing attention in Santo Domingo. The Vice President, Manuel de Jesus Troncoso de la Concha, succeeded to the Presidency, and Trujillo's puppet regime continued nicely on its way.

XVIII

PROLOGUE TO TODAY

FOR more than a year now Rafael Trujillo had been without his beloved title, *Presidente*.

When Rafael retired from the Presidency he had his Congress fabricate a unique cabinet post, that of Secretary of State for the Presidency. Its purpose was to establish a direct connection for Rafael with the President in particular and the Government in general. The man appointed to the post was good old Uncle Teódulo.

Uncle Teódulo's life in those days was a far cry from that shabby period when the dipsomaniac McClean was his good friend and sounding board for his unending volubility. Then, there was only McClean, numbed by great quantities of rum to listen to him. But now Uncle Teódulo was a man of great influence. He could make or break the average Dominican.

The Secretary of State for the Presidency found a not uncommon pleasure in the exhibition of pornographic motion pictures. Upon sighting a new, delec-

table blonde, Uncle Teódulo would send a representative around to invite the enchanting lady to the unreeling of a couple of reels of film. What followed depended not so much upon the desires of the lady involved as it did upon her connections. There were those who fled from the now rotund, flabby Uncle Teódulo, to refuge in foreign legations.

Rafael, no doubt inspired by what he had experienced in the night life of Paris, and enjoying a rather calm period at home, joined in the general spirit of levity that was sweeping Santo Domingo's officialdom. Believing all his enemies now tucked away in cells and graves and exile, the general relaxed and threw some of his best parties.

And then one day early in the year an Army officer came to the general with ill tidings. There was another military conspiracy to overthrow Trujillo's Government. This one was being hatched in Santiago, which Trujillo himself had made the breeding ground for revolutions. But worse yet, the chief of the conspiracy was one of Rafael's closest friends and henchmen, General José Estrella, who on numberless occasions in the past had willingly handled some of Trujillo's dirtiest work. Estrella's fellow conspirators were promptly shot or poisoned, but Rafael, having apparently a deep feeling for his friend despite his traitorous activities, ordered a trial. And then came one of those familiar farces.

Trujillo did not want people to think his best friends were turning against him. He, therefore, had Estrella

charged, not with conspiring against the Government, but with having committed a murder ten years ago! Estrella confessed to the crime, but added that he had committed the murder on orders from Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo! Nevertheless, José Estrella was sentenced to twenty years in prison.

So it became suddenly apparent to Trujillo that this was the time for business as well as pleasure. There would be elections in 1942. And there was the matter of finances. Hard times were threatening Santo Domingo. England and Canada had been buying about 60 per cent of the sugar crop, but with the outbreak of war, these purchases had sunk virtually to zero because shipping was being confined to war materials. Rafael reasoned that a flood of tourists could help make up this deficit. So he asked the U. S. Export-Import Bank for a loan. He explained its purpose was to build a great hotel, there being no first-class, tourist-type hotel in the capital. He succeeded in raising $3,000,000, some of which, shortly thereafter, went into the building of probably the most luxurious hotel in the Caribbean. And although it never did, thereafter, pay its way, the hotel represented no personal financial loss to Rafael, since he had been wise enough not to sink his own money into the venture.

Rafael also decided upon some political reforms. In addition to the *Partido Dominicano,* there would be another group. There is no evidence that Rafael feared that some of the older party's members were hatching revolutionary plots. He was of the opinion, apparently,

that two parties offered certain advantages. Both parties, of course, would function under the same management. So there came into being a second group, something of a party within a party, and it was called, appropriately, the *Partido Trujillista,* Trujillo's Party. Heading the new party was Dr. José Enrique Aybar, the general's private dentist and a long-time friend and political associate.

Perhaps now, more than at any time during the previous decade, Rafael Trujillo appreciated the divers advantages of dictatorship. Power over all things, literally, was his. His great fortune was swelling to record proportions. His political puppets were dancing as they had never danced before, to all the tunes the general might choose to whistle. Ten years of physical comfort had made luxuries a basic necessity. An able horseman, he had numerous stables of horses which he could ride and watch run in races in which his entries invariably won. He had built or rebuilt five great houses to satisfy his varying moods. There were houses in the city and in the mountains.

It should also be noted here that after seven years as a colonel in the Dominican Army, Ramfis Trujillo y Martinez had risen, at the age of ten, to the rank of brigadier general.

Planning for the elections of 1942 was of propelling importance to El Generalissimo. Fortunately, the United States Government's Good Neighbor Policy was now working effectively for Trujillo, since the Latin American country that required especially care-

ful attention was Santo Domingo, which was still flirting with the Nazis.

In 1938 a flotilla of German warships, led by the *Emden,* sailed up the Ozama River and anchored at Ciudad Trujillo. The ships' officers were entertained royally. About the same time the Dominican-German Institute, subsidized by the Dominican Government, was formed, and German scientists entered into the study of water depths along the nation's coastline. It was discovered that large sums of money were being transferred from European banks to banks in Ciudad Trujillo. One such sum was traced from Germany to Santo Domingo by American Secret Service men, and the moment Trujillo learned of this he had the account impounded. The United States Government was also successful in bringing about the closing of the Dominican-German Institute by persuading Trujillo to withdraw the Dominican subsidy. An earlier official announcement that 40,000 German agriculturists would settle in Santo Domingo remained an announcement only.

This pressure was brought to bear upon Trujillo shortly after President Franklin D. Roosevelt made his visits to Latin American countries. The President's itinerary included the land of Rafael Trujillo.

It was during this period that the Washington State Department, having failed in the past to take advantage of obvious opportunities to repudiate the Trujillo Government, was obliged to lean over backwards with a policy of appeasement.

In 1905 the United States took over control of the Dominican customs for the purpose of providing security for Dominican bonds sold in the United States. Early in 1941 the United States Government relinquished control of the customs, and private American bond holders took the case to court, claiming the 1941 agreement was made without their consent. A suit followed, into which Rafael Trujillo's Government, represented in the United States by a leading Washington law firm, poured great sums of money. But the State Department announced at the time that the United States Government now frowned upon collecting debts by such direct methods as the control of customs. Trujillo won the suit. (But the bond holders' investments were not left entirely without protection. The United States continues to retain a lien on all Dominican revenues until 1969.)

So thanks to the Good Neighbor Policy, which had to include Santo Domingo, that country escaped a major depression, and following the entrance of the United States into the war, proceeded to enjoy considerable prosperity.

XIX

"I DECLARE WAR!"

NOW that there was a *Partido Trujillista* as well as a *Partido Dominicano* to watch over his political fortunes, and Hector Trujillo to stand guard against the growth of embryonic conspiracies, Rafael, as the year of 1941 progressed, grew restless. In May of the following year he would regain his title of *Presidente,* but meanwhile he was like a small boy impatiently looking forward to the arrival of Santa Claus and a new bicycle six months before Christmas.

But like the small boy who had written his letter to Santa Claus in July and placed it on the hearth or deposited it in a mail box, there was nothing more Rafael could do but await May 16, 1942. He could, of course, take over the Presidency any day, but not without exposing himself to criticism. The Dominican exiles were always hoping for such openings.

Why not another visit to New York? An unofficial visit. Why not? Somebody proposed the idea. Perhaps Rafael, to himself. Perhaps Señora Maria Martinez de

Trujillo. The past decade had not been too kind physically to the once pulchritudinous señora. Her symmetry had given way to bulges. Perhaps visits to New York's various fountains of youth would help.

So the decision was made and plans for the trip drawn. Most important, Rafael would travel at least semi-incognito. Not entirely. Certain persons must know who he was. But further blasts from newspaper columnists and anti-Trujillo organizations must be avoided at all costs.

The Dominican consul-general in New York scared up a Park Avenue apartment, and the Trujillo family moved in.

But soon after he arrived the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. El Generalissimo thereupon forgot he was a retired President of the Dominican Republic and announced that he was instructing his Government to declare war upon Germany and Japan.

The blunder, of course, was only in the official announcement, for, after all, Rafael had been pretending, for outside consumption, that he was no longer head of the Dominican Government. But this moment in history was far too important for a megalomaniac to remain silent. And by his announcement he admitted that a dictator was declaring war upon the dictators.

Needless to say, his pompous declaration was hardly noted by the American public, what with the war news crowding all pages of the newspapers in December 1941. Yet in retrospect, that announcement of Rafael Trujillo immediately after Germany had declared war

on the United States, was of double importance. For hand in hand with the blunder there went just about the neatest diplomatic maneuver to come out of the Americas in modern history.

Here was a dictator playing a game of dictators. When it was to his advantage he was with them; the moment it was to his advantage to switch, he switched. And through the quick play of his dictatorial powers, the Dominican Republic became one of the first Latin American countries to join the United Nations. And by becoming one of the first, Rafael Trujillo, now on the side of the democracies, clicked the lock that guarded his dictatorship.

In this declaration of war upon the Axis powers, Rafael and his country had everything to gain and nothing to lose. It was at war, it wouldn't have to fight, it was one of the first members of the United Nations.

In 1942 Santo Domingo succeeded in losing two merchant ships plying the West Indian islands. But the whole of this story should be told. A Cuban radio station had for several weeks observed that ships of every nation but Santo Domingo had been sunk in the Caribbean. Proclaimed the radio station: "Travel on Trujillo's merchant ships if you want to be safe." Almost immediately after the series of broadcasts, two Dominican boats were sunk by German torpedoes. It has been claimed—and this is being offered as nothing but a claim that has never been proved, and probably never can be proved—that even after his declaration of

war upon Germany, the Nazis received considerable assistance from Trujillo. The charge states that before and after the declaration of war, Germany had the use of outlying Dominican coastal waters for the refueling of their U-boats.

One story that can be repeated as fact is the story of Dr. Karl T. George, a German who had lived for many years in Santo Domingo. While he practiced medicine, specializing in tuberculosis, he invested money in sugar mills and became wealthy. He slowly won fame as a great philanthropist, and climaxed his altruistic activities with the erection of a tuberculosis sanatorium for the needy as well as the wealthy outside the capital.

Agents of the United States FBI suspected the doctor of activities contrary to the welfare of the Allies. And then one day a reporter for a San Juan Spanish language newspaper appeared in Ciudad Trujillo, spent a couple of days there, and returned with an exposé in which Dr. Karl T. George was denounced as a Nazi agent. The doctor was soon taken to the United States and interned.

The newspaper did not, however, have all the particulars. In San Juan at the time, the story was that the FBI had given the reporter his facts, it being obvious that he was in Ciudad Trujillo too short a time to uncover such a major plot. The purpose, according to the story, was to expose the doctor through the press so that he would be deprived of any protection he might be receiving from Rafael Trujillo. The details,

as bandied about San Juan, continue more or less as follows:

Two agents visited the sanatorium for the ostensible purpose of being examined for tuberculosis. Since it does not take long to make such a diagnosis, the men arrived late in the day and spent the night there prior to the examination on the following day. During the night they searched the sanatorium from top to bottom and eventually came upon what they had expected to find: a broadcasting set. At this point the Americans said nothing, and left the portly German to his activities. It was only after the newspaper ran the story that the Dominican Government was asked to turn Dr. George over to American authorities for internment.

XX

THE BEARER OF GIFTS

IN 1938, following an appeal by President Roosevelt, representatives of thirty-three nations assembled in Evian, France, to discuss and perhaps alleviate the plight of refugees from Axis-dominated lands. They were especially interested in learning if there were humanitarian governments anywhere that might rise in decency above unyielding immigration laws so that hundreds of thousands of unwanted and persecuted Europeans might gain asylum.

At that time ships loaded with refugees from Central Europe, mainly Hitler's Reich, were vainly plying seas and oceans searching for a friendly port for their human cargoes. And everywhere they were being met with outright refusal or nationalistic red tape that meant the same thing. Nowhere, it seemed, was there a humanitarian government equal to the emergency, and the ships with their cargoes of misery were obliged to return and unload in the Axis lands they had originally sailed from. In southern France also several

thousand destitute Spaniards, hunted by the Franco Government, looked beyond their barbed-wire enclosed camps, and hungrily pleaded for freedom.

And then these thirty-three delegates gathered together, and there was considerable righteous talk, but when the conference came to an end it was discovered that not a single practical step had been taken to rescue the victims of Nazi and Falangist fury.

Just as it was beginning to look as if there wasn't a humanitarian government, the voice of one small nation was heard to cry out encouragement to the persecuted peoples of Europe, to the Jews and the banished Spanish Republicans. And that nation's spokesman was the man who had dedicated the whole of his life to the persecution of a race, the Negro race, and to the total destruction of all his enemies. He was Rafael Trujillo, President of the Dominican Republic.

It seemed incredible. The man the world had come to know as The Bloody Dictator had raised his voice in defense of the oppressed! This was a miracle. Some magic wand had made a saint of the world's greatest criminal. Or was it just one of those wondrous whims of the gods?

In truth, it was neither a miracle nor a whim. It was the mind of the brown dictator of Santo Domingo casting about for a number of things which he believed he could find in this display of altruism.

It is not easy for a man who has never been known to commit a selfless act suddenly to produce one. But in 1938 Rafael Trujillo was a tragic, pathetic figure,

sinking, with each passing moment, deeper into the great flood of blood of his own making.

But now he faced a situation similar to that of Molnar's Liliom, who, returned to earth from limbo, must produce an unselfish act or spend eternity in hell. Like Liliom he found a way.

El Generalissimo's business sense made taking action somewhat easier. Announced the philanthropist: "I am deeply interested and wish to co-operate in a practical way with the humanitarian plans of President Roosevelt. I hope the immigration will stimulate our country and will intensify development of our natural resources as well as industries." He said that he would be only too happy to play host to 100,000 refugees. Now if he could get $100—one story has it that his original plan was to ask $500—for each of his distressed guests, there would be a haul of $10,000,000. Of course, some of the money would have to be used for building homes and for feeding the refugees the first few weeks, but that would require little more than one-tenth of the total.

But Rafael's dreams of 100,000 refugees came quickly to an end. The problem of getting them out of war-torn Europe was immense. Most of them were to have made the trip by way of Italy, but when that nation entered the war it promptly interned the few refugees en route to Santo Domingo, and closed the last port available to them. Trujillo must have realized almost immediately that his early estimates were some-

what screwy, that he would be lucky if he could play host to as many as one thousand refugees. This dawned on him sometime between his official announcement and his getting down to making contracts with the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, a new organization of American philanthropists headed by James N. Rosenberg of New York. Whereupon he gave up all hope of making money as well as good will out of the enterprise. And for the first time in his life Rafael Trujillo almost committed an altruistic act.

With his official announcement, the Dominican dictator let it be known that he was donating to the DRSA 26,000 acres of his property along the northern coast of the country. This was Sosua, formerly owned by the United Fruit Company. He soon increased this to 50,000 acres of land for a new refugee colony. All the land was Trujillo's private property—stolen of course, or purchased with stolen money—but like the whole of Santo Domingo, Trujillo's nevertheless. According to some reputable sources, Sosua was not donated and DRSA paid as high as $1,000,000 for the property.

When it came time to draw up contracts with the DRSA, Rafael, knowing now that few refugees were coming, settled upon the wiser course of demanding no advance payment. He only stipulated that no refugee participate in Dominican politics.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the Dominican Government was closing deals to take a few thousand Spanish Republicans, who began trickling into Santo Domingo

in 1939. The first group of Central European refugees arrived on May 11, 1940. And here we find Rafael wholly in character.

Negotiations for settling Spanish Republicans in Santo Domingo got under way in Paris prior to the outbreak of war. The *Servicio de Emigracion para los Refugiados Españoles,* better known as SERE, represented the Loyalist Spaniards. The last of the Spanish Republic's presidents, Dr. Juan Negrin, headed the organization. Rafael Trujillo agreed to accept 3,000 Spaniards if the organization attended to all transportation and deposited with the Dominican Government $100 for each émigré. There was nothing unreasonable in the general's demands, for he promised them agricultural settlements.

There was also in Paris another Spanish Republican organization for the care of émigré Loyalists, the *Junta de Auxilio para los Refugiados Españoles,* or the JARE, whose organizers were also Republicans. JARE managed to arrange for the settling of some 500 Loyalists in Santo Domingo on somewhat the same terms.

Still another organization sought to place Republican Spaniards in Santo Domingo. It was called The British Committee for Refugees, and its chairman was the Duchess of Atholl. In co-operation with the International Commission for Refugees, an organization whose members were mainly Quakers working with United States Government funds, arrangements were made to send 150 Spaniards as guests of Rafael Trujillo, but at a considerable price, since these 450

were in addition to the number of persons Trujillo had originally agreed to take. SERE stepped in to help and put down $250 for each refugee. The British committee added another $250. According to the arrangements, this money was to be returned to the refugees within a definite time after their arrival in Santo Domingo. A few were successful in forcing Trujillo to live up to his promise partially, and received a portion of the $500, but the majority got nothing. An appeal to do something about this was made to the American embassy because the International Commission was largely an American organization. The American embassy, however, refused to take any action.

There was no Sosua for some 3,650 Spaniards. They left France for Santo Domingo up to the capitulation of France in 1940, arriving in small and large groups. All were placed, willy nilly, in allegedly agricultural settlements. There were from fifty to two hundred in each settlement. The homes El Generalissimo had promised them proved to be shacks, and in many cases, from the outset, three and four families were obliged to live in houses of one and two rooms. However, there were few families. Of the 3,650 Spaniards, not one thousand were women, and from four to ten men often lived in one room.

The Spaniards were allowed to leave their settlements, which could be more accurately described as concentration camps, only when granted a permit. These so-called settlements were infested with vermin, including Trujillo spies who reported on their every

activity. Yet Rafael's fears were understandable. These Loyalists were pariahs within their own country because they fought dictatorship, and they might well spread the disease of democracy within Rafael's totalitarian state.

Many of the Spanish refugees were still nursing wounds they had received in the Spanish Civil War. Trujillo failed to provide them with medical attention, with hospitalization or even doctors. Even the critically ill were disregarded until the Joint Anti-Fascist Committee of New York arranged for shipping them to Mexico.

Among the Spaniards there were a number of doctors, writers, artists, sculptors, and skilled workers. Many of these were invited to Ciudad Trujillo by El Generalissimo, and others were allowed to practice their professions or open tiny shops. Many of these Spaniards made bare livings, while others enjoyed fairly handsome profits. The more fortunate among them helped the great majority who still wallowed in the muck and poverty of the concentration camps.

As the months went by, the Joint Anti-Fascist Committee, realizing that a great mistake had been made in accepting Trujillo's generous welcome, sought to transfer Spaniards to other Latin American countries. And during 1941, 1942 and 1943, the exodus became almost as great as the influx had been, and today only about 10 per cent, or between three and four hundred of the original 3,650, are still in Santo Domingo. And those who remained were among the few to enjoy at least a

small slice of El Generalissimo's "golden age" except perhaps a few blond women who were valuable elements in the white slave traffic.

In Santo Domingo there was a Committee for Aid to Spanish Refugees, formed in 1940 by Margaret D. Finley, an English girl then married to a Spanish Loyalist and now a resident of New York. Chairman of the committee was an American, Dr. Barney Morgan, who from all accounts is still in Ciudad Trujillo. Another prominent member of the group was Archbishop Pittini, the country's leading Catholic churchman. They had $3,000 with which to work on refugee relief. And then one day the committee received a letter signed by Rafael Trujillo, requesting that the sum be placed in his keeping so that he could personally administer directly to the Spaniards' wants. If the committee were to reject the philanthropist's request, further hardships might well visit the refugees. There was little else to do but turn the money over to Trujillo. All of which apparently disappeared into the great reservoir of Trujillo's wealth, for with the transference of the funds aid to the Spaniards came to a sudden end. At that time less than ten Spaniards had incomes of more than $150 per month; there were between thirty and forty with $50 to $100 per month incomes, and the balance had less than $50 or, as in the great majority of cases, nothing.

Up north in Sosua, where the Jews of Central Europe had settled, life was different from that in the scattered Spanish refugee settlements. Sosua has fertile

soil, great white beaches, valleys, rolling hills and mountains.

The early arrivals ran into some difficulties. They found well built homes awaiting them, but they were not accustomed to the tropics. Many came down with malaria, and it was not easy for them to labor in the heat. When Italy entered the war, shutting off further shipments of refugees to Santo Domingo, only 496 had settled there in Trujillo's country. Nevertheless, they introduced sanitation and other controls which practically eradicated the tropical diseases that had threatened the early arrivals.

From the beginning, most reports from Sosua have been almost encouraging. Trujillo has apparently left the refugees to their own devices, which have proved more than ample to give all a life of comparative comfort and happiness. And according to a spokesman for the New York offices of DRSA in October of 1945, there have been no Trujillo-manufactured incidents yet to mar this scene of tropical serenity. And, in DRSA's opinion, there will be none among the 500 refugees still in Sosua.

Statistics from Sosua itself are, however, at odds with those supplied by DRSA. Reports from Sosua state that about one hundred have left the colony for various reasons. Some left because they could no longer endure "the hardships." Others left to fight in Allied armies. And many professional men and skilled workers have gone to the capital city.

Why this difference of treatment of two groups of refugees by Rafael Trujillo? The answer is fairly obvious. First, there proved to be too few Central Europeans to constitute a major problem. Trujillo had brought them to his country for publicity purposes, and bad publicity would promptly follow any bad treatment. But probably more important, they have cultivated a section of the north coast and built new industries. They are particularly active in canning, the exporting of citronella and the shipping of poultry, and are on the way to making them all paying businesses. Trujillo loves enterprises from which he can eventually demand a cut.

Rafael's dream of stretching out a helping hand and also making a profit of something better than a million dollars was not to be realized, but he did not fall disastrously short of his mark. The Spanish Republicans turned over $425,000 in all to his Government and they found no evidence that he had spent as much as $25,000 in their behalf. Furthermore, during this period there were the individual émigrés who had gained entrance into Santo Domingo through the purchase of Dominican visas on the black market at the Dominican embassy in Paris. The exact amount of money realized in this scheme will probably never be known, but there were certainly many hundreds of thousands of dollars collected. Although most of the visas were first purchased for several hundred dollars, prices soared when the fighting spread across the French border. At

least one sale brought as much as five thousand English pounds, and a number of others brought well over $1,000.

But even if Trujillo had lost as much as he gained in dollars while co-operating with the émigré organizations, it would have been well worth it to him. For not only did it look good in 1938 and 1939 when his record was badly in need of ornamentation, but in the years since he and his henchmen have continuously cited Santo Domingo's great humanitarian work for Europe's dispossessed.

These refugees have also helped in another important way. When Rafael wishes to discredit an uncomplimentary newspaper story about him, in any city in the world, he has carefully selected Spanish and Central European refugees write to the editors of the erring newspapers that the dictator has performed great and valuable work for mankind. Whether or not the refugees believe what they write, they have little choice but to do as the great man bids. Should they refuse, they know that they and hundreds of their friends and colleagues will suffer. And then there are the inevitable few, as there are in any group anywhere in the world, who have been bought by Trujillo's money. More than most men, Rafael has a sixth sense about the character of men, and he easily spotted the few émigrés who would play ball with him. And these few, perhaps not a dozen men, work closely with Trujillo's public relations department.

XXI

EL PRESIDENTE

IN 1941 Haitians went to the polls and voted for their representatives in the legislature. And then the legislators met in assembly and cast votes for President. Their choice was Haiti's former ambassador to Ciudad Trujillo and Washington, Rafael's erstwhile good friend and host, Elie Lescot.

The following year there were elections in Santo Domingo. But the days of campaigning had long since passed. There were no election rallies, no soap box orators, there was no opposition candidate chasing about from town to town kissing babies. It was all triumphantly simple. There were two parties, the *Partido Dominicano,* Rafael Trujillo's party since its conception, and the newly organized *Partido Trujillista.* Both parties offered the electorate the same candidate, the recently retired President, The Benefactor of the Fatherland, The Savior of the Republic, The Restorer of the Finances, God's partner, El Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina.

On May 16, after 581,937 Dominicans went to the polls, it was announced that 391,708 voted for candidate Trujillo under the *Partido Dominicano* banner, and 190,229 for the *Partido Trujillista* candidate, Rafael Trujillo.

It was unanimous, and Rafael Trujillo, who had most certainly read of the election methods in Germany, must have frowned with disgust upon an Adolf Hitler who, at best, could swing but 98 per cent of the electorate. What with a complete control of the ballot boxes and what with the dictatorial arts of intimidation, how could this Hitler lose 2 per cent of the votes? Now that they were legal enemies, Rafael Trujillo must have viewed this German parvenu Hitler with scorn. By Rafael's standards, Adolf was an incompetent.

Having been chosen unanimously as their next President by more than a half a million Dominicans, Rafael Trujillo had three months to wait before legally taking office. For four years he had been without the *El Presidente* label and for four years Rafael had had nevertheless to play the intricate game of international politics. At times, being the head of the Government in fact, though not in name, had been quite troublesome. It was a nuisance he no longer wanted to put up with. Trujillo therefore forced his Congress into a hurried session to change another pestiferous law of the land. The proper amendments were made so that starting immediately a candidate elected to the office of President of the Dominican Republic would take office

upon being elected and not after three months of waiting as originally prescribed by the constitution.

In May 1942, therefore, it was once again President Rafael Trujillo.

One of Rafael's megalomaniacal dreams had yet to be realized. In the past there were those who, if only for short periods, had ruled the whole of the island of Hispaniola, that is, the territory now occupied by Haiti and Santo Domingo. These rulers had been Haitian Negroes and mulattoes. But no government had controlled all Hispaniola for a hundred years. What Negroes of Haiti had done, *El Presidente* reasoned, Trujillo, by the force of arms, could most certainly do. (Fearful of his own Army, few of his soldiers, especially in outposts, are allowed more than a round or two of ammunition. But great amounts of ammunition are stored away, enough to destroy Haiti's Army completely within a few days.)

Yes, Hispaniola had to be ruled again by one man, and by Trujillo, who would be the first Dominican to ever dictate to the whole of the island. From early youth this dream of conquest must have gone hand in hand with the dream of becoming dictator of Santo Domingo, and how the frustrated Negrophobe must have fumed as he wondered how this, the natural course of destiny, was to be accomplished.

For despite Trujillo's arms and ammunition and the men and the organization and the wealth to overpower Haiti, the problem was an enormous one. For Haiti had the support of the United States. That country had

let it be known that it would never tolerate open aggression of either country against the other. But Trujillo still hopes to get around this difficulty.

As a matter of fact, there is evidence that Trujillo started laying his plans for conquering Haiti from the beginning of his reign. He probably realized that his conquest would be dishearteningly weighted down with compromise. Sending troops across the border and taking over physically was the desirable method, but it meant heading squarely into trouble with the United States and certain defeat in the end. So he would work slowly, patiently, and above all, insidiously. First he would make his power felt. There followed a series of border incidents and murders of individual Haitian citizens, and pressure upon Haiti to expel Dominican exiles living there.

And then in 1937 El Generalissimo blundered. The order to massacre Haitians inside Santo Domingo should have been a fitting climax to the events that had gone before, but quite apparently the butcherings got out of hand, and the black, mangled bodies were piled up higher than Trujillo had bargained for. They were piled so high that not only could Stenio Vincent view them from far-off Port-au-Prince, but they could be seen as far away as Washington and New York. Having blundered, Rafael had to resort to tactical retreat. He started his retreat by buying up the renegade Calixte, and when that failed, he laid low.

By May of 1942 Generalissimo Trujillo could once again look over his plans for conquering Haiti. But

before going into action he had to lull his critics to sleep. The world—even Haiti—must be lulled by a show of intra-island solidarity, of cordial friendship between the two nations.

Vincent was no longer President of the neighboring republic. He had been succeeded by Rafael's old friend and Washington host, Elie Lescot. Was this part of Trujillo's maneuvering? According to El Generalissimo's own statement, it apparently was.

Shortly after his return to the Presidency, he made a speech before visiting diplomats and at least one American newspaperman, a United Press correspondent making a tour of Latin American countries. The speech was broadcast throughout Santo Domingo. Said Rafael Trujillo into the microphone:

"There is much talk about there being trouble between Haiti and Santo Domingo. I can assure you that is not so. The two countries are the best of friends. Why, only last year I financed the election of Elie Lescot, the new President of Haiti!"

This was not blundering braggadocio, this was a well thought out statement, an announcement with many purposes. Evidently, upon being elected, Elie Lescot had decided to terminate his friendship with his country's worst enemy. So Rafael Trujillo stepped to a microphone on a solemn occasion and threatened him. It was more than that; it was a reminder. The threat of course was for Lescot, since Rafael had no intention of seeing his opening maneuver in the new offensive bog down because of Lescot's ingratitude. Of course,

in making the threat Trujillo put on an act of friendship. Now, perhaps, his critics would be stilled and El Generalissimo could get on with his plans.

And then Trujillo wisely withdrew into his political shell. He had proved his friendship for Haiti and its President. Now he could wait. And he waited for more than two years before starting the second of his great offensives to get Haiti.

During that period he was concerned chiefly with adding to his numerous business enterprises, and enlarging the old ones. With a big World War on, he took full advantage of many opportunities to increase his income.

By now, too, Flor de Oro, the daughter by his first wife, had blossomed into quite a Latin belle. By 1942 she had been divorced or become a widow for the third time. Flor de Oro then entered into her fourth and current matrimonial venture.

Rafael, always with an eye to favorable publicity, saw diplomatic possibilities in his glamorous daughter's obvious potentialities. So he made her secretary of the Dominican embassy in Washington, where her duties would be largely social. And Flor de Oro performed with imagination. She even succeeded in getting a long, flattering feature story about herself and, thereby, her father's Government, in the magazine section of one of New York's daily newspapers. She was time and again in the society columns of Washington and New York newspapers, and being photogenic she

lost no readers for the newspapers and no friends for her father. When she pulled off her fourth wedding she was front page news. She was, in fact, no insignificant envoy without portfolio, and she indirectly helped make possible a new attack on Haiti by her father.

XXII

MORE JABS AT HAITI

THE man Elie Lescot chose as his Minister of the Interior was Gontran Rouzier, the copperish mulatto. Somewhere along the climb to his nation's most important cabinet post, he lost the famous cherub-like expression of his youth. Today he walks with the stride of a man on a furious mission. His eyes, still round, have lost the softness they once had: they stab fencingly in casual conversation (some fiction writers might call them beady), and widen to the size of dime store saucers and burst in flame when he is angry. Rouzier also is something of a ham actor.

As Minister of the Interior he heads the Haitian Army and national police, which are one and the same, and the Haitian secret service agents. From the start his main job has been to head off Rafael Trujillo's offensive, and to act as bodyguard for President Lescot. And he is a busy man.

In October 1944, after months of quiet, Rouzier got wind of a plot to assassinate Lescot. He and his agents

went into action and rounded up a band of fifteen Haitians, including two women. They were found in the possession of arms and ammunition which were promptly confiscated by Rouzier, and all fifteen were held in prison to await trial on a charge of attempting to murder the President of Haiti.

The Haitian authorities examined the arms, took the serial numbers, and investigated further. The investigation revealed that all the arms and probably the ammunition were manufactured in the United States. American authorities were called in, the serial numbers of the guns were traced, and it was discovered that they had once been part of a shipment of lend-lease material to Santo Domingo.

While these investigations were taking place, the facts were kept from the people of Haiti, as well as the foreign press. Finally President Lescot invited members of the Haitian press to the presidential palace, swore all of them to secrecy and told them of the attempt upon his life. The President also exhibited the arms which had been found in the possession of the plotters. And he told them that they were lend-lease guns sent to Santo Domingo by the United States.

The trial that followed the arrest of the thirteen men and two women was held behind closed doors. Confronted with the unequivocal proof that their arms had been given them by Rafael Trujillo, the plotters confessed. They had, it seems, been financed by Trujillo, and had been promised a lump sum of $30,000 to be divided among them upon the successful carrying out

of their mission, which, of course, was to kill Elie Lescot.

The court sentenced eleven of the men and the two women to prison terms of varying lengths. The ringleaders, Max Audair and Marcel Desrosiers, were sentenced to death. But it was not until eleven months later—in August of 1945—that they were executed. Audair and Desrosiers appealed to a higher court, according to the official explanation of the long delay. After the higher court had gone through the motions of reviewing the original decisions, the two were put to death.

Yes, by 1944 the breach between the two old friends, Trujillo and Lescot, had widened considerably. Lescot, no matter what his past, now balked at playing the Dominican dictator's game. A luncheon with Trujillo in Washington was one thing, but becoming a foreign political puppet for Trujillo as payment for the debt Trujillo claimed Lescot owed him, was another.

Just what Trujillo apparently demanded of Lescot, and what Lescot refused to deliver, is not known.

Although the attempt upon Lescot's life failed, Rafael need not have been displeased with the results. It could even be argued that the clues that enabled Rouzier to expose the plot were neatly planted by Trujillo's agents. For had the cabal developed successfully, the new President in Port-au-Prince might well have been even somewhat less sympathetic to Rafael's megalomania than Elie Lescot had become. However, some observers still argue that Trujillo probably

would never have made the attempt if he had not already lined up what he at least hoped would be the succeeding power in Port-au-Prince.

Whether the plot was meant to succeed or not, Rafael Trujillo was getting somewhere with his offensive against Haiti. Every influential Haitian official could now wonder if the next blow from across the border was going to be aimed at him. And the reign of terror that had been gaining momentum through the years, spreading its horror from one end of the Caribbean to the other and even into New York City, was now at its height. To this day every newspaper in Haiti is forbidden so much as to print the name of the President of the Dominican Republic; nor will a Haitian official mention Trujillo's name in conversation. Even the name of the country Trujillo rules never appears in print in Haiti.

Leading citizens of Port-au-Prince sometimes discuss the Trujillo menace, but in hushed tones, and they, too, avoid the actual mention of Trujillo's name or even the name of his country. This procedure has become unwritten law, and anyone breaking it usually hears from Minister Rouzier.

It was becoming increasingly apparent to Haiti that in reality Rafael Trujillo was waiting for an incident that would give him an excuse to send troops across the border and invade the whole of the country. By avoiding the use of his name in print or conversation, Haiti hoped to reduce the possibilities of playing into the dictator's hands.

After Trujillo's reign of terror burst all bounds, the Haitian Government announced that until one year after the end of World War II there would be no elections. The war was only a convenient excuse for this action. According to Trujillo himself, his money had purchased Lescot's election. Why then, now that Lescot had balked at playing the role of puppet, could not El Generalissimo buy another election? Assuming Trujillo did finance Lescot's rise to chief executive of his country, no one could so fully appreciate this possibility as Elie Lescot himself.

So Haiti in 1944 resorted to totalitarianism as a defense against a foreign tyrant. The scheduled 1945 elections were never held, and the Republic of Haiti gave up democracy so that it might have a Haitian and not a Dominican dictator. Unwittingly, Rafael Trujillo had served to perpetuate in office his friend become enemy, the very man he had sought to erase.

Now let us cross the border and picture Rafael Trujillo viewing the developments inside Haiti. How he must have stormed and cursed. He would get that ingrate Lescot out of office, and if not into a grave, at least into retirement. His only hope now was through maneuver. The watchdog Rouzier was serving his master too well to plan another direct assault.

Trujillo opened his maneuvering by having his publicists denounce Haiti's new dictatorship. And he then announced that the Dominican Republic would once again be a democracy, that come the next elections Dominicans would be free to choose their candidates.

out funds. The Republican and National parties hadn't had any members for fifteen years, and their funds, at the time they were outlawed by Trujillo, were confiscated by El Generalissimo, then but a plain general and President. But El Generalissimo now rose to the occasion. He financed all three parties.

In a short time the three parties were properly set to campaign for the next elections. And almost immediately Rafael Estrella Ureña made the horrible blunder of taking the dictator at his word by sharply criticizing the Trujillo regime.

It happened only once. It was soon made plain to him that life in the capital was dangerous and he went into hiding. But he continued as head of the Republican Party, in name only, until he died in August 1945, reportedly while undergoing an appendectomy.

Very shortly after Estrella Ureña stumbled out of line the political parties allegedly opposed to Trujillo's Dominican Party released a joint statement making it known that their objectives had already been fully realized, thanks to the beneficent rule of Señor Trujillo.

With his three political parties performing for him so magnificently, Trujillo proclaimed his great satisfaction with democracy in Santo Domingo, but added that dictatorial activities in Haiti were a disgrace to modern Hispaniola!

All through this period of defending themselves against Rafael Trujillo, the Haitians have received little foreign help. However, the announced policy of

the United States not to allow either Haiti or Santo Domingo to indulge in unprovoked aggression against each other has undoubtedly been the outstanding factor in Haiti's continued existence as a more or less sovereign state.

During the United Nations San Francisco conference, on May 21, 1945, Ciudad Trujillo newspapers reaching Port-au-Prince gave most of their front pages to excerpts from an alleged speech made at the conference by the then Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, Nelson Rockefeller, who handled Latin American affairs. There was, in the quotes, unreserved praise for Generalissimo Trujillo, and prominent Haitians naturally read the Trujillo-controlled newspapers with great misgiving. They interpreted Rockefeller's glowing words as giving Trujillo a free hand to do almost anything he wished short of making war.

And assuredly Rafael Trujillo was doing that. For from the time the abortive cabal against Lescot's life was exposed, to the present time (February 1946), Trujillo has returned to the terroristic methods of 1937. Almost every day, up and down the border, Haitians are slain by Trujillo's troops. World reactions to Rafael's manufactured massacre of 1937 taught the dictator a lesson. There would be no more of those butcherings on the grand scale, the sort of massacres newspapers cannot resist. Furthermore, new killings would be made legal, part of routine law enforcement.

In 1935, in a diplomatic maneuver that overshot its mark, Trujillo, as we know, gave up considerable land

to the Haitians. Now he wants that land back. And it appears that he is getting it. By his terrorism and his efforts to provoke an incident that would give him good cause to invade Haiti, and under the protection of the Good Neighbor Policy, Rafael has been able to press slowly across the border. For the Haitians have no choice but to avoid an incident at all cost.

There is nothing for Haiti to do but join the United States in making enormous concessions to Trujillo. It appears that under Elie Lescot the major concession was a secret treaty whereby Trujillo regained some of the territory he turned over to Haiti in 1935 after negotiations with Stenio Vincent.

Of course, the Haitian peasants along the border have never understood the subtle maneuverings of Trujillo. Although the Dominicans continue to take over their land, pushing them off the fertile soil in the valleys and into the mountains, they keep going back to their old farms under the cover of darkness for the produce of the soil they tilled and which they regard to be rightfully theirs. This, apparently, is all part of Rafael's over-all plan, since Dominican troops are usually on hand to meet the peasants. All captured Haitians are murdered as thieves and trespassers without benefit of trial and their bodies are thrown into ravines to rot in the tropical sun.

Thus, during 1944 and the early months of 1945, Rafael Trujillo had Haiti caught in a vise, with his wave of terrorism closing in on one side, and the offi-

cial hands-off attitude of the United States State Department working for him on the other.

The job of killing off Haitians was going well. It fitted into the pattern of terror designed to cow the Government of Haiti. The Black Republic wasn't officially incorporated into Trujillo's empire, but by May of 1945 Haiti was nicely on the way to becoming a vassal state. The great offensive had realized its first major objective.

But Lescot was still around. Bullying and homicidal plotting and slaughtering of Haitians had failed to get rid of him. The thought obsessed Trujillo.

Late in 1945 copies of a letter reputedly written by Trujillo to Lescot on November 1, 1943, were circulated throughout Haiti. The letter was a complete indictment of Lescot and his regime, but more important was the fact that it was blackmail. Trujillo refers in the letter to loans and favors he had from time to time granted Lescot, and of the favors he had received in return. According to the letter, Lescot turned over to Trujillo photographic copies of letters to Lescot from his former chief, President Vincent, along with "other important documents, among which was a letter from a high official of the State Department in Washington."

One day early in January 1946 Max Hudicourt, former Haitian newspaperman and a leading revolutionist in exile, was called to Trujillo's New York consulate to examine a Spanish copy of the letter from the

consul's files. A couple of days later Hudicourt received an English translation. He said it had been smuggled out of Haiti by a friend.

Within a week, on January 11, the Haitian people, spurred on by organized opposition, ousted Lescot as President of Haiti. Lescot promptly fled the country. Rouzier was reported under arrest. Haitians had staged a genuine revolt, but apparently Trujillo had made his contribution and had won his war against Lescot. Whether he will win his war against Haiti remains to be seen.

Two days after the revolution Max Hudicourt flew from New York to Port-au-Prince to join in the political reconversion of his country.

XXIII

THE BALL STARTS ROLLING

IN NOVEMBER 1944 Dominican exiles formed a Congress of Unity and sent representatives to its first meeting at the Law School of the University of Havana.

These émigré leaders represented organized groups established in Puerto Rico, Cuba, the United States, Venezuela and Mexico. The meeting in Havana was presided over by Rafael's old rival, Dr. Angel Morales.

The primary purpose of the Congress was to create a united front for Dominican liberation. The Supreme Council named to direct the affairs of the operating cells included Dr. Ramon de Lara, Morales and Dr. Juan Isidro Jimenes Grullon, one of Santo Domingo's greatest writers.

Another leading Dominican writer, the liberal Juan Bosch, was named to head a publicity campaign against Trujillo throughout Latin America. Dr. Leovijildo Cuello was appointed to direct the activities of the Cuban cell.

Dr. Agramonte, one of Cuba's foremost intellectuals and vice chancellor of the University, addressed the closing session of the Congress. Besides the Congress delegates, among those present at its sessions were Cuban senators, university students and Venezuela's beloved poet, Andres Eloy Blanco.

Rafael Trujillo immediately entered an official request with the Cuban Government for the extradition of the leaders of the Congress. His request was promptly rejected.

Shortly after the delegates to the Havana Congress dispersed to carry on their activities, the Havana cell closed a deal with Havana radio station 1010 to beam its propaganda toward Santo Domingo. Trujillo met this threat by first ordering his spies to be on the lookout for all Dominicans listening in on the Cuban broadcasts. And while his spies worked he hastily erected a scrambler to make the broadcasts unintelligible. But according to word from the Dominican underground, many Dominicans manage somehow to listen in on daily five-minute broadcasts.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in Latin America other cells were being organized by newly arrived exiles, mainly students. In Colombia student exiles formed a Committee for Pro-Dominican Democracy. The group is headed by Colombia's former President, Dr. Eduardo Santos, and a number of notable Colombian intellectuals have joined the Dominican Exiles' Committee, among them German Arciniegras, Secretary of Education in the present cabinet.

The Committee for Pro-Dominican Democracy in September 1945 issued a proclamation calling on the people of all Latin America to protest against the tyranny of Trujillo, and demand that a democratic and representative government be established in the Dominican Republic. Colombia's former President Santos headed the list of signatories.

Early in July 1945 Mexicans were somewhat surprised, but not in the least agitated, when they looked at some newly printed Mexican peso notes and found thereon, stamped plainly on top, *La Tirania de Santo Domingo averguenza al Continente* (The tyranny of Santo Domingo shames the continent), and at the bottom, *Trujillo El Tirano Debe Caer* (Trujillo, the tyrant, must fall). This was, of course, the work of the Mexican cell.

Throughout Latin American universities the propaganda of the Dominican exiles has added countless thousands to the ranks of anti-Trujillistas. During the late summer of 1945 students of Caracas, Venezuela, and Bogota, Colombia, gained audiences with the United States' ambassadors to both countries, and gave both envoys documents denouncing the Trujillo tyranny for transmittal to the State Department in Washington. The students have since printed a number of such documents, and deposited them with diplomatic representatives of all Latin American countries. Among other things, they have urged that all Latin American governments demand that Trujillo fulfill the agreements signed by his Government at Chapul-

tepec and San Francisco, and that it live up to the provisions of the Atlantic Charter so that democracy can be re-established in the Dominican Republic.

The activities of the students in Bogota and Caracas received immediate support from the newspapers in those cities. There were lengthy news accounts along with photographs showing the students delivering the documents to the American ambassadors.

The various cells have made several efforts to smuggle pamphlets, leaflets and anti-Trujillo newspapers, such as the monthly *Quisqueya Libre* (Indian name for Santo Domingo) published in Havana, into Santo Domingo, but they have met with little success. Rafael's agents have made the going tough.

Numerically, the largest Dominican cell is in New York. The inner circle of this group meets weekly, and frequently there are general assemblies attended by some two hundred exiled Dominicans. At any and every excuse, they picket the Dominican consulate with placards and distribute leaflets to remind Americans that a tyrant-dictator is their next-door neighbor.

The cost of operating each cell is met mainly by the rank and file members who pay dues and special assessments. Few of the exiles are wealthy. One of the members, Juan Bosch, makes frequent visits to Latin American capitals for the purpose of getting the facts about Trujillo into newspapers and periodicals.

One of the outstanding fighters of the Trujillo scourge is Angel Morales, who for the past six years has

made his home in San Juan, Puerto Rico. In 1945 he spent several months in New York and Washington directing the war against Trujillo within the United States.

XXIV

THE OPPOSITION GROWS

THE organized opposition outside Santo Domingo was making itself felt. Radio broadcasts were getting through now and then despite El Generalissimo's great scrambler, and contacts between the forces against Trujillo inside and outside of Santo Domingo had been improved greatly. At the risk of their lives, men and women smuggled messages out of the country and into the hands of exiles in Puerto Rico, Cuba and Venezuela. The underground inside Trujillo's country included business and professional men and women and students who brought news to the exiles during trips abroad which were arranged easily, since they were so seemingly aloof from politics.

Even before 1945 there was evidence that Rafael viewed this growing opposition with consternation. If he could only induce some of these annoying exiles to return to their native country. And so he made overtures to many. He promised them virtually everything and anything, including, of course, freedom and pro-

tection. But his campaign succeeded in netting exactly one homesick family, the Piña family, father and mother and daughter, and the daughter's husband, living in Haiti.

When the Piñas crossed the border they were met by Trujillo's representatives. They were showered with tender words and assurances, and escorted to the town of San Juan de la Maguana, where, they were told, they must remain through a brief probationary period. They were given a home and could entertain a limited number of friends. And then one day the Piñas disappeared. Several months later the growing underground movement learned what had happened to the family. The Piñas were one night hurried off to prison, and then a few days later bundled into an Army truck. They were driven into the country, lined up along the edge of the lonely road, and shot.

Now in full knowledge that he could not hope to stem the activities of his enemies outside the country, Trujillo turned his attention to breaking plots and organizations within.

Moises Franco was a prominent citizen and a member of a distinguished family of Santiago. His brother, Dr. Tulio Franco, had been named a delegate to the San Francisco conference. Most of the other members of the family, first and second cousins, were in exile, with the exception of Pericles Franco, a lawyer, first cousin of Moises and Tulio.

Pericles, sticking to his private practice, remained clear of politics, and whatever his sentiments regarding

Trujillo, kept them to himself. But with Moises, a writer, it was different. Although in public he would speak guardedly, he nevertheless was once overheard by Trujillo's spies to speak unenthusiastically of El Generalissimo's regime, and became suspect.

Trujillo managed to plant one of his spies in Moises' home in the guise of a servant. And then a fruit vendor started parking his cart regularly in front of Franco's Santiago home. The vendor, like the servant, proved to be another spy. Between the two, servant and vendor, it was discovered that Moises was hard at work writing a book which would tell the facts about life inside Santo Domingo. So Moises was placed under arrest in May 1945.

On July 6 Trujillo's newspaper *La Nacion* carried a two-column story announcing that Franco, who had been sentenced to two years in prison, had been released through the generosity of the "Honorable señor presidente de la Republica, Generalissimo Dr. Rafael L. Trujillo Molina." The news account stated that Franco had been sentenced to prison for activities against the people and the State and for the illegal possession of firearms, but that he had repented. A long letter signed by Moises Franco y Franco followed as proof. The letter graciously thanked the President and the Dominican Government for releasing him. Assuredly, a man who has acted in the manner of Moises Franco deserved punishment, stated the letter.

About a month later the underground smuggled

more news pertaining to the affair of Moises Franco out of the country. Franco, who had entered prison strong and healthy, lay seriously ill in bed. His sickness, it appears, resulted from standing in mud and water up to his hips while confined to a cell less than six feet long and about two feet wide. This particular form of punishment lasted for three weeks. Accordingly, there was considerable doubt whether Moises Franco would survive the ordeal. At the present time it is not known outside the country whether he is alive or dead.

One morning in May 1945 the people of Santiago were astounded to see placards nailed to the sides of buildings and on posts proclaiming: "Hang Trujillo by his heels." Those responsible for this bold action had obviously had the pleasure of viewing photographs cabled to newspapers from Milan, Italy, showing Mussolini hanging like a slaughtered cow alongside his henchmen and mistress. In near-by Puerto Plata pamphlets appeared in the streets proclaiming: "Now that Mussolini and Hitler have been killed, it is Trujillo's turn."

Rafael's troopers and his secret police promptly went into action. In Santiago they rounded up a score of men, most of them young, and several of them students. In Puerto Plata about a dozen men were thrown into cells. Among those arrested was a radio announcer of station HY3U named Reyes Cerdo, twenty-two years old, and one Gonzalez, an eighteeen-year-old student.

Neither youth was ever seen again. The others were tortured and finally released with warnings to live thereafter as good Trujillistas.

By June 26 underground activities in the Santiago region became so serious that Rafael, in the company of Manuel de Moya Alonzo, a Government official, and Felix Benitez Rexach, his good friend of Puerto Rico, made a hurried trip to Santiago, where a parade of national police and soldiers honored El Generalissimo and incidentally put on a show of force for all Dominicans of the region who might be thinking about plots, political pamphlets and suggestive placards.

About this time throughout Santiago and Puerto Plata, the Government handed out signs to be attached to all automobile license plates. The signs read: "We are with Trujillo because there is peace and justice, liberty and food."

Never before in the history of Trujillo's regime had there been such open discontent. There had been cabals galore, as we know. In a sense those had been more dangerous to his rule than these almost spontaneous, not-too-well-organized explosions in and about Santiago and Puerto Plata. But as well organized as some of the abortive plots may have been, there was usually to be found at least one person who was ready to turn informer.

But now, in May and June of 1945, it was the youth of the land expressing their irrepressible will to right a tragic wrong. These were the first rumblings of a force rising to avenge the dead and exiled opposition, and

who from within Santo Domingo would join hands with the organized Dominicans outside the country in their war against Trujillo.

Was Rafael Trujillo fully conscious of the menace to be found in these outbursts in the north? Probably not. His ego would not allow for that. In all probability, he viewed the whole matter as a show of youthful exuberance, and promptly relaxed in the thought that the punishment he had dealt out and the Santiago demonstration of power had settled the matter.

So Rafael turned to a program of propaganda. His brother, Petan, still sponsors radio programs costing about $25,000 per month. The broadcasts are made from a station in the town of Bonao, and are designed to counteract the activities of the Dominicans in exile. On each program there appear artists from Puerto Rico, Cuba, Argentina and Mexico. As each entertainer completes his turn at the microphone, he says his piece about El Generalissimo and thanks him for the great work he has done for the Dominican Republic. From the station—it is called *Voz del Yuna*—many programs are broadcast in English and short-waved.

While Brother Petan sought to counteract the menace through the air waves, Rafael set about entertaining influential visitors from Puerto Rico. Impressing Puerto Rico is doubly important, for the island is American territory. Benitez Rexach, the general's liaison man, arranged to have shipped to Ciudad Trujillo a steady parade of politicos and industrialists. During May and June the parade included a mayor of one of

Puerto Rico's leading cities, who upon his return had great praise for his Dominican host and Santo Domingo and told the press all about Trujillo; two Government of Puerto Rico officials; a leading sugar magnate; a cement manufacturer, and one of Puerto Rico's leading and wealthiest gamblers.

XXV

RAFAEL'S STRONG-ARM MAN

WHEN Rafael Trujillo ordered General Desiderio Arias, a senator from the province of Monte Cristy, killed in June 1931, it was Ludovino Fernandez, then a lieutenant in the Army, who undertook the mission and did away with Arias. When, on Christmas Eve, 1939, General Savinon was brought to sudden death, it was this same Fernandez, now chief of the national police in Santiago, who did the job.

During the student uprisings of July 1945, there once again appeared on the scene Ludovino Fernandez, now chief of all the Dominican police. So that we may know this man Fernandez better, and understand exactly what the students were faced with, let us pause and look back to 1931 and consider in detail the case of Senator Arias.

At the time of the coup d'état General Arias, tall, lean, friendly, popular in the Army, had lent his support to Rafael Estrella Ureña and thus earned a top position on Trujillo's black list.

But Arias presented a difficult problem. He had too great a popular following to be shot. So Rafael tried to solve the problem by having two of his closest friends put to death. He thought he knew what this would produce—a conspiracy on the part of Arias to avenge his friends' killings. With the exposing of a conspiracy against him, Trujillo would have legal grounds to take action against Arias and his followers. When a conspiracy was not promptly hatched, as anticipated, Rafael requested Arias' resignation as a senator, and ordered him to end his political activities. Arias had an answer for Rafael. He said, in effect, yes, he would resign, but not until Trujillo handed in his resignation as President. On one occasion Trujillo sent several Army officers to call on Arias and demand his resignation, and the senator repeated his proposal: "Tell the President I will resign after he does." Whereupon all the members of the Congress who had openly, and bravely, sided with Arias, were requested to resign, which they did.

Rafael, meanwhile, was developing a phobia about Arias, denouncing him frequently. Once he let slip that Arias "will not live long."

One day two Army officers appeared at the home of Senator Arias with a message that the President was at Ozama fortress and would like to meet the senator and talk things over in an effort to make peace. When Arias arrived at the fortress he found General Trujillo had departed for the capitol, but had left word for the senator to follow him there. With a bowing and

scraping Army escort, Arias did as requested, and upon entering the capitol found Trujillo receiving him with outstretched arms, a favorite gesture.

The ingratiating, almost obsequious Trujillo assured Arias that peace between them must prevail, that any fear the senator might entertain about sudden death was absurd, and that Arias and his friends and followers were free to do as they pleased. In return, he asked Arias to promise not to become involved in any rebellion against the Government. Arias agreed, since he well knew that to refuse would be to invite a general massacre of his followers.

Arias then moved to the town of Valverde, better known as Mao, where he had a plantation. His friends visited him there and tried to persuade him to lead an armed revolt against Trujillo. But the senator turned them down because "I made a pledge and am going to stick to it."

But suspicious Rafael was not so sure. He viewed General Arias as the greatest single threat to his regime in the country, and knowing the senator's friends gathered frequently around their leader, he moved the whole of the nation's executive department from the capital to Santiago de los Caballeros, located near Mao and within striking distance of Arias.

One day a Presidential request for his presence at a dance in Monte Cristy, Arias' birthplace, reached the senator. The dance, Trujillo explained, was to be in his honor. Arias had no choice but to accept. When festivities were well under way, friends of Arias dis-

covered a squad of soldiers waiting outside to murder Arias as he left for home. They got word to the senator, and Arias secretly left by a rear exit, and in the company of his followers made for Gurabo in the mountains. Arias was now in a fighting mood and ready to break his pledge with Trujillo. It was the signal for his followers far and near to rush to Gurabo and join him. In those hills Arias' forces held a strategic position, and as the little army grew rapidly in size, Rafael, viewing the makings of a formidable rebellion, grew jittery.

Trujillo had somehow got the impression that Arias' forces were well armed and that it would not be an easy matter to smash the rebels. It would not, he reasoned, be an easy and quick victory at best, and the fighting might well explode the dynamite of a national revolution. So wily Rafael resorted to his usual tactics. He sent word to Arias that if he and his friends would come down out of the mountains they would be given every protection and handsome political plums. Arias promptly rejected the offer but consented, upon Trujillo's insistence, to meet the President in the Mao home of one Agustin Hernandez, a Spaniard without any political affiliations. Again there was much talk and no results. But Trujillo was gaining time and that was all he wanted, for he was sending spies up into the hills to join Arias' rebels and report on their position and the extent of their arms and ammunition. When Rafael learned what the latter amounted to, which wasn't much, he gained courage, and on July 23 he

dispatched a company of soldiers to Arias' hideout with orders to massacre the lot of them.

Ludovino Fernandez, then a lieutenant serving with that company of Trujillo's soldiers, proved his true value as a killer that day. It wasn't much of a fight. The Government troops in a surprise attack smeared the opposition with machine guns; a few escaped, but not many, and one of the thousands of bullets that were flying about entered General Arias' spinal column. When the soldiers entered Arias' camp they found the general lying on the ground wounded, unable to move. The soldiers stood about the wounded man, their chief's hated rival, and could not quite make up their minds whether to shoot him or take him back as a prisoner. But Ludovino knew precisely what to do.

The lieutenant picked up a machete lying near, forced a path through the soldiers surrounding the wounded Arias, and without a word of comment took aim with the machete and brought it down with a great, whirling gesture upon the neck of Arias. The general's head rolled away from his body. Fernandez then turned a machine gun on the torso and riddled it with bullets.

Anticipating the downfall of Arias, Rafael that night threw a party at *El Club Las Damas* in Mao. Just before the dance Ludovino, the brave lieutenant, wishing to impress his chief, appeared before Trujillo holding the head of Arias. Later in the evening Rafael got drunk and sent some men to fetch the decapitated head,

ordering them to serve it up on a platter. More sober minds among his henchmen strongly advised against the gesture. Instead, the head was taken out and sewed to the shrunken body, now stuffed with cotton. The next day Trujillo appeared at the funeral and placed a wreath on the general's grave.

XXVI

THE SHADOW FALLS

IT IS July 11, 1945, sometime between three and five in the morning. There is no moon. Above, against the black backdrop of sweeping, endless depths, the stars hang low over Ciudad Trujillo.

The streets are deserted. The narrower streets are deep in black; the broader thoroughfares seem faintly silverish. Two furtive figures dart out of a blackened *calle* into an *avenida,* rush to the nearest doorway, slip a folded paper through the threshold's slight crack, turn, halt, and rush on to the next doorway. Up and down the avenue pairs of figures are appearing, looming suddenly, almost mystically, out of the dark. They too, rush from doorway to doorway, pressing folded papers under the doors. Some are crushed into mail boxes, others are planted under welcome-mats, their ends protruding.

From the residential sections to the business section, more and more figures are scurrying, creeping from door to door, leaving behind them their leaflets, serv-

ing their notices upon the citizenry of Santo Domingo that the reign of their President, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, is nearing its end.

It is impossible to say who was the first to find the distributed pamphlets. It was probably a policeman on the early morning shift. We can imagine him, pounding the pavements and the cobblestones of the oldest city in the New World, mildly curious, halting in his tracks to pick up a fallen leaflet and examining it in the light of the day's earliest rays of sun, not quite believing what he reads, stunned, perplexed, and then, suddenly, angry and alert. We can be sure he lost no time in getting word to national police headquarters in Calle Colón.

Chief of the national police, Ludovino Fernandez, could hardly have welcomed the telephone call that got him out of bed around dawn on the eleventh. He had served his master, the nation's President, Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, well, all too well, since the first days of the revolution and the coup d'état of 1930.

Perhaps Fernandez was handed one of the pamphlets even before he got out of bed. But this Fernandez is a man of action, and we can be sure he was barking orders well before he had finished reading the leaflet just brought to him.

Who was it who first saw in these writings the fine hand of young criminals from the New World's oldest university, the University of Santo Domingo? Possibly Fernandez—possibly Rafael Trujillo himself. The

President is one who can rise early even if he has a hangover.

Let us picture the President in one of the many rooms of his newly erected Presidential Palace on the morning of the eleventh. At that hour he was not likely dressed in one of his few hundred uniforms. His chest, about half the size of Hermann Goering's, is often hidden behind a mass of medals, but not at the hour following dawn. He was probably attired in one of his several score dressing gowns. Not unhandsome, his five feet ten inches of military erectness striding the floor, his hand pressing against his finely combed, slicked-back graying hair, his "bedroom eyes," now squinting, now blazing, his brain whirling, dodging the tiny sharp darts that sprang at him from the paper he held in his hand, he read on.

Good God—what is this? The President's recent promises of freedom of political action are "a maneuver too shallow to fool anybody . . . !" It is a maneuver forced upon the President by the "powerful Federation of Labor of the Latin American Congress" demanding that democracy be restored to Santo Domingo.

The stinging little darts continue to fly: This forming of opposition political parties was one great farce; Trujillo's own Dominican Party is alone in control, and—good God!—being "a fascist party," the President's Dominican Party should be abolished!

Who got this out? Round up the criminals! Have they no gratitude? Since the earliest days of his reign

the President's docile Congress had understandingly heaped honor after honor upon the Great Man, dishing up for him one title after another—El Generalissimo, Benefactor of the Fatherland, Savior of the Republic, The First Soldier, Restorer of the Finances, The Most Valiant, The First Master. His mother was officially "Mother of the Republic." And that magnificent neon sign flashing on and off for all to see: GOD AND TRUJILLO.

And now this . . . Tiny, stabbing darts shooting out from a pamphlet. Throw the men responsible into cells and kill them! Has Fernandez gone into action? Yes, Fernandez could be relied upon.

But there is more, much more to read. More stinging, poisonous darts.

"Cease killing democratic Dominicans and Haitians along the border. These killings should be called to the attention of the United Nations" and the Big Four in particular.

Yes—obviously this is the fine, criminal hand of students!

"Liberate political prisoners held in cells throughout the country . . ." and, Señor Presidente, invite the democrats in exile to return and see to it this time that they are given the protection promised them . . .

Is there no end to these darts? They spring from both sides of the paper.

"Abolish the fascist law that kills liberty of the press . . . and do away with the censorship of news . . ."

The young hotheads! They must be taught a lesson,

and Ludovino Fernandez is the man to do it. Now there is news—Fernandez has rounded up twenty-odd students, and has deposited them in cells in Ozama fortress. The President is once again safe. The brooding lifts . . . now for the cursing, the raging. They should have been thrown into prison before they acted. There had been that warning in early June, in the northern city of Santiago. There had been placards then nailed to the sides of buildings and signposts, with the slogan "Hang Trujillo by his heels." And there had been pamphlets in near-by Puerto Plata, distributed in the night and proclaiming: "Now that Mussolini and Hitler have been killed, it is Trujillo's turn." That, too, had been the work of students, and at least three youths had been properly disposed of: young José Perozo (the last of the male Perozos), Reyes Cerdo, the twenty-two-year-old radio broadcaster, and one Gonzales, an eighteen-year-old student. Others had been properly treated by Fernandez' national police. But, apparently, with no results. Their underground activities must be smashed for good.

Now at the Ozama fortress the smashing is going on. Those suspected of being the leaders are having their souls searched by Fernandez. The chief's highly skilled technique is splattering the walls of the cells and Ozama rooms with blood and flesh.

But this could not go on endlessly. So the following day the parents of the students were required to sign statements that they were to be held responsible for their sons' actions, and late in the afternoon an order

went out to release the students. But six of the youths who had entered Ozama did not come out of the fortress, among them Ramon Espinal of the capital, a Doctor Nin who had just been graduated from law school and was from San Juan de la Maguena, Juan Herrera from the same town, and a student named Gomez, whose father also disappeared when he persisted in inquiring about his missing son.

Several days later the families of the missing students appeared in public dressed in mourning attire. They promptly received official information stating that there was no need for mourning, and were told to switch from black to garments of color.

The students returned to their homes after two days of horror within Ozama. There were Juan Ducoudray, badly beaten, and his brother Felix, Jr. There was Pericles Franco, Jr. There were the mauled Alfredo Lebron, and a youth named Yriarte. All had been tortured by the highly skilled Fernandez and his underlings.

The first of the group to gain his freedom was Alfredo Lebron, for Alfredo was a cousin of no less a personage than Señora Maria Martinez de Trujillo. It is not clear whether Alfredo's first arrest was a case of mistaken identity, but the second arrest which followed in November, was not. Evidently Señora and her husband Rafael had come to the conclusion by that time that Alfredo was hopeless. He most assuredly was a spirited rebel. As this is being written, the young student's fate is unknown, but, according to under-

ground reports, he is being put through the usual tortures.

The other students who followed young Lebron to freedom in July, were only too well aware of what was likely to happen to them even outside of prison. So, early the following morning, two Latin American legations received visitors. The Ducoudrays, Juan and Felix, Jr., and Pericles Franco, Jr. and a student, one Carrasco, sought asylum within the Colombian legation. The youth Yriarte fled to the Venezuelan legation, where he found two other Dominicans, father and son, who for a month had been living in the legation beyond the reach of Rafael Trujillo.

The father's name was Enriquillo Henriquez. His son was Francesco, better known as Chito, a young writer. Chito found himself in trouble with Trujillo because of an unbending integrity, which, in the land of Rafael, has long since proved to be an unhealthy state of mind. One day during the second week of June El Generalissimo informed young Chito that he was driving to the border and requested his company. When they reached the border the President pointed here and there and said, "See for yourself, there are no Haitians being murdered here . . ." The following day General Federico Fiallo, commander of the Dominican Army under brother Hector Trujillo, who is Secretary of War, among other things, called at the Henriquez home. The Honorable President, El Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina, would be most grateful, it seemed, if Chito, having seen for himself that Haitians

are not being murdered along the border, would write an article saying as much. Chito replied that according to his information there were murders along the border, and he could not therefore write the article.

But El Generalissimo was very anxious that the story be written and circulated throughout the Americas in an effort to discredit a news story that had appeared in *PM*, New York City daily, relating the facts of death along the border. So the following day General Fiallo returned, and the humble request became a forthright plea, and when that brought no results the plea was changed to a statement saying that the President requested the article. The answer was still no. The following day was Sunday. Sabbath was interrupted by the appearance once again of General Fiallo. This time *el padre* entered into the talks. Fiallo came to the point at once. There would be an article as outlined by President Trujillo, and ready for him by the following day, or else . . . "You know," Fiallo said, "we have a way of seeing that things we want done are done . . ." The father stood by his son. When Fiallo's threats became slightly obscene, he ordered him from his home. Early Monday morning the two Henriquez' fled their home and sought safety within the Venezuelan legation. Shortly thereafter an item appeared in Trujillo's newspaper saying that if father and son returned to their home all would be forgiven. But they knew better.

Probably, during the abortive negotiations, Chito suggested Trujillo have one of his own writers, obedi-

ent to El Generalissimo's will, write the article. But that would have been a useless gesture. His writers had long since been discredited, and the Henriquez' had connections among publishers on the continent.

Yriarte, having joined the Henriquez', was doomed to remain there indefinitely, for Trujillo had several times refused an official Venezuelan request that father and son be allowed to leave Santo Domingo for Venezuela. But those who had found refuge in the Colombian legation were more fortunate. Apparently glad to be rid of these youthful rebels, he granted the Colombian envoy's request to allow them safe passage out of Santo Domingo. He was to regret this.

Shortly after the first of August the young Ducoudrays and Franco started in on the continent where they had been obliged to leave off in Santo Domingo. Interviewed by the press, first in Venezuela while they were enroute to Colombia, and later in Bogota, they related in some detail the story of the students' revolt, and their brutal treatment at the hands of Trujillo's national police. Unable to reach the three young men, Trujillo turned to a method of silencing these young tormentors long used by dictators the world over.

Pericles Franco, Sr., whose brother was in exile in New York, whose son was now a refugee in Colombia, and whose cousin, Moises, was probably dying as a result of torture in prison, suddenly found himself under arrest. Although Franco, Sr., was the father of Pericles, Jr., who had openly declared himself a militant antagonist of Rafael Trujillo, he was never known

to have worked against Trujillo, unless his not joining the President's forces constituted passive resistance to him. But a charge against Franco was fabricated to meet the emergency.

Trujillo first ordered the courts to charge Franco with having committed rape. And then, a few days later, the charge was changed to illegal possession of firearms. Finally the pretense was dropped altogether and Pericles Franco was put away in a cell and held incommunicado.

However, the father of the two Ducoudrays was beyond Rafael's immediate reach. Several months earlier, he had left Santo Domingo to undergo an operation in New York. He was still there, convalescing, when his friend, the father of young Franco, was suddenly taken from his home and placed in a cell. And the elder Ducoudray, therefore, remained in New York, an exile.

Shortly after whisking Franco off to prison, Rafael was faced with another, and perhaps even greater, distraction. Virtually all the male students—about 90 per cent of the total enrollment—assembled one August afternoon in the street across from the university. They waved placards and distributed leaflets demanding free elections in the Dominican Republic. Suddenly they saw coming down upon them members of Fernandez' national police.

To escape beatings, jail and death, the students turned and fled. Many of them got into the American

consulate and filled the rooms of the old Spanish colonial structure. (The Americans later made arrangements for their transfer to Latin American legations where others had fled.) Many were captured. Almost one hundred students were rounded up and herded into Ozama.

Trujillo quickly ordered police guards to be placed near the foreign legations. The United States building was not included because of its ruling forbidding the politically persecuted from entering for the purpose of asylum.

The guards about the legations managed to pluck off a few students who had been in hiding and had later sought asylum. Some older people, who had cause to believe they were suspect and feared more terrorism, sought refuge in the legations also, and were nabbed by the guards before they could get in. Most of the adults were promptly ushered into waiting automobiles, rushed into the country and executed by firing squads. The captured students were sent to Ozama.

About a month later, without the formality of a trial, all the students from towns and cities outside the capital were sentenced to three years in prison on the charge of attempting to overthrow the Government.

Other students, all of them from the capital, about forty-five in number, or approximately half the total captured, have not yet been sentenced. Up to the time of this writing, Trujillo's courts have not so much as entered a formal charge against them. Meanwhile they

are not left idle in cells. Each day they are transported just outside the capital to work on a ranch owned by Hector Trujillo, who happens to be Secretary of the Interior and Secretary of War, as well as chief of the Army.

As the student uprisings of July and August came to an end, many of those who had managed to escape the police went underground.

Late in October a revolution in Venezuela swept into office an administration that promptly announced it would not deal officially or unofficially with President Trujillo and invited the Dominican envoy in Caracas to make a hasty departure. As the Dominican envoy and his staff packed their belongings and closed their legation, the Government of the United States announced it would recognize the new Venezuelan Government, the same Government that had just thrown Trujillo's envoys out of their capital. The new Venezuelan Government followed this up with an official plea that all the peoples of the Americas repudiate Trujillo.

During the last week of October President Vargas of Brazil was forced out of office in a bloodless coup d'état, and the new regime proclaimed that free elections would be held in December 1945.

As news of these events swept Latin America, new stirrings and rumblings in Santo Domingo's underground were called to Generalissimo Trujillo's attention, and late in October War Minister Hector Trujillo ordered all Army leaves canceled. On the last day

of the month a newscaster of the British Broadcasting Company mentioned the unofficial report that a revolution had broken out in Santo Domingo, adding that, according to the report, President Trujillo had been shot, the exact results of the shooting being unknown. Reuters, British news agency, also released the story. No American news agencies sent the story out on their wires, and the Government of Santo Domingo promptly denied both the shooting and the revolution, but that was to be expected and there was no doubt in the minds of those who know the situation in Santo Domingo that October 31 marked the beginning of the end of one of the great criminals of history.

Shortly before the report that a revolution had broken out in the country, President Trujillo had had Pericles Franco released from prison. Imprisoning Franco had been a blunder from the start. For Franco, in prison, was a martyr and constant reminder that there were murdered students, mauled and battered students, banished students who had demanded democracy for Santo Domingo.

Upon returning to his home, Pericles Franco found himself without his companion of some two decades. Señora Franco's fears for her husband's safety during the weeks he was held incommunicado grew to such terrifying proportions that before he could be returned to her, she became mentally deranged and had to be placed in a sanitarium.

Early in November 1945 the underground smug-

gled out the news that on one of October's last days Trujillo ordered a number of dissident Army officers put unceremoniously to death.

Thus did Rafael Trujillo enter into the darkest period of his long tyranny.

XXVII

THE DEAD SPEAK

PERHAPS this, the last chapter of the book, will not have much interest for readers not closely acquainted with the Dominican Republic, for there is to follow a list of Dominicans and Puerto Ricans who have been murdered by Rafael Trujillo. Considering the thousands who have been killed, the list is small. But the counterpart of such a list for the United States would include your congressman, your senator, a former favorite presidential candidate, your favorite author, your favorite columnist, the Army general you admired, your favorite entertainer, and, very possibly, a relative.

Keep in mind, too, that the Dominican Republic has a population of less than two million persons, and that the United States has a population of some 135 million. If the Dominicans murdered by Trujillo total three thousand—a modest figure—the same proportion of persons killed in the United States for political reasons only would be well over 300,000.

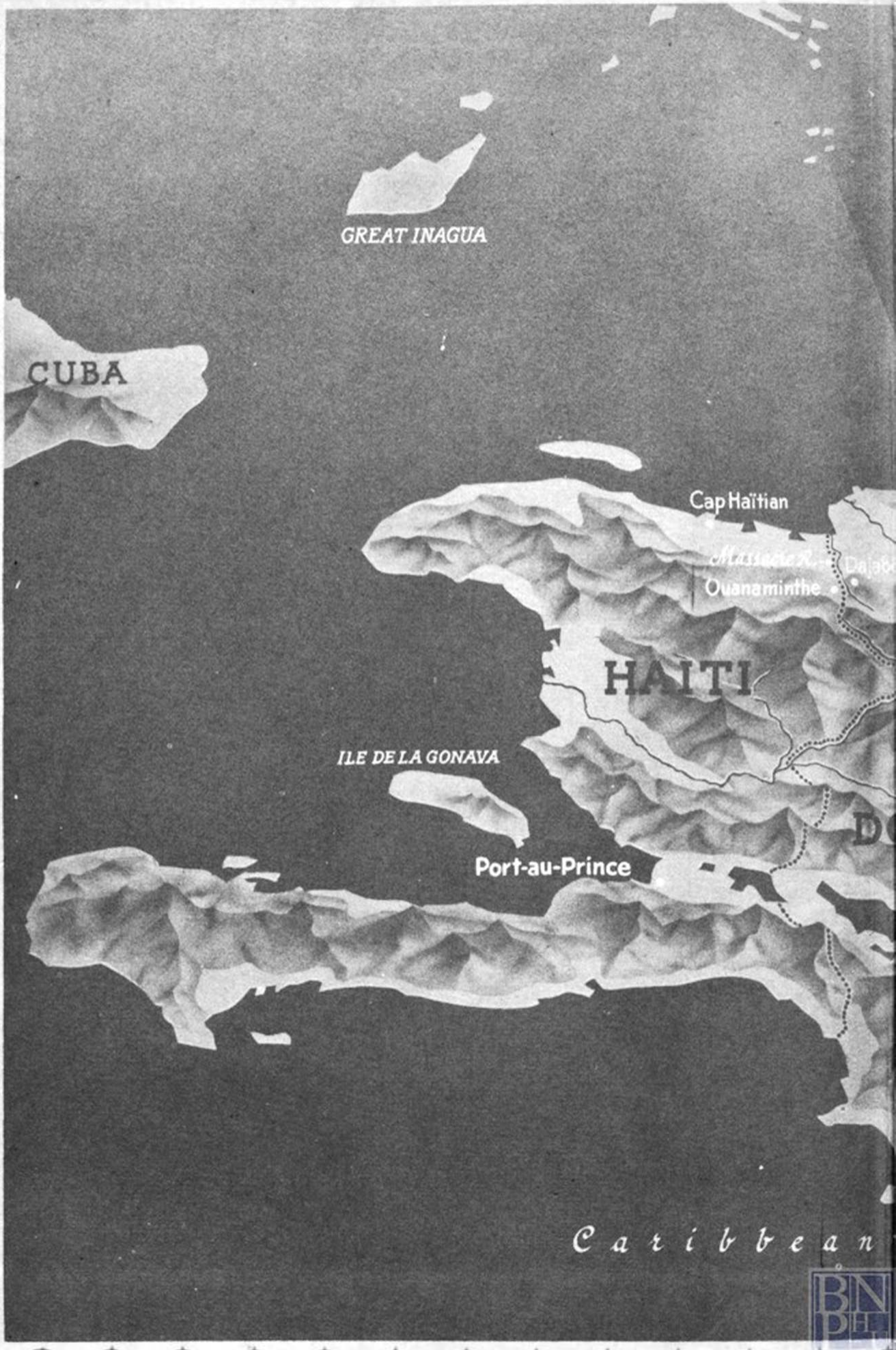
While we are on the subject of murder figures, consider the 15,000 dead Haitians. Haiti is a country of about three million. Hence, if you multiply the 15,000 dead Haitians by fifty, you would get the comparable number for the United States. That would mean 750,000 Americans massacred by a foreign tyrant within the brief period of thirty-six hours. That tells a bit more graphically what the Trujillo-manufactured slaughter meant to Haiti.

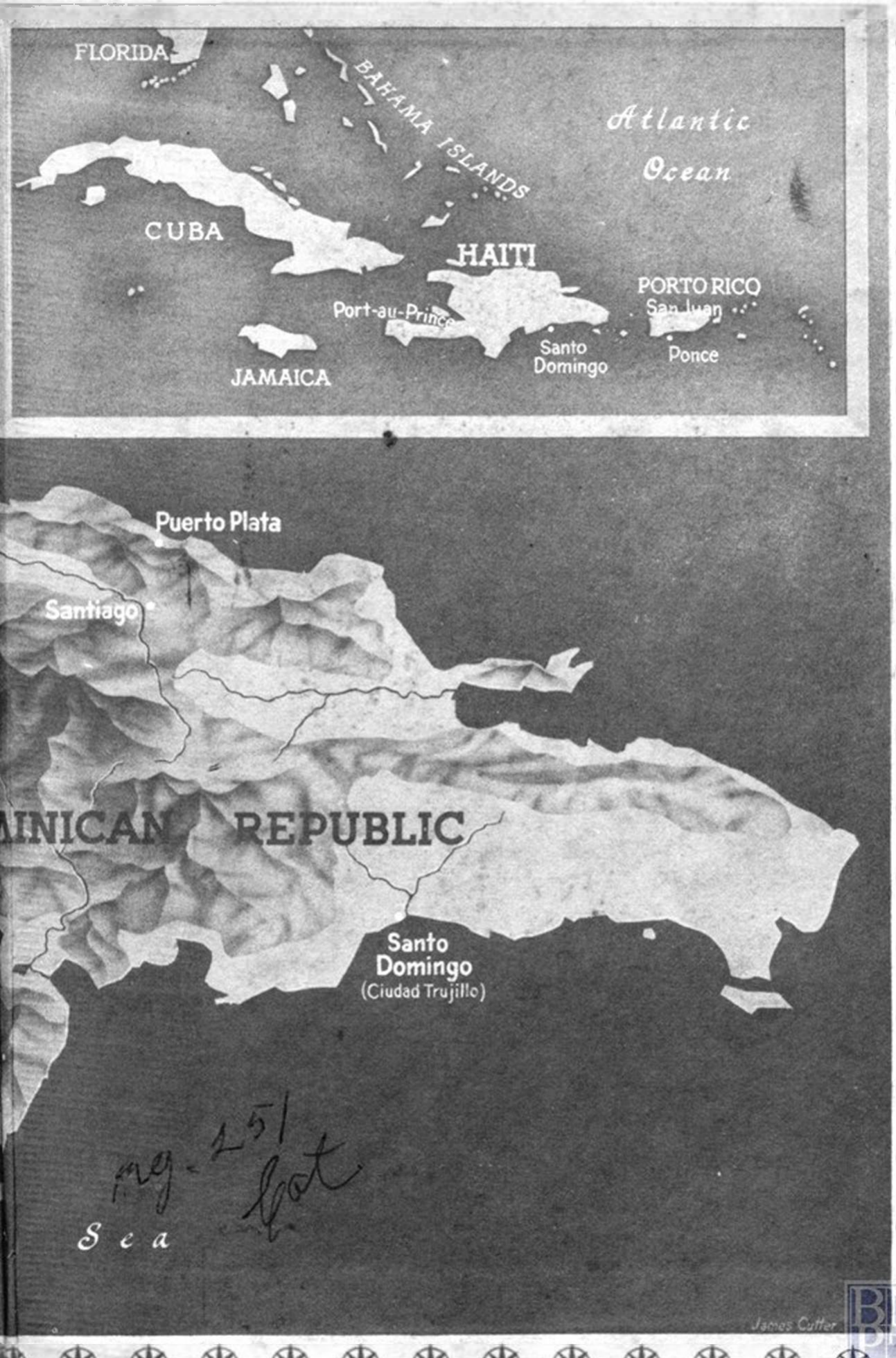
And now, the list:

General Desiderio Arias
General Cipriano Bencosme
General Manuel Evangelista Nuñez
General Rodriguez Pululo Pelegrin
David Vidal Recio
Solomon Haddad
F. D. Matos
General José Paredes
Moreno de la Crúz
Camin Suro
Capitán Saviñon
Francisco Reyes
Ramón Luna Pereira
Cadete Numa Silverio
Capitán Martin Tavera
Adolfo Astacio
Juan Montes de Oca
General Laito Guerrero
M. Tolentino
Félix Ortiz
Gerardo Bonilla
Gerardo Ellis Guerra
Juan Peña
M. Nova
Sargento Santos
Armando de los Santos
Virgilio Martinez Reyna and his wife
Emilio Reyes
General Evangelista P. Sánchez
General Manuel Camacho
Eco. Leonte Aguilera
Pablo Estrella
Daniel Tavera
José Brache
Aquiles Imbert
Alejandro Perez
Domingo Herrero
Andres B. Perozo
César Perozo
Tiberio Santillana
Luis Ricardo
J. Pedro Linares

Juan Bonifacio
Ramón Garcia
Chucho Sosa
Mallía Santil
Ramón Patiño
Rafael Patiño
Rafael Patiño Hijo
Cadete Mario Mata
Teniente Sindulfo Minaya
Teniente Menéndez
Teniente Nicasio Román
Teniente Caamaño
Abigail Montalvo
Ramón Silverio-Sandoval
Olegario de Vargas
Amado Santana
Titi Almarante
Juan N. Miranda
(of Puerto Rico)
Renerio Confesor
Carlos Estrella
General M. Rivas
General Boba
General Miguel A. Roca
José González
Antonio Lora
Julio Diaz
Alfonso Perozo
Chachá Torres
Juanico Quiñones
José T. Roca
Rafael Felipe
Rigoberto Cerda
Pipí Luna
Alcedo Almanzar
Gerardo Rodriguez
General Luis Silverio Gómez
Manuel Caballero
Euripides Germán
Chago Lara
Lucas Garcia
Coronel Leoncio Blanco
Nicolás Cantizano
Julio Pou
J. Domingo Russo
General Daniel Ariza
Julio Matías
Cheché Morel
José Perez
Genito Lithgow
General Rn. Vásquez Rivera
Antonio Gonillera
Ramón Rivera
Teniente Ramón Lazala
Fco Valera
Luis Sosa
Capitán Aníbal Vallejo
José Caballos
Quero Saviñon
Clemente Saviñon
Pablo Estrella
Luis Sánchez
Manuel Torres
Antonio Bolón
Santiago Espaillat
Angel Agramonte
Lico Bonilla
Alfredo Valera
Estudiante Helu
Chichí Montes de Oca

Paco Pérez
Francisco Reyes
Fabio Feliu
Dr. P. Columna Hijo
Domingo Mercado
Andrés Infante
Reynaldo Pérez
Santiago Lozano
Arturo Vallejo
Betilio Reyes
Armando de los Santos
Enrique Blanco and family
Arturo Duran
Sully Ulloa
Francisco Lantigua
Desiderio Valverde
Félix Colón
General Nicio Estevez
Agustín Morillo
Félix E. Dottel
Colón Piris (of Puerto Rico)
Lic. Sergio Bencosme
(assassinated in New York)
Ramón Espinal (Student)
Juan Herrera (Student)


GREAT INAGUA
CUBA
Cap Haïtian
Ouanaminthe
HAITI
ILE DE LA GONAVA
Port-au-Prince
Caribbean


FLORIDA
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REPUBLIC
Santo Domingo
(Ciudad Trujillo)
Sea
James Cutler