

FRANCO ORDERS: 'NO LET-UP IN DRIVE ON MADRID'

Rebel Moors Fight Way Toward Malaga.

BY JAY ALLEN.

[Chicago Tribune Press Service.]
TANGIER, International Zone, Morocco, July 27.—"There will be no letup," Gen. Francisco Franco, Spanish revolt leader, told me today in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco.

"I am going through with it. I will advance on Madrid. I will take it at whatever cost. I will save Spain from the communists and I will pacify it."

"Malaga?" queried the soft mannered little soldier, Spain's "baby general," who is making this ruthless bid for dictatorship. "Malaga is a way station. Madrid is the goal."

Reservoir of Army.

I had come, the first correspondent to get into the African fastness that is the GHQ of the rebellion and the reservoir of its principal fighting forces, the Moorish regulars and the foreign legion, to ask him if there was not a stalemate and when the horrors would stop.

He looked at me with what I am sure was unfeigned amazement and said quietly:

"Shortly, very shortly, my troops will have pacified the country and all this [he waved his hand toward tragic Spain] will seem like a nightmare from which one has awakened."

[After the interview Gen. Franco flew to Seville to guide rebel forces in heavy fighting with loyalist militia.]

Drive Begins in Earnest.

This correspondent came out at midnight from the capital of Spanish Morocco, from which is directed the savage onslaught that is threatening the existence of the Spanish republic. I learned that the advance from the south in Spain has begun in earnest, that the Moors are centering their attack on loyal Malaga, that they have wiped out a column of republican militia, who suddenly hopped out of the earth at San Roque in sight of Algeciras, and that at the moment this was written there was furious hand to hand fighting at Estepona, a third of the way to Malaga.

I can hear the distant thudding of cannon and assume the loyal fleet is supporting the resistance of the improvised loyal "army" against the implacable advance of the dusty mercenaries.

Difficult to Reach Franco.

It was only after maddening delays that I was able to see the rebel chief. Trying to get a pass to Spanish Morocco from his headquarters in Algeciras, I was turned back and spent the night in a field near San Roque. I managed to send a message across the bay to Algeciras with a list of questions. To my astonishment I was called on the telephone Saturday night.

A voice said in Spanish: "This is an officer of the general staff at Algeciras [officially the lines of rebel Spain are cut]. His excellency, the general in command of the army in Africa, requests you to come to see him."

"How?"

"Go to any frontier Spanish zone and ask for Maj. Armada at Tetuan," came the answer.

The first boat was the British Gibel Dersa on Sunday afternoon from Gibraltar to Tangier. I got aboard.

At Tangier they told me the Spanish zone was closed. Chauffeurs here

and Spanish republicans were afraid to go if they could. I found a Moor who was willing.

The frontier international zone gatekeepers said there was no use, that everybody was turned back. We drove into the hills behind which lies the Rif. I saw the lights of the first Spanish post 100 yards ahead.

It was suddenly dark. Two Moors in uniforms, "regulares," leaped into the middle of the road and raised their Mausers.

Searched by Sentries.

The brakes shrieked. They told us to go back. I argued. They do not understand Spanish. From the post comes a shout. They ordered us out of the car. One covered us with a Mauser with a bayonet while the other frisked us and searched our car, turning out the seats and tool box and opening the hood. After twenty minutes of this we were conducted to the post. The light was out against an air raid.

What we saw was only a lantern, invisible from the air. The post was in the hands of the blue shirted boys of Primo de Rivera's "Spanish Phalanx." They were wearing army cartridge belts and carrying Mausers. Madrid arms the Reds, Tetuan arms the Fascists.

Gets Call from Tetuan.

They were polite, but adamant. I explained five times that I was asked to come. Finally I demanded they get Armada on the telephone. The telephone was out of order, they said. Nonsense, I heard some one talking.

They called Tetuan. There was an hour's delay. I sat in the guard room smoking. The Fascists glowered. The telephone rang.

"You are awaited."

Everybody was suddenly helpful. I was given two Fascist boys for an escort. They were cheerful.

"Stop if you are challenged. The Moors shoot at sight," they said.

We were stopped five times in forty kilometers [about twenty-five miles] and frisked twice. Then the lights of Tetuan appeared.

Planes were over this morning, I was told. They bombed the airport. Apparently none were expected tonight.

Life at Tetuan was normal enough. The Europeans and Moors idled on the café terraces.

Enters Garden of Mansion.

We drove up to the high commissariat of Morocco. I was frisked again and conducted to the garden of a mansion where until Thursday a week ago the high commissioner of the republic, now a hostage, gave orders to the caliph, the nominal sultan's nominal deputy, in a palace across the plaza.

At the door again I was frisked. Armada? Gone out. I waited. Officers were dining on a tiled Andalusian patio where a fountain chatters.

The famous Armada, a swarthy, smiling officer, finally appeared. "Much pity," he said. "The general has gone to bed."

Just then I saw the general taking coffee in the patio, but since it did not seem polite to say so I only looked in his direction.

Tomorrow sure, said Armada, and "meantime, on my oath, he will see no other journalist. None shall get in. Have a good sleep."

Hardly Five Feet Tall.

Tonight at 8 o'clock when I strolled into the high commissioner's mansion no one halted me. In the temperature of a Turkish bath I sat in a plush armchair in an ornate office by a massive table on which maps were strewn. There were telegraph tickers in the next room. The door opened. Armada rose.

"His excellency, Gen. Franco."

Another midget who would rule. He is hardly five feet tall. His voice was a shock. It was gentle and even and sad. He was very tired. He talked and I looked at the man who has plunged Spain into the ghastliest civil war in its history.

He has a high forehead, getting higher, a beak nose, and a pointed chin; tiny feet and hands. A red gold sash of the general of a division—aged 43—covers his nascent paunch.

"The revolution of 1931 was artificial. Zamora [Niceto Alcalá Zamora, until recently Spanish president]

promised a republic of priests and monks. But the republicans cannot make a bourgeois revolution. Their masses want a red revolution," the general said.

"In the name of liberty there was frightful license. The constitution was a unilateral affair. Half of Spain is persecuted."

"Then no truce, no compromise is possible?"

"No. No, decidedly, no. We are fighting for Spain. They are fighting against Spain. We will go on at whatever cost."

"You will have to shoot half of Spain," I said.

He shook his head, smiled and then, looking at me steadily: "I said whatever the cost."

He talked for an hour explaining in detail his "national movement," and quietly, very quietly, touched on certain sensational aspects of the situation which plunged Spain into the war.

The radical Spanish republic, he said, was fast losing Morocco. The Red republic will lose it or. . . .

The Effect of Russia.

"The effect of the propaganda of Red Russia is felt all over Europe. Certainly no western power can ignore the gravity for each and all of them if there is a Red Spain using its strategic position on the Iberian peninsula to spread propaganda in Morocco and Algiers and even in America. The interests of Great Britain, Italy, and France are at stake, he said. They must feel Spain cannot be allowed to go communist.

"They should not consent to a violation of the neutrality of the statute of Tangier," he added. That one fleet should use the supposedly neutral harbor as a base from which to attack the Moroccan and Spanish coasts sets a dangerous international precedent."

The powers should not consent to the excesses of a fleet navigating the strait of Gibraltar with its officers assassinated or in irons, bombing open ports, he declared.

Follow Lenin's Doctrines.

"The cause of revolution was preached in schools, fields and workshops.

"They have followed Lenin's doctrines to demoralize the fighting forces since no revolution is possible while they are intact. The government has allowed red propaganda among soldiers and sailors. Since February they have followed communist international's advice to lull the bourgeois suspicions while speeding the work of disintegration."

"Why did you rise when you did?" I asked. "Because of Calvo Sotelo's assassination?"

[José Calvo Sotelo, Fascist leader, was killed shortly before the civil war started.]

Republic Falling Apart.

"No," Gen. Franco answered. "Calvo Sotelo had nothing to do with the movement. His assassination was merely another symptom of the disintegration of the state. We rose because if we had waited two months longer we would have had no army or navy and Spanish economy would have been in a state of collapse. We have started in time and there is enough left for us to build a new Spain."

I asked him point blank if there was not a stalemate.

"No," he said quietly. "There has been a setback. There were defections at the start in the mutiny of the fleet. But no matter. We will bring ships from the northern coast to clear the strait. We will win."

I referred to the apparently successful resistance at Madrid.

"No, their forces disintegrate every day," he replied. "They have a materialistic cause. We follow an ideal."

"I will pacify Spain and put a stop to hunting down one class of citizens by another. Spaniards are tired of

politics and politicians," Gen. Franco asserted

"What will happen to the politicians of the republic?"

"Nothing. They will have to go to work," he said simply.

Tonight at Tetuan I learned that all leading Popular Front partisans at Ceuta, Tetuan and Melilla were shackled and are working on the roads in the blazing summer sun.

"What of labor unions?"

"They are all right when not poisoning the workers with the doctrine of class warfare.

"Gen. Queipo [Gonzalo Queipo de Llana, rebel leader in Seville] says the leaders will be shot. What about it?"

"O"—and he laughed—"Queipo is a good soldier, a little vehement at times. He has seen such horrors. At the village of Arahal, near Seville, a woman stock breeder and twenty leading citizens were burned alive. Today he found a rightist who was sprinkled with gasoline and set alight after his two sons were tied, one to each of his legs."

'Moors Are Necessary.'

"Do you think bringing in the Moors and foreign legion will help in the process of pacification?"

"They are necessary. Even Azana [President Manuel Azana] brought them when Gen. Jose Sanjurjo revolted in 1932."

"What about the masses Madrid is arming?"

He showed signs of irritation.

"That shows what they are like," he said. "When they say they are beaten they should have surrendered and not done such a thing. But we will disarm them as we are doing now."