

*Felipe Cardena is forced into exile, survives assassination, suffers loss in a plane crash, but succeeds returning to Cuba. At the rebel base camp in the Sierra Maestra, Felipe encounters a feisty peasant girl, Tangi Montolio. Tangi and her family suffer disappointment; heartache and live in daily fear from Cuba's new hope – Felipe Cardena.*

## BOOK II

# SONS OF CUBA

## HOMECOMING

By Ellen W. Martin

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ELLEN W. MARTIN

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## CHAPTER 1

“FIRING Squad ... *Atención* ...”

A dozen heels clicked together; the drum of boots tramped in unison against the sun baked soil. Felipe tugged and pulled against the tether securing him to the death post, but the rawhide cut into his wrist and ankles, holding fast.

The stench of death and haunted wails of ghosts from past executions swirled around Felipe. Memories of family ... lost love ... and battles in victory and defeat with his compatriots scrolled through his mind’s eye at warp speed.

A soldier dressed in army green with a chest decorated with medals approached the prisoner; a smirk plastered across his face, the Colonel spat and laughed as spittle slid down Felipe’s cheek.

The words *how could this be happening* spun out of control through Felipe’s head. This had to be a mistake. It was HIS destiny to be Cuba’s future.

A sneer twitched the corners of his mouth; certainly not the fraud veiled in the shadows of the observation tower. Who could he be? Who did he think he was killing ME, Felipe Cardena y Pérez?

Before the decorated soldier wrapped the black silk blindfold around Felipe’s eyes, Felipe strained to catch a glimpse of his executioner. Even though the tall, muscular frame was cloaked in a dim light, there was something familiar about the man. If he didn’t know better, he would swear he spotted a mirror image of himself.

A sword rattled as it was pulled from a scabbard; the swish of the blade cut through the air as the raspy voice of the Colonel bellowed, “Ready ... Aim ... Fire.”

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"Wake up, Felipe, wake up," panic laced Ileana's voice. "You're having a nightmare."

He jolted upright, snatched Ileana's wrist. "Wha ... what the hell ...?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she exclaimed. "You ... you're screams frightened me. I thought we were under attack."

Felipe released Ileana's wrist then brushed the perspiration dripping from his brow. He took a deep breath and slowly exhaled; his hands still shook.

"Let me get you a cup of coffee," Ileana offered. "I could add some brandy if you like."

He glanced up at her and smiled, "Just coffee."

Ileana took a step, stopped reached back and placed a hand on Felipe's shoulder. "Are you okay?"

Without looking up, he patted her hand and nodded.

Ileana gave his shoulder one last squeeze and left the room.

Felipe couldn't shake the foreboding that gripped his insides tighter than a boa constrictor coiled around its prey. He shook his head and whispered to the ghosts in the room, "Trying to invade my dreams again Rafaella with your so called warnings?" he scoffed. "They become more ridiculous each time they occur."

He stood and snatched a jacket hanging over a dining chair and said to the vacant room, "Well, I don't buy your nonsense. Find another *idiot*."

As Felipe opened the cabin door, a gust of bitter wind rushed past. He buttoned his coat, reached over and picked up the binoculars lying on the veranda railing and scanned the horizon as daylight peeked over the mountains.

Cactus and rocks dotted the landscape, and ascended toward lush pine forests high in the *Sierra Madres Oriental*. Great columns of smoke from the snowcapped volcano, *Popocatepetal*, towered high into the clouds. The rugged terrain was the perfect training ground for the rebels, and it all was within a fifty-mile radius southeast of Mexico City.

He blew warm breath into his hands and returned to the ranch house shutting the door behind him. Cold air whistled and seeped through cracks and crevasses of the old structure and the wood-beamed ceiling creaked.

Felipe stumbled over a loose floor tile, caught his fall and said, "For Christ's sake I don't know whether the conditions are worse in here or out in the field."

He sat down at the long dining table and opened the account books; the numbers had not changed. Money was gushing out, little was coming in. Weapons, uniforms and other equipment needed to be purchased, not to mention the bare essentials such as food and living quarters. The men existed on eighty cents a day – which was less than Batista's army spent on their horses. Somehow, somehow they needed to increase their intake, he thought, or their revolution would wither and die.

Ileana Calleri handed Felipe a steaming cup of coffee. Her shiny, raven hair was pulled back in a tight bun and accentuated her warm brown eyes and smooth golden skin. Her shoulders were wrapped in a royal blue and gold wool shawl. The hem of the Aztec patterned skirt covered the tops of her polished leather boots.

"Thank you," Felipe said, welcoming the cups warmth on his numb fingertips. "I needed this."

Ileana walked to the window and gazed out. "Did you see any sign of Emilio and the men?" She asked as she pulled the shawl tighter around her shoulders.

Felipe shook his head and closed the account books. "I need to be in the field with the men instead of searching these damn books for nonexistent funds."

She touched his shoulder, "In time you'll be with your comrades, Felipe ... when it counts. Right now you're needed to make important political contacts and raise money."

He patted her cold hand. "Perhaps, but my heart is with my men."

"I still don't understand why you left the comfort of Mexico City to stay in this run down shack," Ileana shivered.

"Batista has spies everywhere," he said with a bitter scowl. "The city was getting too dangerous."

"True," Ileana said, "but at least in Mexico City you had access to modern communication and rich sympathizers."

"I'm needed here," Felipe insisted. "More men are arriving from Cuba weekly, and it is getting difficult to find safe houses for these recruits. More importantly, this area is similar to the Cuban Sierra and much easier to maintain discipline."

"Possibly," Ileana said, "but this old fortress couldn't possibly house more than a few dozen men."

Nonsense," Felipe said. "With the outlying barns and stables we can billet more than a hundred, if necessary. Need I remind you, we're not here to live in luxury? These ninety-six square miles of fields and mountains are similar to the Cuban Sierras and are perfect for forced marches, simulated combat and guard duty situations." He smiled, "What more could a rebel ask?"

Ileana bit her bottom lip and looked out the window. "But, Emilio has been gone for days. They took little food and water with them."

Felipe got up from the table and stood next to Ilena. He glanced down at her, "It is crucial guerrilla fighters walk for long periods in adverse conditions with very little food and water. They need to climb mountains and carry heavy packs. It's all part of the training. How did you think revolutionaries trained?"

Ileana shrugged.

"Once we return to Cuba and join the main force, every soldier must be physically fit and resistant to fatigue."

"I know you're right," Ileana signed; her ample breasts tugged against her embroidered blouse, melancholy washed across her face. "I miss Emilio."

"What would your husband, Faustino, say to that?"

She looked down at the floor and tugged at her gold loop earrings. "He lives his life ... I live mine. Anyway, he's in Spain producing another movie and will be gone for months. I'm sure that Spanish harlot," a smiled played at the corner of her mouth, "I mean starlet keeps him company."

Felipe laughed. "Does he know his house in Mexico City has been a haven and shelter for a band of Cuban revolutionaries?"

"He doesn't ask and I don't offer the information," she said. "I'm proud of my Cuban heritage and will do whatever it takes to help the cause." Ileana stretched her five-foot two frame; flecks of gold blazed in her brown eyes, "Like I said, my husband doesn't monitor my life ... I don't question his. Besides, if your revolution is successful, I'm sure he'll produce a movie about it."

Ileana picked up the binoculars sitting on the dining table, went back to the window and searched the landscape.



Felipe followed her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. "We truly appreciate everything you've done, Ileana. Cuban women like you will make our victory possible."

She looked up and smiled. "It's nothing. You're the one who makes a bigger sacrifice. Emilio told me you pawned your only heavy coat and used your entire meager monthly allowance to finance the printing of your latest manifesto."

"I'd sell my soul if I thought it would help get the message out. Monies flow in slowly ... if at all. The funds needed to come from somewhere."

Ileana smiled and looked up at Felipe. "Maybe it's time you accepted ex-President Prío Socarrás generous offer. He personally told me he'd meet you or Luis in McAllen, Texas with a check. It's that simple."

"No!" Felipe barked. "He's no better than Batista. The money he offers was also stolen from the Cuban people."

Ileana furrowed her brow. "Try to look at it this way," Felipe, "she said. "Socarrás is returning a portion of the people's money and putting it to good use."

Felipe pushed back his rising annoyance. What did this woman know about rebellion? He took a cigar from his pocket and lit it. "If I take his money," he said, "Socarrás will expect something in return. Our goal is to rid Cuba of tyrants not replace them with another."

"Be realistic," Ileana said. "If you don't have an alternative financial plan, you need to consider his offer." She rubbed her hands together, "How can you stand this incessant cold?"

Felipe closed his eyes; bit back the words nipping his tongue. He grabbed two split logs and kindling and placed them over the dying embers. In moments the dry wood ignited into a blaze warming the chill in the air.

"As soon as my visa is approved," he said, "I'm going to the U. S. ... My American contacts have arranged speaking engagements in the Cuban communities up and down the eastern seaboard from New York to Miami. I have faith the expatriates won't fail me. Their support is an investment in their future – their children's future. Success will help them all eventually return to their homeland." A spark ignited in Felipe's eyes, "The donations will come, or I'll die trying."

The front door flew open and slammed against the cabin wall. A brisk breeze rushed in and fanned the flames in the fireplace. A tall, lean figure, mud and grime caked on his clothes and face, dropped his backpack on the floor. "*Buena's días! Qué pasa?*"

"Emilio!" Ileana exclaimed.

As they embraced, Felipe turned and looked into the fire giving Ileana and his friend their private moment.

Emilio slapped Felipe on the back. "Great exercise, *mí amigo*. You would have been proud of the men. We get closer to our goals every day."

Felipe pulled a cigar from his pocket and handed it to Emilio. "Now all we need is more money and transportation back to Cuba."

"Luis should be returning soon with news about the PT cruiser," Emilio said. "If that option falls through, we're working another angle." He struck a match, touched the flame to the cigar tip and took several puffs. A twinkle glistened in his eyes. "We've come a long way these last several months since you've joined us in Mexico," Emilio said. "It won't be long now, my friend ... it won't be long."

Ileana handed Emilio a cup of hot coffee, "Bet you could use this?"

Emilio kissed the top of her head and said, "That, a belly full of food and your warm body next to mine."

## CHAPTER 2

GENERAL Batista caressed the polished oak balustrade curving up the marble staircase leading up to the massive lobby of the Presidential Palace. He climbed the stairs; the musical sound of his steps against the shiny stone echoed throughout the foyer. He enjoyed this time of night the most when he could be alone with his thoughts. His family was in bed and the aides had been sent to their quarters. When he reached the top, he stopped and marveled, as he often did, at the mural ceiling and the opulence surrounding him. He was accustomed to this type of living and no one was going to take it away from him – especially not Felipe Cardena and his band of renegades.

A sour taste infested his mouth and irritated an already acidic stomach; this happened every time he thought of that troublesome rebel.

Batista cursed, “Incompetent Mexican intelligence sources. They’d let him down again. No one knew where Cardena’s band of rebels had disappeared. They could be anywhere in Mexico.

The General’s fiery temper simmered; he clenched his teeth. It was imperative he maintained self-control handling this latest problem – there could be no mistakes. If only he had been better informed, Cardena would never have gotten a visa to the United States. But now it was too late – he was already there, raising money for his cursed revolution. Batista heaved a disgusted sigh and headed toward his private and secured apartment hidden behind a secret door.

The area was smaller, cozier than his official living quarters, and reached only by a concealed elevator – a perfect escape route if he ever needed one. He switched on

a small desk lamp and fell into the over-sized leather chair – it all but swallowed his small frame. Two family photographs - one of his black mother and Chinese father, and the other of his wife, Mirta, their four boys and sweet baby girl, stared back at him from the huge mahogany desk.

Batista tipped the lampshade revealing photos and memorabilia hanging on the mahogany paneled walls behind him. There was a picture of him when he first joined the army as a private. Next to it, he was in his General's uniform when he appointed himself Chief of the Military after the "Revolt of the Sergeants" in nineteen thirty-three. One of his favorite photos was with Frank Sinatra and mafia boss, Meyer Lansky, on the steps of the casino Montmartre Club.

He slammed the desk with his closed fist, the family photos danced across the smooth top. "Cardena, enough is enough! You'll not take this from me." He picked up the phone and dialed a private number.

"Yeah, what do you want?" A gruff voice asked on the other end.

"I need to speak with Joseph Nucci," Batista said.

"Who's askin'?"

"General Fulgencio Batista, the President of Cuba."

Batista could hear muffled voices exchanged in the background, followed by seconds of silence.

"This is Nucci," said a heavy accented voice laced with doubt.

"Meyer Lansky told me I could call if I needed a special favor," the General said.

Nucci's tone switched from suspicion to submissive in a flash, "What can I do for you?"

"I need you to take care of a problem for me."

"Go on."

"Felipe Cardena is in the United States. I'd like your boys to take care of him ... permanently."

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a bitch," Nucchi said. "The bad boy of Cuba is in my backyard. Where is he now?"

"For the last several months he's been in Mexico training revolutionaries. Military intelligence tells me he's attempting to raise funds in the U. S. for his so called Movement."

"Do you know his schedule?"

"No, but I believe he's in New York right now. I don't know how long he'll be there, but I'm sure he'll make several stops along the east coast, and then head to Florida; particularly since there are many sympathetic Cubans living in that area."

Batista shifted in his chair, lowered his voice. "Cardena must be stopped. If his revolution is successful, we all will be out of business. The casinos will shut down permanently and tourist trade will be nonexistent."

"Say no more," Nucchi said. "Your man is as good as dead."

The mob boss cleared his voice and spoke softly, "General, who knows you called?"

"No one," Batista answered. "Our business is between you and me."

"Understood," Nucchi said. "Problem solved. Aside from this nuisance, how's the casino business?"

"Right now, it's booming," the General said. "We only have occasional unrest in Havana, but it's never enough to disrupt business ... at least so far. We can't let a revolution ruin it for us, Señor Nucchi. Life is too good."

"Like I said, the rebel bastard is dead."

"I'm counting on you," Batista said.

## CHAPTER 3

FELIPE opened the door to the Shamrock Tavern on Bleecker Street, "Hey, bartender, I've got a box of cigars if you have a room for rent."

"Phil ... I can't believe it," Paddy Murphy rushed from behind the bar and wrapped his burly arms around Felipe. "When did ya get back in town, laddie?"

"This morning, and I'm looking for a place to stay while in New York. Is my old room available?"

Paddy laughed. "You've become so famous I tacked a gold plate on that door ... *Cuban Revolutionary slept here.*" He hugged Felipe again, took out a handkerchief and blew his nose.

Felipe returned the bartender's hug. "Thanks, old friend. I knew I could count on you."

Paddy slipped behind the bar, found the key and handed it to his Cuban friend, "How 'bout a cold one?" He asked.

Felipe nodded and tucked the room key in his pocket. "Have you been getting the supply of cigars I promised?"

Paddy tapped his shirt, "Faithfully, thank you," he said and pulled two out of his apron pocket. He handed Felipe one, then sniffed the fragrant tobacco of the other. He popped the thick Cuban into his mouth.

Felipe struck a match and lit both. The two men took deep puffs and blew the sweet smoke toward the ceiling.

Paddy crossed his arms over his round belly, "I heard you were in prison for a while. Things a bit shaky down your way?" he asked.

Felipe nodded, heaved a heavy sigh. "You have no idea. In fact, the reason I'm in the States is to try and raise funds

– a revolution doesn't come cheap." He smiled and said, "If you have any extra cash, we could sure use it."

"If I had any, it'd be yours," Paddy said, his face serious and full of compassion. "I might not be able to help with money, but if there's ever anything else I can do, just let me know. Hell, give me a rifle and I'll fight by your side until deaths do us part."

"You're a true friend, Paddy, but this isn't your fight," Felipe said. He took several sips from his frosty mug, "This is a Cuban problem, but it's nice to know I've a friend like you. What I'm hoping for, are more people willing ----"

"Pardon me for interrupting, but aren't you Felipe Cardena?" A slender middle-aged man with intense blue eyes slipped onto the barstool next to Felipe. He had a mane of snow-white hair and deep crevices marked his cheeks and forehead.

Felipe looked at the man and back at Paddy.

"This rude fella eavesdropping on our conversation," Paddy said, "is Frank Mitchell."

"*The Frank Mitchell*, star reporter with the *New York Times*?" Felipe asked.

"Oh, so you've heard of me?" The man offered his hand.

Felipe returned the handshake. "I've followed your career as a foreign correspondent for years. You're very good."

"I'm flattered," Mitchell said. "Can I talk you out of one of those cigars in your coat pocket? I haven't had a good Cuban in years."

"Watch out, Felipe," Paddy laughed. "This guy will talk you out of more than a cigar. He has the gift, ya know. A talent for dragging information out of folks they never intended to divulge."

"Don't listen to him, Mr. Cardena. Let me buy you a beer," Frank said.

Paddy drew two more beers until the foam flowed over the edge of the glasses.

"Hey, Frank," the bartender said, handing him the mug, "Here's a guy you can take to the World Series. He's quite a baseball fan. I bet he knows more about the game than you."

"Is that right," Frank said. "You a Dodger or Yankee fan?"

"Yankee through and through," Felipe said.

"I have an extra ticket for Game Five. Are you interested?"

"I have an extra box of Cuban cigars. *Are you interested?*"

Paddy slammed the bar with his hand, threw his head back and laughed. "Watch out, Frank. That's how this Cuban gets *you* hooked. The next thing ya know he'll have you down in the jungle reportin' on his revolution."

Frank shrugged, "I go where the story goes." The reporter narrowed his eyes, pursed his lips, "Tell me, Cardena; is your story worth telling?"

"Come down to Cuba next year and find out," Felipe said.

Frank laughed. "Next year? Have you told Batista the date of your return, too?"

"You laugh," Felipe said. "But think about it. He knows and the Cuban people know I exist and that I eventually plan to overthrow him – he just doesn't know when or where, the day or hour. Besides, the nation wants more than just vague promises we'll return – they want to know we mean what we say. By establishing an estimated date for the invasion, we make our Movement credible."



"Isn't it risky going around and telling folks the exact year you're going to start a revolution?"

"Not at all" Felipe said. "I've given Batista a direct challenge. Now he'll wait and wonder – perhaps he'll spread his troops too thin, or pull them all together in one place. By complicating his thinking, maybe it will shake his confidence and weaken the government."

"Perhaps," Frank said. "But that's pure speculation."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Felipe said. "Our counterintelligence is better than his espionage."

Frank leaned his elbow on the bar, looked Felipe in the eyes. "Do you really think it'll come down to a revolution?"

"No doubt ... it must," Felipe said. "We'll fight until we get rid of Batista and all those like him or die trying."

"What makes you different from Batista and all those before him?"

"I want to give back to the communities ... the tyrants from the past take from them. The people need better places to live and the opportunity to make a decent living. What they *don't* need is more tyranny – social change is important too."

Frank settled back on his barstool and nodded his head, "Where's your next stop?"

"Miami," Felipe said. "There's a huge rally planned at the Flagler Theater early next week."

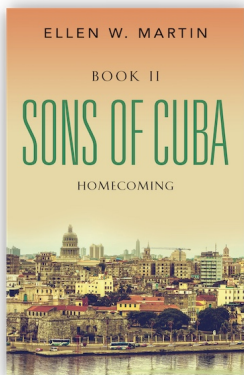
He took a long swallow from his beer and continued. "Tomorrow night, here in New York, I speak to a group of Cuban businessmen and workers at Palm Garden Hall."

"Is the money coming in?"

Felipe glanced down, shook his head, "Slowly," he said. "Funding a revolution is a bottomless pit. Just when you think you're ahead, you need more. You can never have too much money."

"If there's *ever* anything I can do for you and your Movement, just let me know," Mitchell said. "I'll be happy to do what I can from this end."

"That's good to know," Felipe said. "That time may come sooner than you think."



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