

and his bent, shabby, slovenly and latterly somewhat obese figure was frequently to be seen in the adjacent gardens, sitting and looking idly at the boats on the lake or the flowers in the beds, or hobbling painfully about with the aid of a stick, coughing or talking to himself. 'Someday,' he would be heard to say, 'I shall write a book, a *real* book.'

Miss Phelps Lemon has compared him not inaptly to a reef-building coral polyp. He was much more the scientific man than the artist, though he dealt in literary forms. Scarcely anything remains of him now and yet, without him and his like, the reef of common ideas on which our civilization stands today could never have arisen.

GENERAL FRANCO'S WAR

By T. MARRIOTT CASTLE

From the *Saturday Review*, London Independent Tory Weekly

THE brakes of our car went on hard when we were still some distance inside the Tangier side of the frontier between the International (Tangier) and Spanish zones. The chain barrier itself across the road was some thirteen kilometres from our starting point. Two *regulares*, or Spanish native troops, stood in the middle of the road looking very determined. So I and the friend who was driving me to Tetuan thought it better to get out and submit to be searched for concealed arms—of which we had none. We were then asked in Spanish if we had any newspaper hidden in the car. We said no. But, in case our memories might have been at fault, the car was searched pretty thoroughly, though without result.

Having satisfied the Moors, we then drove on to the post to placate the Spaniards. There we were informed that the frontier was closed to all traffic, both ways, inexorably. The road, however, was still open back to Tangier—for us. I explained to the lieutenant in charge of the frontier guard that I was going to Tetuan to interview General Franco, that I should be the first British journalist to be received by His Excellency; and that I was sure that neither the lieutenant nor I would like such an important event to misfire. Therefore, I suggested, wouldn't the lieutenant very kindly ring up G.H.Q. at Tetuan and ask what time it would be convenient for the General to see me.

Within a few minutes the answer came back: 'Between 8 and 8.30 that evening.' Whereupon the lieutenant made out the necessary military passes for coming and going. He handed these to a young Fascist militiaman who was to accompany us, and wished us a good trip.

Our escort was a most enthusiastic Blueshirt of some twenty sum-

mers, and had been in action in October, 1934, in the Asturias, when the Oviedo miners were guilty of peculiarly horrible atrocities.

We found him very useful indeed in getting us swiftly past the various pickets stationed along the corkscrew road that wound ever upward amidst beautiful mountain scenery, and then over the pass and down to Tetuan, which we reached soon after 7 P.M.

It was not until 9.45 P.M., however, that I was ushered into the General's presence. The interview took place in a large room that had evidently been the former High Commissioner's drawing-room, beautifully furnished in the old-world Spanish style.

GENERAL FRANCO was dressed in a khaki tunic and slacks with a scarlet sash around his slender waist. In stature, the General is a small man, somewhat inclined to plumpness in his face but not in his body.

He bears a striking resemblance to the pictures of the first Napoleon as a young man, in the days of his Italian campaigns when he had still his way to make. General Franco himself is in the early forties, but looks much younger. He is very straightforward, direct and frank. I fully realized before I had chatted with him for a few minutes why he is *the* man of the moment in Spanish affairs, and why he is so greatly beloved by the army both in Spain and Morocco; and particularly by the 'Tercio,' once the Foreign Legion, and now the Legion, being practically entirely manned by Spaniards, which is his own creation so far as modern efficiency and discipline are concerned.

The present military movement was, he stated, a crusade to restore Spain to her rightful and hereditary place among the great nations of Europe. He spoke at length of the very real menace that Bolshevism is to the civilization of Europe, especially western Europe. He quoted the stay-in strikes in France and Belgium as ample proof of the growing influence of the Soviet; while Spain herself, since the advent to power of the extreme Left party, had become a prey to ever-increasing Red terrorism that was worse than it had ever been in Russia. People were being burned alive; churches were being sacked and destroyed and priests and nuns were being foully murdered. Finally, the Communist Government had distributed arms to the undisciplined and utterly irresponsible mob. A victory for the Communists would slay all remaining semblance of law and order, and leave nothing behind it but mob rule in all its horrors.

I asked the General whether the fall of Madrid would end hostilities. He replied that officially it would do so; although there would remain certain centers, such as Barcelona, Valencia and Malaga, hotbeds of Communism, that would need clearing up.

He was, he continued, quite confident of success, because the bulk of

the nation, who truly had the welfare of Spain at heart, was on his side. They were tired of the degradation into which a one time great nation like Spain had fallen. Even many of the working classes, he declared, would welcome him.

Concerning the action of the Fleet, General Franco spoke with some bitterness. The officers had been with him to a man. But the crews, Communistic in the extreme, had mutinied, murdered many of their officers and thrown their bodies overboard. In addition they had refused to carry out the order of the Admiral at Cadiz, and had, in fact, become common pirates.

The General could not understand why other nations did not consider them as such; especially when sheltering in and making raids from the international harbor of Tangier they were breaking the whole principle of international law.

Fortunately, the majority of the Air Force was on his side. Bit by bit he hoped to put the mutinous fleet out of action, leaving the seas free for the passage from Africa to Spain, of the Tercio and the Regulares. Once these picked troops were in the Peninsula, the opposition would crumple up as sapless autumn leaves.

I then asked him what form of Government he intended to set up.

'One,' he replied, 'that will restore law and order and unity to the country.'

He politely declined to make a more detailed answer.

Soon after this, as it was approaching 10 o'clock, at which hour he was to broadcast to his followers, I thanked him for his great courtesy in having received me, and withdrew from the presence of one who will, I am convinced, be classed before long amongst the greatest names of the century.

FRÈRE JACQUES

By MAX WERNER

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

COUNTER OFFENSIVE! De La Roque is attempting to build up a political party to replace his dissolved Croix de Feu. Street riots in Paris and Marseilles! When the Chamber was on the point of refusing to seat him, Chiappe delivered a provocative speech. And then there is Doriot.

Jacques Doriot, renegade Communist and Mayor of Saint-Denis, has founded a Fascist party, the 'French People's Party.' The Rightist press applauds; the monarchist *Candide* is enthusiastic; the Fascist