



Militant fever runs high in Cuba, and all signs point to its continuance. At a recent rally, a crowd of girls, employed in the "people's stores" of Havana, voice their support of slogan, "We Will Conquer." Above, a civilian force receives instruction in military tactics outside Havana.

comed us wholeheartedly but was now stirred to fever pitch by a "Hate America" campaign.

Behind us was the house we'd worked so hard to own and the future we'd spent 18 years building. Behind us were a thousand memories of an openhearted people sold ruthlessly into the communist camp, memories of sunlit beaches and palms moving restless fronds high over evergreen countrysides. Behind us, we left our hearts.

It Became an Alien Land

The decision to leave wasn't easy. Havana was one of the most gracious cities in the world to live in. Cubans are a charming and hospitable people, life was relaxed and easy, the climate and customs benign. Yet the Cuba we loved had been changed drastically in less than two years of revolutionary rule.

The change began slowly in the first few months of 1959, but the handwriting was there from the beginning.

Each morning after Castro's heralded victory, I'd turn on the radio before driving the children to school. Not that the imprisoned press could report anything, but you learn to read behind the news, to gather rumor as future fact, to listen for signs that might mark this new day as the beginning of something dangerously different from yesterday.

"Keep your eyes peeled," I'd admonish the children as we drove into the main avenue.

And, young as they are, they'd sit silently, watching the passing cars, noting if there was an extra guard set up at crossings, if they were stopping vehicles for roadside searches, if there were any new "Hate America" signs plastered along buildings.

The children went to school, returned in the afternoon, and then remained close to home unless accompanied by us. There were no movies for them, no riding on public buses, no shopping at the 10-cent store. And I indelibly imprinted on their young minds the phone number of the American embassy in case they were ever in trouble, or if their father or I failed to return home. You never knew.

Early in the spring of 1959, our phone was tapped. It had been tapped before in General Batista's time, off and on. But now it was an everyday occurrence. My conversations were limited to commenting on the weather, saying nothing that might possibly be misconstrued.

As months wore on, we watched friends of

long standing depart penniless for happier shores, leaving behind them a lifetime of work. We hoped we would be different. "This is our home, and we're going to stay here," my husband announced.

We tried. But our youngest would return from her American school, spouting about the marvels of the revolution, telling me that she had to "have one peso to give for arms and airplanes, Mommy, because the Americans are going to attack us."

We Lived in Terror

For a year, we never expressed our opinions or feelings to other than the closest of friends. Before entering a restaurant or club, we'd drop all but the most innocuous of talk. Long tablecloths can conceal microphones, waiters are in an ideal position to eavesdrop, the people at the next table might overhear.

In the department stores over each cash register are red and black signs saying, "The customer is always right—except when he speaks against the revolution. Be patriotic, denounce him!" The salesgirls carry in their receipt books, along with religious lithographs of Christ suffering on the Cross, picture cards of the bearded Cuban heroes.

"We'll stick it out," my husband had said. But the cost of living kept rising, rising, rising. And so did the taxes. Half of 1 percent of your income is deducted for maternity coverage (men and women alike), 5 percent for retirement (compulsory), 5 percent for unions (everything's unionized), 4 percent for industrialization—regardless of the size of the income or the number of dependents.

"I won't pay it," I decided. "Not the indus-

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Cuban boy dons beard, symbol of the *barbudos*.

