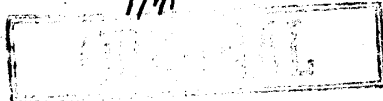


1/A



by DEANE BOSTICK

Alpha 66's leader clasped my arm and said, "Tell your readers every day young Americans come here and ask to fight for us. Well, we don't want your sons. There are enough Cubanos ready to join us. All we ask is that we be let alone to fight Castro."

...Here is an inside look at daring Florida-based guerrillas who have pledged their lives to making Cuba a democracy again.

THE SMALL GROUP, armed with M-16's and submachine guns, crouched behind a sand dune until their joints ached. Dampness from the waters of Bahia Baracia chilled them. It must have chilled that damn sentry, too—they could hear him coughing in the still night.

Why the devil didn't he move off? He was a Cuban, and these guerrilla fighters didn't want to kill a fellow Cuban, even if he was one of Fidel Castro's soldiers.

But time was running out. Almost midnight, September 10, 1970. Off shore circled a yacht loaded with arms and supplies to give Fidel more trouble than

continued on next page

Invaders from the U.S. **“FREE CUBA NOW!”**





Anti-Castro Cubans train in Florida for clandestine operation in homeland. U. S. authorities have harrassed freedom fighters.

"FREE CUBA NOW"

continued

just another poor crop of sugar cane.

Move on, sentry . . . move on and live.

But the slight, stooped sentry seemed rooted to the sand. Perhaps he was too frightened to leave the open beach for the sinister shadows of the cove; young and inexperienced, he couldn't know that if invaders were to land safely it would have to be right where he stood—and in desperation they would kill to protect themselves.

If there were no signal by midnight from the anti-Castro fighters ashore, the munitions boat would head back to its Florida base.

Col. Vicente Mendez whispered to himself—"Young friend save us the pain of killing a countryman."

But the youth only shuffled nervously, a fragile figure against the starlit sand. A guerrilla sergeant prodded a

rifeman beside him. The latter moved along the shadows of the dune. Then, shoeless, he silently sprinted the distance between his cover and the sentry.

The young man turned . . . too late. The stock of the M-16 already was arching down on him. It smashed his skull, and he reeled back, arms and legs flaying in rubbery reaction.

THE rifeman knelt beside him and touched his throat lightly for a trace of pulse. His fellow guerrillas were rushing toward him. He looked up at them blankly, and his voice cracked. "My God, I have killed him."

Mendez pulled him to his feet. "He had to die. We must get on with it."

A guerrilla pulled a red-filtered flashlight from his bush jacket and flashed a sign toward the horizon. Pulses of light returned, and soon the guerrillas heard two powerful marine engines cough to life, then throttle down to a low hum as the vessel approached the beach.

The *Estrellita* hove into sight about 100 yards off-shore and cut back to idle. By this time, the guerrillas were manning three assault boats. They tied to the *Estrellita's* side and, wordlessly, the men began taking on boxes and casks from the bigger boat. Last off the *Estrellita* were 14 volunteers, Cuban refugees returning to fight Castro after exile in Miami.

The *Estrellita* moved off. The assault boats were beached, and the guerrillas vanished into the wild growth farther inland. They were stronger now, with more men and guns. But not strong enough to really give Castro serious worry . . . not yet.

By dawn the village of Baracoa was surrounded by an armored column of Castro soldiers. The dreaded *Policia Secreta* went from house to house with questions . . .

You heard nothing? No engines, no voices? . . . Have you seen any strangers about, any unusual activity . . . No? How can that be?

For three days regulars and militia swept through the undergrowth encircling Baracoa. There was evidence—tracks, paths beaten through the jungle—that about three dozen men had

taken to the hills. From their own guerrilla experience against the Batista government a decade ago, the Castros knew it would be impossible to find them.

Well, what did it matter? Three dozen men and some guns. They'd need more than that to bother Fidel in Havana. And certainly the invaders would not try to further supplement their force with another landing near Baracoa.

Which was exactly what the guerrillas expected the communists at Baracoa to think.

Four days after the September 10 landing, Colonel Mendez, joined now by Col. Antonio Mena-Ruiz, again crouched in the still tropical night, again preparing for a rendezvous with the *Estrellita* . . .

Everything is the same—except. Except not one sentry blocks their way but a squad of men and a Soviet-made tank. The odds seem formidable, but the Castro soldiers are confident they have frightened the guerrillas off . . .

Shortly before midnight, the stillness

Alpha 66 in Miami protests U. S. curbs.



Colonel Mena-Ruiz led recent landings.



is broken by a sharp clank. A soldier's sleepy voice calls, "Something has hit the tank."

"A coconut. Why do you awake . . ." A white-blue light erupts. A deafening blast spews sand in a geyser. A satchel charge has gone off under the tank. Then another. The tank is enveloped in fire. Escaping tankmen, easy targets for machine gunners, are silhouetted in flames as they leap from atop the vehicle.

They join with the infantry squad in seeking cover, but the gunners rake the camp site mercilessly. The soldiers flee down the beach—those still able to run. They leave behind weapons and sleeping bags.

The beach is clear.

Colonel Mena-Ruiz flashes a signal. For the second time in a few days, the *Estrellita* disgorges supplies—and 15 more men for the anti-Castro force.

This time the *Estrellita* takes aboard a passenger. He is known as Manuelo and had landed three days before. He takes back to Miami a packet of letters and a case of choice Cuban cigars. The guerrillas again vanish into Sierra Maestra. But this time they have even more recruits. Some of Castro's soldiers have returned to join them in fighting the Red government in Havana.



SARGENT

Alpha 66 founder

On September 23, 1970, Guido Garcia Inclan, official spokesman for Radio Progreso in Havana, released the communist version of the action at Baracoa: ". . . announced today that Cuban military forces killed one and captured eight armed mercenaries who came from the United States . . ."

On November 2, 1970, this MAN'S correspondent set a newspaper clipping of the above report on the desk of Andres Nazario Sargent, secretary general of Alpha 66 and asked him for a comment. "Absolutely false!" he stated. "Our men landed without casualties. You come back tonight at 10 PM and I will introduce you to one who was there. He will give you an eyewitness report of the action at Baracoa."



Deane E. Bostick, the author of this article, fought with Castro forces in overthrowing the Batista regime. He later became disenchanted with Fidel's totalitarian state and returned to the U.S. A resident of Florida, Bostick has kept in close contact with various defectors from Communist Cuba and with their counter-revolutionary activities.

Until that appointment, I spent the day interviewing other members of the counterrevolutionary group and wandering in and out of Cuban owned businesses in the northwestern section of Miami.

Before the day ended, I was convinced that some Anglo writer must tell the Cuban exiles' story to the American public, and since I was there, I elected to be that spokesman.

Florida has always been a refuge for Cuban exiles. The first to arrive were Indians fleeing Spanish adventurers. Christopher Columbus landed on Cuban soil and proclaimed it *Juana*, Pearl of The Antilles. For the next 300 years the Indians were "colonized" in the name of the cross—with liberal use of the sword.

Over the centuries, intermarriage resulted in the "Cuban nationality"—Spanish, Indian and a smattering of Negro blood.

Along with the development of a nationality, the Cubans bred an inherent revolutionary attitude. There have been dozens of efforts to topple the government since Carlos Cespedes organized the first real revolution in 1868. Guerrilla warfare has become a way of life.

Miami, only 90 miles from Havana, is the logical place for political refugees to seek asylum. So Dade County has always had its share of exiles. Until the last decade, they were treated like pets, segregated, pointed out to tourists as "local color." But no longer.

THE ruthless, repressive actions taken by Fidel Castro's communist regime resulted in an inundation of thousands of refugees.

Today there are a quarter-million Cubanos living in Miami. About 25%

of the population! Their impact on the local economy has been unbelievable, and they are a power in local politics.

I still had time before my 10 PM rendezvous, so I parked my car beside one of the downtown lagoons and watched a group of Cuban children playing on the swings. Ninety miles from the most glittering and opulent resort city on the North American continent, the relatives and friends of those children are waging a bloody guerrilla war in the cane fields of central Cuba. The contrast is unreal.

There is no quarter asked for or given by either side.

Thousands still in Cuba exist under the most horrible conditions on the infamous Isle of Pines. The corridors of La Cabana, the military prison outside Havana, echo with the screams of those driven insane by torture. Almost daily, machine guns chatter at Campo Columbus during the marathon executions so popular with the Fidelistas.

And the counterrevolutionaries of Alpha 66 live and work normally in Miami—except at night. Then mysterious events occur.

I returned to 542 S/W 12th Avenue, headquarters for Alpha 66, where I was introduced to "Manuelo" and "Julio."

Manuelo is 33 years old and is a waiter in one of the exclusive beach-front restaurants. He is the only member of his family to escape from Cuba. One of his brothers is a sergeant in the Cuban army.

"My greatest fear," he told MAN'S, "is that I should face my brother's unit on one of my missions to Cuba."

"What would you do under those circumstances?"

"God grant that occasion never arises, for I would have to shoot my brother like any other **continued on next page**"

Col. Vincente Mendes (↓) gives last minute orders to landing party shortly before it attacked Cuban beach installations.



Free Cuba Now

Continued

soldato," he answered without hesitation.

Manuelo averages \$200 a week in salary and tips. He keeps \$50 for his meager needs and turns over the balance to Alpha 66.

Julio is an insurance agent. He also averages \$200 a week. He keeps \$100 to support his wife and three children and contributes the other \$100 to Alpha 66.

Manuelo described the action at Baracoa to me, then pointed to a box of cigars. "There is the proof I was there," he said, grinning. "Colonel Mendez sent those back to Senor Sargent."

Julio glanced at his watch. "It is time for coffee. Come on, Mr. Writer."

I followed the men to Julio's auto. He drove in and out of the streets and avenues for 15 minutes and finally parked at a *Comida Cubano* only three blocks from our starting point.

"Don't forget to leave your keys, Julio."

Julio answered in Spanish with heavy sarcasm, the gist of which was that he knew damn well what he was doing.

Manuelo grinned and followed us into the diner. We drank the syrupy Cuban coffee and flirted with the pretty waitress. After 15 minutes, Julio said it was time to go. Back at the car, he picked the keys up off the seat and showed them to Manuelo.

"What's all this with the keys?" I asked.

"We'll show you in a minute, Mr. Writer."

Another 15-minute route back to headquarters. Julio parked in back, extracted a flashlight from the glove compartment and led me to the trunk of his car. "This will explain the business of the keys. These were placed in my trunk while we had coffee."

He shined the light on a sub-machine gun, half a dozen musette bags and an automatic pistol.

"You know what that is?"

"He knows," Manuelo snorted.

"Sure," I confirmed. "It's a Belgian manufactured FAL."

"Si. And those bags are full of loaded clips."

I picked up the 9-mm. Max pistol. "This is not in very good shape."

"No. But we must take whatever

we can get from the arms salesmen. We are all under constant surveillance from your government. You know what we paid for this junk here?"

I calculated rapidly, "Three-fifty?"

Julio shook his head sadly. "Seven-hundred-and-fifty dollars. They really stick it to us Cubans because legitimate sources are closed to us."

The weapons were transferred to another auto and transported to a cache in a residential section of Coral Gables.

Next we visited the *Estrellita* moored in the Miami River near the yacht basin.

"U.S. Customs seized her shortly after we returned from the September 14 mission," a freedom fighter explained. "That makes a total of 10 ships seized, valued at \$250,000. Your government makes our revolution a costly one!"

We returned once more to headquarters and I was introduced to "Rosario." A lean, dour man, he scrutinized me with open suspicion.

Manuelo talked rapidly to him in Spanish and I caught a few phrases: "Korea . . . specialist . . . flame warfare . . . William Morgan."

When the late Bill Morgan's name was mentioned, Rosario's suspicion vanished. "You knew Beel Morgan?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"He was my commandante with Joaquin's column in the Sierra Maestra. Chiuaua! What a soldato he was. I cried for three days when Fidel had him shot. Then I caught a fishing boat for Florida."

Wild Bill Morgan, ex-Marine and ex-paratrooper, was a mercenary for Fidel Castro. He married a Cuban national, and shortly after the revolution ended was denounced by an associate of Raul Castro and sentenced to death. His last request was that he be permitted to command his own firing squad. He became a hero of the counterrevolution.

This brought up a point I had been wondering about: I put the question to Sargent. "Is there any truth to Castro's claims that you people are employing mercenaries?"

"No mercenaries!" He answered decisively. "Do you remember the Yanqui called The Butcher? He killed more innocent Cubans than his entire unit killed Batistianos! No mercenaries for us!"

We talked through the night, interrupted occasionally by freedom fighters arriving and leaving on their mysterious errands. The saga of Alpha 66 unfolded:

Andres Nazario Sargent has the look of a scholar. There is nothing in his appearance that even mildly suggests the soldier, yet most of his 60 years has been spent fighting tyranny on the island of Cuba.

When Fulgencio Batista seized control of the Cuban government, Senor Sargent was director of the Tobacco Growers Association in Camaguey Province. He was worth several million pesos and a power in local politics.

Sargent watched the new dictator with jaundiced eye. The cells at Los Cabanos began to fill with political prisoners waiting for the tender mercies of Roland Masferrer, Batista's personal instrument of torture. Senor Sargent decided things had gone far enough. He voiced open support for the young attorney Fidel Castro, who was organizing the students into a revolutionary group.

Inevitably, he was forced to flee to the United States. But he returned in 1957—first into the Sierra Maestra and then into the Escambray where Camillo Cienfuegos gave him command of the Second Front.

Commandante Sargent's column advanced so rapidly in the last days of the revolution that they were ordered to halt in the suburbs of Havana and permit the Santa Clara column led by Che Guevara to catch up and pass through.

Once more Sargent watched a dictator seize control. Businesses were nationalized. Russian and Chinese "advisers" began to swarm onto the island. Raul Castro went daily to Campo Columbo to supervise the mass executions.

Sargent denounced the new regime and was forced once more to flee or face the *pared y patio*—the wall in the courtyard.

There was a period of inactivity, for Sargent could not align himself either with the Batistianos or the followers of deposed President Carlos Prios Socarras. Then a ray of hope appeared.

A CIA agent recruited Sargent for the Bay of Pigs operation. He went happily to Guatemala and on April 14, 1961, led a company ashore on Cuba's coast.

Nine hours later, he was pulled aboard a U.S. destroyer battered, bloody and in shock. He sat alone refusing food, coffee or conversation offered by solicitous U.S. sailors.

How could this thing have happened? he wondered. Nothing materialized. None of the promises were kept. No air support. No fire support. The second amphibious force was not landed. The parachute drop was not affected. What had happened?

Sargent's head dropped onto his knees and he wept.

Andre Nazario Sargent suddenly raised his head. He shuddered and stood erect. He called to a nearby sailor, "Hola! Sopa, por favor?"

The seaman brought him a bowl of soup and watched him drink it down. The Cuban asked for and was given another bowl. He drained it also. He was going to need all his strength in the days ahead. The Bay of Pigs had been a humiliating defeat—but Andres Nazario Sargent was ready to fight again.

The next morning a Cuban businessman in Miami looked aghast at the



filthy, blood splattered spectre that walked into his office.

"Who . . . who are you?"

"I am Andres Nazario Sargent and I have just come back from the Bay of Pigs."

"Mother of God! What do you want of me, senor?"

"Money and support to free Cuba."

"What do you wish?"

And Sargent explained.

By Christmas day of 1961, he had 65 others pledged as fanatically as he was to freedom for their homeland. They met in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and formed Alpha 66, the first word for the first letter of the Greek alphabet, 66 symbolizing the number in the original organization.

One of their number was Lazaro Escambray Alfara. He was a Mestizo, that mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro peculiar to the Caribbean. Lazaro stood during the last meeting.

"Exactly what do you think we can do, Sargent?"

"Why, I think we are all agreed. We must raise money and recruit men to carry out commando raids on Cuban soil."

"But that will accomplish nothing." All eyes turned to the huge, dark Mestizo.

"Defeatist!" Someone cried.

"No! I am a realist!" Lazaro retorted. "What you propose is terrorism, nothing more, nothing less. What we need is a leader in Cuba to coordinate and recruit our people there. Otherwise there will just be more killing of Cubans by Cubans."

"Who could be such a leader?" someone asked.

"Who would do such a thing?" from another.

Lazaro looked searchingly at the faces around him. "Let me ask you something. Is everyone here sworn to their task?"

Sixty-five voices affirmed their loyalty.

The dusky giant hesitated, then spoke again. "All right, I will be the military commandante in Cuba. You will hear from me shortly."

He turned and walked from the room. The others stared after him in silence. They wondered about Lazaro, then half forgot him. There was a monumental task ahead.

In the next weeks, Alpha 66 opened offices in 60 U.S. cities and seven Latin American countries.

The officials went quietly about the job of raising money. Making revolution is a costly business.

Then a ray of hope from Cuba: Castro announced publicly that any "undesirables" wishing to seek asylum in the United States could leave without interference. Thousands fled!

The refugees brought rumors of a giant negro called Lazaro who had established a band of guerrilla fighters in the Escambray.

Lazaro had chosen a region tactically perfect for guerrilla resistance. The Escambray is that mountainous area that bisects across Las Villas province, commands both coasts and Highway One running from one end of the island to the other.

A communique soon arrived from the guerrilla leader: "Have established fighting force in mountains and intelligence network in all five provinces. Urgently need men, money, commo equipment, arms and ammo.—Lazaro"

Alpha 66 had made a beginning.

A few arms and reinforcements were smuggled to Lazaro and plans were

made for coordinated attacks. In 1962, Alpha guerrillas based in Florida landed at Isabele de Sagua and Juan Francisco beach. They attacked the Russian "advisers" at both bases and captured a flag (Russian) that was displayed later in Miami.

Lazaro's men attacked a Russian ship in Havana harbor and then struck G-2 Headquarters on the Prado only blocks from the Presidential Palace.

Fidel Castro set up a howl heard around the world. The strange game of international politics began. Charges and countercharges were filed in the United Nations.

And ironically—comically if not for the serious consequences—tiny Cuba, led by Fidel Castro, won over the most powerful nation in the world. Feeling ran high in the Western Hemisphere and the United States was branded as the aggressor by most Latinos. The U.S. began suppressing Alpha 66.

Nevertheless, Lazaro struck the militia training camp at Tarara. Two weeks later, the damage was repaired and the Escambray guerrillas struck again! The coast guard installation at Matanzas Bay was attacked by commandos and Lazaro hit the camp at Tarara for the third time in a month.

In 1963, there was a coordinated attack on an English ship unloading in Caibarien. International attention now focused on Alpha 66.

Diego Medina, Alpha 66's press secretary, openly admitted to newspaper reporters that his organization was responsible for the attack on the British ship. "Anyone trading with the Communist government of Cuba is fair game," he reasoned.

But he failed to reckon with the American government's determination to be "the good guys" of the Western Hemisphere and the UN. Scores of Cuban freedom fighters were arrested in Miami, charged with violations of the Neutrality Act and unlawful possession of explosives and/or illegal weapons.

Shock ran through the Cuban community, but Nazario Sargent's organization doggedly continued operations.

In 1964, the Omega Plan was put into effect. This consisted of landing a well-trained and well-equipped force to beef up Lazaro's guerrillas.

Alpha 66 met its first military setback in 1964. Major Eloy Gutierrez Menayo left the Dominican Republic, with 53 guerrillas. A storm blew the little convoy off course, and three boats turned back. Menayo and three companions, however, landed on the Cuban coast, half drowned. They were captured and imprisoned to furnish more grist for Fidel's propaganda mill.

The Dominican Republic succumbed to U.S. pressure and forced Alpha 66 to shut down their training camp on the island.

"None of us understands this," Medina told MAN'S. "Castro sends Che Guevara to Bolivia and openly brags about it. His favorite statement is that their (The Cuban Communist party) prime mission is to export revolution. How can your government bow to his blustering and persecute us?"

Sargent added this statement: "It is not that we do not like your country. We love Estados Unidos. We appreciate the refuge we have been given here, but we are first, last and always Cubanos. Cuba is our home. We only want to be left alone to fight Castro and the communists."

And they are doing it relentlessly!

Since 1964, Alpha 66 has landed some 300 armed, trained guerrilla fighters on the island . . .

On January 3, 1970, the freedom fighters made world news again. An American freighter plowed through choppy seas enroute for the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo Bay.

"Something off the starboard bow, sir," a seaman reported. The captain steered for a bobbing speck just below the horizon. Sailors lined the rail and stared in wonder as 53 heavily-armed men clinging to a floundering shrimp boat slowly came into sight.

The half-drowned men were hauled aboard the merchant vessel and taken to Guantanamo. The base commander was on the dock waiting to learn who the shipwrecked men were.

The first man down the gang plank was a tall imposing figure wearing a Stetson. He strode without hesitation to the naval officer and saluted smartly. "Col. Vicente Mendez reporting, sir! I suppose we are your prisoners."

"I . . . uh . . . what army are you people with?" the admiral asked.

"The counterrevolutionary army of Cuba, Alpha 66."

"Well, I'm going to have to ask you people to disarm," the American officer said dryly.

"Si." Colonel Mendez turned to his men who had drawn up in two smart ranks and were standing at attention. At his command, they filed by and stacked their weapons.

A Marine sergeant watched the growing pile of M-16 rifles and 9-mm pistols, grenades, ammo, trench knives, prima cord and nitra gel.

"Hell! Those people are better armed than we are," he remarked.

The Cubanos looked back to sea and clenched their fists. "Viva Ramirez!" they shouted.

Colonel Mendez explained to the Americans, "We were to land secretly on Cuba, but a storm crippled us. Captain Julio Ramirez was washed overboard and drowned."

"Our sympathy, Colonel." "Gracias. But he will be avenged. One more Cuban life Fidel will pay for."

With the loss of their boat, confiscation of arms and equipment, Alpha 66 lost \$125,000 on that day! This would be a staggering blow to most causes, but a fund drive to mount another expedition started the moment Mendez and his men were put ashore in Miami.

It was 6:15 AM, April 17, 1970, at the wharves of Bahia Baracoa, Cuba. A fisherman looked up in surprise as the sound of powerful motors roared up to the docks, and a tall man in battle dress and wearing a Stetson leaped onto the pier.

"Who . . . who are you, hombre?" one of the gathering crowd asked.

"Col. Vicente Mendez, old one. And I have come home! To stay!"

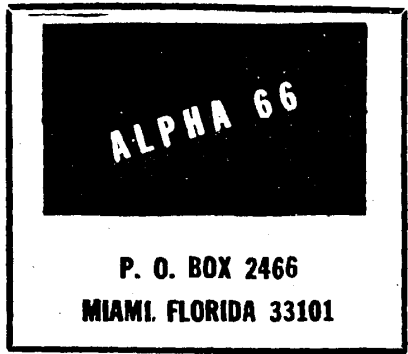
Fifty-three men began leaving the boat to stand behind Mendez.

"What do you want here?" an old woman asked tremulously.

"We mean you no harm, tia. We go to join Lazaro de Escambray."

He turned to the men who were rapidly unloading cases of ammunition and explosives. "Andele, andele!" They worked faster, knowing time was precious. The ever present *chivato* [government informer] watched from the edge of the growing crowd. He slipped to a telephone and dialed the nearest military garrison.

"Americano guerrillas! Bahia Bara-



In 1961 he fled to the U.S. and has been a member of Alpha 66 since its inception.

El Negro, the mysterious Lazaro, Escambrá Alfara, is also a hell of a soldier. His guerrilla tactics are excellent. He is waging a classic clandestine war against Fidel Castro, both political and psychological.

His forces hit where it hurts the most; where it will damage the already shaky economy. An example is the action at the Patrice Lumumba tanning factory where they burned a warehouse containing \$1,000,000 worth of leather goods meant for export to Russia. Or imagine if you will the consternation of the Chinese military mission when three teams of their "advisers" at Tamara were killed to the last man. Cuban soldiers are killed only when absolutely necessary.

Their support is also excellent, if what I saw at the Miami office of Alpha 66 can be considered a criterion. In spite of harrassment by U.S. government agencies, they always manage to raise funds and purchase arms, equipment and boats.

"We have to use boats," **Manuelo** told **MAN'S**. "The Soviet and Chinese radar on Cuba keeps us from using planes like Fidel did. It's a shame we have to lose so many of them, but we always manage to get another when we need it."

The taciturn **Rosario** spoke up with a rare smile. "Tell him why we went in September, **Manuelo**."

"Si. This is very funny. You remember when President Nixon called for a crash program to stop airplane hijackings? Well, we thought American surveillance on Alpha 66 would be re-

laxed. We were right. So we took **Col. Mena-Ruiz** to Cuba without a hitch." He shrugged philosophically, "But they were sure waiting when we got back. Whew!"

Sargent broke in, "Don't misunderstand him. Your government agents are all courteous and apologetic. They are only doing their jobs."

"That is very charitable of you, **senor**."

"Nada. It is true."

As I started to leave Alpha 66, **Sargent** stopped me. He gave me the Cuban embazzo and told me, "Mi casa su casa." My house is your house. The most friendly and courteous gesture a Latino can make—especially to an Anglo.

He held my arms tightly and looked into my eyes, "And Mr. Writer—tell your people something for Alpha 66. We love America, but we must go back home. Every day young Americans come here and ask to fight for us. Well, we don't want your sons. There are enough Cubanos ready to join us. And though we need much money, we can raise it among ourselves. All we ask is to be left alone to fight Castro. It may take six months or it may take six years. But we are going back and form a democratic government in Cuba. *Comprende?*"

I understood. ▲

Author's Note: Maria Perez is 23 years of age. Her family fled Castro's Cuba when Maria was 15. She went to work for Alpha 66 the day she arrived in Miami and has been at the office every day for nine years. My heartfelt thanks to her for her painstakingly accurate translation of documents and conversations during this writer's interviews.

ALPHA 66 GUERRILLA LEADERS ARE FIGHTING INSIDE CUBA AGAINST THE SOVIET PUPPET FIDEL CASTRO



TO HELP THE

CUBAN PEOPLE IN THEIR

STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

READ SOME OF THE EVIDENCE:

CUBAN YOUTHS REFUSE COMMUNIST INDOCTRINATION:

Official spokesman Guido García Inclán, Radio Progreso, Oct. 27 1969:

"The youth refer to our Central Park as Miami. Why? Because they want to be in Miami. That is their environment, so let them go there. It is time we cleaned house. Youths wear uniforms, but they refuse to go to school..."

Guido García Inclán, Radio Progreso, Sept. 2, 1970:

"Dissension, failure to get to work on time, difficulties raised by them when they are of military age. Doing things they should not be doing during class hours... Youths always have a derisive joke to make against our revolution... and when they have to work, they produce their membership cards in the C.D.E.

Fidel Castro, January 5, 1969:

"There are 400,000 children and young persons between the ages of 6 and 16. There are 1,702,000 children enrolled in school, but the other 400,000 are not. What are they doing? What are their occupations? What does this absenteeism mean for the country?"

Armando Hart, Secretary of Organization, Cuban Communist Party, Oct. 16, 1970:

"There are 80,000 youths in Oriente Province between the ages of 13 and 16 who are neither studying or working... Oriente Province should be declared to be in a state of educational alarm..."

CUBA'S WORKERS OPPOSE CASTRO'S COMMUNIST REGIME:

Labor Minister, Captain Jorge Risquet, August 7, 1970:

"Absenteeism, lack of discipline, negligence, disrespect for the revolution, poor use of the workday and other infractions... are growing problems against which a multi-faceted battle must be waged..."

Luis Hurtado, Superintendent of Train Repair, Camagüey Province, Nov. 1, 1970:

"Absenteeism has prevented us from complying with the work quota for this repair shop. It is necessary and urgent that this terrible situation be liquidated..."

Angel Alfonso, transportation chief, Matanzas Province, Feb. 12, 1970:

"At the Cuba sugar mill the discipline of the comrades has broken down. The problems are caused mainly by poor operational maintenance. Discipline is lax..."

Capt. Jorge Risquet, Minister of Labor, Aug. 6, 1970:

"The productivity of the country's 2 million workers is low. We have to say that there are many shirkers, while the lack of discipline and high rate of absenteeism pose a serious problem.

THE CUBAN PEOPLE SABOTAGE CUBA'S COMMUNIST ECONOMY

Fidel Castro, Sept. 18, 1968:

"On April 6, counterrevolutionaries attempted to burn the former Rancho Club in Guantanamo where a great quantity of coffee was stored... on May 1, they burned the Juan Manuel Marquez sugar warehouse containing 70,000 sacks of sugar... on May 5, incendiaryism of the Patrice Lumumba tanning factory resulted in the loss of more than \$1 million... on September 7, a warehouse in Camagüey containing dry goods was burned to the ground with losses of an estimated \$1.5 million..."

Fidel Castro, March 13, 1969:

"A day will come for those incapable of adapting to our life, those who are incorrigible and unrehabilitated ... We may have to face the need to eliminate them radically..."

Fidel Castro, Dec. 22, 1969:

"From now on we are going to murder, without the least compunction, whoever tries to sabotage our sugar harvest..."

CASTRO OFFICIALS AND OTHERS DEFECT FROM REGIME

Ismael Suárez de la Paz, former 26 of July chief, deserted in July, 1970:

"I don't believe the revolution is any solution for Cuba... I see no solution, and certainly not with the present leadership... The country will demand a change... A solution will have to come from somewhere..."

Orlando Castro Hidalgo, former member of General Directorate of Intelligence. Defected in Paris, March, 1969:

"I defected from my important position in Paris because by supporting the Cuban regime meant prolonged treason against my country. Cuba is a Soviet colony..."

John Clytus, Negro, was in Cuba from 1964-67:

"If you are a puppet or a yes-man for the Communist regime you can expect favors from them and you can expect to have the essential things to exist. But if you are not, a puppet, you can find yourself in economic trouble because you won't be able to find a job and you will never find a place to stay.

"Parents are afraid to talk to their children freely for it may be reported as being anti-revolutionary. Anyone who says that the Cuban regime is a puppet of the Soviet Union is considered a traitor."

ALPHA 66

CUBA



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