

ROOTS OF LIBERTY

**Antonio Merino Santamaría
Álvaro Chapa Imaz**

Foreword by Mariano Rajoy

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Collaborate:



**So that our children understand
why her parents fought**

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PRESENTATION

The first objective with which the Fundación Popular de Estudios Vascos was born -Popular Foundation for Basque Studies- is completed today with the presentation of this book. *Roots of Liberty* is a deeply felt tribute to the victims ETA's terrorism, murdered for the sole fact of being representative of a Right-Centre ideology in politics tied to the concept and feeling of being Basque and Spanish at the same time.

We can divide the terrorist senseless actions in two well defined moments: the beginning of the political democratic transition -end of the seventies and beginning of the eighties- in which terrorism almost succeeded in exterminating our ideology in the Basque Country, making an attempt on the lives of representatives of two Parties, Unión de Centro Democrático and Alianza Popular, and a second moment, from 1955, with the renaissance of the centro derecha vasco -Basque Right-Centre-, attained by the fusion of several parties which gave birth to the Partido Popular. From this moment it can be posed a political alternative to the nationalism even to a municipal-town level. During both periods many more have been the failed attacks against comrades who don't appear in this book, and whom I would like to thank for their commitment,

because with everyone's work and pain now we know that we can put an end to ETA's terrorism.

We wish to remember mainly the people, the human beings, not the positions they held, because in first place they were parents, husbands, sons and daughters excited about their jobs, full of hope about their families. As with the rest of victims of terrorism, the portraits which appear here are for us more than just a date in a "pain calendar".

With this publication we want to remember our comrades who affiliated themselves, without conscious intention and together with all the other victims, to the roots of liberty, a gift that we are on the verge of attaining. This is the only reason why the active party members and the supporters of the Partido Popular keep defending the same our dead mates did: freedom in a society which is not free, equality of rights for all Basque citizens and, with their example, the representation of those who are denied voice and voting.

In this fight we have not been alone: comrades all around Spain have also been suffering, some of them victims as well of this terror because of their identification with the ideology of the Populares Vascos -Popular Basque Populares-, with the aggravating circumstance of the lack of protection.

I would like to thank Álvaro Merino and Antonio Chapa, authors of this book, without forgetting the necessary coordination and effort of Carlos Olazábal, alma mater, life and soul, promoter of this work. Thank you very much to all of you.

Antón Damborenea Basterrechea
President of the *Fundación Popular de Estudios Vascos*

FOREWORD

We were in the “zero hour” of Spanish democracy. No doubt, the political transition meant one of the most extraordinary achievements in our society, besides an example of unity and strength for the rest of the world.

Those were as well the first hours for the centro-derecha in our country, many of whose “architects” are nowadays, sad enough, unforgettable main characters of this book for which I have the honour of writing the prologue and whose authors are proud witnesses of the value of all those men and women who, with a literally un-payable sacrifice, helped make democracy possible in Spain.

“Zero Hour” also for a political party that has to look itself in the mirror of those years so that it can see reflected all that it is today; because in turning its gaze to that sincere mirror from any possible angle, we can see Liberty has always been in the root of our political commitment, behind of any of the acronyms which later on would converge in the Partido Popular - one the the two

major Parties in Spain; Right, traditional - Liberty, with capitals, Liberty that goes inexorably tied to other capital words in democracy: Justice and Equality. On these three mainstays are built the postulates of the Partido Popular from its origin, with people as the core of its compromise, avoiding the excesses of dogmatism and trying to always maintain the coherence between subjects and predicates.

In the late seventies of the last century we began to build up, all together, the Constitución – Constitución - by which we are ruled nowadays. We rescued the sovereign political character which was constituted in 1812: a nation of free and equal citizens. And in that historic referendum, on the 6th of December of 1978, almost nine out of ten Spaniards voted in favour of the text that had been previously passed by the Cortes -Parliament/House-. That day, which I remember was a rainy one in Pontevedra, it happened in Spain an act of national conciliation which explained the wish of Spaniards of living in peace.

But, as it happens in all open societies, history always gets tinged with lights and shadows. Here, the biggest of lights has been the courage of all those who have bet for the defence of State of rights and for its safeguarding as the best of the guarantees in order to combine that Liberty, together with Justice and Equality. The heaviest of all the shadows has been undoubtedly terrorism, the worst enemy of open societies.

The aim of the terrorism of ETA has been to undermine coexistence by attacking life and citizens' liberty, forcing democracy to give up and imposing a breaking-off. It has caused the death, mutilation and suffering of thousands of people, and has also threaten the strength of our democracy by trying to

impose by violence the rupture of the constitutional regime that Spaniards gave to ourselves in 1978.

The testimonies of family and friends of the victims of ETA's terrorism match up in recognizing somehow a turning point in their daily lives; a turning point which entails the difference between feeling free and feeling really threatened. The Spanish society also recognizes its turning point with the demonstrations that followed the kidnapping and assassination of Miguel Ángel Blanco, after a criminal attempt to blackmail the Spanish government and the citizens themselves, who came out from everywhere in order to give back the ultimatum of the terrorist group. Terror was useless from now on, threats, blackmail and coercion were useless. That turning point meant the social defeat of ETA. And we had to make effective that defeat.

This was the duty of the consecutive governments of José María Aznar, in which I was active member and in charge, together with some other responsibilities, of the Ministerio de Interior -Home Office- during an essential period of the antiterrorist fight; we have the duty to make effective the defeat of this gang without dialogued ends which would only entail endless dialogues.

Regarding coherence between subjects and predicates, speech and action, we have always had totally clear that the only possible end is that which presents the victims as winners, and the terrorists as defeated. And in that sense, during those years we based our successful antiterrorist politics on five fundamental principles. First: democratic soundness, which entails the most absolute refusal to pay any political price or to give in to blackmail. Second: the strength of our Estado de Derecho -State

of rights, democracy-; I firmly believe in democratic laws and in their application without any margins for fraud, impunity and defy. Of course, international cooperation was not only a question of efficacy, but also a moral requirement; it was necessary that the social defeat which had taken place in Spain was shared by all the other democratic societies in the world. Fourth: we base our antiterrorist politics upon the efficient action of our Security Forces. And fifth: the most fundamental aspect is the memory, the respect for the victims and hearing their voices.

Nobody deserves in Spain bigger testimony of proximity and commitment than the victims of terrorism; first, because our institutions have the obligation to adopt the necessary measures in order to alleviate their personal and family tragedies, to instigate the help, protection and social recognition they deserve; and second, because they are the first reference of struggle itself against any expression of terrorism.

The Spain of today gives back on that sincere mirror the reflection of the capacity of all those men and women who, following their own consciences, defended ethics to the last consequences. And that reflection guides us far from short cuts in the fight of everyone for the final defeat of terrorism.

We have scored a significant victory: the acknowledgement of the memory and dignity of the victims, as well as the recognition of the most worthy of all causes, which is theirs: Justice. That victory of the dignity, the memory and the justice of the victims of terrorism is not negotiable and admits no step backwards.

Mariano Rajoy Brey
President of the *Partido Popular* - Popular Party

INTRODUCTION

This book is about the lives of twenty-four men cowardly killed by the terrorist organization ETA between years 1978–2001. The main aim of the presentation of these biographical sketches is that all good people, everyone, get touched by the greatness of their sacrifice, by the modesty of their lives, and by the awesome abnegation applied in building up their respective families, trying at the same time to improve the lives of their fellow countrymen with their tolerant and open minded discernment in politics.

The *Fundación Popular de Estudios Vascos* – Popular Foundation for Basque Studies- knew from its recent birth that this one had to be its preferential objective: to give voice to the families of our killed fellows, so that, by their touching memories, nobody ever forgets in years to come, though generations go by, that among us were exceptional men to whom we owe unfailing reverence.

The twenty-four biographies refer to the people assassinated by the terrorism of the radical Basque nationalism, all of them

members of *Alianza Popular*, *Coalición Popular-Unión Foral*, *Unión de Centro Democrático* and *Partido Popular*. The rest of the victims of terrorism are implicitly present in these short biographies, given that all of them suffered as well the tragedy of horror.

This homage should no doubt have been paid long time ago, though it is also truth that, until a few months ago, the responsables for the non-nationalist *centro-derecha* - right-centre - in the Basque Country focused their effort in keeping themselves alive, facing the appalling chase suffered because of the nationalist terrorism. In order to prepare the tribute and to take to the present time the memory and dignity of those who just longed for liberty, it was necessary certain serenity in order to think about the contents of this book; now it is the moment though, deplorable as it is, we still can not lower our guard with respect to personal security.

Almost all the biographies have been built up with memories of their loved ones and with the contribution of some details gathered in the press which had to do with each terrorist attack of ETA. The interviews with the widows, sons and daughters of our dead fellows have not been any easy to conduct because, although in some cases more than thirty years have gone by since the decease of their husbands or sons, it was obvious that love, that huge love that hurts so much, made up the essence of each family and it continued present in all of them without any necessity of appealing to memories. The yearning for the father, the husband, let see that the bonds have not vanished, bonds showed in the tears with which our conversations ended almost always.

The remembrances bring out how each of our fellows was in the light of their own families, the people who really knew them well.

The sketch about Gregorio Ordóñez was written after reading the biography published about Goyo by Ordóñez Foundation, and the one about Modesto Carriegas by the pen of Rafa, his son. The short biography of José Ignacio Ustarán comes from the pen of Alfredo Marco Tabar, his bosom friend, and the one about Juan de Dios Doval by his son Juan, renowned journalist. None of the texts shows the recorded conversations we had with each of our interlocutors in a literally way, but all of them have their approval to be included in this memories of sorrow.

Most of them were anonymous town councillors, or card-holders without responsibilities for public representation. All were good people, honest workers in their jobs who just were conscious about the necessity of improving their villages, the cities for which they struggled obtaining nothing in return. In some cases they did not even get paid for the town representation post they held. We try to show here their dedication, so genuine, so honourable, such an example for those who hold public office in Spain, who are the worthy recipients of the supreme sacrifice of their murdered comrades, of the town councillors and the members of parliament snatched away by the hate of the totalitarian nationalism. The mentioned ones in this list, in spite of what many people might think, took to their graves only the pain of their people and a flowery wreath of condolence. In their homes they left the tragedy that never disappeared and a minimum widow's pension when there was any. President Aznar came to repair the injustices of a state that until then had been mean with the victims of terror. But it was not only the State. The stories of these biographies and in the mass media of each period make evident the lack of decency with which the Basque society gave answer to the murders, "looking to somewhere else", avoiding to make life difficult for themselves with the defence of

liberty, with an issue that, because of the acceptance of a coward silence, spoiled it to unsuspected limits. The “cancer” produced by the nationalist terrorism in our society is so serious, that some people theorize even about the possibility of nor winners neither losers in this war against terror. Our twenty-four dead fellow citizens just want eternal peace, the joy of the glory that they already got the day they dead. We, the living ones, must go on struggling for liberty for the conquest of the liberty we dream of so much, with the commitment and the memory of those who preceded us.

Authors

**LUIS
CANDENDO PÉREZ**

(1936-1978)



LUIS CANDENDO PÉREZ (1936-1978)

My husband was born on the 17th of July of 1936 in a small village in Galicia called Las Cortes, which belongs to a council close to Orense, the capital. His family came from a very lowly rural environment, and because of it he emigrated from his homeland to make a living and to build a future for himself. Before arriving in Guipúzcoa he spent some time in Asturias with one of his uncles, while he did his primary studies. By the middle of the fifties of the last century he arrived in our province and here he settled; he was happy thinking he could get a nice live by his effort.

Luis was already an employee of the iron products manufacturing company, Unión Cerrajera, which in time became *Altos Hornos de Vergara* – blast-furnace of Vergara. As it is known, the village formerly called Vergara, now Bergara, is set four kilometres from Anzuola, which is the village where I was living in because my family is native from that valley since an endless number of generations. Anzuola is set on one side of the mountain pass of Descarga, relatively close as well to Oñate and Legazpia, this is, at the head of Deba river's valley. I lived in my family's farmhouse, and Luis lived in a rented house in Anzuola with some friends of *Altos Hornos*. We met in one of the feasts in the village and in time we decided to stay together forever by betrothing. I have to say that, in what is most important, life was generous by giving us three marvellous children.

A few years after we married Luis had an industrial accident and he lost his left leg, under his knee, but being as he always was a spirited man he managed to go on with a prosthesis which enabled him to walk perfectly. In time and through fair internal promotion in *Altos Hornos* he got his maximum qualification: being responsible for the working order of an essential machine for the well functioning of the blast furnace company; or at last that was what I deduced at that moment, when I saw him so happy after what he got after years of struggle.

He lived to the full the first years of our children and laughed happily when the babes began to recognize his father. It was a moving and beautiful scene. When the children grew up, first they were provided schooling in Anzuola and later on in Vergara, in the school of the *Compañía de María*, in order to finish the *EGB* – General Basic Education. One of the boys obtained his high school degree in the school of the *Corazonistas* in Vitoria.

Once we married Luis didn't back to his native Galicia. His mother used to come two weeks a year, one to spend it with us and the children, and the second one with another of her married daughters who lived in Zumárraga, very close to our village. When he was killed and our children grew up I took them to know the homeland of his father, the so precious land from where he left in search of the venture which gave them life. Some of my children have come back on his own to visit his family and to recognize himself in those landscapes his father trod.

Usually we went to the South of Spain for our holidays, to Andalucía, but often his way of resting and enjoying his free time was fishing the *trucha salmonera* - salmon like trout- in Guipúzcoa, before pollution spoiled rivers. In some occasions he

dropped in Orio, by the sea, to fish eels. He didn't eat anything he caught, because he had a strange squeamishness or was strangely prejudiced about this question.

Our lives went on this way until Luis got involved in politics. Long before the *Transición* –political transition-, I had already felt that he liked anything which implied any profit for his fellow men. Before 1975 he was one of the union reps for Altos Hornos de Vergara, informing their managers about the complaints and possible solutions for the worker's problems. With the advent of democracy and the establishment of the political Parties, he remarked several times at home that liberty was something really great, and that we had to defend it and to participate in it. That was the reason why he affiliated to *UCD* –Democratic Centre-Union-; another one was of course his friendship to Jaime Mayor Oreja. I don't remember if he ever stood for his political party in any local elections, because his political activities had place apart from his family. Our children were very young and I was not very interested in that field. The truth is we were never threatened at home, neither before his assassination by ETA's radical nationalism nor after it.

On the ninth of November of 1978 I heard him coming back from work in his car as usual. Every day I took down a sandwich for him so that he went to have it with his friends in the *sociedad* –club- to which he belonged, but that day two gunmen killed him (almost in front of me...), and at the same time they shattered our lives. After the murder my oldest son, who was thirteen then, asked me with the most heart-breaking pain, and as if I had the answer, : "*Ama –Mom-, why, why did they shoot dad?, He was nice!, he was nice!*". And it is the truth: the people who knew him well was always overjoyed by Luis kindness. Many people came

to the funeral for his soul though not everyone. A little later, the friends of him who were absent in the burial told their wives to make their apologies, as they were afraid to be identified as Luis' friends...

Thirty years have gone by since then and we still love him with the same intensity of the first day.

**JOSÉ ANTONIO
VIVÓ UNDABARRENA**

(1930-1979)



JOSÉ ANTONIO VIVÓ UNDABARRENA (1930-1979)

Our father was born on the ninth of March of 1930 in the cold lands of North Burgos, in Espinosa de los Monteros, administrative centre of the *comarca de las Merindades* –local area or region of the Merindades-. Actually his family was not from Burgos, being his father a native of Córdoba and his mother from Bilbao. The vicissitudes of life took our grandparents to reside in that village because of the job of our grandfather, who, at the moment of our father's birth, held the post of *Secretario Judicial de Espinosa* – Court Office Secretary-.

It is the case that years later our father and his family moved to San Sebastián. In this city that he loved so much he met our mother, Julieta Subijana, in fairs and summer feasts during which they began their engagement. Our mother is the aunt of our cousin Pedro Subijana, the renowned chef who succeeded in situating the local catering in the highest top of gastronomy.

Our father had two more brothers, both of them priests. Enrique, after ordination once he finished his ecclesiastic studies in Comillas, was a member of the *Tribunal de la Rota* –ecclesiastic court-; many people remember him as a true erudit and teacher of the *Universidad a Distancia* –open university-.

Our parents got married after my father finished the military service and after having been busy with his studies for his

qualifications to be a nurse/medical assistant. Their first daughter was born in Comillas and afterwards they moved to Goyerri: first to Beasain, where two more sons were born, then to Idiazábal, another two, and finally to Olaberria.

The reason why they decided to move to the centre of the *comarca* –area a bit smaller than a region- of Goyerri was that my father was named Staff Manager of the *Acería Aristrain* –Aristrain Steelworks-, a factory which employed many workers. Many of the employees lived in a village built up by the company for that purpose, so we occupied the house intended for the Staff Manager of the firm.

In Olaberría we spent our happy childhood. After finishing the classes in the school belonging to the steelworks factory, we played with all the children in the streets with no concern from our parents because they knew we were surrounded by noble people and because they knew nothing could happen in an environment in which we all knew each other. Besides that, in the peak of our happiness we could enjoy the presence of our father on the weekends, when he spent more time with us. One of his hobbies consisted of what we now call DIY, do-it-yourself, and besides taking care for domestic repairs, he made for us all kind of entertaining toys, such as wooden fences where we played “cowboys and Indians” and *goitiveras* –sleights- so that we could slide at great speed on the slopes around our small village. He was also fond of animal rear, especially of canaries that he took in order to cross them afterwards.

In time, when we were a little older, the youngest ones discovered that we had an exceptional father, very affectionate, deeply fond of his family, vehement in his statements and full of

charm when he wanted to get the spark of the most joyful part of life. Sad enough, the youngest brothers did not enjoy the luck of knowing him deeply because he was killed in the prime of life, of his "second youth", when he was in his lucid forty-nine. Though many years have passed by from his death, the memories of our walks with him in the hills have not been blot out from our memory; neither the ones of when some now and then we enjoyed another of his passions with him: underwater fishing and the sea.

We enjoyed summer holidays in San Sebastián, next to our grandparents. In some occasions, in apartments that Acería Aristraín placed at the disposal of its employees, choosing always the south-east Mediterranean. Those were unrepeatabe spells in which we enjoyed the cheerful mood of our father in all his intensity and splendour, as he was uninhibited, pleased to be with his family and very happy.

A year before he was killed by the radical Basque terrorism, he began to be escorted by the Guardia Civil –"Civil Guard"-. Our father was the mayor of Olaberría and, besides that, deputy in the *Juntas Generales de Guipúzcoa* –representative/member of this kind of Basque parliament or "General Basque Deputies Assembly"-; he was also, as we have explained, staff manager of the steel-works company. Some thought that his public and professional occupations put him at risk of kidnapping or killing. Our father was a member of Alianza Popular, we know it because we still remember at home the help the youngest children gave him, putting into the envelopes the ballots of his political party accompanied by the melody of the famous song by María Ostiz.

My two youngest sisters and my mother were at home the afternoon we saw our father for the last time. Somebody rang

home and my mother, always the most obliging one, was the one who opened the door to those people who took my father out pushing him down. The moment the door was closed we heard the shoots that put end to his life and destroyed forever the life of our family.

It was such a brutal death, it left us so shattered, that we left the *País Vasco* -Basque Territory- . Some of us, after years, still came back to the land where we were born and we never stopped to appreciate, surely because our father taught us to love and respect it.

**MODESTO
CARRIEGAS PÉREZ**

(1932-1979)



MODESTO CARRIEGAS PÉREZ (1932-1979)

Our father was born in Arcentales, in the province of Vizcaya, on September 12, 1932, because our grandfather Federico, a native from Bilbao, was assigned there as a tax collector under the old *fielato* (customs/tax agreement) that charged a tax on the products from Cantabria which crossed into Viscaya. My grandmother Consuelo was born in the nearby village of Berceo, in the neighbouring province of Burgos, but she settled with her family in Zalla, which is where she probably met the man who would become her husband.

It was a short and happy marriage. Fifteen years after their wedding and the birth of our father, our grandmother suddenly died, filling her family with sorrow. After that, a single sister of our grandfather, Carmen, went to live with them, trying to make up for the absence of Consuelo with her affection. Our father did not have any other siblings.

A little after the Civil War our grandfather was assigned to Ermua, in the border of Guipúzcoa, with the same responsibilities he had always had in the Provincial Council, and so my family settled in that area until my father began his career in Bilbao. Years later he instilled in us the deep affection he always had for Ermua, likely because in its ball-court he became fond of playing a Basque ball game, which he continued to play in most of his free time since then.

By 1972 all of us children had been born and we lived in a modest house settled in the neighbourhood of Irala, very close to Zabálburu. Our father commuted every day to the branch of the Industrial and Commercial Bank in Indauchu, where he had some time earlier been appointed general manager.

From the moment we had any awareness we knew that our father's passion was being with his children as much as possible. We will always remember how much he enjoyed doing our homework with us, asking about our little childish things, stimulating us with a variety of questions so that we could develop our shrewdness in answering the questions posed in school. On the weekends we went with him on Sunday trips through several villages where his bowling league played, as our father was a good player of the Pasabolo club of the Biscayan league. Arcentales, Sopuerta, Ramales de la Victoria, Zalla, and Galdames didn't have any secrets from us, because we spent so many bowling league Sundays there with him. It was a pleasure travelling with him and, in spite of our youth, our conversations with him filled our childhood imaginations, and made us completely happy.

By the middle of the year 1972 the bank appointed our father branch manager in Baracaldo, a position which entailed more business and, because of that, was a more important and difficult one. Our parents knew by intuition that this new position would demand more attention during the first years because, among other reasons, the manager would have to make himself known among the community in Baracaldo, and this would take a lot of time, much more than just the assigned work hours. So we all moved with him to the new city, to an apartment belonging to the bank itself, leaving ours temporarily.

By then he had already been appointed president of the Biscayan Bowling Federation, an activity which took a lot of his time. All of us, especially my mother, would frequently help at home to draw up the championship lists, fill in members' cards and forms for the different teams and a long list of activities and busywork which absorbed all his limited free time. He was never lazy in serving other people no matter how tough the activities were. He was a genuine activist, always willing to repair empty souls and to bring a good atmosphere wherever he was. We don't remember which year it was that he dressed up as Melchior-one of the Three Wise Men- when he organized a reception for the children of the employees and customers of the bank. Some of us followed his example many years later, and we then understood the joy of filling with thrills and delight the minds of children who believe only in the goodness of this world.

On some occasions, not many given the amount work, the oldest of us siblings went to the bank to pick my father up after we finished our school day. He was the manager of a village branch, but in our childhood imaginations it looked as if our father was the manager of the U.S.A.Treasury, and when we saw him we were full of pride to have such a wonderful father.

In 1979, which, in political terms, came along full of upheaval and misunderstanding between the different forces in the political transition to democracy, voters from the non-nationalist Right-Centre were upset because their cause did not "gel" among the Basque electorate. In the general elections in March 1979, the Right-Centre candidates stood for election under the name *Democratic Coalition* in all the national territory because of the agreement between José María de Areilza, Alonso Osorio, and Manuel Fraga but not in the Basque Country; the leaders decided

to present the party as the "Provincial Union of the Basque Country." This was led by Luis Olarra together with other well-known and qualified new faces, and here the Popular Alliance appointed the candidate for the second place on the list. Somebody told Antonio Merino, then the President of the Popular Alliance, and Jesús Pérez Bilbao, who were present at the start of the Basque Right-Centre Party, that our father would be a good candidate for the new political label in the upcoming general elections. Later on we learned that Antonio and Jesús met with him, without having him, in the Ercilla Hotel in Bilbao, probably in December of 1978, in order to suggest to him that he, with his level of prominence, should join and help them to revitalize the Right-Centre Party on the left bank of the estuary. Because of his extensive qualifications and professionalism, our father was a well-known and beloved man in Baracaldo. At the same time, his genuine fondness for sports in Biscay made him more familiar than the other candidate that had popular support on the left bank, and made it possible to see that his reputation as an honourable man was not diminished by his particular way of seeing things politically.

Our father was bewildered by the offer because he had never thought that a party would solicit his participation. Antonio Merino told us years later that our father answered that, if they thought his participation was necessary, he would take part, but before that he would have to consult his family about what he could do, given that he felt it would have certain consequences for all of us. He also mentioned another condition, not an insincere one, which was that he had the intention of playing in the imminent Biscayan Bowling Championship. Antonio and Jesús nodded and smiled at him when he said this, letting him know that of course it would be no problem for him to go to the

championship, as he was the league president. Then they left, still waiting for a definite answer.

It came a little later. We do not know the details of the conversation he had with our mother, but we do know the conclusion, which was that, if our father thought his involvement was necessary, she would not oppose it. He called us one by one into his room to let us know about his possible new undertaking and to ask us if we gave our consent. Remembering that scene after more than thirty years later still moves our souls; our father loved us so much. Our youngest brother Borja was not four years old yet, so when my father met with him alone he gave him a sweet kiss in silence and he hugged him with a moving tenderness. That was all.

For different reasons, the structure of the campaign left a lot to be desired, and so our home effectively became the head office of the left bank's candidate for Parliament. Whenever necessary, our parents and we children spent our time stuffing campaign materials into envelopes. We enjoyed it as the children we were, excited by the hustle and bustle and the novelty of our father's new activity.

When we attended the campaign meetings it was very disheartening, but the family was always there. Our father's candidacy seemed hidden, almost clandestine. From the beginning of the campaign there were demonstrations every day about the Biscay's union agreement with the Basque Businessmen, Employers and Industrialists. The election took place on the first of March, and the Basque campaign of the Provincial Union was badly defeated, as none of its candidates was elected.

The Provincial Union campaigned for the municipal elections and for Parliament again in April, a month later, and ended up taking back some seats because of several problems with the other candidates.

Our father took up his usual routine in the bank again, now called Hispanic-American Bank because it had been purchased. On January 27, 1979, just a few days after the next candidacies had been published in the Official Bulletin, something happened that should have strongly alerted us: the branch that our father managed suffered a robbery by terrorists, in which they were able to steal ten million *pesetas* (more than 60 thousand € in modern currency). The robbers were three men who, with their faces uncovered, held our father hostage for some hours. They had such impunity that they took him to the street and made him walk as far as the Baracaldo-Bilbao train station, where they got on a train car and got off at the station in the park by the Fine Arts Museum, in front of the former Euskalduna shipyards. Before they left they threatened to kill him if he called the police before two hours had passed, and told him at the same time that the robbery was intended to strengthen the coffers of the Basque terrorist organization ETA, as if the cause absolved their acts of all responsibility. The news inevitably appeared in the media, so the oldest of us children learned everything. Only five days earlier, on the 22nd, the Provincial Union's candidacies had been published in the paper *La Hoja del Lunes*. The terrorists were never arrested.

After the election debacle our father again took up his usual work routine, plus his table tennis matches during the week and the raquet-ball game on Sundays in the Gorostiza ball courts in Baracaldo. The oldest children always accompanied him because

it was fun to see him enjoying sports, the affability he showed with everyone reflecting his natural friendliness. It was a delight to see him in his own element, smiling, talking with everyone, kindly answering greetings from everyone who met him. Our father was not very fond of football but he was won over by his desire to see us doing what we most liked; he did not question going with the oldest ones to their school football matches. One time he turned up to watch a match that was very important for Rafa, unexpectedly and without an umbrella. He had come out from his office for a moment just to watch him play for a while, and he left a bit later, dripping wet from the rain. On another occasion our father amazed Rafa again when he gave him two tickets to watch together the important match of the Athletics against Milan, at the football stadium in San Mamés. In some extraordinary way, this was his goodbye, although our father considered these gestures normal and he made them with the greatest pleasure.

We spent the summer of 1979 all together as we always did, in a rented flat in Lequeitio, after spending the former summers in several places such as Laredo, Labastida and Anguciana. On this occasion our parents chose Lequeitio because most of our oldest sister's friends gathered in that village and they wanted her to have a good time with them during their free month. Even while we were having some rest my father never stopped thinking about his responsibilities. Every morning he would call the bank branch to ask how things were going and if they had any problems. It was our becoming real teenagers, making plans and friendships that fulfilled us; we could see our parents making sure that everything that was good for us and that made us feel comforted.

A few days after leaving Lequeitio, a day before September the thirteenth, our father went out in the afternoon with our

brother Borja, who was four years old, to the funfair located on the hills of Archanda. They both came back very excited about the experience, especially Borja, because he had been enjoying his father's attention without any interference from his older brothers. That night, our father told our mother: "I think today they have been following me."

The following morning at eight o'clock, when my father was about to leave the door to start a new workday, they killed him, shooting five bullets in his chest. We were still in bed because school had not started yet, but our mother had been already out of bed for a while, as she was each day, to prepare breakfast for our father and to start the new day. Because of the bangs from the shooting, she came running downstairs, and, sobbing, she accompanied him in the ambulance to Cruces Hospital. She came back home a little while later and, gathering all her five children, she held us all as she had never done before and she said quietly, "They have killed him. Now we all have to be close".

More than thirty years have passed since then, but we still feel our father as close as if he had never gone. Our family suffered a lot, very much, from the pain of his terrible death, but in spite of the tragedy we always knew he would be with us, perennially, in a mysterious way and very close to our hearts.

**LUIS MARÍA
URIARTE ALZAA**

(1924-1979)



LUIS MARÍA URIARTE ALZAA (1924-1979)

Luis started his political life guided by Fernando Ybarra López-Dóriga, then president of the *Diputación Foral de Vizcaya*, encouraging him to stand for the parliament before the Transition at the end of Franco's dictatorship. While exercising this activity, he met Pedro Zubiría, then Mayor of Guecho and *diputado foral* – "Provincial" Deputy-. Thanks to their friendship Luis took part in the foundation of Alianza Popular, in which he became a member of its provincial executive committee, being Zubiría its first president. Likewise, Luis Uriarte took part in the first general elections on the 15th of June of 1977, so that the Right-Centre option had at least some opportunity. Luis was one of the founders of Alianza Popular.

Luis didn't earn his living in politics, as so many people do nowadays. His professional activities were developed in a garage, a repair shop where he was responsible for the maintenance of lorries for the company *Cementos Lemona* –Lemona Concrete-. Actually by 1978 he wasn't in this firm any more because, after they threatened to kill him, the police and his friends advised him to move away from this environment for a long time. They killed him some time later, at the door of the garage where he worked.

Two of his family's friends took him in for a year and a half. That was really hard for him; being his character active and fond of working, he had to suffer the extradition together with the fear

and the boredom of inactivity; but he had to adapt himself, there was no other option.

Luis was from Durango (08/20/1924) and his wife, María Victoria Garay Ugarte, from Vedia, the village where they decided to start a family. Because of this reason it would be logic to think that their escape and afterwards his death were especially hard; of course, it was like that, but we have to explain that other friends of my father had been killed before. He was always conscious of the danger implicit in defending his ideas democratically, especially in the Arrantía valley in Vedia. He was always aware of the danger, maybe a faint one, though, because even in the most lethal wars the combatants have the hope of surviving.

Luis was a cheerful man, willing to chatter, fun and jokes with his family, to talk with friends when going out to poteo – Basque/Spanish custom of having wine, drinks and little portions of food in *bares*/pubs or in the streets-. He greatly enjoyed being with friends and he never found time enough to have fun in their company.

As every boy in that village Luis was provided school in the Maristas of Durango, and afterwards, during his “first youth” he went to Eibar, to the armouries professional schools in that place, what we nowadays call *formación profesional* –vocational professional or vocational training-.

His wife’s family was always related to the quarries for the fabrication of concrete and, for this reason when they married in 1954 he joined on payroll in the factory which provided a job to almost all the villages in that *comarca*.

Luis was always fed by *Carlista* tradition, with respect to dynasties as well as with respect to the way this tradition had of understanding the world -Spanish political ideology, from the 19th century, of those in favour of the absolutist Borbón Carlos María Isidro and against Isabel II, a liberal daughter of Fernando VII-. "God, one's country, and *fueros* -particular jurisdiction- and the King" was the compendium of his beliefs, being convinced and consistent about it. He was a usual visitor of Montejurra, to where he went with his family. Later, after years gone by and being conscious of the political epoch that was his lot, he bet for the political fields which best fulfilled his beliefs without forgetting his family's traditions.

Luis' father was an old-fashioned nineteenth-century *carlista*, that is, an honest and kind-hearted person who simply wanted the well-being of everybody. To settle in that world of tradition in which religion and eternal customs summarized his way of understanding life made him happy. He was never a politician and he never fought to install some model of organization for any human society.

He worked all his life in the *Diputación Foral* as the person in charge of the equipment for the maintenance of the roads in Biscay. His spouse was a housewife exclusively dedicated to take care of her family, though probably she was even more active than her husband in spreading the carlista doctrine, maybe because of her stronger temperament. They had seven children and only the youngest one is still alive.

We must say that Luis did always look after Vedia, the improvement of its schools, its fronton, of all those things that made life less uncomfortable for its residents then.

Then it took place the political Transition. Luis, because of his responsibility as mayor, was also a representative of Parliament in a time in when the *Diputación* was governed by Pedro Arístegui. In this responsibility he matched in time with Perico Zubiria, a representative as well, as we have said; those were the years between 1972 and 1975.

I don't think that having been a member of the *Diputación* meant a "red line" for the world of the nationalists who killed him. I think the chase started when he opposed to the legalization of the *Ikurriña* –official flag of the Basque Country, adopted by the Basque Autonomous Statute of 1979- when the Transition began. From that moment he began to make public his way of thinking, explaining he didn't accept that the flag of a political party was intended to be used for the new autonomous region as well. He had an interview with Martín Villa to voice his rejection, and Villa answered that the flag would never be accepted; but some time later and behind my father's and many others' backs, they accepted it. From that moment he made public his position and explained in writing that, as he would never permit the flag of the PNV –Basque Nationalist Party- fluttering in the Town-Hall of his adoptive village, he resigned his post; and he did. At that moment, without him knowing it, it began the count-down for his life.

When he retired from his post of mayor his public life disappeared and he kept the usual way of life that he had had until then. While he was the mayor he never stopped attending his job in *Cementos Lemona* –Concrete(s) Company-. To the post of mayor he devoted his free time after six or seven in the afternoon.

Before the Transition, the *etnoeusalduna* culture –ethnic Basque culture- had not been monopolized by the Nationalism

yet. But we all know that the Nationalism made those expressions of culture a matter of exclusion and they spoiled them. Luis talked continuously about the fact that we were letting them our identity and particular signs... and, unfortunately, it happened, though he did his utmost to try to stop such a serious error.

Before Luis was forced to leave his home he had to be escorted by the Guardia Civil for some years. He took his children to school escorted by a car behind them in order to be guarded. But vigilance was not the only extraordinary event in his life. From the beginning of the seventies he was socially pointed by the organization responsible for all that hate and by the indecent silence of those who had no courage to face such a level of brutality.

Even during the hardest years he never lost his *joie de vivre*, that feeling of delight for being with his family filling meetings with jokes, with cheer. What's more, when he came back from his exile some now and then he never lost the minimum shadow of his character.

He was an extraordinary man.

The family does neither forget nor forgive, but they can say that hate has never dominated their hearts. They still live in Vedia.

With the death of Luis the whole family had the feeling and agreed, without verbalizing it, that there would never be anything that could cause more pain than the pain they were already feeling.

The whole village attended the funeral and the burial, and there is where they could feel the warmth and affection of Vedia.

He was shot with a machine-gun, in Lemona, on the 29th of September of 1979, at the door of the garage in his working place, at eight o'clock on an early Saturday morning, and he died in *Hospital Civil de Basurto* a few days afterwards, on the fifth of October.

Luis was really a good person. He died five days after they riddled him with bullets. When he was asked if he could recognize the gunmen, he answered crying in silence, without saying a word. We understand he recognized them, but that he didn't want to speak so that his sons never had the temptation of taking the law into their own hands. He was an exceptional man and his family has never stopped feeling the closeness of his heart, a love that stays with them permanently.

**RAMÓN
BAGLIETTO MARTÍNEZ**

(1937-1980)



RAMÓN BAGLIETTO MARTÍNEZ (1937-1980)

My husband Ramón was born in Bilbao within extraordinary circumstances, on the fifth of January of 1937. His father was in jail in one of the prisons of the capital by the narrow inlet of Nervión river because of his political significance. The Baglietto family took sides with the *carlismo* during those terrible years, the right side that had always united and provided common sense to the valleys in Gipúzcoa. The fact was that the father of Ramón was arrested by los rojos –“the red ones”, radical-communist left wing - and they took him to Bilbao. His wife, a native from Azkoitia who was always also an extraordinary *carlista*, followed him to the city, though she was pregnant, because she feared for the life of her husband. She suffered a lot in those circumstances because she had to give birth to his son Ramón without the company of her family, in a birth which took two days time; besides that, she was distressed by the news that came from Bilbao about slaughters in prisons. When any unknown woman asked her what was a girl from Azkoitia doing in that Bilbao surrounded by the *requetés* -Carlist militia during the Spanish Civil War; wearing red berets, they came mostly from Navarre and many regarded this war as a Crusade- she always answered that she was waiting for her husband, who was working in issues which “had to do with the war”. Thank God that the father of my future husband was saved of the killing that took place in the prisons in Bilbao. In many occasions I have mentioned that he was born in terrible circumstances far from the home of his elders

and that he died the same way, in this case under the weight of the hate of Basque nationalists, of the totalitarianism of the *etarras* –militants of ETA-.

When the three of them met again, they came back happily to their land in Eibar and started new lives. The Baglietto family is of a very old lineage, native from Genoa, far away in Italy. Pedro Mari, his brother, tells in great detail the origin of their clan in the book he wrote about the killing of Ramón. What I can say now is simply that at that moment, and no doubt hundreds of years ago, some members of the Baglietto family turned up in Murcia and Lanestosa, and in time they all gathered in Eibar. It was a lineage of extraordinary artists, of painters who worked in great detail, of decorators who embellished homes in these valleys with their taste assimilated for many generations in the splendid Italy.

Ramón took his *bachillerato* course –high school studies- in Eibar and, with great effort and hope, after we got married, got his academic qualifications in decoration, as then it was already necessary to present an official certificate with a minimum qualification. Ramón began to work with his father since he was very young, always in the *comarca* demarcated by Azcoitia, Azpeitia and Eibar. It is truth that this “triangle” did not had a large population, but it was enough to maintain them always busy, embellishing the houses of other people, doing what they were enthusiastic about.

I met him being a young girl, while I was helping in the business of one of my grand-father’s brothers. Mi task in that shop was to serve orders, to deal with delivery notes, and to do anything which was needed for the garages and repair-shops in the *comarca*, because the business of my great-uncle consisted

in substituting components and spare parts of garage machines, such as “glass drilling tips”, In front of my uncle’s shop was a local paint store, to which Ramón went quite often to do the shopping and other errands. And there was where it all began. We can say that, the moment we met, a smile appeared in his face and he began to tell me that I was the most beautiful girl in Azcoitia, the sweetest one in the green valleys of the country, the one who gave sense to that province with my presence. He was so gallant, fun and well-mannered at the same time, that being with him was a blessing! With him I learned to laugh in a different way and to notice that life had a splendorous beauty if I shared it with his cheerfulness, with his personality.

We were dating like that for three years. When I heard the motor of his Lambretta getting close to my working place my face cheered up. Usually Ramón came from Eibar on Thursdays to run errands, and then is when we met, apart from on Sundays, in the afternoon, of course, during the time my sister and I were in charge of our family’s petrol station. When our engagement was made official he usually came for me to my village and we went for a walk with other couples in the main street of Azcoitia, up and down, talking about “this and that”, while Ramón said beautiful things to girls. He was very witty, very Italian-like in the way he had of flattering people, and it thrilled me when he was able to make me burst out laughing to the wind after his smart compliments.

His capacity to flatter girls with his witty talking was parallel to his affability to make friends with youngsters his age. He got on well with everybody, with the nationalists who later made life impossible for him, with everybody. Naturally, the *chiqueteo* – Basque customary way of going out; where friends meet to have wine- was the perfect excuse to spend time with his friends, as

well as was football. He did not want to hear about going for a walk in the hills. It was hard for me to convince him to come home on Sundays to have lunch; he enjoyed so much being with his *cuadrilla* –this is how Basque people calls his group of friends– that he went right out of his head while they made their round of drinks and aperitifs.

I was the eldest of my brothers and sisters, the one in charge of educating the ones who came after me in keeping order and in the discipline which are so necessary in a large family. When I told my father and my grandfather I was going to get married, my father answered –“go on, but no way that you get married in Eibar”. Azpeitia would be the chosen place to give away his oldest daughter to her future husband. My grandfather, who knew Ramón only through his voice because he went blind soon given to diabetes, said to me “so what, you are going to get married with the painter” “Yes”, I answered him. I asked him to rent a flat he had in his house for us, a house where the whole family was living in. In time, and after some medical problems, came our two children, who after being born became a huge comfort for my family. Ramón enjoyed a lot the company of the kids, and even now I can see him busy with them, drawing on the Formica kitchen table, increasing their imagination with stories told by the traces of their pens.

Probably Ramón acquired the willingness to help other people from his father. In his childhood he found out that his father had helped many republican prisoners, that he was involved with the *requetés* and that he was for a period mayor of Eibar, being completely devoted to his village.

I do not know how or when he joined his intimate friend Joxé Tkiqui Larrañaga in political issues, but it was for sure at the

beginning of the transition to democracy. What I do remember is that Juan María Araluce, who afterwards was killed by the nationalist terrorism of ETA, asked them for help so that Marcelino Oreja got the certificate of election as Procurator/Attorney General in Court. I clearly remember this election because it coincided with the birth of my youngest child and because of the bouquet of camellias which Marcelino Oreja sent to the clinic in response to his help. Joxé Txiqui enrolled in *Guipúzcoa Unida* –United Gipúzcoa-, an electoral label of Alianza Popular, and good old Ramón to the UCD. This is how the Spanish Right-Centre came into being in Guipúzcoa, with the participation of very few people besides those already mentioned. Most of them were killed, but we were not defeated, in spite of the immense pain with which they tried to destroy us.

Of course, I helped Ramón as much as I could, writing on the envelopes, introducing the propaganda into them, and taking to the Azcoitia–San Sebastián bus boxes with those envelopes prepared at home, so that the secretary of Jaime Mayor Oreja, who later became his wife, would collect them. We paid it all from our own pocket, even the afternoon snacks and lunches we organized in the village so that the people from San Sebastián would tell us about the appeal and profit of our political proposals, given that people of the UCD never contributed even one peseta –former Spanish coin-. When they killed my husband, who was so kind-hearted, I got involved in politics, so that his devotion could be kept through my action.

We never felt panic-stricken, that utter fear related to death. The former year ETA killed Modesto Carriegas and Luis Uriarte, of Alianza Popular, but they had never threatened any member of UCD yet. We felt so well-liked in our village and Ramón was so

popular among his friends, that we could not notice any danger even in our faintest intuition. Well, a few days before Ramón had told me that it had caught his attention that a car had been driving around his shop many times; but nothing else. Then it happened the attempt on Joxé Txiqui Larrañaga, the second one of the three he suffered before he was murdered. We were lucky enough to visit Txiqui in the hospital while he was recovering from the shoots that filled his body. We laughed all together with his family and we left his room hopeful because he had survived and felt so lively. Ramón was so pleased that, in order to celebrate it in some extraordinary way, he told us that day we would have dinner in an *asador* –roast / grill restaurant-; a tasty roast-beef accompanied by his sons. That was a delightful evening, in which he was as usual witty, fun and deeply hopeful. It was the last time our children saw him; we did not know it, but it was a last farewell from his father, as the following day, on the twelfth of May of 1980, he was killed next to his home up-town in Azcárate.

That morning I felt something strange. At home, when I saw Ramón going out so early, I leant out of the window in a good-bye gesture, and I saw a young man who, noticing I was watching him, hid himself immediately. -“That’s weird”, I thought, and I got close to another window in the house from where the position of that man could be seen; and there he was. When he saw me again he moved quickly to another place from where I could not see him anymore. Afterwards we knew that he was the gunman, the one who killed Ramón, the one who, many years after leaving prison, set up a shop just next to my doorway.

Besides, few people know that this young man who killed my husband was saved by Ramón in an accident in which his mother

and one of his brothers died. I have always thought that the gunmen of ETA have devilish souls, that they are subhuman beings, malformations of a Basque nationalism that made nothing when it realized that its politics of hate got out of hand.

The grief for the death of Ramón was sincere and resounding. He was such a well-liked person that nobody could believe the news was truth. But it was. In the break of our sorrow, my children were lucky to belong to an extraordinary family; their uncles and aunts, then still young, their grandfather, then still alive, protected and embraced them with their piety and love.

I felt the loneliest woman on Earth because Ramón filled my days as nobody did. But we had to recover, cry and work a lot. For me there was left a paltry widow's pension which did not amount to twenty thousand pesetas; I began to fight with more enthusiasm, with the strength that Ramón transmitted from "the next life". Thanks to president Aznar, widows and families found economic support and the encouragement we were denied previously; although this is the least anyway.

At home, with my sons and grand-children, we can still feel the throbbing presence of my husband, the father of my sons, grandfather of my grand-children, who did not enjoy the gift of meeting him. I know that my eldest son, since no long time ago, takes his children to the grave of his grandpa, and he tells them there lies a brave man who gave his life for others; then my granddaughter puts a small bouquet of flowers by the remains of Ramón, so that his life springs again in the memory of our family.

**JOSÉ IGNACIO
USTARAN RAMÍREZ**

(1937-1980)



JOSÉ IGNACIO USTARAN RAMÍREZ (1937-1980)

José Ignacio was born in 1939 in Vitoria; he was the typical native from Vitoria, a city with a short population; I want to speak about José from the moment I first met him, about his family and his social environment, about his hobbies, so that people who read this can be aware of the atrocity which entailed his assassination that fateful twenty-ninth of September of 1980; because, if any murder is an atrocity, in this case, killing a person like José, so intense, finishing with his wishes, his glowing hobbies, his fond of life and the joy of a future which looked so fortunate, with a wife and four children he would never see growing maybe was even worse; he would never see them as they are today, with the pride and serenity of their fulfilled lives and with the children of his children.

They killed too much live, so, when I remember it, I would like to forget it because this memory is unbearable to me, because somehow they killed his friends and me, the person with whom he shared one of those interests which make a friendship close and permanent: hunting.

This is the way José and I became friends, and we were friends until two men and a woman with human look broke into his home, where his wife and children were, introducing themselves as *vascos* –inhabitants of the Basque Country- (*vascos?!*, what a shame!) and members of ETA and tortured them for more than

two hours with their presence, guns, threats, unreasonableness and insults. All this because, according to ETA, José was publicly the black sheep of a nationalist family with some cases of even *Batasuna* activism -Basque nationalist /socialist and radical party; finally they took José to the street, then they all got into the garage and they cowardly shot him in the nape; as in a cruel joke they took his body to his car, wrongly parked under the main office of UCD, the Party in which he was politically active the one that started the *Transición*. They left his wife Charo and his children terrified at home, inconsolable forever.

I will always remember him as he was, with his black beard, thick so that he could compensate his early baldness, and his serious and quiet features which matched his nonconformist, informed spirit, involved in rebuilding a Basque Country different from the one he knew well. José felt and was as *vasco* as anyone -native/inhabitant of the Basque country-, but he was also proud of being a Spaniard.

A hunter, and very fond of hunting, one of those people who always went with a dog when in the fields, I think he met Charo, from Seville and with an unmistakable accent from Andalucía that she has never lost, during some hunting meeting in that city; in Charo he found what he lacked, they complemented each other and his three daughters and his son, the result that, would be now his pride and satisfaction if the executioners had not interrupted his life.

José was, or could had been, the perfect politician, given that, without any ambition, he got honestly involved in politics, in a time when, in the Basque Country, it was not only difficult but bold, specially for those who, as it was the case, didn't want

neither the independence nor the burden, the “heavy stone” which we had the feeling would entail the victory of the nationalism.

Charo was, and is still now, different, extroverted and brave, and she took the chance of becoming a member of the UCD lists in the first local elections, called after the Constitution was passed. I was the mayor of Vitoria, the person who administered its Town-Council during the political transition and, together with Charo and other enthusiastic people, we were trying to make of Vitoria and Alava a permanent example of coexistence and a kind of lock-gate for the nationalism; we didn’t succeed, although we were close to it and Charo became town councillor with UCD until José was killed; she went on exercising as such, although I gave up years after the elections for other political interests; some of them I achieved and some others were thwarted by the assassination of José.

In order to understand the nobility of Charo and Jose I must remark that their family was utterly nationalist, and their struggle had place in the political field as well as in the familiar one, with what it all involves. I put myself in their place, when they accompanied the people who started this venture which the UCD was when commanded by Chus Viana, an unrepeatable personality who left us like orphans when he died in 1987, and when they joined also another “crazy ones” of whom, after many mishaps, some still keep active in politics and some have retired and their names don’t show up any more; but they were, we were, the “naïve ones”, the ones who first dared to appear with the names “independent, *foral* and *alavesa*” –from Álava-, and immediately integrated with the UCD and called ourselves “the men (and women) of President Adolfo Suárez”. This way, Juan Carlos Ibarrondo, Pedro Morales, Pepa Lafuente, Pepe Nasarre,

Guillermo Valle and myself, the one writing these lines, began that venture, whose ending Jose couldn't see.

Unfortunately, the history of democracy in the Basque Country, nowadays called Euskadi, is founded on hundreds of murders carried out by a terrorist group who nobody wants, ETA, and their henchmen.

The assassination of José in that incipient, willing and inexperienced UCD of the Basque Country and the feeling that our goal was impossible, made that we were on the verge of dissolving that "almost unborn" political party; what is more, a little later after the tragedy, the Provincial Committee in Álava, or, better to say, its members, met in Extremadura in a country house owned by our comrade Guillermo Valle in order to make a decision. That was a got away; the moment we got off the cars we were already getting in again, and, around two in the morning, we were crossing Madrid. I drove a Citroën, number plate SS-40030 and, in the Paseo de la Castellana, when we stopped by a traffic light, the passenger of a taxi spitted at us "*vascos*, sons of a bitch"; the fool could not even imagine our reasons to be there at that hour. That was then the atmosphere outside the Basque Country, but here we buried our dead fellows, and I say our because everyone killed by ETA is on our side, sometimes almost secretly, given that we got insulted by the ones who socially and politically should be "our", on our side; we, who accompanied our dead comrades, were rebuked and called assassins.

Within a month from the murder of José Ignacio on the 29th of September of 1980, until the 30th of October of the same year, the criminals of ETA killed two other military men: Jaime Arrese

and Juan de Dios Doval. Afterwards it took place the downfall of UCD; but in the memories of every Spaniard will always stay all those people who, unintentionally, but thanks to their own worth, are the macabre foundations of our democratic Spain.

To the sorrow for the absence of José we should add another one, as we still don't know who were the ones who killed him, or to whom is attributed his assassination, in spite of knowing who were the members of ETA who committed the other crimes.

We don't know and we don't know why, but we will not give them a break until we know the names of those rats, of those beings with human look; God might confound and unsettle them until they repent.

**JAIME
ARRESE ARIZMENDIARRIETA**

(1936-1980)



JAIME ARRESE ARIZMENDIARRIETA (1936-1980)

He was born on the 8th of March of 1936 in Elgoibar, birthplace of his two families since many generations ago and a place he never wanted to leave. He was the youngest one in a large family of nine siblings, characterized by some aspects very common in Basque families from the end of the XIX century. Jaime's family felt comfortable following the theories of the social *carlismo*, so he learn to respect the opinions of other people and to deeply love his native Elgoibar.

Jaime finished primary studies in the school Pilar de Elgoibar and afterwards he studied Business Accounting and Commerce to start working immediately. Modest home- economics "was thankful" that young guys found a job as soon as possible. Jaime initiated his working life as errand boy for the Banco de Vizcaya, always in Elgoibar. Over time he won the trust of the bank and was given promotion thus becoming delegate.

The companies in the area soon noticed his personal value, and because of that he was already employed by a foundry firm located in Mendaro neighbourhood (currently segregated to constitute his own Town-Council) before getting married. Probably his job as office assistant did not take many years, as at the end of the fifties he had the same job in a PyME called Arriola – *Pequeña y Mediana Empresa*, SME –, specialized in manufacturing machinery-tools for garages and repair shops,

mainly a certain kind of drills for metal called *mandrinadoras*. The garage, which employed about fifteen workers, was situated in centre of Magdalena Square in Elgoibar, the stage of his efforts, the space where he lived all his life. Arriola Company was what filled the rest of his working life until he was killed on the twenty-third of October of 1980, very close to his working place.

He had the chance to improve in his job when he received an offer from Ángel Berazadi to work with him in Sigma Company, a factory which employed one thousand residents of the twelve-thousand ones in Elgoibar; but for several reasons it stood in Arriola.

Jaime always showed penchant for engaging himself in matters that improved the lives of his fellow citizens. In the mid-sixties and being the mayor Angel Ajubita they got him the job as alderman for the Town-Council; this was the way people got the seats in the corporation. Between 1974 and 1977 he was appointed mayor the same way, getting involved more than anybody else in improving Elgoibar. He was especially happy about having achieved his purpose of building the Instituto Público Mixto de Enseñanza Media –“Coeducational Mididle School”-, given that until then some young neighbours had to go to Eibar or to some other villages in order to complete the necessary courses prior to entering the University.

With respect to their vernacular language the family of Jaime spoke the Basque language –Euskara-/Euskera. He preferred his children to study in the ikastola in his village – Basque high school – instead of in the school El Pilar, though this one was where he learnt his first letters. He knew that vascuence was a vehicle for culture, for transmitting values and ancient traditions,

more than a channel for ideologies. He always included himself among the elgoibataras, euskaldunes and Spaniards – this is, he felt as part of each region respectively – with no inner tensions regarding the defence of the Basque essence. No doubt this was the best political and cultural legacy he could pass on to his two children. The day that the flag of the Basque Nationalist Party was admitted as the flag for the whole Basque autonomous region Jaime was filled with joy and he was the first one to hoist it in the balcony of the Town-Hall, and after that they celebrated a repast with all the Councillors.

The beginning of the political Transition in Spain was a very difficult period, especially in small villages. Much of the stress suffered by Jaime's family was due to the rings very early in the morning demanding his presence, what accidentally caused his family to wake up. Those neighbour's calls at ungodly hours asking for his help in the headquarters of the Guardia Civil; as he was the mayor, they wanted him to get interested what district their sons or siblings had been arrested in at night, without applying any legal rights and with evidences of having been abused by the Police forces. Those were years of too many incidences that made him work very hard defending human rights. In spite of it, the moment he noticed any of his neighbours considered he had no legitimacy, he resigned his post; it happened that a demonstration of no more than fifty Elgoibar residents asked him to leave his post, and so he did in 1977, without delaying his decision for a minute.

It is possible that it was then when he met Marcelino Oreja – renowned Spanish traditionalist politician, jurist and former European Deputy – and that it was him who encouraged Jaime to constitute a centre for an integral political management of the

Spanish future. Already formed the *Unión de Centro Democrático* – Democratic Union Centre – he was proposed to become the third one in the list of Guipúzcoa, behind Oreja and Jaime Mayor, and to stand for the next local elections leading the candidature for the *Juntas Generales de Guipúzcoa* –“regional” Basque Parliament. He got the certificate of election as Attorney General and he made the best use of his seat with hope for a better province, a province he loved dearly.

In those years politics was not an activity by which one could earn his living, even less by the local one, in such a way that his work in the company continued being intense and efficient. During the years Jaime was mayor he did not get a peseta –former Spanish coin- for his services, which were a lot and well-valued by his neighbours. Probably his attitude was well-founded in his conviction that he was not a professional politician. With great effort he got the perfect uniform suits for the music band, as well as the clarinet-flutes which embodied Elgoibar’s feasts.

He was a strict but affectionate man with everybody around him. With respect to his hobbies we can say he was a good goal-keeper of the Elgoibar Football Team and of the Aurrerá Team of Ondarróa. His sons kept his fondness for sports, though the Basque ball-game was what caught the attention of the oldest of his children. He put identical passion in some other matters, the dedication of the true “keen on” person. Any time he had the chance he attended the rehearsals of the parish choir, where his wife, a good soprano, sang every week; Jaime wasn’t gifted for interpreting music at all, though.

His life got more and more complicated, though he never thought he could be the target of the hate of the totalitarian

nationalism. He lived watched by a Civil Guard called Anselmo for a period of time, a man who over time became a truly dear person. Such was his passion for Elgoibar and the affection he got from his neighbours that he was sure nothing bad could happen to him, even though the situation was already intolerable for the non nationalist Right-Centre. Jaime was one of the first ones in getting up-town in Azcárate to accompany the death body of his friend Ramón Baglietto; Jaime had also the unfortunate chance of being the first person in identifying the corpse of his friend Ángel Berazadi after being killed.

On the twenty-three of October of 1980 some bullets shot by the terrorist group shattered his life, the life of a good man. The demonstration of rejection in the streets comforted his family in a especial way in a time when nobody wept publicly when facing up to terrorist crimes. During the vigil an old lady seemed to feel the pain with special intensity. It was that grateful woman who asked for his help some years before, when he was the mayor; she wanted him to intercede for her with the authorities so that her daughter, then hidden in France, could come back to Spain to pay her last respects to his dying father. Jaime did the necessary negotiations and certain day he took his car, crossed the border and accompanied that young woman to Elgoibar so that she could hug his father, who died shortly after, for the last time. A few years afterwards Jaime took her back to France; she came back to Elgoibar again some years later. She had a seat as town-councillor during the mayoralty of Jaime, representing *Herri Batasuna* – “Popular Unity”, Basque left sided and pro-independent Party.

The assassination of Jaime was a tragedy from which his wife and sons did not recover until many years later. Since then he is still present somehow, and they miss the great father he was.

**JUAN DE DIOS
DOVAL DE MATEO**

(1943-1980)



JUAN DE DIOS DOVAL DE MATEO (1943-1980)

Juan was born on the twelfth of September of 1943 and he learnt to appreciate justice because he was the son of a notary public. He wanted to state it in the dedication to him in his doctorate thesis, published barely a year before his assassination. That vocation passed on from D. Calixto Doval to his sons and grand-sons and was the reason why our father studied Civil Law. Then his family had just moved to San Sebastian, where his father was assigned an important position.

After finishing high school Juan began to study in Valladolid, where he met our mother and began an engagement that ended in marriage and the two children which time let them have. When it came the moment of elaborating his thesis and his career as judicial law university teacher, he logically chose the then recently inaugurated college in San Sebastián because apart from his bonds to this city the college was attached to Valladolid University. The new family settled and the children were born; our parents loved us deeply and my father refused to abandon us even though his life was seriously threatened; until it was too late.

Recently the Law College of the Basque Country paid homage to one of its founders, thirty years after his assassination, and that's why the waiting room where pupils can study and work is named after Manuel. Given that nowadays he can not physically instil his love for justice, at least this way Doval the teacher can

inspire the pupils who are willing to work for it. This sketch pours from that short but moving meetings with his fellow teachers, from thirty years of stories sensitively told by family and friends who miss him even now, and from two children's flashes of memory (now four and seven) it has the intention of showing who Juan de Dios Doval was; his assassins also robbed us the opportunity of knowing profoundly the man who was our father.

I have already presented a sketch of his academic vocation. The second "stroke of brush" has to do with his politic ideology; the first memory we have about his compromise is a bundle of documents about his active involvement in the *Juventudes Monárquicas* –Royal Youth– while studying at the university, where we got to hold important posts and looked for more fellow students to join in; that year democracy was being restored in the figure of Don Juan de Borbón –the father of our current King.

We and his former fellow students ignore the details of how his feelings developed in those decisive years for the History of Spain; he joined UCD in the Basque Country–Democratic–Centre Union– and this Party received the academic scholar with open arms. No doubt the conversations about this issue we could never have with him were full of fascinating details. We have gathered different pieces from his loving brothers and from some other people who loved him as if they had been; but they are too dispersed.

The third stroke is the most important one: the kind of man our father was, what we know thanks to our mother's decision of never avoiding a conversation about him. She managed to keep to herself the immense pain of having attended the funeral of his husband at thirty-four, as for her it was more important to

provide his children with the best present: a normal childhood. She didn't hide any picture or cut out in the papers about those brutal days, though she was waiting for her children to be the appropriate age. And, besides true information, honest ideas: she never condemned all the citizens for what only a few had done, but she was clear about the fact that in that sick society there were executors together with honest people, collaborators, creeps and cowards who turned their faces to anesthetize their consciences. She instilled into her children that there should be neither space for meanness nor betrayal of one's moral principles, or the shadow of a reproach for a man who decided to keep with his family risking his own life and so depriving us of his company.

Juan de Dios Doval was a man with strong convictions and tempered enough to force to bend down their heads those who tried to ignore them. We know many anecdotes about his strong but kind temper that made him a very well-liked person in different places. At the beginning we thought it might be the usual idealization of a loved one after his death, but when one notices wet eyes and broken voices in his friends thirty years after his death, you have no better proof of the human quality of your father.

He was keen on jokes; when he was still a student, sometimes he got into his car after midnight and took his brother in law for a ride or he drove hundreds of kilometres to visit our mother... in Santiago de Compostela; he said cunnings with such a serious gesture that his interlocutor got disturbed until he understood it was simply a joke. He was willing to bring face to face with anybody who made him angry and also accumulated tons of knowledge, what made conversations and walks with him in

historical settings a great pleasure. He had the conviction that being a Spaniard entails loving everything which has to do or pertains to Spain, included areas were people don't want to be Spanish. That's why we can't understand those people who call themselves Spaniards but hate the Basque Country or Catalonia.

As for our direct memories of him, they are the expected ones in a father: loving, he stood his ground when he had to but was accomplice to our pranks... in the flashes about his ace, it catches my attention his smile and satisfaction when he looked at us; now that we are going to have our own children is when we understand the real grade of happiness behind that smile.

The last and essential "stroke of brush" in order to know Juanchi Doval: the love for his homeland, Ezcaray. Though he was born in Madrid, the beautiful village in La Rioja was the native one of his mother's family for centuries; he enjoyed summers there when a child, a young man, a father, and most of all he enjoyed being just another one; his bonds were so strong that a few days before his death he asked: "If I'm the next one, I want to be buried in Ezcaray"; he declared that during the clandestine funeral of Jaime Arrese, in a time when the survivors of UCD looked each other wondering who would be the following one. Thus he was taken there to rest in peace forever; though the pictures in the news-papers show politicians carrying the coffin, they told us that some were suggested to let other citizens their place, as "being a minister was not enough to take Juanchi". That citizens's love has kept Juan alive somehow. I can't think of a better description than the one I heard a few months ago: "- If I got into pub and see your father sitting just there on a stool by the bar, for me that would be the most normal thing". In Ezcaray many people loves us simply for being Juan's sons. This debt can

only be paid keeping the maximum affection for this blessed land and enjoying it.

In time we have known about some other details of that nightmare in what our life was being transformed in a town where some of its citizens want you out or just dead. At the beginning our father didn't accept somebody wanted to kill him. When his name began to be among the threatened ones, he thought of the possibility of kidnapping, given the position of our grand-father. But when systematic assassinations started among his comrades in the Party, the reality became clear. He was offered the possibility of being escorted, but he refused it because he didn't feel able to stand the death of somebody who could be killed as a result of protecting him. He added that given the atmosphere in the college it would have been a provocation. He was also suggested to ask for a gun license and to have one. His way of refusing something that crashed so much with his moral principles was joking: -"If I keep a gun in my back pocket it will prick my bottom". But the situation was not a joke. We keep a blurred memory of the day when we entered our garage and noticed a smell of gasoline; my parents were terrified about the possibility of an assassin at any corner. We have recently known that in those days, during the break between his classes, my father used to go to our school to have a look from its fence without us noticing it, thinking it could be the last time. They told us he asked the Party to change his house's door for a reinforced one, that it was necessary to use codes to enter the doorway, that finally he had decided to go because that was unbearable, but he had no time.

He was late for work in the morning of the thirty-first of October of 1980, so he took us to school. Because of that

circumstance we had a narrow escape from witnessing the terrorist attack and maybe from something else.

Two ETA terrorists were waiting for him few metres from Juan's car. At ten to nine, when he was already inside the car, they shot from one side. The bullet which went towards his chest ricocheted on a ball-pen, but the other one killed him. Witnesses tell us that the assassins left the place laughing. Nor the killers neither those people who gave the necessary information have paid for the murder. They knew where he lived, what his car was, at what time he usually left home. The kind of information provided by somebody who plays cards with you... we are sure of that. Even at the kinder-garden where we sometimes picked up his nephew was a worker who informed about his activities.

Our mother heard the shooting and immediately knew what had happened. She called a neighbour to take care of us and went downstairs to meet his husband nearly dead in his car. Afterwards the funeral was held in the Law College and officiated by Antonio Beristain, who said: -"We feel anger, shame and hate, though we can't allow hate"; the burial in Ezcaray and the demonstration in San Sebastián, the first multitudinous one against ETA in history, took place subsequently. The radicals cut the march and started to throw stones, but the demonstrators answered them and caused their flight. When "The Spirit of Ermua" sprang in 1997 some people noticed the similarities with that repulsion march during "The lead years".

We their children were ignorant about all these events; those who were taking care of us were able to keep us in the belief that nothing strange was happening. One girl in the neighbourhood said -"I've been told your father is in hospital"-. Of course, our

reaction was to think she was mistaken and silly. But when our mother came back, she gathered us calmly and said dad was dead; thus it began the rest of our lives. Worst of all were the dreams where somebody rang the bell, we opened the door and it was him saying it was just a joke. Then you woke up and knew it was the life that was macabre. The dreams ended soon, the pain is still here.

Our mother opted to take us out of that city and to move with her parents; if we take into account that my cousins from San Sebastián had to endure comments in the school like –“ ETA kills just pigs”, we can only be thankful. When years ago the Town-Hall awarded the victims the City Medal, we saw some cases in which family and friends decided to lie and say their relative had had a traffic accident so that they could live better and without worries. Once more we said thank you to our (now deceased) mother, for keeping us away from all that. Of course, that doesn't save us from the other side of the token: people who call you “*etarra*” –member of ETA- when you declare you are from San Sebastián; having the plate-license SS and being insulted inside a lurching car.

Those episodes were sporadic, but we remember them with bitterness, because they broke the normal atmosphere our mother provided us with, a childhood that was happy, in spite of those events. During that childhood our father was not present in the sense of thinking about what he would have done in each situation, but his moral values and example were. And, most of all, it was our mother and her family, the “architects” of what we are now. It was huge the strength she spread to make us feel normal and happy, the freshness with what she was able to enjoy her life without covering what had happened with a veil. Another

macabre joke in my destiny was her death before I was mature enough to be fully aware of the situation and to be able to show my gratitude as she deserved.

It has been already said, but it is fair insisting about it: during these years we have met many people who is still moved by the memory of Juanchi Doval, and that has impressed and comforted us, and at the same time has increased our pride for being the sons of a good man and has certified the failure of his mediocre executioners. They didn't got to destroy his memory or subjugate the ideas he fought for: an electoral slogan of UCD in those years said –“for a Basque Country for everybody”; a fair cause for a man who loved justice.

**VICENTE
ZORITA ALONSO**

[1920-1980]



VICENTE ZORITA ALONSO (1920-1980)

I met Vicente when he settled in our land to work as office clerk in the steel-works company Altos Hornos of Biscay. He was born in Ponferrada, León, in the year 1920, the city where he spent his youth until his parents decided to move to Madrid so that all their six children could finish secondary education and, if possible, university studies. His father was a very enterprising man and he established a company called *Canteras del Jarama* - Quarries of Jarama- in the capital of Spain that employed three hundred people. He had a very famous brother, the major or squadron leader Zorita, who in 1954 was the first Spanish military pilot who exceeded the sound barrier speed. Unfortunately he died a little time later in 1956, in an accident, when the light aircraft he was flying went into a spin. I did not have the time to deal with him much, but I still keep in my mind the cordiality of his smile.

The arrival of Vicente in politics was through a party called *Democracia Social* -Social Democracy-, integrated in Alianza Popular; together with some other Trade Union representatives of the left bank, they were willing to organize themselves and fight for the Basque no nationalist Right-Centre at the beginning of the political transition. Vicente was among the chosen ones and he said "yes" because he was already infuriated at the attitude of the radical nationalism and the terrorist activity of ETA. All this was happening at the beginning of 1977.

I am not surprised that they called him to get involved in politics because he was an extraordinary man. He was a man of prestige in his work because of his funny, affable and kind character, besides being smart at solving problems. He always struggled for the improvement of his fellow workers' labour situation, and the truth is he did it very well.

Soon he became part of the provincial structure of Alianza Popular as a member of the board of directors, but I think that even if he had not been so good and effective he would have been called anyway, as we all know that the Right-Centre during those years was an organization without affiliates given to the logical fear provoked by terrorism and social exclusion. He was named in the third place in the list of candidates for the Basque Parliament in the month of March of 1980, but he was not elected.

Those were really hard years. I am from Santurce, as my family is, and we never felt anything like that hate that the friends of the terrorists oozed from their "black" bad conscience. Mi mother learnt the Basque language from my grandmother, but "being part of or having the characteristics of" the Basque identity and culture was not enough to get rid of the nationalist persecution; either you though just like them, or you became their target.

Vicente felt not daunted, and he never let fear silence his ideas. In this sense he was a brave man and he also showed his opinion with the maximum liberty in his *cuadrilla*, especially when ETA killed a politician or a military man, being then what they were up to insistently; it made him especially irritated the death of innocent civil servants in their uniforms. When the atmosphere

became inflamed I advised Vicente to be careful when talking to other people, to be prudent “for pity’s sake”. One of his brothers living in Madrid told him personally that he should be very careful because the previous year they had killed Modesto Cariegas and Luis Uriarte, and Vicente, being a member of Alianza Popular and being in its lists, could have an accident. He always answered – “I’m not afraid” and he was convinced that he would never be the target of anybody.

It was a Friday, on the fourteenth of November of 1980, when they killed him. Being the beginning of the weekend I felt like preparing a surprise, one of those dinners he liked so much and which made him tell wonderful things about my cooking style and the attention we paid to him, as it was never difficult for him paying compliments and showing he was thankful for the love we showed. The main meal was “roasted lamb’s head”, and that afternoon I was especially careful while cooking it. He had been around having some wine with his friends in Capitán Mendizábal Street, as he did each evening after his working day. I know that he was coming home a few minutes after nine because Chari, my youngest daughter, saw him and, surprised, she asked me: - “Where is dad? Why does it take some much time for him to go upstairs if I have seen him opening the doorway? Just there is where they took him, just when he was going to open the door.

We struggled to avoid the worst intuitions about him being killed, and when our doubts were getting unbearable the Police notified that his beloved body had been found riddled with bullets on one side of Serantes hill, with a little Spanish flag inside his mouth put as gag. When we heard the news our world turned black and life stopped for a long period; all that we had been getting on for, the reason for our existence...

Right now I can't remember if the funeral service in our parish in Santurce took place the following day. A lot of people came to share those moments with us; I remember the attendance of the President of the Nation and of Manuel Fraga, escorted by many leaders of the Party during the funeral mass as well as at the moment of the burial in the cemetery; I also remember the Police Force dispersing with thumps many radical nationalists who shouted their "slogan" full of hate –"kill them, kill them..." while the coffin was being taken out of the church. I can't understand how they think they can build up their "chimera", their illusion.

On the fourteenth of November they killed him and at the end of that month we had to leave my village, the land where my family was born, lived and died for some generations. No way we could stay there, they didn't "let us breathe". We started to be threatened on the telephone. My son Enrique had to be evacuated from his house by the Civil Guard, as they told him they could not guarantee his personal safety and he better left the Basque Country. They told the same to me and my three daughters: Elena, María del Carmen and Chari, so we went away forever. We came back some now and then for a few days, because of family meetings, and even then we got calls at three or four in the morning saying – "We know you are here... and if you don't go we'll be out to get you... ". On the twelfth of December Manuel Fraga received me and my family in his office of the Party in Madrid.

I remember in the anniversary of the murder the whole family went to the cemetery with an offering, and afterwards we went to the tribute the Partido Popular paid him in a hotel in Portugalete on the sixteenth of November of 2005.

We have not come back, of course, because I can not recognize the embarrassing silence of the people, the humiliating cowardice with which they gave answer to the deaths, to my and my ancestors' homeland, to that now barren land, then the fertile and rich place where I met Vicente and with whom I talk every day.

**ALBERTO
LÓPEZ JAUREGUIZAR**

[1939-1982]



ALBERTO LÓPEZ JAUREGUIZAR (1939-1982)

We never thought that the tragedy of the terrorism which devastated the Basque Country would be so cruel with our family. Alberto was always an anonymous person outside his work and family. For this reason the shock about his murder was deeply intense.

Alberto was born in Bilbao on the fourth of July of 1939 in the very modest home of very close family. His parents were natives from Valladolid and Baquio, Biscay. After finishing secondary education in Santiago Apóstol and the Jesuit school he was employed by the tobacco trader company *Tabacalera Española*, when he had just become eighteen years old and a guy full of excitement. In time he got the necessary professional commercial qualifications.

We know each other since I have memory; after a happy engagement we got married in 1964. In those days I had already finished my degree in Philosophy and Arts, but I did not practice as teacher because I was devoted to my family, as little time later my children, who made us utterly happy, were born. Life couldn't be more perfect.

In Tabacalera Alberto exercised his professional career and after twenty-five years and a lot of struggle he got to the top in his job as representative agent, the second most important post

in responsibility after delegate. The other workers showed unanimous opinion regarding his absence when he died. Those people who worked with him for twenty-five years were really upset at the death of a reliable and honest man.

At the beginning of the eighties of the last century in the Basque Country having different ideologies became a barrier, a real "trench" that didn't allow the options of "other people" for their own lives to be deemed personal and respectable. This attitude never impeded Aberto to be considered his fellow workers as friends, in such a way that he always helped them if required by the circumstances. Once Alberto became representative he went on betting for the smooth running of Tabacalera, and for the other employees, especially with respect to the defence and improvement of collective agreements, and all that even though his post had nothing to do with these demands. But he remained by their side and was always ready for a fight.

At home he always said that manners and education had priority, so we both devoted ourselves to it. I heard also from his fellow workers the respect and huge love he always showed regarding me. He was an exceptional man.

Life for Alberto was a continuous demand. During many years he dedicated the afternoons after his working day in Tabacalera to do the accounts of the lottery office Los Millones, in Las Arenas, and to manage the financial agency he established with one of his friends. We have to admit that not a cent was missed in his calculations, as he was really efficient in his work and very reliable. His honesty together with modest and nice mood made him a very well-liked man. In sixteen years he never took more than fifteen days for his holidays.

The ideals of Alberto were always represented by the concepts of peace, order and liberty, supreme ideals which let men live in harmony. His way of thinking could be summarized in the idea of Spain as the big family of anybody who wanted to avail himself of the common History and its traditions. For him it wasn't a problem publicly explaining to anyone his position about the world and why he thought nationalism diminished the value of politics and history.

I started to collaborate with Alianza Popular at the end of the seventies preparing several democratic referenda. In the general elections of 1977 I took the responsibility of all the work which had to do with postal vote, the coordination of proxies and the scrutiny in each polling station, this is, all that which keeps elections and political Parties running. At home we taught our children to love the Spanish History, to feel as Spaniards, but without any weird exaltation, among some other reasons because an extreme attitude would not have matched with our way of thinking.

Alberto had the misfortune to be the witness of a terrorist attack next to Garellano barracks, in Bilbao. As I said before, he was neither very nationalist nor very *españolista*, as they say now –no very fond of Spanish brands, traditions etc.- he was the average citizen, highly liberal in his way of thinking. After the attack I remember he came home pale and shaken, and he told me, very upset because of the scene he had just seen, that they had to take sides, because you can not kill people just like that, people who have father, mother, families who suffer an indescribable pain.... From that moment he began attending funerals of victims of terrorism, given that during the last farewell nobody accompanied the families. I remember they killed somebody in a

bar in the station of Algorta, a young guy we did not know, but we went to the funeral. There was nobody in the church but his mother, some other relatives and us. That scene left us absolutely desolated, grief-stricken, as we could not understand people would not feel pity for the sorrow of others, of a family that saw how they killed their son.

Soon after that we attended another funeral in Ondárroa; there were some complications, as the Civil Guard had the order to close the area to impede too many people gathered there. That boy was called José María Arrizabalaga and he was killed in Ondárroa on the twenty-seventh of December of 1978 for being the leader of the *carlista* organization in his village. It was then when Alberto began to take sides, when after seeing that massacre he said to me that he wanted to hold up his ideas about harmony and peace. As a result of his reflections he decided to affiliate to Alianza Poplar, as it was what most matched his character even though he said of himself he was an old liberal. I remember those funerals in Garallano Barracks, I remember the silence behind the dead bodies was tremendous, and that we were almost hidden; that funeral in Ondárroa, when they closed the road and we had to go around for a long time so that it took us four hours to get to the church... Our family went from funeral to funeral in silence in order to show that we could feel those deaths deeply.

When they killed a policeman, Alberto put the Spanish flag with a black ribbon in Amesti Street and he stated the policeman also had a father and a mother. I think it was that flag in Amesti Street what somehow caused his death, more than his affiliation to Alianza Popular. Later he had some problems with certain trade unions, especially with ELA-STV, the nationalist one; Tabacalera

called him more than once to make his syndicated people unload the lorries. The answer of Alberto was always that, as they had effective operators, he would not dismiss anybody. I think that was other of the reason that cost him his life, but especially to place the flag with the black ribbon in Amesti Street. When he knew about any murder he took a bouquet of flowers there.

And then it came that fateful morning, the sixteenth of July of 1982, the religious festivity of La Virgen del Carmen during which Alberto set off for Bilbao in his car as usual, in order to go to work. We don't know why, but at nine in the morning he was in Torrene Street in front of the Post-Office building in Algorta, about a hundred metres from where we lived. Somebody got close from behind his car, stealthily, as beasts do, and he shot him many times, killing him instantly. We knew about his death five minutes later, when a neighbour called me through the entry phone notifying the murder. I got closer with my oldest children so that we could give the farewell to my husband, their father, until the precise moment the corpse was removed; so we did, shattered by the pain but comforted by his love, a love we could feel forever inside our hearts.

After his death sorrow came together with the most absolute solitude, only comforted by the affection and company of good friends. The first ones who came home to "cry with us" were the nuns of the Sagrado Corazón – *Sacré Coeur* – institution where I studied during my high school period and an order very close to my family. Apart from them nobody offered their condolences, we did not get any telephone call, nothing from the society we were living in. But at least there was a gesture I will always be thankful for: that high-ranking officer of the Spanish Navy, who came walking through Amesti Street in his uniform to offer his

condolence at three in the afternoon. His act, showing his uniform, let us see he was a brave man, because he knew he was putting his life at risk.

We can not understand how we were able to stand so much pain. My first worry was to make sure my children did not feel hate or bear any grudge about the assassination of his father. For this reason I decided to leave the Basque Country with them: Guiomar, 15, Lorena, 14, Verónica, 13, and the youngest one, Rodrigo, 6, and to settle in Alicante, that little place in the Mediterranean sea where Alberto said he would have liked to stay the last years of his life. Since then we all live together with him, with his memory and remembering his perennial smile. I was the Delegate of the Association of Victims of Terrorism in Valencia for some time.

**JOSÉ
LARRAÑAGA ARENAS
(1927-1984)**



JOSÉ LARRAÑAGA ARENAS (1927-1984)

Our father was born on the 7th of March of 1927 in Azcoitia, province of Guipúzcoa. His family, we refer to his remote ancestors, was as well native from the village where our father first saw the light in this world.

José's father was the Secretary in the Court in a time when higher education was not necessary for this post. Our own father, who had no much more than the primary education himself, held the same inherited post and responsibilities as temporary worker for a long time. As we all know, the common language in Azcoitia during those years was *vascuence*, and so, the person who held the post of Secretary had to dominate it in order to bring effective service to his neighbours. On the other hand, this responsibility was poorly paid. So anybody will understand that nobody wanted to come to Azcoitia to earn his living in the Court with no reasonable salary and not knowing the language; it was no much left to do for a foreigner in this job.

Our father had eight siblings, a real large family. In those years, people who had economic difficulties to maintain their family could provide schooling for their children in some religious boarding schools through institutional scholarships. This was the reason why our father went to the boarding school of Salesianos in Catalonia, while he was studying the *bachillerato elemental – elementary” high school”*-. When he left home for the first time

he didn't almost know how to speak *castellano* -Castillian Language = Spanish L., from Castilla-; a few months later he managed as well as the other boys.

Unfortunately we do not know much about the first years of his youth, as he was a man very centred in his present, passionate about the "day by day" issues, in such a way that he never turned to the past or to his memories in order to have a conversation with us. <years later we deduced that when he was twelve years old he came back from Catalonia to integrate into a working atmosphere, into what would become from then his daily live. As all the other guys in Azcoitia, our father began his professional venture in *Alberdi y Compañía* Factory -Alberdi & Co-manufacturer of canvas sandals and slippers. Though the factory was quite well equipped with machinery at the beginning of the forties of the last century, they needed intensive labour force. Our parents knew each other because of their daily contact in Azcoitia, what is more, our mother's brothers were in the same group of friends with our father and they shared friends and hobbies.

In 1945, when our mother came of age for work, she was hired as most girls in Azcoitia by the sandals factory. Most girls dreamed of being that age, as it meant entering the world of the adults and taking responsibilities, taking home money and to "alleviate" the "tense" "treasury" and liquid assets of their families, especially during the hardest years of the post-war period.

Our mother was married in 1961, when she was twenty-eight years old, and at that moment she left the factory in order to devote herself, body and soul, to her new home. Though our

parents worked together in the factory and met each other every day, it could be said that they knew each other since many years before, as in Azcoitia children mixed virtually since they began to walk. Besides, our father was a close friend of the brothers of our mother, and they had a relation from their infancy. José was unique, said our mother; there was nobody to equal him: cheerful, active, loving, always nice to other people and especially with his children. We could say that he enjoyed life with an intensity that we could not find in any other man; for this reason he was in his element in any bustle organized with his friends in order to cheer up life, to get that sparkle that lets us look at it in hope.

He was a true defender of sports, becoming the president of the recreational society Anaitasuna Football Club, and he always supported ball sports, specially the *pelotarís* of Azcoitia –players of the Basque game *pelota vasca*, which consists in throwing a tennis ball against a fronton with the help of a small gadget-.

When our parents got married in 1961 Azcoitia had about ten thousand inhabitants. Some time later the village received an intense wave of immigration making up a different urban shape. After he entered the Town Council as councillor in order to help people who had to emigrate, he struggled so that the village could establish Forjas Azcoitia, confronting a clergy that noticed immigration meant loosing their influence in the village. In the same way, the Town Council established the “cheek to cheek” or close dances in the main square, so that the clergy took away the benches reserved for council members in the church.

It was necessary to put the new settlers up, so we built up new neighbourhoods, and our father had a lot to do with that. At

the beginning of the sixties my father and other three men set up the Makoleta Cooperative for the construction of several houses. The role of our father was merely administrative, as he always was inbuilt clumsy with his hands; we could say he didn't know how to fit a bulb. Our uncle Pachi was the head of the building work section.

After some time the Makoleta Cooperative bought the fifty per cent of the company which owned the petrol station in Azcoitia. The proprietors had gone through some economic bad patches and they urgently needed capital. They found the way getting rid of half their society. When the cooperative of our father was in charge of the new business and they felt at ease in this new situation they started up the petrol station in Azpeitia.

The owners of the cooperative were never well-off, as can be seen, among other arguments, when the corporation is constituted. They "slog their guts out" and they never had a life in which they squandered money, because it reached just enough to live on. Only at the end of his working life he could go on holiday. We rented an apartment to spend the summer, twice in Laredo, and during two more summers we enjoyed the same way in Haro and Logroño. Of the whole month our father rented the house he only took fifteen days to spend them resting with us. The only occasions in which he stood with us during the whole month of August was when he retired, as he unintentionally got the permanent disability as a consequence of the second attempt on his life. We had the chance of enjoying his company in Benidorm for two years before he was killed.

Actually our father didn't like typical holidays. He didn't want to leave Azcoitia for the summer because where he really had a

rest was there with his *cuadrilla* of friends, talking with everybody among his many neighbours. For him the *chiquiteo* was the excuse and the means to meet his friends.

He was not very fond of taking care of children. On one occasion his mother saw him taking one of us for a walk in the pram, on a Sunday morning after the twelve mass. Ups! Her mother told him off!, all because he was taking her grandchildren for a walk!. In Azcoitia in those years a man couldn't do such a feminine activity...

When we grew up we enjoyed his presence a lot. During the week we didn't practically see him because he always came home at dusk from work and from his political activities. But we could notice he was there because of the comments my mom made: "Yesterday your father asked me about that school subject..., how it worked out the argument with your sister... what happened about X... ". That was the way we had of realizing our father was "on at us", that even from a certain distance he guarded us with love.

Nevertheless, on Sundays we always had lunch all together. It was marvellous to be with him then, because we could feel he really got interested in our conversations, that all about us did really enthusiasm him. He was extraordinary. On Sundays our father usually bought cakes to have them for dessert and, if any of the siblings got fussy about the *carolinas* -typical Basque cake, made of meringue, crust and custard- or about any other sweet, he made us notice that those whims could not be allowed, especially during the crisis which had began to devastate Spain at the beginning of the seventies. Again and again, going on and on and on about the crisis, until one day we asked him when was

the “famous” crisis going to enter our house ... the oldest of us was not yet thirteen... “Oh!, you don’t know what the crisis is?”, he answered. From that moment on he often explained us the economical keys related to the petroleum crisis, about money inflation and deflation, about unemployment and public funds and about some other questions no way we could understand at that age, but we got very happy when he talked to us as if we were much older.

After a second attempt on his life and after the terrorist group pressed my father to leave the Basque Country if he wanted to continue alive, they looked for a flat in Logroño. We remember that scene perfectly well. Our parents left some days in advance to organize the new rented house. We went there a couple of days later, in a taxi, as our father didn’t have neither a car nor a driving license.

We the girls were thirteen and fifteen years old, our brother was eighteen, and we cried our eyes out because of the anguish we felt; they shattered our lives. Our mother didn’t know where to look at so that she could hide her eyes full of tears. Our father, who was an optimistic man, decided that we would devote our first afternoon in Logroño to go for a walk in order to know our new city. The moment he trod on the street he met a friend of him from Beasain; they embraced each other and they broke into tears. Even in Logroño he met known people!

My father was able to reorganize his social life long before his daughters did, and that is saying a lot. But we all had a hard time. They got used to the new city when they began to get on well with their first friends and started to go out on Sundays with them. We left home early and said we were going to meet some

friends too, but it was not true. We secretly watched them getting out of the doorway and turn at the corner, and afterwards we went up-stairs again. We told them that we had been to the cinema or to have some lunch with our classmates. That was the way we had of not increasing their intense grief.

In a very short time our father settled his social life and friends. We could say that here he maybe enjoyed even more than in Azcoitia, given that here he felt free for the first time to do and say whatever he wanted, without the inquisitive gaze, full of hate, of those who wanted to destroy him. His friends in the village called him all the time; they came at the week-ends to stay with him, to take him to parties, dinners or tributes with any excuse. They loved him a lot and he was always thankful through the goodness in his heart.

As we said, in Logroño he was happy because he found the peace that some people robbed him of in his native city. His concern in order to avoid unnecessary tension at home –we understood it years later – got to the point of deciding not to have a telephone in Azcoitia, so that we wouldn't answer it and wouldn't some day the frequent threats. On some occasions he went up-stairs to the house of a neighbour to make a phone call.

We know very little about the political ascendants of our father, other than what the family of our mother called him: *amarillo*; this is way they called in our village the fundamentalist *carlistas*, although almost everyone from that village was *carlista*. But one thing was how they defined our father and a different one was how he really thought. Regarding religion he was deeply Catholic, though he did not attend mass on Sundays because he thought that his relationship with God transcended the religion

understood as an institution from which emanates moral rules; we always received a completely liberal education at home.

Our father was enthusiastic about politics because he could solve the problems of our neighbours through his dedication as town councillor. In case he had held this post with a Republican government, it would have made no difference, as he had not very strong political views. We know that all his doctrine could be summarized in the idea of a Spanish nation, and little more. He was mainly an average Spaniard who could not understand at all why some people wanted to turn the Basque Country against the Spanish nation; he really could not.

This attitude was quite common in Azcoitia. For instance, the mother of certain nationalist leader did always set the Spanish flag in the three balconies of her house while a demonstration covered the village, cheering the independence supporters; by then her son had already left the cassock and he was devoted to the PNV –Nationalist Basque Party -. Our father never instilled in us any political idea but the "*españolidad*" I mentioned before, the feeling of being proud Spaniards. It is true we knew our family was fond of the no-nationalist Right wing, and little more. Our mother was the one who "gave orders" and she didn't let us talk about politics, as she had the opinion it would only mean problems; and she was right.

Our father always educated us with the force of his own example. In that sense he was a marvellous person and we regard his moral legacy of a huge depth.

At Christmas in 1984, when our father was already dead, an uncle of us told us that at the end of the seventies a nationalist

(he never said his name) summoned them to a meeting where they said “the lesson would be beaten into them”, that it was better for them to retire from politics and to get out of their way. My uncle, careful enough, did not express his support in favour of any political side; but my father did, and they killed him. It is obvious that he never thought their lives were in danger.

As I said before we did not talk about politics at home because that is what our mother wanted, though we can remember that for a period of time there were stickers with the political label *Guipúzcoa Unida* –United Guipúzcoa- a brand of *Alianza Popular* which was presented for the first elections in June of 1977 in Guipúzcoa, and where our father was an assistant. .

Although the political views among our neighbours were different from ours, we never noticed especial inflaming regarding politics when things began to get complicated. Thank goodness politics never poisoned personal relationships between neighbours in our building, and we can say that, apart from different ideologies, we were all almost like a family. What we can not explain is how, during such a short period of time, the village of Azcoitia turned from carlista in 1975 to PNV supporter two years later. We are unable to understand that.

We left Azcoitia full of anguish before problems began, or that was what we thought then. We were the same as the rest of our neighbours, this is: Basque in language, roots, traditions and culture; this is the reason for our lack of understanding of what we were going through. When we arrived to Logroño for the first time we had to accompany our father because, as he couldn’t almost speak *castellano* –Castillian, Spanish- nobody understood him in shops. We stopped visiting our village when they killed our

father and, since then, even though we know that the orography of our home-land is marvellous, that it isn't really our land any more, it isn't not our home.

On the fourteenth of April of 1978 there was the first attempt on the life of our father. Coming back from the petrol-station where he worked, at about half past ten at night, he saw a car parked in a strange place, but there was no alternative but to go on walking plucking up with courage. When he passed in front of them, they shoot him two bullets which hit his leg and broke his fibula. When he recovered the Police Force offered him to policemen to watch him, but he could not stand that way of living for more than a month and he rejected the vigilance to keep on doing his usual life.

Our father, after the first attempt on his life, never said anything that could increase stress in the family, though my mother was aware of everything, especially when she came home late with her face contorted.

We think that she had a feeling that what we were going to go through soon was going to happen; the same way some time later I interpreted the following event as premonitory: after the failed terrorist attack against a *guardia* civil in Azcoitia with the result of a dead boy and another one injured by the explosion of a parcel bomb, for the first time there was a silent demonstration in the streets of Azcoitia imploring peace; José stayed in the demonstration for a while and then he went home; when asked about the reason of his early retirement he confessed he had been in the "front row" for a long time and now it was the time for other people to take sides against the terrorist nationalism of ETA.

On one occasion José arrived home while we were assisting a young man from Azcoitia that for some time earned his living selling records and books for *Círculo de Lectores* – a publishing company -. When the salesman left, he asked with concern what was that man doing at home. Subsequently that man made an attempt on our father's life and a month later he killed a close friend of our family: Ramón Baglietto.

This second crime took place two years later, on the thirteenth of April of 1980: coming home at about half past eleven he saw a car parked in front of the doorway with two men inside. In Azcoitia that late two people in a car was the strangest of situations. So he got close to the shadowy vehicle to tell the two men that his body-guards were behind him, in an attempt to make them nervous. As a response he was shot, one of the shots resulting especially serious, as it went straight through his shoulder and went out through his breastbone.

The terrorists fled, leaving our father seriously injured. A neighbour tried to help him but, stunned by the attack and the loss of blood, he ran away to refuge in the bar-pub Askatasuna, thinking that the person who tried to help him was also an assassin. In the bar they called an ambulance and the Police and clients took him hospital in San Sebastian, where he was admitted and stayed for three months seriously ill.

When he was discharged he was not allowed to come back home, so he had to start living in the Civil Government in San Sebastián until they could find a definitive solution. During this period he was accompanied by my mother and of the two bodyguards. We went often to visit him with our aunt and uncle, with whom we went to live while our parents were out of home;

it was absolutely forbidden to tell anybody where our parents were. When they decided Logroño would be the city we would live in, the Police superintendents tried to convince them that this city is too close to the Basque Country to be safe. But my parents chose it because it was as close as possible to our native land. Our father was such a good man that he thought that the reason why they had tried to kill him was not himself as man, but what he represented, so maybe for this reason he thought they would never follow him again.

My aunt and uncle saw several houses for rent in Logroño and finally they decided to live in one next to the bus station. On the twenty-ninth of June the exile started for our parents, and for us, their children, it did on the first of July. As we said before, our life in that city was fabulous given that every weekend the house was full of people, my father's friends. Once he died nobody visited ever again but we can perfectly understand.

Four years and a half after leaving Azcoitia in secret my parents got in a bus in Logroño in order to spend Christmas at home with his family and friends around him. On the thirty-one of December of 1984 they got off the bus at seven in the afternoon in Beasain, where our uncle was waiting for them to take them home in his car. Our father went out before dinner to have some wine with his friends and to wish each other a happy new year. About half past nine he said goodbye to his *cuadrilla*, and someone killed him from behind when he was walking out of the pub Alameda; three shots in the back of his neck brought his life to an end.

We didn't know somebody can suffer so much pain. We held the wake at home so that his body could receive the last farewell

from all his friends and well-liked people. While his body was being prepared our brother Fernando called from his military post, without knowing anything yet, as the news had not emerged yet. He just wanted to wish us a happy new year...

Thanks God a lot of people showed their love and the house was full with lots of people, with true friends from Azcoitia who really felt sorrow for the death of our father. With his death, part of our lives died too and we felt an emptiness that left us exhausted, almost unable to respond to the situation, so down-hearted that we weren't in the mood to keep on living.

A lot of time later, maybe years, little by little calm and peace subsequently came back again when we looked at his beloved image kept in our memory, when we thought of the cheerfulness that always filled his heart and never left us. Now, when we talk among us of the life we had with our father, we end up by laughing full of joy, as we take to the present his fondness for life and for being with us.

**GREGORIO
ORDÓÑEZ FENOLLAR**
(1958-1995)



GREGORIO ORDÓÑEZ FENOLLAR (1958-1995)

Gregorio's family was one of those that alter the Spanish treacherous "Cain" Civil War. They emigrated to America to earn their because they couldn't do it here. Gregorio's father was born in Cutanda, Teruel; he arrived in Venezuela in 1949 when he was twenty-four years old and his mother Consuelo Fenollar, from Terrateig, Valencia, in 1952. Fortune made them met in a Spanish community which combined love for the new traditions and love for the distant homeland. After a short engagement they joined their lives forever in matrimony in the cathedral of the Venezuelan capital. Gregorio was born in Caracas on the twenty-one of July of 1958 and his sister Consuelo a year and a half later.

In 1966 they decided to come back to Spain because the economic situation in Venezuela did not meet the opportunities of improvement under which they moved there. A relative of Gregorio offered them to be in charge of an industrial laundry he had in San Sebastián, on one of the side of mount Ulía, and without doubting about it for a second they settled in one of the most beautiful cities in the North of Spain.

The existence of the Ordóñez family continued being as hard as it was at the other side of the Ocean, summarized in hours plus more hours of work seven days a week every month of the year. From the example of his parents Gregorio learnt how useful it is in life consistent and humble work. Of his family he took his

great capacity for work, honesty, reliability to approach any task and tenacity to achieve any goals he considered fair.

In 1976, after finishing his high school studies very successfully, he moved to Pamplona to take a college course in Communication and Journalism at the university. Those years increased a character which was already well outlined during his adolescence, an impulsive, cheerful and willing way of being. Without noticing it he was little by little outlining the contents which usually accompany leaders, the “drivers” for other lives and men. His university mates found in him an extraordinary capacity for leadership and at the same time polish and vigour when defending his convictions.

In those years many of his fellows were astonished at his verbal fluency in facing rivals, and at his strictness in fulfilling his obligations. Gregorio completed his degree with extraordinary marks, apparently obtained with no effort, though every day he devoted a minimum of three hours to study; it is true that he always was very passionate about journalism, as well as about his parents. He knew that studying away from home entailed a great economic effort for his family so that he felt obliged to repair them at least by getting the best marks.

Back again in San Sebastián and after five years of absence, Gregorio found a job thanks to Eugenio Azpiroz, a good friend of one of his uncles, who sent him to the editorial department in the Guipúzcoa’s branch of the news-paper Norte Express (from Álava), a daily paper born with the intention of becoming a national reference; but it didn’t withstand a first assault. The financial situation in Spain, strained by the long term economic crisis which began with the petroleum-oil value’s breakdown in

the seventies, and added to the intrinsic weakness of our own economic and labour system, provoked that even the best ones had problems to keep in their jobs. His experience as journalist at the delegation of Norte Express did not last for more than a month; Gregorio was the last one in arriving in a group of four employees. One of the main results he got in this first job was for Gregorio to become known for the first time by some people other than his friends in San Sebastián and Pamplona. In the editorial office he met Carmen Zulueta, journalist, and at the same time vice-president of Alianza Popular in Gupúzcoa. What Carmen noticed in this young journalist made such a very good impression on her she did not doubt to introduce him to the leaders of her Party. She had never met anybody with such capacity for work and with such a curious courage to express publicly in a direct way whatever he wanted, always upholding liberty and peace, especially in a society like the Basque one, threatened by terrorist blackmail and extortion, where his way of speaking struck hard in the middle of all that silence.

The contempt for ethics because of the absence of liberty irritated him so much that when he was twenty-three he accepted to become a member of Nuevas Generaciones of Alianza Popular –the youngest members of the Party–; later he became responsible for the Technical Secretariat of the Party, with some reluctance on the part of the veterans. His low salary let him only get by and stop looking for other jobs. From that moment Gregorio put his heart and soul into picking up from “mud” the Spanish flag and liberty in the Basque provinces, which were chased by the totalitarian project of the radical nationalism. From the moment he got involved in this venture he put all his passion into it so that in a few months he got more affiliates for Nuevas Generaciones than the rest of his comrades all together.

The situation of Alianza Popular at the beginning of the eighties can be considered hopeless. As we have said, terrorists had found a "hunting reserve" in the Right-Centre side, killing any person fond of this ideology. Besides that, the so called "democratic nationalism" pressed on the Spanish-Basque side, trying to convince people that outside nationalism, outside their Basque "day-dreaming", was nothing at all. Gregorio joined a disorganized losing Party; that's why thirty years later it feels still amazing his huge dose of altruism, generosity and rebellious devotion when he bet on the future of the land he loved so much.

In the congress of 1982 he was appointed candidate for the mayoralty of San Sebastián with the support of Eugeno Damboriena and a few other persons –there were no many more, anyway– while the re-foundation of the no nationalist Basque Right-Centre in Guipúzcoa was taking place thanks to the high spirits of a young generation determined to defeat terror.

In the local and autonomous elections in May of 1983 Alianza Popular got three seats, a real victory unthinkable just a few months before; this success let Gregorio hold a post as town-councillor during the mayoralty of Ramón Labayen, the post related to the Town-Planning legal proceedings; sometime after he held the same position but this time related to Tourism and City-Design in a government in the minority headed by the nationalist mayor Albistur. Gregorio did an excellent job which took him to be renown in several citizen communities, as for example the Gastronomic Society; this made his politics visible and to be considered a service to the citizens.

He was "discovered" by the people as a consequence of the agreement between the nationalists and Alianza Popular in order

to rule the Town. Gregorio was entrusted with the Town-Planning councillorship, with the responsibility of preserving the legality that had been spoiled by the councillor of the moment: Odón Elorza. In short time he commanded the Town-Planning department, working hard and serving his fellow citizens. He got to deeply know the different of problems of the city and the *donostiarras* –San Sebastián citizens– he understood his own value as a man who was just safeguarding their rights and no Party ones.

People who met him during this period of his life demonstrate he always received those thousands of citizens who requested an audience with no regard for their ideology, never asking about their ideology. In his post and with respect to all his political activities he acted with total honesty, an attitude very appreciated given the scandalous land re-designation of public and private plots in some other autonomous regions.

The acts of Gregorio were never guided by the eagerness to get money; he was generous with his properties and responsible when dealing with other people's matters. In this sense it is easy to understand that he slept in medium quality hotels and restaurants whenever he had to travel during the campaigns, so that it did not affect too much the liquid assets of his party; what is more, he almost never charged it to the account of the Party. In many occasions he paid bills from his own pocket when strictly speaking it wasn't his duty. He was always especially cautious when managing any assets because he knew how money can corrupt people.

During that period he focused on his post as alderman given that he was questioned as leader of Alianza Popular. Ordóñez

conflicted with Madrid because he didn't agree with their criteria regarding local candidatures. If he didn't have doubts about really living ethically facing nationalism and terror, even less difficult was for him following his own criteria regarding other issues.

Soon he got a team of friends together, catalyzed by his exuberant personality, open to a philosophy of moral values. His determination was never unconnected with amiability when dealing with other people, as he was especially warm with everybody. The three terms in the Town-Council of San Sebastián were always in coalition with other parties, this is, he was permanently open to pacts and agreements in the interest of the city. He was not the slave of any ideology; he knew that common sense and goodness were present in every democratic Party, and if any necessary pact was made regarding this. The other Parties accepted Gregorio, acceptance based in the prestige he won as councillor devoted to the citizens. At seven in the morning he was already in his City-Council office getting ready for his long working day. By consistency and common sense he broke the deadlock in the negotiations about the plots of land in Venta Berri so that they could build up hundreds of really necessary homes.

The work Gregorio did as town councillor during three terms in three different departments is maybe the most unknown aspect about him, probably because what was most praised and known was his public brave defence of liberty. He was so irritated by that horror and senseless situation of "bombs and shooting in the neck" that he never lose an opportunity to denounce what was going on in the Basque Country. In short time he became a reference and a leader of opinion who encouraged other people to denounce the in the mass media the attitude of a nationalism which was always "looking to somewhere else", when not directly

supporting the assassins. Gregorio was never ambiguous regarding this matter; his speeches and manifestos were always quite clear, as he used exactly the appropriate words to define the problem, but, at the same time, not common in Spanish politics until then. The nausea provoked by horror was such that only dialectic artillery could give the appropriate answer, the tool with which Gregorio was perfectly armed. The reaction of the Spanish society would have been different, no so intense, if Gregorio and his group had not condemned the exclusive contents of nationalism and violent dictatorship.

The no nationalist Right-Centre dropped from being a marginal option to be the principal key in politics in Giupúzcoa thanks to the leadership of Gregorio. It was not an easy work. The seat of the Basque Parliament lost in 1986 was regained four years later with the six and a half per cent of the votes, representing Ordóñez those votes in Vitoria. A year later, in 1991, local elections meant an important increase in votes, going from twelve to sixteen per cent, able to hold five councillor offices. In the European elections in 1994 the Popular Party got the twenty-two per cent with an ample margin, winning as well in San Sebastián. The success and style in negotiation of that group of young politicians captivated José María Aznar –former President of Spain-, who did not doubt to back up their qualities by his frequent presence in San Sebastián. It was demonstrated that it was good for politics and for the Party the effort of people “obsessed” with work, obliging, who daily got in touch with the electorate, austere in the management of public and private resources. These were the keys for Gregorio’s success.

It is more than possible that in the local elections in 1995 Gregorion Ordóñez would have become mayor of his city, his

highest political aspiration; and I am sure he would have been the best one that San Sebastián ever had during the contemporary era. He already predicted it on the nineteenth of January of 1995 in presence of José María Aznar, to whom Gregorio told he would be mayor and Aznar would be the President. Four days later, on the twenty-three, he was killed while he had lunch together with his team in the Town-Council.

Gregorio could not see the victory for which he struggled so much in the municipal elections in San Sebastián, but for the following ones held in June, the Popular Party presented the candidature headed by Jaime Mayor Oreja and won. It had happened what many people didn't want to admit, what ETA didn't want to allow: the Popular Party won the municipal elections in San Sebastián with the list in which appeared the closest collaborators of Gregorio.

His legacy kept in force in the City-Hall, first by the strength and courage of the woman who was his secretary, María San Gil, and afterwards by the determination of María José Usandizaga, accompanied by a great group of aldermen.

The family and friends of Gregorio felt a great emptiness in their souls after the assassination of Gregorio and nothing will alleviate it; at the same time it was a kind of waking up of the awareness, a cry for liberty. His assassination produced the break of silence, of the cowardice which gripped the Basque population, rode roughshod over, thrashed, embittered and killed by the radical nationalism. A few hours after the news went around the city a spontaneous and sincere demonstration against terror was organized by young students in the Law College. Borja Sémpér, currently president of the Popular Party in Guipúzcoa, was one of

those students mobilized by the tragedy; the example and generosity of Gregorio took him to affiliate in 1993. As many other young people from Guipúzcoa, like Arantza Quiroga and Ramón Gómez (who headed the candidature of the *populares* in the municipal election in 2011), they gave the answer to the call for liberty which entailed the death of Ordóñez. Today those people are the people who leads the Basque Popular Party, they are the ones who have the huge political responsibility of keeping up the political legacy of Gregorio, his message, his clear and honest politics, more in vogue nowadays than during the nineties of the last century.

Since then the foundation which holds his name watches over a way of acting in politics which imitates his wise example and courage, so necessary nowadays in the Basque Country.

**MIGUEL ÁNGEL
BLANCO GARRIDO**

(1968-1997)



MIGUEL ÁNGEL BLANCO GARRIDO (1968-1997)

My family was one of those that had to emigrate to earn their living. By the middle of the sixties my parents, Consuelo and Miguel, abandoned their native Galicia to settle in Ermua, a village close to Durango, both in the industrial Biscay. Many of their friends and relatives did the same. In 1974, when I was born, Ermua had approximately eleven-thousand residents, being four thousand natives from Galicia. My family was well-liked and known; probably my father's job as plumber let him meet most families around and showing his honesty and professional skill.

My brother was born in Ermua on the thirteenth of May of 1968. We could say his intention was to stay forever in his native village, as he never left it. He wanted to form his own family here, where he felt he belonged, and he never needed any other places to develop his life projects.

Miguel Ángel did Business Studies in the Universidad del País Vasco, in a college in Sarriko. For five years he got up early each day to catch the bus which took pupils to different colleges in the suburbs of Bilbao. In the afternoon he came back home the same way, sometimes by a Pesa public bus. Occasionally he stood with some friend in Bilbao to participate in the athletic walks on Thursdays, but usually he came back home. During the last year of his university studies he registered in a private academy in the city, so he took the last public bus-service. His life as student was

not comfortable, though not different from the lives of many other youngsters, always adapting to movement and activity.

My brother was very fond of Ermua, he loved his village very much. His wish was to get married there, raise his own family and of course to work in this *comarca* and end up his life in those streets. He had not interest in knowing other places, cultures or spaces in order to establish his life. Eibar and of course Bilbao were different worlds only to be entered in short visits. When he found a job here he saw how his plans and level of happiness were being fulfilled. As he was convinced his days would always go by in this village he thought most appropriate to get even more involved in its way of life; and that's why he started in politics: in order to improve daily life. Before they killed my brother, Ermua was not a well known village, in spite of its eight-thousand residents and of being a big one. Before July in 1997, when I had to explain where I was from, finally I just said I lived in a village close to Bilbao. Instead, Miguel always "winded" his brain trying to make others understand the exact position in the map by posing different examples and situations; he always loved Ermua very much.

Miguel Ángel had a passion for Business Studies, or that is what I felt when I saw him wrapped up in the reading of economic newspapers. He studied with especial interest the contents which had to do with the stock market or finances; sometimes he made comments about the Ibex, or gave his view about economy news on TV. I think he knew quite a lot about these issues to understand what the media said about the economy of this country. My parents were moved by comments of my brother they could not understand, as that meant that their struggle to improve their children's lives made sense. When he took his seat

in the Town-Council in Ermua he was not directly in charge of the budgets, as these issues were the responsibility of Ana Crespo, the spokeswoman for the Partido Popular, but I am sure he would have done very well in dealing with public financial matters.

He read a lot. His room was always full with books on different topics, and I can assure he “devoured” them. It caught my attention he read the Bible twice, an uncomfortable copy of my mother. He also read several times the trilogy “The Lord of the Rings”. Probably he was fascinated by its cosmogony and the beauty of the landscapes.

His personality was very attractive; he always showed himself optimist and joyful, he smiled all the time. I loved looking at him because his face shined even when he was angry. One of his passions was going out with friends, but he was particularly conscious that that was only one part of life; I mean he looked forward into the future and was a thrifty person in spite of being young. The day before he was kidnapped he had paid a deposit to buy a car, thanks to consistent saving. The way he understood discipline led him to use his own resources and being independent from his parents. He was very sensible in spite of his youthfulness. He suffered hardship for a year; his music-band registered for all the fairs, weddings and performances in the area in order to get more money and to not depend on borrowings he hated. Miguel Ángel was very keen on music. With three friends they formed a band that did his rehearsals in the empty flat of one of our uncles. The name of the group was changed in time: from Adis Kideak to Cañaveral, inspired by Poker.

Work did not bother him and he would rather effort and austerity to waste; in this sense he was a very mature person. His generation faced his first jobs after a short crisis called

“Puntocom”, but crisis anyway, and he and his friends developed a way of thinking keen on struggle.

He was fun. He teased me often with jokes, smiles and his easiness for chatting. -“Smile a little bit, good heavens” he said looking into my eyes. I have followed the advice since then, when the burdens of life or the pain because of his absence made the future look hopeless. He also loved spending time with us, his family, and his cheerfulness filled our meetings. That’s why he was passionate about Galicia. Every summer we went to visit our cousins in the villages of our parents, Cabanas and Junqueira, two beautiful hamlets in Orense. The last summers he extended the time of his trips because the performances of his group concentrated in August.

My brother began to get involved in politics little by little. At home we talked about the situation in Spain and The Basque Country and of course about the devastating effect caused in the consciousness of the community by the lack of reaction whenever the radical and totalitarian nationalism committed an assassination. He did not want to admit that his beloved adoptive land was a place full of coward people who preferred to look anywhere instead of acting democratically against those who marked with death people who supported legitimate ideas. I can perfectly remember my brother’s face after attending the funeral for his comrade Gregorio Ordóñez, with a sad look but at the same time full of strength to go on working for the defence of peace and liberty; he did not imagine that the count-down had already began for him.

Regarding local matters he knew at first hand the situation of shortage in Ermua and he was really interested in improving it. A

former teacher in our primary school encouraged Miguel Ángel to get involved in politics, as she noticed he was very well-educated and full of hope. She was the first person to do it. Later he met Iñaki Ortega at the University; he was the President of *Nuevas Generaciones* and he also inspired Miguel to take part in politics. He stood for the local elections in 1995; he was the third one in the list and got the seat in the Town-Council in Ermua.

For him it was a time full of lessons. During the campaign he was in charge of the PA system in the car of the Partido Popular; he distributed advertising leaflets in the streets although it embarrassed him a bit because he was quite shy; but he overcame any new situation. When our mother knew about his candidature she became very worried because of the dangerous tense atmosphere imposed by the radical nationalists in the Basque Country. Miguel always answered he was an unknown guy in a little unknown village. Besides that, Ermua was a city of immigrants where radical nationalists did not “command the streets” yet.

I never heard that he was threatened. In certain occasion somebody who defended terrorism tried to insult him calling him Spaniard, Fascist and that kind of things, but with what we were already enduring, that meant almost nothing. My brother was a very brave man, and he always answered to those attacks with his head held high. They insulted usually when they were gathered in groups, as if they were cattle, but when any of them was on his own and crossed next to Miguel in the street he or she bent down his head in shame and my brother asked: -“So, I’m not worth your insults any more?”. He was proud of his Party and verbal attacks never intimidated him. The previous assassination of a member of the Partido Popular (Goyo) did not awake a feeling

of menace in the community although State Security Forces were aware of the danger. My mother was very worried seeing the development of the situation and so she asked Miguel angel to stick to protection rules, to vary routes, to check behind him to make possible pursuers nervous. He answered he was an unknown person everywhere but in Ermua, so that it was impossible to be the target of the terrorist group.

Before his dream of working within the sphere of economy became true Miguel helped my father with his job as bricklayer, and it was moving seeing them working together, my father letting Miguel give a hand in the hardest tasks and Miguel proud of accompanying his father where necessary. We were so well educated that we did not need to learn that maxim which says "any men work is a wonder if done with willingness to serve, no matter how modest it is". Many times I saw them arriving home together, tired but joking and happy to be together. That images of my father and brother smiling together will accompany me always and I will transmit it to my children, as I understand it to be the most important legacy from my family.

Soon afterwards Miguel found a job which suited his studies on Economy; he joined Eman Consulting, financial and accounting group set in Eibar, a village which is few kilometres from Ermua. All this happened between the end of 1996 and the beginning of 1997. In July all the Spaniards got happy because of the liberation of the prison-civil servant José Antonio Ortega Lara, kidnapped and kept by ETA terrorists in a filthy tiny den for eighteen months. Few days later Basque terrorists kidnapped my brother and killed him a few hours later by two shots in his head, at the twelfth of July of 1997. What happened during those hours comforted us, as we felt deeply beloved by all the good people.

Many books have been written about those days admiring the attitude of the Spanish society that for the first time reacted as a community raising white hands in defence of our liberty, the liberty of my brother.

Fourteen years have gone by since then and we have cried a lot. I was lucky to get married and to beget to beautiful children who very often ask about his uncle Miguel. I try to make them feel he is their Guardian Angel, that he loves them and takes care of them, that he is watching us from heaven playing the usual jokes and smiles which made me so happy.

Maybe some day, when my children are grown up, they will understand that the pain for the death of his uncle did never disappear but that in spite of that sorrow there is also a kind of seed which let liberty arise again, the only good that makes worth loosing your own life.

My brother just wanted to live his life; he never thought somebody could hate him so much. Although ETA did not let him to live long at least I have the certainty that he was happy with his family and friends. I´ll never forget is smile, his innocent way of looking at; in short, I will never forget the person who will always be my brother, Miguel Ángel Blanco.

**JOSÉ LUIS
CASO CORTINES**

(1933-1997)



JOSÉ LUIS CASO CORTINES (1933-1997)

José Luis and all the members of his large family were born in Comillas, Cantabria, on the fifteenth of April of 1933. His grandparents were farmers in the lush fields of his native mountain and they educated their children for this activity. José Luis' father had the chance to leave those fields to be a lorry driver, more specifically for the service required by the seminary in Comillas. For years he was responsible for taking grain and other products from Carrión de los Condes in Palencia to the mining village. Years later he became a taxi-driver, always in Comillas.

My husband's family was a very modest one with respect to money. José Luis studied in a religious school in his village and later he asked to join the seminary in Comillas because he wanted to be a priest. He did not even take the first steps for his ordination because his family could not pay for his clerical studies. This event had subsequent consequences, as he stopped to attend mass on Mondays though he always believed in God and his mercy. He could never understand why the lack of money prevented him from studying to be a priest. He said of himself that he was more a registered nurse than a doctor. Anyway he always was a good man, and that's what matters.

As he couldn't continue studying he went to Madrid; a venture looking for a job that was impossible to find in Comillas. I do not know for how long he stood in the capital of Spain; years later he

told me that after being in Madrid he had registered for the compulsory military service, in the headquarters in Ventas, Irún, where a Mountain Division Battalion was posted in order to watch the Pyrenees area. I suppose his military service took two years, as was usual in the middle fifties. Thus we met, he on leave and dressed as soldier, me dressed as the seamstress I was. We started to fool around and go out until we decided to join our lives forever.

I'm not from Irún; I was born in Córdoba and baptized in its mosque. Mi father was a Civil Guard. Two years after I was born we moved to Galicia and eleven years later to Irún, as my father was promoted in rank. I feel a native from Irún, though; I have spent all my adult life in its streets and it is the place where I met José Luis and where we had our children. Though he was a military man my father didn't want us to live in the headquarters where he developed his career. Until I got married my family and I lived in a rented house in the centre of Irún.

When José Luis finished his military service he found a job in the Luzuriaga shipyards. I think he already knew about soldering and welding; anyway he entered as a simple labourer but was promoted to welder after finishing several courses. He was really good at cutting metal sheets with the blowlamp, though maybe a bit unconscious, as he never fully met safety measures at work, which on the other hand were almost non-existent in those years. He was allowed by the foremen not to use leather gloves and a helmet just because he said they bothered him. Until he had his toes smashed by a heavy load he didn't began to wear professional shoes with iron tips. Thus he spoiled his health, mainly his bronchus. It was not especially difficult for him to find a job: Irún was then burning with industry and activity and a

meeting village for people arrived from many places in Spain. Besides that, many of our neighbours were working in France. In short time we made up a group of friends with whom we enjoyed our youth deeply.

On the twenty-sixth of September of 1960 we got married in our parish church and afterwards we paid the deposit for our current house. My father didn't give me permission until I became twenty, and still today I say I got married very young, but I was happy from the first minute of our wedding. It may be thought that José Luis wanted to come back to his native Comillas to raise his children, but that was not the case. In Irún he felt very happy and he got to love this *comarca* the same as the people born here. Maybe having to move from the ancient province in Santander produced in him a feeling of having been uprooted and he tried to cancel it with his love for these people and its lands.

Life went on; our children were born, and school days and our social life began. Our group of friends filled our lives while walking in these streets, organizing trips for summer week-ends or meeting for any reasons. Our husbands gathered during the week; they went to have some drinks after work and to lively talk about solutions to the world's problems. They devoted the week-ends to us, to their families. Life was simple because we were simple people.

In short time José Luis stood out among his friends thanks to his amazing personality. He always was the merry-maker in every party, the good organizer, the one who made plans and encouraged those who felt tired or sad. It was obvious he was a good friend to everybody and assumed other people's problems.

The moment it was possible he became a member of the Casino in Irún, a place he used as a kind of head office for most meetings during his life.

One day he told me very excited, while we were having dinner at night, that a few days before he had heard Manuel Fraga was going to explain the project of the Spanish Right; now the Transition was starting, he had been to a meeting with a friend and both of them affiliated to the Partido Popular. I got quite confused by the news. Actually I had no reasons to worry but my intuition or maybe my lack of knowledge about what was going on in Spain made me feel strange. We had just finished the years of dictatorship and I didn't think that the participation of Jose Luis was important, even less in such a small village as Irún. Anyway it didn't surprise me that he got involved to that degree after listening to a lecture about a political project. José Luis was a natural leader; he took others anywhere no matter how complicated things were. In the shipyards he was the union representative for many years and he was not intimidated by discussions and disputes about improving labour conditions for his co-workers. Though not affiliated, he had as much passion for his activity in the trade union as for politics.

So, by this simple move of attending an innocent meeting our lives began to change radically. I don't know where they got the money from, but they rented a small apartment in Juan Arana street, N 4, twenty metres down from where we were living, and they started to work. In that office there was nothing; people had to contribute with materials and goods, but we were happy to do it. How many times have I spoken to Alvarito Moragas on the phone so that everything worked out! Fraga was kind enough to inaugurate our head office and little by little we started to give

lectures and meet people. Thanks to the work of José Luís, and of Herrera, of everyone, the Right-Centre began to be more present and to get more votes, although it is true Socialism had always been more popular with this neighbourhood.

I never let José Luis to stand for any of our candidatures under any circumstances; terrorism was very present. His children were becoming happy teenagers, alien to the complete dedication of their father to the Partido Popular; by then José Luis was already on definitive sick leave, as his bronchus got very weak with the gas of the welding torch when working in the shipyards. Without telling me he stood for the local elections in 1995, for the Town-Hall in Rentería. I knew they were struggling to obtain the candidature of the village close to Irún, but I could not imagine José would be interested. In Rentería he was well-liked by former fellow workers and because of his efficacy, and so he got two seats there: one for Concha Gironza and the other one for himself. From that moment he became the spokesman of the group in Rentería. I knew about his victory by the news-papers; for him this was a complete success because of what it meant for the consolidation of the Partido Popular, so he looked exultant for many days.

Rentería demanded a lot of work but he never complained about it, as he had a huge capacity for dealing with any issues. During these years he could practice his hobby: fishing from the rocks in the coast. When problems began I asked him to better leave for Levante with his rods; I would accompany him and we could throw the fishing line together. But there was no way: his love for Irún, the warm feelings of his friends plus his compromise with politics made him stand strong when the tragedy started.

Torture began after Miguel Ángel Blanco was assassinated during the summer of 1997. Every day terrorists called warning us about the possibility of being killed in terrible ways if we did not abandon the Basque Country. I was on the verge of changing our telephone number but at the same time I was convinced terrorists would easily get the new one. Thus was the sequence until he was killed. I think what triggered this situation was a dispute with a radical alderwoman in the Town-Council; she threatened to kill José Luís. During a plenary about the local feasts, he gave his opinion against the reading of the opening speech by the mother of a terrorist, because he believed there were more noble and deserving people in the village than someone who had a son in prison by judicial decision. That workmate said full of hate and spitting at him in the stairs of the municipal building that he had just signed his death sentence.

I can't still understand how we stood so much; maybe thanks to the short trips we did that summer trying to find some fresh air outside the Basque Country. It was amazing that with what we were going through he came back each day from work with renewed strength to go on working for the old people's home, for the conservatory and in some other matters given his post. On the fifth of December of 1997 ETA tried to kill Elena Aspiroz, and extraordinary young woman and a member of the Partido Popular in San Sebastián. After this news my oldest son had a conversation with me to beg me to try to convince José to leave politics, as he "would not bet for his father's life". But it was not possible. For the first time I talked to my son to let him know that there was little chance we did what we wanted, given that his father had decided to resist, to hold up because of a devotion for serving his neighbours that was his reason for living. If some day

something happened we should not put the blame on us for being unable to persuade José to leave his passion.

At night on the eleventh of December of 1997 I opened the window of the dining room as usual, as I wanted to hear the loud voice of José. I knew he was finishing the meeting with his friends, his *cuadrilla*, in the *bar*, and that he would come home soon to have dinner. When I heard his voice I started to prepare his dinner. That night I could hear two shots and then I knew he had been killed.

I came downstairs on my own to hold him for the last time on the floor while I caressed his head. My sons were married living in their respective homes, so they couldn't come in time to say good bye to his father. I can't remember the following days, as I felt as into some kind of painful cloud and wasn't able to notice much. A month later I felt sick, I lived into the deepest chasm and I wasn't able to get out. A few months later we could count on a friend who was an efficient psychologist and he helped us to coexist with the wound, with this pain that will never disappear.

Since José Luis was killed our lives have not been easy at all. The visit of Manuel Zamarreño, a good friend of José, informing me that he would be the substitute for my husband in the Town-Hill, caused me great sorrow. I begged him not to do it, and also did his wife. Poor Manuel was assassinated seven months later. It is a mystery the ability of some people to do what their consciousness tells them to do, to defend the ethics of duty to the bitter end.

I am still living in Irún because this is the place where my sons and grandsons live, my light and hope. While I was going for a

walk not long ago with the youngest ones I remembered the loud voice of José talking to his friends telling him he had a chubby and wonderful grand-daughter. If I go on forward in this street where so often we walked together hand in hand I find the shop of two of our friends; José Luis felt obliged to tell them he would not greet them at the doorway of their business anymore so that their lives were not put at risk. He was generous and full of charm even with respect to details.

I talk to him each day, very often, because it fills me with a kind of peace and calm that I do not obtain with the best medicines. I talk to him looking at the picture which dominates our home and ask him for help, to be present in the live of some relative, to be in charge of something we had been talking about so many times, but most of all I tell him I still love him a lot and will never forget him.

**JOSÉ IGNACIO
IRURETAGOYENA LARRAÑAGA**

(1963-1998)



JOSÉ IGNACIO IRURETAGOYENA LARRAÑAGA (1963-1998)

It was Gervasio Juaristi who introduced my son José Ignacio in local politics, a great friend of our family and no doubt the person who did most for the Right-Centre in Zaráuz since the beginning of the transition to democracy.

In the first General Elections in June of 1977 the brand of the Right was Guipúzcoa Unida, a label belonging to Alianza Popular which was not used any more shortly after. We got good results but in those years we didn't achieve the documents and certificates required.

As I said, it was Gervasio who called the tune in the no nationalist Right-Centre in Zaráuz, so that he had to organize conferences for the political campaign during the Basque Parliament Elections in 1984; the elections were held in our village, in Lizarde High School, which was almost just opened as the previous year it took place there the inauguration of what I am narrating. A few minutes before the meeting we could say that almost nobody had paid attention to the convocation, as the members were frightened by the violence of ETA. This is the reason why they came out of nowhere so suddenly.

Manuel Fraga is a particular man regarding punctuality; that day he arrived twenty minutes in advance, together with other people who accompanied him, time they used to exchange ideas

in absence of spectators, waiting for the right time. At eight o'clock about two hundred people showed up, all of them from Zaráuz, and the ceremony started. It is true that in our village the representation of the Right has always been very ample; we started with one councillor but eventually we had two and we were about to get the third one, though we never got it.

As I said, the meeting was held but in a hurry; it was quite strange; in twenty minutes Fraga had finished his speech. Almost everyone left but for an enthusiastic group who asked him for signed pictures. He had not signed even ten pictures yet when a loud explosion took place and part of the hall's plaster roof and some pieces of rubble fell down. To say it in a smooth way, we were perplexed. Manuel Fraga, almost without flinching, appealed for calm and continued signing photographs. Soon after it came the Civil Guard (there hasn't been established an Automuuous Police Force yet) and they put some order into chaos.

The building was a year old and terrorists put the parcel bomb under it using some vent or the like. Thank God they didn't hit upon in their attempt to find the bottom part of the hall so it exploded far from us. None was injured. Later Gerardo had problems because the manager and the Culture Department of the Council demanded the payment of the damages caused by the terrorists... He had to hire a lawyer in order to solve that claim in his favour.

Gervasio was really interested in our option and encouraged me to stand for the municipal elections with Alianza Popular; I did it and we got the seat comfortably. I enjoyed a lot solving problems in the village.

The Iruretagoyena family is from Haya, a *comarca* next to Zaráuz. Like many other native-born we are of *carlista* ancestry, and in this land is where my ancestors settled. Until a while before getting married I was living in my family's farm-house, Gurrutxaga (that's how they know us: the *Gurrutxagas*), and afterwards I went "down" to Zaráuz looking for the comfort offered by these kind of small summer villages. The moment I began to work I "threw caution to the wind" and set up a big sawmill that has been the means of earning our living for my family. Our surname is also the name of the company and there work all my sons but one. José Ignacio was the most able one regarding his natural intelligence and his willingness to struggle for the business of his father.

I felt a heartrending pain for the death of my son, as I thought that, if I hadn't encouraged him to stand for election by the Partido Popular he would have never been elected, and so he would have never been killed. It is truth that when he stood for election the earlier terrible tension of the Transition, when they killed one person each week, had already disappeared. I could not imagine that hate would be so cruel to my beloved son. Everybody knows that I didn't want to leave my post at first, this is, I wanted to stand for again, but Gervasio knew my son was more able than me and he could do a lot for the village.

For four years I was the Town Planning Councillor in charge of the development of Zaráuz; actually the *PGOU* -General Town Planning- was planned before the Transition, according to the research of Peña Ganchegui. During the four years I stood in the Town-Council I was in charge of the Town-Planning and I learnt a lot, although I didn't rule in coalition. The PNV won the elections, probably because the current split had not been provoked yet by

Carlos Garaicoechea. We had our chance in the Council because we accepted the formation of their government, and also because they said I am a kind man who hardly ever made things difficult, excepting when the issue had to do with especially sensitive questions such as facilitating terrorist prisoners their unity and stay close to the Basque Country. I think our work meant a huge improvement for other people and also for us. Before the political term finished Gervasio insisted that my son, a man of great worth who could do many things for Zaráuz, should succeed me. José Ignacio was elected town councillor in the month of May of 1995 and three months later he was killed.

My son José Ignacio did his high school studies in La Salle in Zaráuz obtaining excellent records. His oldest son, my grandson, whom he almost didn't know, gets also outstanding marks.

When José finished he decided to continue studying on his own to be a quantity surveyor in order to work for the family's company. Those years he was exhausted being in charge of his work, his responsibility as councillor and, at night, his studies for the exams in San Sebastián. During this period of his life I saw him studying consistently for hours every night, and nothing discouraged him. José Ignacio was very kind, intelligent, polite and nice and he worked with the same efficiency we applied to our company. He was a friend to many people and the affection was mutual. He devoted a lot of hours to work in the Town-Council, proving to be a very hard worker together with his teammate of Party, Jorge Knof. To the family company he arrived at eight o'clock and was responsible for the administration and accountant of the business.

He supported no strong positions regarding political ideologies. He showed sympathy for the Spanish Right-Centre and little

more; he was a normal person in that sense, his character was not hot-headed. He was a friend to all the other councillors and never made any of them feel awkward. He was also keen on sports, especially on football, though he never liked surf in spite of having a fantastic beach next to our house; in those years certain friends pulled a face on the "*ecologistas*" –"ecologists" – which is how they called those guys who travelled around Europe in a van surfing the waves; they considered these people dirty and not sociable at all. All that changed for better, as we all know.

My son José Ignacio was a member of the Trust for the *Euskera* language as representative of the Partido Popular.

When they killed him, the neighbours in Zaráuz bent over backwards for us, and we could feel their sincere sympathies for our sorrow. I remember as very annoying the wrong news published by a certain journalist who wrote that José was fond of the Batasuna political party and friend to its members. The truth was he had no problem about meeting them or having some drinks as required by his post in the Town-Council. This information was very painful for the widow, who has a similar ideology to ours and is the daughter of a *carlista* family.

José Ignacio didn't want to take escort because he wasn't someone significant inside the Partido Popular, even though Gervasio tried to make him see he shouldn't refuse security. He was a friend of the village and everybody requited his kindness with their love. For this reason he thought there wasn't any reason to worry.

They killed him at thirty five and he could not enjoy the company of his sons Mikel and Natxo, four years old and eight

months of age respectively, the most glorious thing one can have in this world. A bomb behind the seat of his car smashed his body on the ninth of September of 1998, at ten to eight in the morning while he was going to work. The President Aznar, a good friend of mine, came to the funeral accompanied by seven Ministers. I wish that visit had never taken place, as that would mean José is still with us. I am unable to forget his smile, the friendly way in which he always pleased us, his great joy for living and the huge love he felt for his wife and two sons.

**MANUEL
ZAMARREÑO VILLORIA**

(1955-1998)



MANUEL ZAMARREÑO VILLORIA (1955-1998)

Manuel's family and mine were born in Salamanca and León, but they left their native homeland because it was necessary for different circumstances. Casualty made them settle in Guipúzcoa and in this land and in their effort they put all their hopes.

Manuel was born in San Sebastián on the sixth of January of 1955. His childhood was the usual one for a boy in a society that wasn't conflictive at all. He studied in a public school next to his home until he got the Grade School Certificate at fourteen. At that moment he said his father he didn't want to know anymore about regular studies and books. As there was no other alternative Manuel asked his father to help him find a job and, as he worked in Luzuriaga Shipyards he made possible for Manuel to enter as apprentice in the small industrial area in Pasajes, close to Rentería and Irún.

In the shipyards Manuel spent all his life. As I said, he began as apprentice, and thanks to his effort and his application with respect to promotion and training he got to be a good welder. He liked his job a lot because he felt useful manufacturing high quality steel sheets with welding torchs. At work he made good friends who accompanied him during the most terrible moments of his life, our life.

When Manuel saved enough money he went to live in Rentería in order to be closer to his work place and to avoid travelling

expenses which so much diminish the economy of the working-class. One day we met, we liked each other, we began to go out together and in time we decided to get married. Manuel was a good man, with a heart willing to help others, devoting every minute to me and our children, for whom he lived. He was a good friend and got interested about whatever had to do with them, even in those moments when our life was really unbearable and it seemed there was no possibility of thinking about anything that wasn't our survival. Regarding that aspect I must declare that almost no friend abandoned us when our life became terrible because of terrorism.

Rentería was quite a scaring place at the beginning of the eighties. Brawls by radical *abertzales* –radical Basque left – were very frequent and some people had already been killed in its streets. But it was just there where we had to live as there was where we had raised our home and we had no possibility of finding a different house because of our modest earnings. On the other hand, the company where Manuel was working in was flagging in absence of contracts, until it had to close leaving the staff laid off. That was the case of Manuel and of many of his friends.

He always liked politics a lot. Articles in news-papers and TV information totally caught his attention. He couldn't bear injustices, the dictatorship of panic installed by the official radical *abertzales* in the Basque Country, the imposition of their identity signs as if those were patrimony of all the Basque citizens and the only feature of the Basque essence. He was born in San Sebastián and we knew the history of his homeland was an important part of the Spanish one.

Gregorio Ordóñez was assassinated by the end of January 1995 causing us a pain difficult to explain. Gregorio was the person

who acted as guarantor for my husband when he affiliated to the Partido Popular. His assassination caused us great disgust; we deeply agreed with his ideology. We were friends with some members of the Party, as for example José Luis Caso, co-worker in the shipyards, and his wife, Juani. Both of them were excellent friends.

From José Luis we knew the Partido Popular was going to be present as candidate for the first time, in Rentería, and that Manuel was the third one in the list. We thought his participation was somehow incidental, as we could never imagine our option would get two seats; it was really a surprise that made us all very happy, politically speaking, though some wives knew deep inside many bad things could derive from that long-awaited triumph. The atmosphere in Rentería had already become pure strain, but with the two seats it began to be much worse.

The days went by and ETA kidnapped and killed Miguel Ángel Blanco. We suffered such pain and anguish! For the first time the reaction of the Spanish society was in accordance with the severity of the situation, refusing terrorism in the streets with white hands up, shouting "*libertad, libertad*" –freedom, freedom– while *abertzale* radicals hid in their sewers. This clamour that went all over Spain and so all over the Basque Country was not felt in Rentería, where its citizens kept hidden at home silenced by their panic to the radicals. In those days politicians suffered a hell with continuous calls to the families with no care at all if a child or any other person unconnected to their work answered the phone.

About five months after killing Miguel Ángel ETA assassinated José Luis Caso, an excellent friend of us, a good mate and very

kind man. When Manuel and I knew about it we were speechless while crying in silence. I couldn't visit Juani and hold her because I wasn't able to stand more pain.

But not happy with that, ETA put a bomb in the house of another town councillor, Concepción Gironza. Poor Concepción wasn't able to stand the pressure and she retired to avoid being killed. He discussed these incidents with Manuel, Borja Sémpér, José María Trimiño and other members of the Party because we needed everyone's help.

One sad day Manuel informed me that he had decided to replace José Luis because he was the next one in the list of the Partido Popular after Concepción retired. With the solemnity which accompanies important occasions he remind me he was a Basque citizen, he had been born in this place and nobody would expel him from here, even less a group of assassins no matter how much support they had from the nationalists in the government. I tried to make him change his mind by reasoning, especially with regard to the necessity we had of him in order to go on raising our family. He was a brave man who overcame problems by the strength of his character although he also was a quiet and shy person. Before Manuel and José María Trimiño Hidalgo –the following one in the list- made public their decision of taking their respective seats terrorists took up again their usual activities making the streets of Rentería full with names crossed out on targets drawn on walls, apart from phone calls, insults and countless terrible things. From time to time we tried to evade from this horror travelling to Extremadura for a few hours. When we got into the car to come back anxiety and fear emerged again making it unbearable the way back home. Some said we were heroes, but nothing farther from reality. I loved

Manuel deeply and tried not to increase his anguish by a silent and terrified attitude. When I understood he had made his decision I made whatever was possible to show him my tenderness and I calmed him whenever he felt downhearted.

Manuel and José María held their posts in the City-Hall on the 21 of May of 1998 during a solemn event I attended dressed in my best gown. They took their seats later because when José Luis Caso was killed Manuel declared publicly that terrorists and Herri Batasuna was the same thing, so this group brought a lawsuit against him. Manuel went back on his word, but the members of the radical Party went on with legal actions. Then is when it started our six months hell.

Manuel's life, our lives, got worse and worse as weeks went by. When I was with him in the streets people changed pavement; when we got into a bar to have some drinks many people just paid and left. Wherever we parked, others moved their cars farther. It is quite obvious they feared that a bomb or a bullet could hit them. Finally terrorists burnt our car; they crushed our lives.

Manuel and José María decided to walk apart in the street so that they were not a too visible and easy target. Their bodyguards advised them not to attend all the meetings in the City-Hall within a publicly known time-table because that made security impossible. Before the end they usually met outside at dusk, in San Marcos Fort, in order to prepare their speeches for the plenary sessions; they tried to avoid somebody could follow them during their walks in the city, almost clandestinely, as they had detected a strange person many times. Thus they did the day before he was killed even though security had been tightened by

the Autonomous Police Force before suspecting a terrorist attack could take place by a bomb installed in some bicycle or motorbike.

Some times they talked calmly about the possibility of getting alive from politics, their effort and the possibility, their sacrifices at work were not worthwhile, about sorrow and anguish and their value. They concluded it was worthwhile, as they wanted for their children a Basque Country where nationalist's hate had no place, where they could live free. Thirteen years have passed since they killed Manuel, a good man who looked after other people. For a long time he joined the APA – parents association in schools – in the ikastola where our children studied –high schools in the Basque country whose methodology emphasizes the Basque culture-; he spoke *vascuence* – or *euskera*, the Basque language -; he was fond of peace. I must say he spoke with the truth without losing his ironic smile, and that was just too much for the radical *abertzales*.

On the nineteenth of June of 1988 we travelled south to Almuñecar, as Manuel had been awarded the Courage Prize by the editorial department of the news-paper Costa Popular. That was our farewell after two marvellous days travelling; he was killed four days later.

When coming back home, walking on the street with José María Trimiño and his body-guards they saw how a boy came out from a close group and approached them. After insulting him, that guy told Manuel he would die in three days. Four days later, on the twenty-fifth of June of 1998, it exploded the bomb which took his life, our lives. That was Rentería for the Partido Popular and for the option of freedom at the end of the twentieth century.

With his death emptiness filled everything, absolute anguish, among some other reasons because those radicals continued insulting me and wishing the worst of deaths for me. When my oldest daughter finished her university studies we decided to leave the Basque Country forever and settle somewhere else in Spain. It was hard for me to get used to a different place, being so old, but little by little I got better, mainly because I stopped seeing all those faces full of hate. Now I feel expectant, my heart broken; I wish I could give Manuel all those hugs I couldn't when he died, and I sight such a lovely person is never deleted from my mind. I still walk with him in my memories, holding our hands, looking into each other eyes.

**ALBERTO
JIMÉNEZ BECERRIL**

(1960-1998)

**ASCENSIÓN
GARCÍA ORTIZ**

(1956-1998)



ALBERTO JIMÉNEZ BECERRIL
(1960-1998)

ASCENSIÓN GARCÍA ORTIZ
(1956-1998)

Since the first moment of his birth, on the twelfth of August of 1960, the life of Alberto meant absolute joy for everyone. Nurses in the clinic where my brother was born already had that intuition, and they had no doubts about taking the baby around, making notice anybody who wanted to listen to that the boy they were cradling in their arms was the most beautiful creature in this world. And it was truth; as he grew a bit older the features in his face became clearer, showing a handsome boy, especially attractive. Before finishing his high school studies in the Jesuits in Seville he was extraordinarily tall, with jet coloured curls which captivated all the girls in Seville. He was very handsome.

When it was the time for me to “astonish” Andalucía I liked being invited by Alberto to go out together with a friend of mine, to Triana or to any other place in Seville, because with him I felt as if was wearing jewels and the best accompanied woman with the best of brothers.

But it was not only his features. His way of being irradiated happiness and we noticed that the joy of living pervaded his character, in the generosity with which he devoted time to other people, in the “spark” with which he talked, in the witty comments which characterized his natural intelligence. With no intention, his presence was especially felt in our family meetings, contributing to conversations with his wit and calmness.

Before he moved to Madrid to obtain a degree in Law in CEU San Pablo –university institution-, he got a grant which let him stay in the United States, learn their language and got to know the political structure of that great nation, as in those years Alberto had already been captivated by politics although no in any specific way. The political Transition let him see he could contribute with the freshness of his youth, with the modern way his generation had of interpreting the reality of Spain´s future. I followed him and also settled in Madrid a year later, though my professional interests were related to the field of communication and so I got a degree in Journalism. As I said, politics caught the attention of Alberto and when he saw the occasion he joined UCD. I can still see him helping to distribute propaganda for the elections with Calvo Sotelo´s team. All that had to do with helping people he did it with the greatest of pleasure.

The second grade of his degree in Law, the fourth and fifth courses, was done in the University of Seville, his native town, which he didn´t abandon since then. In its classrooms was where he met Ascensión García Ortiz, Ascen, the woman who made him fall in love and also a happy and fulfilled man. They got married being still young in May of 1988 in the Basilica of the Macarena and they had three children: Ascensión, Alberto and Clara.

Ascen was born on the eleventh of May of 1956 in Cádiz, but when she became seven years old his father, a professional military man, moved to Seville. She finished her high school studies in the school of the Irlandesas –Irish school- and in Murillo high school, and finished her degree in Law time later. The beginning of her professional career took place in the office of Luis Escribano, without leaving her work as attorney.

When I finished my studies I channelled my professional future far from Seville and because of that I didn't meet him so often. I know that soon after obtaining his degree he worked for a short period in a law firm at the same time he exercised as a state-appointed lawyer. The next remembrance I have about him is Alberto entering the main office of Alianza Popular in the neighbourhood Los Remedios; soon he was representing his voters as councillor in the Town-Hall. This must have happened in 1987, which was the year when local elections were held, when Alianza Popular got eight seats, not enough for ruling the city but at the same time a perfect school where Alberto learnt to serve the people living in Seville; this was his passion since he decided to get involved in politics for a living.

During these elections he met Soledad Becerril, the future mayoress during the following term, who in this occasion attended the plebiscite as Independent in the Popular list. Soledad and Alberto got on well from the first moment because she noticed the ultimate sense why he devoted himself to the citizens. He always dedicated his time with authentic devotion, with effectiveness not very common among most people working for public institutions.

In the term office of 1991 the Popular Party established its government and displayed the efficacy of its program. Alberto was mainly in charge of the health programme as delegate, and at the same time he covered and solved other problems with his skill and intelligence. Apparently his work did not cost him great effort, given that his gift to establish good relationships made easy to solve the most complex problems by dialogue and pacts. He had great friends among union reps, officials and councillors in the opposition, true friends who cried when the nationalist

terrorism killed him from behind together with his wife. The rest of Parties were jealous of not counting themselves on aldermen with the personality of Alberto, as in short time he got a good reputation of being a willing person and someone who usually took the initiative, who took political risks if he esteemed that the ideas he proposed could improve the lives of Seville's citizens.

During the political term which began in 1995, Alberto was appointed deputy mayor in his city and delegate of The Treasury in the Town-hall. This appointment made him happy because now he had the necessary tools for improving his beloved city. The post Soledad Becerril ordered him to administrate was very austere, but it is true that he never complained. He succeeded in making the public wealth reach exactly where it was most needed. It was probed that the city and its services were running perfectly, of course because that government was confident in the technical criteria of government employees and high-ranking officials, the best way to get right when managing corporations; Alberto got very happy. It can be said that, when they killed him, there was not any patrimony among his belongings. He had a small car and little more, as he never used his political career for his own gain.

I am not surprised he was so well-liked in the Town-Hall. He was a hard worker who only left his office at dusk, after dealing with every document, and no one escaped being read. Sometimes he did his work surrounded by his children, then so young, because he was very fond of kids and a loving father; so the offices of the Treasury Department got full of laughs and games. When he finished he called his wife and they went for a walk in the city, to converse with friends.

Ascen was the perfect partner for her husband's career, accompanying him in as many meetings as she could, contributing to any task with her strength and personality. She was very in love and it was quite obvious; it could easily be noticed there was no space for routine in their lives and they were living their family project with the thrill of the first moments.

We never talked about the terrible news related to the North of Spain, about the murders of our comrades. Alberto managed as everybody did the measures for his personal protection, especially at the beginning; but he was never afraid and in time we loved our ward; who would think that nationalist terrorism would reach as far as Seville, in the South?.

On the thirtieth of January of 1998 they killed them both from behind, in the darkness of the night, while they were coming back home. Their three children were placidly sleeping ignoring they would never see again their parents in this life. The rest of us, the family, fell to pieces with horror and lack of hope. In time, when we got used little by little to their absence, we repaired the harm the defenders of hate caused, especially when we saw that their children, our nephews, were growing up with the same joy as their parents did. It was a wise move that my mother would take care of them: in her heart they found a love they never missed.

Thirteen years have passed since then and the wound doesn't heal yet; it will never will. Both girls and the boy ask often about the personality of their parents and what they loved, how they had fun having tapas –elaborated snacks- with friends and attending the *Semana Santa* –Holy Week, Eastern- and the *Feria*. We answer with the truth of our hearts, that their parents were

two kind persons who loved them crazy and that they took them everywhere. Many times, because they ask, we tell them about their lives, with the hope that as we talk on, we all keep present memories of them for as long as we live.

**JESÚS MARÍA
PEDROSA URQUIZA**

(1942-2000)



JESÚS MARÍA PEDROSA (1942-2000)

Jesús Mari was born on the twelfth of December of 1942 in Villafranca de Oria, currently called Ordicia. The name of that village in Guipúzcoa changed as so many things did in that region, but he preferred to keep the one he learnt at home when he was a child. When he was four the family left his village and settled in Durango, a place he never left. The reason for changing residence was his father found a job as machinery fitter in a local company where he stood until he retired. Jesús abandoned Guipúzcoa, where he never came back again, but he kept his passion for the Real Sociedad football team, the one he was fond of since he was a child.

He was just another one among his people. He was provided schooling first in Durango in the schools of the Villa; afterwards he registered with the Jesuits for his high school studies thanks to a pension-grant –here is where he started a friendship with Juanjo Gaztañatorre-, given that domestic economy was very modest. When he finished high school he enrolled in the Universidad Laboral in Sevilla, as he wanted to study Electronics and in time to obtain a degree in Industrial Engineering in Bilbao by degree validation. He realized soon that he would never fulfil his dream. The military service and deferrals and later his debut in the labour market crossed in his way. Though he tried to study the fourth and fifth courses during nights in order to get a degree, he was unable to manage with all the stuff, so he concentrated in

his job and in our recent marriage. His first job after completing military service was in the firm *Fundiciones San Miguel* –San Miguel Foundry-, where he set up a laboratory which now would be called of Research and Development, plus developing activities as quality analyst for six months. Afterwards he became manager for Quality Control in Industrias Inder, in Berriz, specialized in manufacturing different pieces for cars. While he was working there was when we joyfully decided to get married.

We settled our home in Atxondo Valley in a rented flat belonging to the municipality; it is close to Abadiano and relatively close to Durango. That we decided to settle there temporarily was due among some other reasons to the fact that my father was the secretary in the City-Hall. Five years later we moved our home to Durango because we thought it would be much more convenient that my first daughter was provided schooling there.

During the first fifteen years of being married Jesús Mari went every day to Berriz by car. At the end of the seventies the Inder Company workers went on strike because they had problems with supplies among some others; Jesús stood there until he found a job in a compressors manufacturer company called Puskas. In this company he stood for the last five years of his working life, as a labour force adjustment plan provoked that he lost his job. Previously he suffered a heart attack which left him very weak. His heart became so delicate that he was given a permanent disability certificate. Since then he completely devoted himself to politics.

It was Juanjo Gaztañatore who introduced him into this new field. Later I knew that all began when he offered Jesús to be in

the first place in the candidature for the elections in 1983. Jesús refused the offer because he felt too modest to be alderman. But Juanjo, who was always a good friend and a very persistent person, tried again in 1987, because he knew Jesús was a competent professional. This time Jesús accepted and he won a seat with an ample margin. I know Juanjo noticed Jesús's personal value because he was a very intelligent, honest and hard-working man. After his death I was told that when Jesús was president of the Town-Council Treasury Committee all the other Parties agreed about passing his proposal for the budget plan, even the radical left one. That was an unprecedented as until then the Partido Popular had never got the approval of the other councillors. The prestige of Jesús Mari increased in very short time. In his natural manners it could be appreciated his open mind and his ability to honestly deal with all the members of the different groups in the City-Hall; he was proud of getting on well with everybody. I am convinced that his affable smile and efficiency shortened the time needed to become friends.

Jesús Mari said "yes" to the Popular Party because he could see in it the best vehicle to help Durango's residents; then it was a village with twenty-three thousand ones. I know he never had radical ideas about the Right-Centre, what is more, his father was a Communist. On the other hand our membership to ELA ,a Union managed by the Nationalist Basque Party, was well known; his, mine, and our daughter's. We felt they defended our interests and jobs efficiently, more that their ideology, and that's why we joined them. In some occasions Jesús Mari lead the First of May demonstrations behind the placards. By this last comment I just want to let people know that he joined any issue which he reasonably thought to make easier other people's lives. I remember him telling me that he felt close to the Partido Popular

in the way it understands the History of Spain and current politics; that happened when José María Aznar came to get together all the signatures for the Right-Centre and represented the discourse and attitude of it. He was neither socialist nor nationalist so he concluded he was closer to the Popular Party.

His permanent disability occurred when he was still young, that is why he put the same passion in his work for the Town-Council that he had put in former jobs during his working life. After having breakfast he went to the City-Hall and there he spent hour after hour. He was a kind of "joker", as he could be watching an exam called by the municipality or help in any other issue requested by anyone. In this sense he was very generous and he felt happy sharing his time with anybody who needed it. Quite often he called home and told me he would arrive home late because he had to substitute somebody else. I never felt he though this "last moment" unexpected work to be a burden.

A lot of residents in Durango seek an audience with Jesús Mari, as rumour had it that he could short out problems, he was efficient and always said the truth about the dossiers and expedients he was processing. He was very happy helping his fellow citizens especially when he got to break any deadlocks. We must say they saw in Jesús a good civil servant, in the sense that with him things worked well, and I was full of joy when I saw that his work and the esteem for him surpassed ideologies.

I never saw him so happy as when he held our little daughters in his strong arms. He stared tenderly at them and I noticed he was moved by these two marvellous creatures. Many times I witnessed how he talked to his friends about the "treasures" he had at home; he spoke a lot. What always caught my attention

was his great cordiality with everybody. I loved his skill when dealing with people and to make any meeting easy; the truth is it was very nice being with him, there was never a moment for boredom.

I was told some time later that he was very strict at work and at the same time he had a great ability for dialogue; everybody admired his touch of sarcasm when presenting or refuting proposals in the Parliament as his comrades could see for thirteen years his attitude favouring dialogue, intelligent pacts and hard-work. It admired me how meticulous he was at the study of documents; he put all upside-down so that whatever was voted was the best option for Durango.

We always went on vacation in August. Both had our respective jobs and, as my company did not close during this month, I tried to adapt to his schedule, which set holidays for the main month of the summer. We start going to La Rioja, looking for a dry weather which could mitigate the our daughter's continuous coughs; four years later we rented a room in Isla, a small village very close to Ris beach in Cantabria. We enjoyed like children having a rest with friends and making plans.

Later one of my sisters bought a small house in a village next to Haro and since then we became perpetual friends of La Rioja, what delighted Jesús Mari. There he was especially happy, chatting with everyone, going for long walks, painting the windows or mending any gadgets at home, "taking command" of the kitchen during the infinite meals he prepared for his beloved *cuadrilla*. *Paellas* and roasted meat for the family were always prepared by him, given that he was a very good cooker, we must say, at the same time that he was also a merrymaker in every

party. He enjoyed his free time in La Rioja when he finished the daily reading of documents in the City-Hall, as even during his vacation he was responsible with his work.

I met him when I was thirteen, still wearing socks, during the fairs of San Antonio in Durango on the thirteenth of June, and we never got apart again. Many were the characteristics which attracted me and which from year to year outlined a lovely person. His friends thought the same, especially regarding his generosity and his wish to please other people. Once a month he cooked for a Gastronomy Club whose members were old men and woman, as he liked alleviating the work of people he loved, who were a lot.

Tragedy began two or three years before he was killed, when ETA broke its truce. During those days they didn't let us live in peace, coming every single day to make our lives difficult. Their demonstrations stopped at our doorway, they called on the phone to tell us all kind of terrible things and left threatening letters in our mail-box. I never told him about retiring from politics because it was his life, the reason he woke up every morning. The last Christmas we spent together we got again an empty bottle meaning that he had already been "signalled" for their chase as long as terrorist prisoners continued in jail. Those were awful years during which we could not defend ourselves, even less our daughters. The youngest one, who was already eighteen, had to attend a psychologist quite often, so that she could bear the terrible tension. At Christmas in 1999 terrorists drew targets on the walls in the Durango's old town with the face of Jesús María and the sentence "you will be the next one" on them. One of our daughters faced up to his father because she thought something really serious could happen, such as the explosion of a bomb at

home or some other brutalities, and our family could not go on like that; but afterwards she ceased in discussing it and we decided tacitly not to talk about it any more, even when a terrorist came home, encouraged by some of his mates, to hand over a menacing letter. Through the peephole I saw the television cameras they took with them in order to record the mocking, but I didn't open the door. When these things happened Jesús called the Autonomous Police Force that always arrived when these thugs were already gone. In certain occasions, a large group was throwing stones to our windows from the sidewalks; they had placards and candles they put on the floor while they insulted us with words full of hate. That performance of horror took a long time but, as usual, the Police Force was late again.

Those were really tough days during which we suffered a lot. Next to our home is set the high school from which often came out those radical youngsters to make us notice their souls rotten by the outdated nineteenth-century nationalism. It was unbearable. Sometimes I was to blame for the inconveniences my neighbours endured because of those young criminals. Not all the neighbours were nice with us; there is one who doesn't even say hello any more. One day they put a placard on the façade with the worst wishes for Jesús; this was only possible because some neighbour let them do as they wanted. He lived with great joy his last days while we prepared our daughter's wedding.

On the fourth of June of 2000 he was killed from behind, after he went to mass and greeted a friend at the *batxoki* in Durango -kind of Basque pub-. Many people told me, included some radical aldermen, that his death was difficult to understand because he was the best councillor in the village and because it was known his life consisted in doing good deeds without considering

people's votes. The nationalist mayor in Durango made a wise move breaking the pact with the Party of the terrorists when they didn't condemn the assassination of my husband.

He was a very well-liked man. Tragedy didn't end when he was killed. After his death we still got phone calls saying things such as – "Son of the... you are already dead, you are already against the wall". Tension reduced somehow when the telephone company provided us with a new number which didn't appear in any public guide.

Shortly after the media reported that the assassins of my husband were among some terrorists who had died while manipulating a bomb; both were from Durango and one of them usually went out with one of my nephews' *cuadrilla*.

Now I just have daughters' love, his daughters, who so tenderly he cradled in his arms, my grand-children, and the remembrance of the walks we went for in Durango hills when we were still young and full of hope even when it seemed we were some kind of social outcasts. Since the first time he looked at me I knew he would be my soul-mate and thus will be while I breathe.

**MANUEL
INDIANO AZAUSTRE**

(1970-2000)



MANUEL INDIANO AZAUSTRE (1970-2000)

Few people other than our family know I'm the cousin of Manuel's mother and a few years older. Manuel was born on the eighteenth of October of 1970 and we could say we almost didn't know each other until we started a relationship and he came to live with me in Zumárraga. My family and his lived so far away in Spain that only some extraordinary celebrations or funerals reunited us, as it happened when I attended the funeral of Manuel's grandmother held in Madrid. It wasn't until a year later that Manuel and me met again, when I stopped for three or four days at his parent's house on my way to the village I was born in.

His father was from a village in the province of Badajoz called Valencia de Ventoso, and his mother from the same village as all my family, South-East in Jaén. We all came from modest origins and hard work and striving were natural for all of us. Manuel's grandmother became a widow being still young since she moved with her daughters to Madrid she always worked as kitchen assistant in the pubs where she found a job. Within this humble atmosphere their lives went by; one of them was Manuel's mother. When his parents got married, his grandmother moved to Manuel's parents' home and she became an emotional referent, in such a way that he suffered a lot when she died.

My father arrived in Zumárraga in 1960, following the "trail" of his siblings, always looking for means of living that were non-

existing in his native town. My mother was a hard working hair-dresser for forty years but she couldn't keep on her usual pace and speed of work because of her legs' fatigue. In Urola's river valley she found a steel-works company to work in and thus she could organize her life. My mother stood in the village meanwhile, waiting for my birth; finally when I was born my father came to pick us up and to take us North Spain.

Landscapes in Zumárraga and all around that area are very beautiful, so I'm not surprised any visitor gets moved by the beauty of Guipúzcoa. That's what Manuel felt when he visited me for the first time and he spent two weeks of vacation. The environment is so sweet while life was nice for us that he got completely fascinated. From our house we could see the up-valley area, and from the *caserío* –Basque country house- of my daughter's godmother half Gipúzcoa. Manuel called that surroundings *Euskadi profunda* –deep Euskadi-; he decided to stay with us with nothing but the clothes he had on and accepting all the consequences even though sometimes the atmosphere in the village was quite tense because of the usual radical nationalists.

When I knew Manuel deeper during September in 1996 it shocked me he had a sticker about Euskadi on his cupboard. To my surprise he told me that problems related to terrorism had always caught his attention; we were suffering since many decades ago and he would like to do something to help solving them. Little could we imagine what would happen time later.

Manuel graduated in Engineering & Telecommunications in Madrid. He was very good at any mechanic work and of course at anything having to do with electricity and communications.

When in 1996 he decide to settle in Euskadi with us he thought it would be easy somebody could offer him a job related to his skills; but it didn't happen like that and we had a very bad time. By then I had already been working for a cleaning-service company for many years, in libraries and in the Town-Hall, and because of that I had met the town councillors, among them Valeriano Martínez and Faustino Villanueva, members of the Partido Popular. Valeriano was the one who had been longer in the Party. Years before he had been politically active in UCD and had suffered a lot because of the terrorist persecution aldermen had been subjected to. I told him about Manuel and asked him if he knew about any company in the surroundings that may need somebody to work in the fields which he was a specialist on. He had an interview with Manuel, noticed his intelligence, abilities and will to improve his adoptive land and convinced him to stand for the lists of his Party the following local elections. When I knew about his acceptance I almost had a heart attack, as by then eleven affiliates of the Partido Popular had been assassinated.

I don't know if it was thanks to Valeriano or to other person that Manuel found a job in an industrial-cleaning company. Sad enough, he stood for a short period of time on account of an industrial accident that, though no important, left him unemployed. While these things happened he found something else to do, but he was dismissed because it was not allowed to be accompanied by one or, sometimes, two body-guards. Manuel became deeply depressed because of the disregard the dismissal meant for our family; besides, we lived on my earnings as Town-Hall cleaner. From being a cheerful person with his friends, around those *cocidos* he carefully prepared – boiled meat meal - he turned to feel the burden of deep sadness.

Manuel got one of the two councillorships won by the Partido Popular because Faustino Villanueva, number two, left his seat to completely devote to the rehabilitation of drug addicts. Manuel was the number six in the list, so there were three people before him who, as we can understand, didn't accept the post. Manuel accepted because he thought an unemployed man, unknown everywhere, and especially in Zumárraga, would never catch the attention of anybody, even terrorists's attention.

I felt a deep anguish but I let it be because he was very excited about it; he was so kind that he though working for his adoptive village would make him better-liked among his neighbours. He was so nice that never had problems with anybody; he talked to everybody included radical nationalists, though he didn't know that in the North of Spain some people are short and dry before accepting new members in their *cuadrilla*.

One day soon after arriving in the village he said to me he was going to the main square at the hour when the groups of friends start the poteo –custom of having drinks and snacks in pubs before lunch– in order to make new friends and to integrate. –“You don't really know these people from my homeland”, I thought; and that's how it was: a few hours later he came back home on is own having been unable to have a conversation with anybody. He yearned for his native place, or maybe he was somehow envious of his neighbours, of their group dinners and gastronomic clubs.

As we didn't know what to do we started up a Bakery & Candy-Shop in which we pinned all our hopes. By then we had already been living in Zumárraga for two years and Manuel's

wish to feel integrated in the community and to raise his own family with me pushed him to accept complicated challenges. We restored and decorated the tiny shop with great expectations in spite of all the obstacles on the part of the Town-Hall; we bought an oven to elaborate bread and also a parrot as a lure for the children; we called it Kokolo and, after many efforts we inaugurated it during the feast of San Juan with remarkable success among the customers. It was amazing. Manuel connected a lot with the kids, sweetening their palates with the candies as some kind of "flautist of Hamelin". He also waited for the pensioners at the door smoking a cigarette and he gave them a handful of sweets and played some jokes on their way home.

Manuel was a bit worried about this success, as he had to serve while his escort watched the shop. He feared something wrong could happen in a place which attracted so many children. Besides that, his name had been published in a magazine managed by radical nationalists, and graffiti appeared in villages in the surroundings with his name in the centre of a target; we got even a very strange phone call and he suffered a lot. I think it was then when he started to really be worried about our security and said he wanted to retire from his position as town councillor. During that period of time, from the moment his name appeared threatened in graffiti until he was assassinated, he suffered so much there are not words to explain it; he lost some pounds weight because of the tension he was enduring. I tried to help him with my presence, as well as his friends did with their cheering comments. At the back shop there was a tiny provisional kitchen but we used it a lot. I accompanied him during meals and when I could I helped him serving clients and wholesalers and making bread, though my work was basically cleaning and tidying up the shop. Actually I couldn't do much more because we were

waiting or first child together -the second one for me as I had a fifteen years old daughter from a previous marriage- and for me it was beneficial the quietness at the back side when I arrived home from work with the typical nausea. Besides that, that one was a terribly hot summer.

On the twenty-ninth of August of 2000 the Basque nationalists killed him inside our business by shooting him twelve times with a gun and I became death inside with no strength to live. God thanks our daughter was born two months later and when I saw her little face asking for love and mercy I recognized her father's features, that marvellous man who left everything for me. I loved him a lot and he loved me too; we went everywhere together and I wish that fateful morning I had accompanied him because I think maybe nothing would have happened to him; although it could also have happened ETA killed us both and our daughter María -a name chosen by her father-. We were a very happy couple in spite of the economic difficulties and politics that sometimes tried to demoralize us among black clouds. When somebody dies everybody say "he or she" was a good person, especially if that death is a sudden one; but in this case it is the truth. He was an exceptional man and I'm sure it will be impossible to find anybody like him in this world. If there were more people like him in the Basque Country probably these reflections would not be necessary.

I will always remember his walks down the path in the valley accompanied by his friend Pedro, the street sweeper, or by the barking of our dog; his smile when he explained how he was moved by the smell of the loafs of bread made in farmhouses, by the sight of sheep grazing in the hillsides; his sadness for not having been born here and not having the possibility of enjoying

these landscapes since he was a child. I tell his little daughter these things so that she gets tender about her father, with his loving heart, that is waiting for us in this land he loved, the same that killed him.

**JOSÉ MARÍA
MARTÍN CARPENA**

(1950-2000)



JOSÉ MARÍA MARTÍN CARPENA (1950-2000)

He was born in Málaga, in the South of Spain, on the nineteenth of April of 1950. Although it isn't my birthplace, this place means the cradle of my emotions for me because here is where lives who I love most in this world. I was born in Galicia in 1949; my father worked as Civil Guard there. I was not still four years old when my father was assigned to another post and we all moved by the warmness and light of the Mediterranean Sea.

Jose Marías' family and mine were modest. His father was an operator for RENFE –national Spanish railway company– throughout all his life until he retired after many years of hard work. I met them in the house they always lived in, a modest one located north in the Gamarra neighbourhood, close to La Purísima church. From the first moment the personality of Martín captivated me, as it was obvious that all goodness in José María and Ángel was learnt from their parents.

José María did his studies with great success in the school El Buen Pastor, close to his home, until he finished secondary education. To complete high school he registered in Virgen de la Victoria, and at the same time he worked as attendant and porter in the Instituto Social de la Marina –"Navy Social Institute"– then under the Ministry of Work and Social Security-Welfare. He got that post after passing the *oposiciones*. In those years it was quite common modest families' children wised up soon, and José

was double responsible. He neither complained about what he had not nor did he felt down-graded for having to do any work. He was happy to mean a relief and not a burden for his family's economy, and so he always went around with his head held high.

He had many hobbies. Probably he devoted more time to music during his youth. Together with three other friends they formed a band called *Los Amables* –The “kind ones”– faithfully showing their attitude. Usually he was the vocalist and he also played the acoustic guitar. I met him time later, when he had to abandon the band in order to be exclusively dedicated to his work.

The period of time he worked as attendant in the Instituto Nacional de la Marina was especially hard because he was finishing his studies of secretary in the Commerce School of Martiricos and at the same time preparing the *oposiciones* to be accountant in the same place.

He worked a lot, studied even more and finally he passed the exam. That time was very intense. He worked during the morning, studied during the afternoon and rehearsed with his band during the evening. On weekends he spent time with his parents, whom he adored; he played in fairs and attended mass on Sundays. José María did not vary his attitude with respect to his religious faith; in that sense no issue could change or vary the intensity of what he had learnt from his parent's heart.

We met in 1976 and we got married three years later, on the fifteenth of September, in San Vicente de Pául church. We were a radiant couple when we got out of the church and happy about the venture we started. Today I can assert that each day we spent together was a marvellous experience.

We chose our house in Gamarra neighbourhood, close to his parents and to Ángel, his only brother. In time my parents and siblings came also to live in that area.

Our daughter María José was born three years after our marriage; she was a beautiful girl who resembled his father in features and personality and who made him the happiest man in the world.

José María was a good man with whom it was easy to agree because he really had the gift of kindness, a quality which makes someone to be especially esteemed. Besides that, his way of being, so well educated, so quiet and calmed, made others feel nothing terrible was happening, even if Limonero dam was collapsing, and that's quite a lot to say...

Maybe José María enjoyed doing himself minor repairs at home, instead of calling a carpenter or any other operator, because of his patient character; besides he was a real handyman with tools. This is one of the reasons why my daughter and I have kept this house where we lived in so many years with him. Everything "talks" about him. Anywhere we find some brilliant repair, one of his rational solutions, the oil paintings he painted; his touch is present everywhere, remembrances of him, his love for us...

And he was really fun. He made the atmosphere full with his cheerfulness; he did it so well that it was not necessary for him to make a racket to impregnate our meetings with witty sparks.

It was by the middle of the nineties that a friend of him who was politically active in the Partido Popular suggested him "to

make his life complicate” by serving others. They had the intention of improving the lives of Málaga’s citizens by political solutions, what affected them most directly, the necessities of elderly men and woman, reorganization and plumbing of some parts of the city, cleaning up of certain streets and a long etc. common to big cities. He said “yes”; he enjoyed collaborating on any tasks which entailed determination an efficiency.

From the first moment it caught my attention my husband would get involved in politics in a Party, as we never expressed our opinions in that sense. We were not affiliated to any Party and our daughter was not a member of any junior club; we were common people and our attitude was completely normal and predictable for a conservative family that was interested in the improvement of anybody who would accompany them in the venture of building up life, their land, their nation. But of course what once was simply an expression of opinions and attending some meetings during his free time became sheer personal involvement on the solutions he proposed. Then he joined the Partido Popular, as he thought Málaga could be better with his contribution. He did so well that his new comrades proposed him to enlarge the candidates list for the City-Hall; he would be number 16 in the 1995 elections, though as some kind of “stuffing”. It was all right with him because he was not interested in holding public office to simply occupy an important position.

In 1977 the alderman Juan Manuel Moreno Bonilla left for the *Junta de Andalucía* –local Parliament- and José María occupied his post. Thus he stood for again for next elections in 1999 and he asked us what we thought of his continuance as councillor in the City-Hall; we agreed because we felt he was very excited about it. In 2000 Celia Villalobos passed the “baton” to Francisco de la

Torre, current mayor, and she became Department of Health Minister during Aznar government.

Deep inside I felt worried, as a year after we got married mi father was assigned by the Guardia Civil to the headquarters in Inchaurredo, where many terrorist attacks took place; the political activities of my husband provoked the remembrance of that period full of restlessness.

In January 1995 ETA assassinated Gregorio Ordóñez; in July 1997 poor Miguel Ángel Blanco; in December José Luis Caso and in January 1998 a married couple in Seville, Jiménez Becerril. All the deaths were terribly painful for us. José María lived permanently escorted until the terrorists declared a truce; I said to myself terrorism could not get to Málaga, such a non important city when compared with other big capitals in Spain.

Sometimes we talked about what was going on, but as I said we were convinced nothing wrong would ever happen to us, though we took appropriate precautions, like looking for a possible bomb under the car.

Meanwhile José María went on happily with his work. During that time, since 1997, he was the president of the Junta de la Carretera de Cádiz, the most populated one with one hundred thousand people, and of the Junta del Puerto de la Torre, and at the same time a member of important departments: Town-Planning, Traffic, Housing etc. He began to arrive home late because his different activities took a lot of time; usually we waited for him, but sometimes our daughter felt asleep. He entered her room and kissed her silently, full of tenderness, while he looked at her for a few seconds; then he closed the door and went to sleep.

His working life since 1997 until he was killed can be summarized as working to serve others. At that time he witnessed more than a hundred weddings as councillor. He was not able to say "No", so he performed many weddings that strictly speaking were not his job, but he did it with pleasure, although given his religious beliefs he would have chosen a priest for this kind of ceremony. He was very respectful of the beliefs of others, as he was about everything; he opined they were as valid as his own as long as they were in accordance with civil rights. The weddings were always held on the weekend and he prepared them carefully. He read beautiful speeches from some classic works of our literature, choosing texts that had to do with life in common. When the ceremony finished and he got out of the City-Hall he fetched his family and we went to enjoy the weekend with our respective parents

This was our daily and simple life. We remember with affection the family trips, the holydays in Mallorca when in the sports centre Ciudad Jardín we attended basketball matches of Málaga Club with my siblings and their children. We also accompanied the team in other cities with the rest of fans. That's why the new sports centre has its name, so that he is never deleted from the memory of Málaga's citizens.

It happened suddenly, on the fifteenth of July of 2000 was. One night a civil servant of the City-Hall was waiting for us at our home's doorway to take us to an official event with José María. Before getting into the car a man approached him and shot several times. I rebuked him thinking it was some kind of joke. My daughter and I saw it all. When I became aware of the real facts I lost sight of my daughter. She was hidden among cars, frightened. This is how we witnessed how my husband's life

slipped away, gushed out, with horror and powerlessness. This is how he died, signalled by the nationalist assassins for his good deeds for others.

After the funeral and the citizen's rejection demonstration – for what I'll be forever grateful-, it came the silence, the terrible pain which provoked an emptiness in my life that I'm overcoming little by little only thanks to the help of many people. The change from being with José María to not being with him anymore because of the wish of a murderer was unbearable, unconceivable. His life and cheerfulness filled our lives; that's why we don't leave this house: because every corner talks about him.

**JOSÉ LUIS
RUIZ CASADO**
(1958-2000)



JOSÉ LUIS RUIZ CASADO (1958-2000)

Our families are another example of the mobility of human groups, of their roaming in their search for a better life. José Luis' parents were from a village Northwest of Córdoba, who at the beginning of the fifties moved to Cataluña, specifically to Barcelona, where they settled.

José Luis was born in Barcelona on the third of August of 1958. His family moved to Sant Adrià de Besós, where he started primary studies in the school Sagrado Corazón, which belonged to the order of the *gabrielistas* brothers –religious order of Saint Gabriel-; later he finished high school in Barcelona.

As soon as he started his university studies, José Luis suffered a terrible blow: the death of his father; this meant he had to combine his studies in Economics and a new working life with the intention of contributing at home; this plan would be soon interrupted when he was forced to do the military service. Once he finished it, he returned to his post in a company in Barcelona which dealt with goods import and export, where he would get in touch with international land transport. Two years later he became deputy director of a big German company called Thyssen Haniel Logistic, S.A. specialized in the international transport of large loads. Years later it was taken over by the Belgian group ABX Logistitcs España S.A., where he was appointed Overland Trade Manager. During this last stage we found the pleasant

friendship of Antonio Gutiérrez, who was a special dear friend of him, just as if he was a member of his family; he transferred that feeling to us, and he is still an exceptionally appreciated person, together with Consuelo, his wife; they have accompanied us during the last two years.

We met very young, in 1976. He was then a great athlete. He won with his school the Spanish Football Championship in the category for children, and he persevered with this hobby until he grew up. During his military service months he was posted to La Coruña, where he played in a subsidiary team of the Deportivo de La Coruña. When the term finished, they suggested him to become a professional, but his common sense made him refuse the offer. Some years later he changed this sport for a less demanding one: five aside soccer, which also let him get in touch with friends some now and then. During his holidays and at some weekends he practised skiing, an activity which fascinated him. He always counted on my brother Emilio for his trips with friends to Canfranc Valley skiing areas and, occasionally, to France; with him he shared many things, particularly their keenness on sports in spite of their irreconcilable opinions: José Luis was always fond of the *Barça* –in Catalan, Barcelona’s football team – and my brother was absolutely *merengue* –referring to the white meringue colour of the T-shirts of the team from Madrid-. We kept on going to skiing slopes with our children, though in Catalonia and Andorra, where we saw them grow up and have fun close to their father.

We got married in 1982 and thus it started developing the most important reason for the venture we initiated together: our two children were born some time later and with their smiles they filled our lives with joy and comfort.

José Luis was a funny man who had a witty and ironic sense of humour, although those who met him for the first time could only see the characteristic attitudes of a serious man. But he was not like that; maybe his countenance commanded a feeling of respect. We laughed a lot together because he was always willing to take the funny lot of life and to find the positive side.

For years, due to professional requirements, he prepared himself consistently in aspects related to business management, especially managing teams and negotiating with groups of people in order to get common results. He learnt to be fluent in rhetoric to better express his ideas, or he just improved it, as he was easy-going when talking and openly showed his consistent principles, in this case specifically applied to the entrepreneurial area.

At the beginning of the nineties he told me one day that his good friend Salvador (or Salva, as he is still called by us, one of those close friends we all have throughout our lives) had been suggested to devote some time to solve some of our neighbours' problems by entering the Basque Partido Popular. But it also happened that friend had suggested José as well, and that both of them were thinking of accepting. The idea did not appeal to me at all, to be honest, mainly because I had the intuition that our lives would change a lot with respect to personal security and, at the same time, because it would rest his time devoted to family. I respected his decision as I did whenever he took any important one while we lived together because I loved him; I loved him a lot and I admired all that he was doing.

He was elected alderman of our Town-Council for Sant Adriá de Besós in the 1995 elections and also in the following ones in

1999. I could see that he felt enthusiasm and satisfaction, that his interventions during the plenary sessions and sector committees were very valued even though he represented the opposition to the socialist party then in power. Soon he became a man well respected by the municipal corporation, a friend of most councillors even if he did not share their ideology. I am sure his ability for negotiation and to reconcile solutions from each group in order to solve local problems made him a well-liked man.

I already knew eleven years ago what I am writing down right now, I knew it before injustice and atrocity took him away from us, before the mayor Jesús Canga "Sito" and countless comrades told me that after his death Sant Adriá had lost a great companion, but mainly a good person.

He thought that being in politics, even involved in simple tasks –although he was as in everything else a hard-worker– contributed to the improvement of everybody, especially of those who lack the opportunity of meeting and deliberation.

He was smart in manners as in many other aspects, one of those outstanding people who don't need gestures to attract everybody's attention; always truly humble, he showed the characteristics which are supposed to embody the ideal politician, the one who is completely devoted to his principles, to help his fellow men and to defeat injustices in any front.

On the twenty-first of September of 2000 we lost José Luis, who was shot from behind in the most vile and merciless way. I lost the best companion I could ever have had, and our children the best father they could dream. My children were thirteen and ten when that fateful day came... They look so much like him!

The project I initiated with him is still alive; it goes without saying that we remember him every day, in the moments we hold any of his books in the hope to find some traces of his scent, in the moments we laugh because he was a disaster in cooking; he was not attracted at all by housework; nobody is perfect, he was not gifted for that.

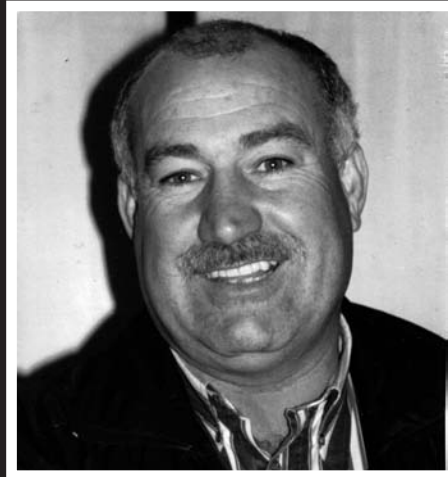
José Luis was very fond of family, in the broad sense of the word. He was always very attentive with his mother, whom he adored, and solicitous and kind with both families.

From the first moment, and being aware of this new and mutilated life which lied ahead of us, we decided that José Luis would still be the support for our family; because of that we have not got rid of many of his personal belongings, which talk of the grandeur of his character and personality, of the life we enjoyed all together, as he always wanted.

Currently those moral values which shaped him and he bequeath are still in force, as now more than ever he will be our hero *ad aeternum*

**FRANCISCO
CANO CONSUEGRA**

(1955-2000)



FRANCISCO CANO CONSUEGRA (1955-2000)

My husband's family arrived for the first time in Cataluña when his father, who was a miner in his native village in Jaén, in the Sierra Morena mountain range, was diagnosed with a professional disease which made ill-advised to work deep down into the mine. Francisco was born in La Carolina on the twenty-first of March of 1955, but as I said, a year later his family immigrated to that area of Spain always looking for a place they could thrive in.

In the *comarca* of Tarrasa, in a village called Viladecavals, he lived with his family while he finished his secondary studies. As it was the case that he was not very fond of studying and that it was necessary for him to become independent so that he could lighten the austere domestic economy, he entered a workshop as apprentice in order to master the plumbing trade. In this job he put all his energy and devotion and he became a good professional. In time he set up his own workshop with a friend, and was able to employ about a dozen workers for many years.

I met him for the first time by the middle of the sixties and from the first moment I loved the cheer of his temperament, how open-minded and generous he was with its many friends, the nice atmosphere he created wherever he was. Besides that, by then he already had a good reputation and he was considered responsible and reliable at work; because of his effort and skills

his work-shop was a reference for plumbing in the village and in the *comarca*.

We got married in 1979 and here we stood, knowing that this land would be the land of our children. Our oldest daughter was born in 1981 and the second one five years later. Both girls were beautiful little babies and it was touching seeing how their father got moved when he held them in his arms and caressed and cuddled them as the loving father he was. And so we went on with our lives, with lots of work and no especial events which got us out of our daily routine. The few days he had for some rest he used to escape with his friends towards the Pyrenees in Huesca to go hunting hares, rabbits and shooting in general. Francisco gave up hunting because the sensibility of our daughters in defending the poor forest's animals touched his heart. He changed hunting for walks in the fields and in the mountains with them, and there they looked for mushrooms, wild asparagus and all that which grows wild in nature and which delighted them so much. One of the girls accompanied with him in this "adventures" almost until he was killed.

Francisco was pure joy at home. Our daughters loved him madly and they admired him because he was the funniest dad in the world. We all knew that when Francisco was invited to a party he was a "plus", as he was a real merrymaker. I can't remember now which year he convinced many of our neighbours so that we all went together to the carnival party in fancy dress outfits. I don't know where he got a gorilla costume, a crazy one, which delighted everybody around him. He got so much into this role that he jumped up the rails in the bus and the trees in the boulevard; his acting was a party and his happiness was not feigned, as he was just like that.

One day he told me, at the beginning of the nineties, that the only way he found of giving response to some architectural and urbane problems in the neighbourhood we were living in was working "from behind", from our own Town-Hall in Valdecavals, and that he had thought of standing for a post as town councillor. He was talking with somebody of the Partido Poular, which was the option closest to his sensitivity, and then he stood for local elections in 1995. This way he entered politics: he wanted to solve real problems which annoyed our neighbours and he started to work. Francisco was the only elected councillor, I think because he was a very well known person, given the amount of repairs he had done for so many people. He was known as a good professional and as a very kind soul, that's why I think they trusted him. And the truth is he did very well, devoting his time to other people when his working day ended. He and the rest of councillors did not earn any salary for being in charge of public matters.

Viladecavals is a village set five kilometres from Tarrasa with almost five thousand inhabitants, especially small and of no importance, so news about murders of politicians by nationalist terrorists never made me suspect some day they would get close to our city. But when they killed Ernest Lluch in November of the year 2000, I told Francisco that then I was very scared about the possible negative consequences of his affiliation and that he should be very careful. He always answered with a -"Nobody knows me," that on the other hand was the truth.

On the fourteenth of December of the year 2000 they put a bomb under the front seat of his van, and they took him from our side forever. If the killers had known he was the best father and husband anybody could have, maybe they would have felt sorry

for us because of the pain they caused. Some people say eleven years is enough to get over the pain for his absence in our souls, but in our family we can only feel the emptiness it left in our lives, although at the same time we remember him constantly with the brightest of his smiles.

**MANUEL
GIMÉNEZ ABAD**
(1948-2001)



MANUEL GIMÉNEZ ABAD (1948-2001)

Manolo was born on the fourth of December of 1948 in Pamplona, just because in Jaca, the city where his parents lived, there wasn't a *comarcal* hospital yet. Pamplona made up for the shortage and a few days later he came back to spend his childhood and youth in the capital of the Aragonese Pyrenees. Manolo's father was a professional military man and it was in Jaca where he lived and developed his career.

I had met Manolo's family years ago because I spent summers in Jaca. Their sisters were friends, but although that was a reference it wasn't until a casual meeting during a trip to London that they became good friends.

Manolo never had the intention of following his father's career and, being his mother's family linked to literary fields, maybe because of this last reason he preferred to do an Arts Degree and to study of classic works at the University. His mother's grandfather was the editor of the Jaca newspaper, *La Unión*, which supported the liberal ideology. They also had a printing press and a book-shop. After finishing high school obtaining a good student record he registered in the Law College in the University of Navarra. From those years he learnt the rigour of the intellectual discipline, what probably was very useful when he did his *Oposiciones* to be Public Defender –Public State Exams in Spain-. During those years he also developed another of his characteristic

personality: honesty in his way of thinking. This is essential to understand how uncomfortable he felt because of the economic effort and spending that for his parents entailed his studies in a private university far from home. While he studied the *Oposiciones* he decided to take an exam for a post as Technician in the Civil Administration and he passed it. It is then when they decided to get married and to begin a new life.

The first post took them to Madrid, to the Public Administration School. He enjoyed teaching a lot in the school the Ministry had in Alcalá de Henares. Later he was assigned to the Pamplona's branch of the Ministry of Work. He met the city and its university again and had the chance of teaching administration and law there. They stood there only for a year because Manuel was required for different positions in the central administration. In September of 1979 he was appointed Technician for the Secretaría General de Regiones –General Secretariat of Regions– under the authority of the Territorial Administration. During those five years he learnt first hand the complex structure of the central administration; it was also the period when his first kid was born. They never ceased to be jacetanos – from Jaca – and almost every weekend they did hundreds of kilometres to come back to the Pyrenees.

Ana didn't fit in the capital of Spain, so they understood coming back to Zaragoza would be the best option. It was in 1980 when Manolo got an especial working regime, *en commision de servicios* in the *Diputación General* in Aragón –Provincial Council at a time when the Comunidad Autónoma was walking its first steps.

The professional live of Manolo grew in importance when they noticed his efficiency and value in the Aragon General Court.

From temporary clerck he became a government employee for the Autonomía. Later he was appointed General Technical Secretary for Presidency and lastly *Letrado Mayor de las Cortes de Aragón* from 1986 to 1995 –“Chief Lawyer/Clerk” or “Head Counsel” for the Parliament -.

Probably what is most surprising about is personality for those who don´t know him is his short and smart political career, but people who got on with him knew he was much more than that. Other people came filling the empty space he left in politics, but none will ever fill the emptiness provoked by his assassination. Manolo was an extraordinary man; often silent and thoughtful, one could notice his inner live was much more rich than what he showed. On the weekends and during his free time he greatly enjoyed long walks in the Pyrenees on his own, as he didn´t fear solitude and this is the way he found time for thinking.

When his children grew up enough in physical strength they began to accompany Manuel in his great passion: the mountains; first to the high *ibones* or lakes, always cold during the summer, afterwards to some easy crest close to the Panticosa cirque in the area of the Betanzos or the high Gamo Negro, the most Occidental three-thousand metres peak in Aragón. Ana felt happy when she saw the three of them going out with their backpacks because she knew Manolo transmitted their children a wealth of knowledge easily learnt by taking dictation from their loving father. She was sure he would show them everything good out there. Manolo succeeded soon. That´s a positive thing about the mountains: one has time enough to talk about everything, to make effort, to enjoy a beauty which can only be found there. Ana stopped accompanying them when they grew up because she couldn´t adapt to their pace, sometimes too hard for her

strength. Instead, they gathered in the skiing slopes in Candanchú during winter weekends. As time passed, Manolo and Ana stopped going to the skiing area because they felt uncomfortable among the human crowding of amateurs.

One day in 1995 Manolo told his wife that the President of the Government of Aragón, Santiago Lanzuela, had offered him a post in politics and he was thinking of accepting it. When she heard that comment she didn't feel happy at all but just the opposite; on the other hand she knew he was passionate about politics. It wasn't strange for her he found so attractive the ideology of the Partido Popular even though when in the university he felt more comfortable with other options. Manolo evolved towards a centred and integrating side. Besides, his reflective personality assured his decisions to be perfectly clear about what was appropriate in each moment. When he joined as Government employee in the *Cortes de Aragón* he was somehow introducing himself in the political career that attracted him so much. Thanks to his sociable and kind personality he became friends with all the members of Parliament in every group. The good feelings we awaked in politicians before becoming a known person was due to his quiet way of being, zero aggressive when defending his criteria, always willing to listen to other ideas before posing any value judgement. In certain occasion somebody assured Manolo wasn't thinking about perennially being "Head Counsel" for the Aragón Courts and that he felt like giving a try to politics; then nobody knew he would really take the step sooner or later. His perfectly clear decision had an immediate consequence: he earned half salary. His only patrimony was his earnings as civil servant. Taking that decision was hard, as the family was doing a last big effort to pay the school and university of their children plus an extraordinary one

paying language courses. That didn't please Ana, but she accepted it as the best that could happen. Thus Manolo was appointed Presidential Advisor in 1995, keeping in this position until 1999.

He joined the Partido Popular in an act of personal coherence and then he began to be known among the members of the Party in Zaragoza, as until then it is true nobody knew about him. His career wasn't the usual one, as affiliation and devotion merged in him. Guided by his experience and common sense, Manuel explained to his sons how important it was to gain access to politics with a well grounded professional career and economic independence, the real clues to keep one's criteria in any action. Manolo's arrival in politics was understood as another one of his activities having to do with public responsibilities, as he never asked for anything after accepting Santiago Lanzuela's offer and had never suggested joining that field before. Four years later we became candidate for the Courts of Aragon in Huesca in the lists of the Partido Popular and he got his certificate of election. He was happy, as he noticed the efficiency of his work and the good understanding with the people who approached him because of his position. Good work always transcends so, as a consequence of his efficiency and his demonstrated personal, professional and political value he was appointed Regional President of the Partido Popular in Aragón four months before his assassination, with the fervent support of Javier Arenas.

The last years of busy life didn't lessen his passion for Jaca, the mountains and rivers. Summers kept the same, maybe even better given that Manuel already could have adult conversations with his sons. They had a sincere friendship with their father and it was obvious they loved and admired him a lot. They grow up

and grow mature in temper, and Manolo never lost the tenderness for them. Regarding his education he wanted for his sons he applied an astonishing common sense. The first time one of the children played pranks that made Ana lose her temper Manolo solved the situation by quietly talking with his child and perfectly explaining why "this and that" was wrong. Actually it was not an educational technique but another example of his capacity of comprehension of other people, especially if they were his own children; and of course of his wife, whom he always helped with affection and respect.

On the sixth of May of 2001 coward nationalist terrorists killed him from behind while he was walking towards the Zaragoza Football Stadium with his son Borja; coldly, with no mercy. What happened afterwards was of great consolation for the family, as they couldn't believe Manolo was so beloved by so many people. And then the silence, only silence. They had to cry a lot in order to recover the emotional balance shattered by his death. His life embraced mainly the life of his family because he was a good man above all. A few days after the funeral Ana explained his sons that from now on the family was formed by three members instead of four, and thus is how they have been living since then. His sons have never spoken between them about the day Manuel was killed. The following day they held each other in their room and wept as never before. For them Manolo is still alive in their lives and they speak a lot of him because they need to make present his smile, the kindness of his heart and that fondness of life he somehow mysteriously passes on every-day. His ideas are in all the family's activities and thus they'll convey it to Manolo's grand-children.

LIST OF VÍCTIMS OF ETA

16/03/2010 Jean-Serge Nérin (Dammarie-lès-Lys)
30/07/2009 Carlos Enrique Sáenz de Tejada (Palmanova)
30/07/2009 Diego Salva Lezaun (Palmanova)
19/06/2009 Eduardo Antonio Puellas García (Arrigorriaga)
03/12/2008 Ignacio Uría Mendizábal (Azpeitia)
22/09/2008 Luis Conde De La Cruz (Santoña)
14/05/2008 Juan Manuel Piñuel Villalón (Legutiano)
07/03/2008 Isaías Carrasco Miguel (Arrasate/Mondragón)
05/12/2007 Fernando Trapero Blázquez (Capbreton)
01/12/2007 Raúl Centeno Bayón (Capbreton)
30/12/2006 Carlos Alonso Palate Sailema (Madrid)
30/12/2006 Diego Armando Estacio (Madrid)
30/05/2003 Bonifacio Martín Hernández (Sangüesa/Zangoza)
30/05/2003 Julián Embid Luna (Sangüesa/Zangoza)
17/05/2003 Jesús Lolo Jato (Portugalete)
07/03/2003 Domingo Durán Díez (Santander)
08/02/2003 Joseba Pagazaourtundua Ruíz (Andoain)
17/12/2002 Antonio Molina Martín (Collado Villalba)
24/09/2002 Juan Carlos Beiro Montes (Leitza)
04/08/2002 Silvia Martínez Santiago (Santa Pola)
04/08/2002 Cecilio Gallego Alaminos (Santa Pola)
21/03/2002 Juan Priese Pérez (Orio)
23/11/2001 Ana Isabel Arostegi Lejarreta (Beasain)
23/11/2001 Javier Mijangos Martínez de Bujo (Beasain)
07/11/2001 José María Lidón Corbi (Getxo)
20/08/2001 Francisca Eraunzetamurgil Alkorta (Donostia-San Sebastián)
28/07/2001 Justo Oreja Pedraza (Madrid)
14/07/2001 José Javier Múgica Astibia (Leitza)
14/07/2001 Mikel Uribe Aurkia (Leaburu)
10/07/2001 Luis Ortiz De La Rosa (Madrid)

24/05/2001 Santiago Oleaga Elejabarrieta (Donostia-San Sebastián)
06/05/2001 Manuel Giménez Abad (Zaragoza)
20/03/2001 Froilán Elespe Inciarte (Lasarte-Oria)
17/03/2001 Santos Santamaría Avedaño (Roses)
09/03/2001 Iñaki Totorika Vega (Hernani)
22/02/2001 Josu Leonet Azkune (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/02/2001 José Ángel Santos Laranga (Donostia-San Sebastián)
26/01/2001 Ramón Díaz García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
20/12/2000 Juan Miguel Gervilla Valladolid (Barcelona)
14/12/2000 Francisco Cano Consuegra (Terrassa)
21/11/2000 Ernest Lluch Martín (Barcelona)
08/11/2000 Jesús Sánchez Martínez (Madrid)
30/10/2000 Jesús Escudero García (Madrid)
30/10/2000 Armando Medina Sánchez (Madrid)
30/10/2000 José Francisco Querol Lombardero (Madrid)
22/10/2000 Máximo Casado Carrera (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
16/10/2000 Antonio Muñoz Cariñanos (Sevilla)
09/10/2000 Luis Portero García (Granada)
21/09/2000 José Luis Ruiz Casado (Sant Adrià de Besòs)
29/08/2000 Manuel Indiano Azaustre (Zumarraga)
20/08/2000 José Ángel De Jesús Encinas (Sallent de Gállego)
20/08/2000 Irene Fernández Pereda (Sallent de Gállego)
09/08/2000 Francisco Casanova Vicente (Berriozar)
08/08/2000 José María Korta Uranga (Zumaia)
29/07/2000 Juan María Jauregui Apalategui (Tolosa)
15/07/2000 José María Martín Carpena (Málaga)
04/06/2000 Jesús María Pedrosa Urkiza (Durango)
07/05/2000 José Luis López De La Calle (Andoain)
22/02/2000 Fernando Buesa Blanco (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
22/02/2000 Jorge Díaz Elorza (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
21/01/2000 Pedro Antonio Blanco García (Madrid)
25/06/1998 Manuel Zamarreño Villoria (Errenteria)

09/05/1998 Alfonso Parada Ulloa (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
06/05/1998 Tomás Caballero Pastor (Pamplona/Iruña)
30/01/1998 Alberto Jiménez Becerril Barrio (Sevilla)
30/01/1998 Ascensión García Ortiz (Sevilla)
09/01/1998 José Ignacio Iruretagoiena Larrañaga (Zarautz)
11/12/1997 José Luis Caso Cortines (Irún)
14/10/1997 José María Aguirre Larraona (Bilbao)
05/09/1997 Daniel Villar Enciso (Basauri)
13/07/1997 Miguel Ángel Blanco Garrido (Lasarte-Oria)
12/05/1997 Servando Rivas Pérez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
03/05/1997 Juan Manuel García Fernández (Zierbena)
24/04/1997 Luis Andrés Samperio Sañudo (Bilbao)
11/03/1997 Francisco Javier Gómez Elósegui (Donostia-San Sebastián)
17/02/1997 Modesto Rico Pasarín (Bilbao)
13/02/1997 Ángel Portugal del Álamo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
11/02/1997 Patxi Arratibel Fuentes (Tolosa)
10/02/1997 Domingo Puente Marín (Granada)
10/02/1997 Rafael Martínez Emperador (Madrid)
30/01/1997 Eugenio Olaciregui Borda (Donostia-San Sebastián)
08/01/1997 Jesús Agustín Cuesta Abril (Madrid)
14/10/1996 Serafín Apellaniz Pagola (Donostia-San Sebastián)
26/07/1996 Isidro Usabiaga Esnaola (Ordizia)
20/05/1996 Miguel Ángel Ayllon Díaz-González (Córdoba)
04/03/1996 Ramón Doral Trabadelo (Irún)
14/02/1996 Francisco Tomás y Valiente (Madrid)
06/02/1996 Fernando Múgica Herzog (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/12/1995 Luciano Cortizo Alonso (León)
16/12/1995 Josefina Correa Huerta (Valencia)
11/12/1995 Manuel Carrasco Almansa (Madrid)
11/12/1995 Santiago Esteban Junquer (Madrid)
11/12/1995 José Ramón Intriago Esteban (Madrid)
11/12/1995 Félix Ramos Bailón (Madrid)

11/12/1995 Florentino López Del Castillo (Madrid)
11/12/1995 Martín Rosa Valero (Madrid)
10/12/1995 Iñaki Mendiluce Echeverria (Itsasondo)
10/12/1995 José Luis González Villanueva (Itsasondo)
20/10/1995 Enrique Nieto Viyella (Donostia-San Sebastián)
19/06/1995 Jesús Rebollo García (Madrid)
20/04/1995 Eduardo López Moreno (Endarlaza)
19/04/1995 Margarita González Mansilla (Madrid)
10/04/1995 Mariano De Juan Santamaría (Donostia-San Sebastián)
23/01/1995 Gregorio Ordoñez Fenollar (Donostia-San Sebastián)
13/01/1995 Rafael Leyva Loro (Bilbao)
15/12/1994 Alfonso Morcillo Calero (Lasarte-Oria)
21/08/1994 José Santana Ramos (Bilbao)
10/08/1994 José Antonio Díaz Losada (Bilbao)
29/07/1994 Francisco Veguillas Elices (Madrid)
29/07/1994 Francisco Martín Moya (Madrid)
29/07/1994 Cesar García Contonente (Madrid)
26/07/1994 José Manuel Olarte Urresti (Donostia-San Sebastián)
01/06/1994 Juan José Hernández Rovira (Madrid)
23/05/1994 Miguel Peralta Utrera (Madrid)
28/04/1994 José Benigno Villalobos (Valle de Trápaga-Trapagaran)
18/04/1994 Vicente Beti Montesinos (Barcelona)
04/04/1994 Fernando Jiménez Pascual (Bilbao)
07/02/1994 Leopoldo García Campos (Barcelona)
14/01/1994 José Santos Pico (Donostia-San Sebastián)
26/11/1993 Joseba Goiciechea Asla (Bilbao)
19/10/1993 Dionisio Herrero Albiñana (Madrid)
16/09/1993 Juvenal Villafraña García (Andoain)
21/06/1993 Domingo Olivo Esparza (Madrid)
21/06/1993 Fidel Dávila Garijo (Madrid)
21/06/1993 Javier Baró Y Díaz Figueroa (Madrid)
21/06/1993 José Alberto Carretero Sogel (Madrid)

21/06/1993 Juan Romero Álvarez (Madrid)
21/06/1993 Manuel Calvo Alonso (Madrid)
21/06/1993 Pedro Robles López (Madrid)
02/06/1993 Ángel María González Sabino (Donostia-San Sebastián)
18/03/1993 Emilio Castillo López (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/01/1993 José Ramón Domínguez Burillo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
19/01/1993 José Antonio Santamaría Vaquerizo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
30/11/1992 Miguel Miranda Puertas (Madrid)
29/09/1992 José Luis Luengo Martínez (Errenteria)
14/09/1992 Ricardo González Colino (Donostia-San Sebastián)
02/09/1992 Antonio Heredero Gil (Salamanca)
17/08/1992 José Manuel Fernández Lozano (Oiartzun)
17/08/1992 Juan Manuel Martínez Gil (Oiartzun)
23/04/1992 Juan Manuel Hélices Patiño (Irún)
31/03/1992 Joaquín Vasco Álvarez (Madrid)
23/03/1992 Juan José Carrasco Guerrero (Madrid)
19/03/1992 Enrique Martínez Hernández (Lliçà d'Amunt)
19/03/1992 Antonio José Martos Martínez (Sant Quirze del Vallès)
25/02/1992 José San Martín Bretón (Getxo)
19/02/1992 Eutimio Gómez Gómez (Santander)
19/02/1992 Julia Ríos Ríoz (Santander)
19/02/1992 Antonio Ricondo Somoza (Santander)
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06/02/1992 Juan Antonio Núñez Sánchez (Madrid)
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06/02/1992 Emilio Domingo Tejedor Fuentes (Madrid)
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06/02/1992 Antonio Ricote Castilla (Madrid)
16/01/1992 Virgilio Más Navarro (Barcelona)
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08/01/1992 Arturo Anguera Vallés (Barcelona)
 13/12/1991 José Antonio Garrido Martínez (Barcelona)
 13/12/1991 Francisco Javier Delgado González-Navarro (Barcelona)
 26/11/1991 José Javier Urtegui Aramburu (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 19/11/1991 Pedro Carbonero Fernández (Galdakao)
 07/11/1991 Fabio Moreno Asla (Erandio)
 23/10/1991 Juan Carlos Trujillo García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 23/10/1991 Eduardo Sobrino González (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 17/10/1991 Francisco Carballar Muñoz (Madrid)
 16/09/1991 José Luis Jiménez Vargas (Mutxamel)
 16/09/1991 Víctor Manuel Puertas Viera (Mutxamel)
 16/09/1991 Francisco Cebrián Caberas (Mutxamel)
 01/09/1991 Alfonso Menchaca Lejona (Bilbao)
 07/08/1991 Francisco Gil Mendoza (Irún)
 28/07/1991 Carlos Pérez Dacosta (Getxo)
 01/07/1991 Pedro Domínguez Pérez (Sevilla)
 01/07/1991 Luis Laraco López (Sevilla)
 01/07/1991 José Luis Jiménez Barrero (Sevilla)
 28/06/1991 Manuel Pérez Ortega (Sevilla)
 28/06/1991 Jesús Sánchez Lozano (Sevilla)
 28/06/1991 Donato Calzado García (Sevilla)
 28/06/1991 Edmundo Pérez Crespo (Sevilla)
 13/06/1991 Ricardo Couso Ríos (Valle de Trápaga-Trapagaran)
 12/06/1991 Andrés Muñoz Pérez (Madrid)
 12/06/1991 Valentín Martín Sánchez (Madrid)
 08/06/1991 Raúl Suárez Fernández (Erreterria)
 05/06/1991 Enrique Aguilar Prieto (Madrid)
 29/05/1991 Juan Salas Piriz (Vic)
 29/05/1991 Baudilia Luque (Vic)
 29/05/1991 María Pilar Quesada Araque (Vic)
 29/05/1991 Ana Cristina Porras López (Vic)
 29/05/1991 Rosa María Rosa Muñoz (Vic)

29/05/1991 Vanesa Ruiz Lara (Vic)
29/05/1991 Ramón Mayo (Vic)
29/05/1991 Francisco Cipriano Díaz Sánchez (Vic)
29/05/1991 Juan Chicoa Ales (Vic)
29/05/1991 Nuria Ribó Perera (Vic)
09/05/1991 Francisco Álvarez Gómez (Ortuella)
06/05/1991 Francisco Robles Fuentes (Pasaia)
05/04/1991 Coro Villamudria Sánchez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
08/04/1991 José Manuel Cruz Martín (Barakaldo)
21/03/1991 Manuel Echevarria Echevarria (Bilbao)
16/03/1991 Luis Arago Guillén (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/03/1991 José Edmundo Casas Pérez-Serrano (Valencia)
31/01/1991 Francisco Díaz De Cerio Gómez (Bilbao)
09/01/1991 Isidro Jiménez Dual (Bilbao)
02/01/1991 Luis García Lozano (Donostia-San Sebastián)
14/12/1990 Luis Alfredo Achurra Cianca (Amorebieta-Etxano)
13/12/1990 Vicente López Jiménez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
08/12/1990 Ramón Díaz García (Sabadell)
08/12/1990 Juan José Escuredo Ruiz (Sabadell)
08/12/1990 Eduardo Hidalgo Carzo (Sabadell)
08/12/1990 Francisco Pérez Pérez (Sabadell)
08/12/1990 Juan Gómez Salar (Sabadell)
18/11/1990 José Francisco Hernández Herrera (Santurtzi)
18/11/1990 Daniel López Tizón (Santurtzi)
06/10/1990 Carlos Abreras Arroyo (Plentzia)
02/09/1990 José Manuel Alba Morales (Bilbao)
02/09/1990 Luis Alberto Sánchez García (Bilbao)
28/06/1990 Ignacio Urrutia Bilbao (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/06/1990 José Luis Hervás Mañas (Foz de Lumbier)
13/06/1990 José Lasanta Martínez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
10/06/1990 Rafael San Sebastián Flechoso (Getxo)
03/06/1990 Francisco Almagro Carmona (Pamplona/Iruña)

06/04/1990 Miguel Paredes García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
06/04/1990 Elena Moreno Jiménez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/04/1990 Benjamín Quintano Carrasco (Pasaia)
13/03/1990 Ángel Jesús Mota Iglesias (Donostia-San Sebastián)
01/03/1990 Aureliano Rodríguez Arenas (Donostia-San Sebastián)
30/01/1990 Ignacio Pérez Álvarez (Galdakao)
17/11/1989 José Martínez Moreno (Madrid)
15/11/1989 Ignacio Bañuelo Laso (Bilbao)
06/11/1989 Eladio Rodríguez García (Getxo)
29/09/1989 Juan Pedro González Manzano (Irún)
12/09/1989 M^a Carmen Tagle González (Madrid)
12/09/1989 Luis Reina Mesonero (Bilbao)
11/08/1989 Conrada Muñoz Herrera (Montillana)
19/07/1989 José María Martín Posadillo (Madrid)
19/07/1989 Ignacio Baraguas Argües (Madrid)
29/06/1989 Luis Hortelano García (Bilbao)
26/06/1989 Gregorio Caño García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
24/05/1989 Manuel Jodar Cabrera (Bilbao)
24/05/1989 José María Sánchez García (Bilbao)
08/05/1989 José Antonio Montes Gila (Alcalá de Henares)
08/05/1989 Juan Antonio García Andrés (Alcalá de Henares)
25/04/1989 Juan Bautista Castellanos (Bilbao)
12/04/1989 José Calvo De La Hoz (Las Arenas)
22/12/1988 Engraciano González Macho (Zarautz)
18/12/1988 José Antonio Barrado Recio (Eibar)
22/11/1988 Jaime Bilbao Iglesias (Madrid)
22/11/1988 Luis Delgado Villalonga (Madrid)
07/11/1988 Andrés Marcet Balsells (Barcelona)
16/10/1988 Juan José Pacheco Cano (Legazpi)
16/10/1988 Julio Gangoso Otero (Pamplona/Iruña)
16/10/1988 Cristóbal Díaz García (Bilbao)
07/10/1988 Ramón Bañuelos Echevarría (Bilbao)

17/09/1988 José Luis Barrios Capetillo (Santurtzi)
10/09/1988 Martín Martínez Velasco (Izueta)
10/09/1988 Pedro Antonio Fonte Salido (Izueta)
21/08/1988 Antonio Fernández Álvarez (Estella/Lizarra)
21/08/1988 José Antonio Ferri Pérez (Estella/Lizarra)
06/06/1988 Patxi Zabaleta Aizpitarte (Elgoibar)
25/05/1988 Sebastián Aizpiri Lejaristi (Elgoibar)
15/04/1988 Francisco Espina Vargas (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
15/04/1988 Antonio Gómez Osuna (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
27/03/1988 Luis Azcaraga Pérez Caballero (Salvatierra/Agurain)
19/03/1988 Pedro Ballesteros Rodríguez (Durango)
11/12/1987 Emilio Capilla Tocado (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 M^a del Pilar Franco Muñoz (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Roció Capilla Franco (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 José Pino Arriero (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 María Carmen Fernández Muñoz (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Silvia Pino Fernández (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 José Ballarin Gava (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Miriam Barrera Alcaraz (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Esther Barrera Alcaraz (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Silvia Ballarin Gay (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 Ángel Alcaraz Martos (Zaragoza)
11/12/1987 José Luis Gómez Solís (Soraluze/Placencia de las Armas)
01/11/1987 Antonio Mateo Melero (Ordizia)
17/10/1987 Mari Cruz Yoldo Orrardre (Pamplona/Iruña)
02/10/1987 Vicente Montoya Salazar (Barakaldo)
27/09/1987 Wenceslao Maya Vázquez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
09/09/1987 Federico Carro Jiménez (Gernika-Lumo)
09/09/1987 Manuel Ávila García (Gernika-Lumo)
08/09/1987 Cristóbal Martín Luengo (Bilbao)
06/08/1987 Rafael Mucientes Sanz (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
06/08/1987 Antonio Ligeró Geins (Vitoria-Gasteiz)

14/07/1987 Antonio López Martínez (Oñati)
 14/07/1987 Pedro Gaznarres Barrera (Oñati)
 19/06/1987 Rafael Morales Ocaña (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Teresa Daza Cecilia (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Jorge Vicente Manzanares (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Silvia Vicente Manzanares (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 María Carmen Mármol Cubillo (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Susana Cabrerizo Mármol (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Sonia Cabrerizo Mármol (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Luis Enrique Salto Viñuelas (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 María Emilia Eyre Diéguez (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Milagros Amez Franco (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Matilde Martínez Domínguez (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Mercedes Manzanares Servitja (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 José Valero Sánchez (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Luisa Ramírez Calanda (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Felipe Caparros Ubierna (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Consuelo Ortega Pérez (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Mercedes Moreno Moreno (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 María Rosa Valdellou Mestre (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Bárbara Serrer Cervantes (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 María Paz Diéguez Fernández (Barcelona)
 19/06/1987 Javier Valls Bauza (Barcelona)
 17/05/1987 Carmen Pascual Carrillo (Madrid)
 03/05/1987 Félix Peña Mazagato (Portugalete)
 28/04/1987 María Teresa Torrano Francia (Portugalete)
 02/04/1987 Juan Fructuoso Gómez (Barcelona)
 27/03/1987 Antonio González Herrero (Barcelona)
 19/02/1987 María Luisa Sánchez Ortega (Bilbao)
 30/01/1987 Manuel Rivera Sánchez (Zaragoza)
 30/01/1987 Ángel José Ramos Saavedra (Zaragoza)
 27/01/1987 Javier Biurrun Monreal (Pamplona/Iruña)

11/11/1986 María Teixeira Gonçalves (Donostia-San Sebastián)
02/11/1986 Genaro García De Andoain (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
28/10/1986 Julio Cesar Sánchez Rodríguez (Bilbao)
25/10/1986 Rafael Garrido Gil (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/10/1986 Daniel Garrido Velasco (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/10/1986 Daniela Velasco Domínguez de Vidaurreta (San Sebastián)
14/10/1986 Ángel González Pozo (Barcelona)
18/08/1986 José Picatoste González (Villarreal)
13/08/1986 José Miguel Moros Peña (Portugalete)
05/08/1986 Juan Ignacio Calvo Guerrero (Madrid)
31/07/1986 Ángel De La Higuera López (Madrid)
26/07/1986 Ignacio Mateu Isturiz (Aretxabaleta)
26/07/1986 Adrián González Revilla (Aretxabaleta)
18/07/1986 Javier Esteban Plaza (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Jesús Jiménez Jimeno (Madrid)
14/07/1986 José Joaquín García Ruiz (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Antonio Lancharro Reyes (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Andrés José Fernández Pertierra (Madrid)
14/07/1986 José Calvo Gutiérrez (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Miguel Ángel Cornejo Ros (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Carmelo Bella Alamo (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Jesús María Freixes Montes (Madrid)
14/07/1986 Santiago Iglesias Godino (Madrid)
28/06/1986 Francisco Muriel Muñoz (Orio)
17/06/1986 Carlos Besteiro Pérez (Madrid)
17/06/1986 Ricardo Sáenz de Ynestrillas Martínez (Madrid)
17/06/1986 Francisco Casillas Martín (Madrid)
08/06/1986 Antonio Ramos Ramírez (Arrasate/Mondragón)
20/05/1986 Manuel Fuentes Pedreira (Arrigorriaga)
02/05/1986 Enrique Moreno Arguilea (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/04/1986 Juan Carlos González Rentero (Madrid)
25/04/1986 Vicente Javier Domínguez González (Madrid)

25/04/1986 Juan José Catón Vázquez (Madrid)
25/04/1986 Juan Mateos Pulido (Madrid)
25/04/1986 Alberto Alonso Gómez (Madrid)
20/03/1986 José Ignacio Aguirrezabalaga de la Granja (Zumaia)
13/03/1986 José Antonio Álvarez Díez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
06/02/1986 Cristóbal Colón de Carvajal y Maroto (Madrid)
30/12/1985 Alejandro Sáenz Sánchez (Lasarte-Oria)
23/12/1985 Juan Atares Peña (Pamplona/Iruña)
06/12/1985 Mario Leal Barquero (Arrasate/Mondragón)
26/11/1985 José Herrero Quiles (Lasarte-Oria)
25/11/1985 Rafael Melchor García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/11/1985 José Manuel Ibarzabal Luque (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/11/1985 Isidoro Díez Ratón (Donostia-San Sebastián)
14/09/1985 Félix Gallego Salmón (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
11/09/1985 Eugene Kent Brown (Madrid)
16/08/1985 Clement Peret (Castellón de la Plana/Castelló de la Plana)
04/08/1985 José Expósito Afán (Elgoibar)
03/08/1985 Fernando Amor Calvo (Luyando)
29/07/1985 Fausto Escrigas Estrada (Madrid)
29/07/1985 Agustín Ruiz Fernández de Retana (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
11/07/1985 Esther Gijalba Gómez (Madrid)
09/07/1985 Antonio Trujillo Comino (Donostia-San Sebastián)
09/07/1985 Juan Merino Antúnez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
26/06/1985 Estanislao Galindez Llano (Amurrio)
24/06/1985 Ignacio Montes Abad (Bilbao)
18/06/1985 Eugenio Recio García (Santurtzi)
12/06/1985 Vicente Romero González (Madrid)
12/06/1985 Juan García Jiménez (Madrid)
12/06/1985 Esteban Del Amo García (Madrid)
12/06/1985 José Milarengo De Bernardo (Portugalete)
30/05/1985 Alfredo Aguirre Belascoain (Pamplona/Iruña)
30/05/1985 Francisco Miguel (Pamplona/Iruña)

30/05/1985 José Martínez Parens (Markina-Xemein)
26/05/1985 Moisés Cosme Herrero Luango (Bilbao)
22/05/1985 Francisco Rivas López (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/05/1985 Máximo Díaz Barderas (Donostia-San Sebastián)
18/05/1985 Juan José Uriarte Orúe (Bermeo)
16/05/1985 Luis Navarro Izquierdo (Basauri)
12/05/1985 Máximo Antonio García Freile (Donostia-San Sebastián)
29/04/1985 Jesús Ildefonso García Padilla (Galdakao)
07/03/1985 Carlos Díaz Arcocha (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
26/02/1985 Ángel Facal Soto (Pasajes San Juan)
19/02/1985 Ricardo Tejero Magro (Madrid)
19/01/1985 Agapito Sánchez Angulo (Portugalete)
31/12/1984 José Larrañaga Arenas (Azkoitia)
07/12/1984 Francisco Javier Fernández Lajusticia (Bilbao)
07/12/1984 Juan Enríquez Criado (Bilbao)
07/12/1984 Luis Alberto Asensio Pereda (Bilbao)
23/11/1984 Mohamed Amar Abderrahman (Irun)
16/11/1984 Joseph Couchot (Irun)
08/11/1984 Juan Sánchez Sierro (Zestoa)
17/10/1984 Vicente Gajate Martín (Errenteria)
28/09/1984 José Luis Veiga Pérez (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
28/09/1984 Agustín Pascual Jove (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
28/09/1984 Victoriano Collado Arribas (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
22/09/1984 José María Martínez-Cubero (Valle de Trápaga-Trapagaran)
25/07/1984 Juan Rodríguez Rosales (Lekeitio)
19/07/1984 Antonio Torrón Santamaría (Portugalete)
02/07/1984 Alberto Aznar Feix (Portugalete)
18/06/1984 Manuel González Villar (Biarritz)
14/06/1984 Ángel Zapatero Antolín (Donostia-San Sebastián)
07/06/1984 Diego Torrente Reverte (Pamplona/Iruña)
27/05/1984 Luis Hoyo Ochoa (Pamplona/Iruña)
03/05/1984 Ángel Rodríguez Sánchez (Irún)

21/04/1984 Antonio Velasco Benito (Bilbao)
18/04/1984 José Ortiz Verdú (Galdakao)
13/04/1984 Jesús Alcocer Jiménez (Pamplona/Iruña)
13/04/1984 Tomás Palacín Pellejero (Pamplona/Iruña)
13/04/1984 Juan José Visiedo Calero (Pamplona/Iruña)
03/04/1984 Bernardo Pérez Sobrino (Bilbao)
28/03/1984 José Naranjo Martín (Elorrio)
01/03/1984 Pedro Ortiz de Urbina Garayalde (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
23/02/1984 Enrique Casas Vila (Donostia-San Sebastián)
29/01/1984 Guillermo Quintana Lacaci (Madrid)
15/12/1983 Eduardo Navarro Cañadas (Donostia-San Sebastián)
15/12/1983 Francisco Arin Urquiola (Tolosa)
09/12/1983 Pablo Garraza García (Erreterria)
08/12/1983 Francisco Javier Collado Azurmendi (Zegama)
26/11/1983 José Antonio Julián Bayano (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
12/11/1983 Antonio De Vicente Comesaña (Bermeo)
09/11/1983 José Ángel Martínez Trelles (Bilbao)
05/11/1983 Manuel Carrasco Merchán (Villabona)
26/10/1983 Lorenzo Mendizábal Iturrarte (Irún)
20/10/1983 Cándido Cuña González (Erreterria)
18/10/1983 Alberto Martín Barrios (Galdakao)
15/10/1983 Alfredo Jorge Suar Muro (Cádiz)
15/10/1983 José Reyes Corchado (Oñati)
13/10/1983 Ángel Flores Jiménez (Erreterria)
08/10/1983 Juan José Pulido Pavón (Hernani)
05/10/1983 Manuel Benito José (Portugalete)
16/09/1983 Pablo Sánchez Cesar (Urnieta)
06/09/1983 Julián Alberdi Igartua (Donostia-San Sebastián)
05/09/1983 Arturo Quintanilla Salas (Donostia-San Sebastián)
05/08/1983 Manolo Peronie Díez (Hernani)
31/07/1983 Rafael Gil Marín (Getaria)
31/07/1983 Enrique Rúa Díaz (Getaria)

23/07/1983 Ramiro Salazar Suero (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
13/07/1983 Manuel Francisco García San Miguel (Sopelana)
27/06/1983 Jesús Blanco Cereceda (Pamplona/Iruña)
23/06/1983 Emilio José Cánovas López (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/06/1983 Juan Maldonado Moreno (Pasajes San Juan)
16/06/1983 Eduardo Vadillo Vadillo (Markina-Xemein)
07/06/1983 Francisco Machio Martos (Azpeitia)
28/05/1983 Antonio Conejo Jalguero (Pamplona/Iruña)
28/05/1983 Fidel Lázaro Aparicio (Pamplona/Iruña)
04/05/1983 Julio Segarra Blanco (Bilbao)
04/05/1983 Pedro Barquero González (Bilbao)
04/05/1983 María Dolores Ledo García (Bilbao)
27/03/1983 Aniano Sutil Pelayo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/03/1983 Ramón Ezequiel Martínez García (Oiartzun)
20/02/1983 Luis Manuel Allende Porrua (Bilbao)
12/02/1983 Patricia Llanillo Borbolla (Tolosa)
07/02/1983 Benito Alonso Gómez (Bilbao)
05/02/1983 Ramón Iturriondo García (Bilbao)
05/02/1983 Aníbal Izquierdo Emperador (Bilbao)
02/02/1983 Miguel Mateo Pastor (Ordizia)
29/12/1982 Juan García Mencia (Irún)
29/12/1982 Manuel López Fernández (Irún)
12/12/1982 Juan Ramón Joya Lago (Tolosa)
23/11/1982 Carlos Manuel Patiño Casanova (Errenteria)
17/11/1982 Cesar Uceda Vera (Bilbao)
04/11/1982 Víctor Lago Román (Madrid)
31/10/1982 Francisco González Ruiz (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
22/10/1982 Domingo Javier García González (Algorta)
15/10/1982 Gregorio Hernández Corchete (Leitza)
09/10/1982 José Giménez Mayoral (Irún)
08/10/1982 Alberto Toca Echevarria (Pamplona/Iruña)
05/10/1982 Juan Carlos Ribeiro de Aguilar (Bermeo)

22/09/1982 Emilio Fernández Arias (Bilbao)
14/09/1982 Alfonso López Hernández (Errenteria)
14/09/1982 Jesús Ordoñez Pérez (Errenteria)
14/09/1982 Antonio Cedillo Toscano (Errenteria)
14/09/1982 Juan Serronero Sacristán (Errenteria)
27/08/1982 José Luis Barona Zorilla (Mungia)
27/08/1982 Francisco Javier Angulo Fernández (Mungia)
25/08/1982 Vicente Gómez Duarte (Mungia)
25/08/1982 Miguel Garrido Romero (Mungia)
16/07/1982 Alberto López Jaureguizar (Bilbao)
04/07/1982 Juan García González (Burguete)
30/06/1982 José Aybar Yáñez (Barakaldo)
13/06/1982 José Fernández Perna (Pasaia)
05/06/1982 Rafael Vega Gil (Santurtzi)
03/06/1982 Daniel Henríquez García (Bilbao)
14/05/1982 Antonio Huegun Aguirre (Eibar)
05/05/1982 Ángel Pascual Múgica (Bilbao)
02/05/1982 Antonio Pablo Fernández Rico (Ondarroa)
17/04/1982 Vicente Luis Garcera López (Pamplona/Iruña)
31/03/1982 Antonio Gómez García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
30/03/1982 Ramiro Carasa Pérez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
28/03/1982 Pedro Conrado Martínez Castaños (Tolosa)
26/03/1982 Enrique Cuesta Jiménez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/03/1982 Alfonso Maside Bouzo (Sestao)
22/03/1982 Cristina Mónica Illarmendi Ricci (Sestao)
22/03/1982 Agustín Martínez Pérez (Sestao)
15/03/1982 Modesto Martín Sánchez (Errenteria)
16/02/1982 Benjamín Fernández Fernández (Donostia-San Sebastián)
16/02/1982 José Frago Martín (Oiartzun)
27/01/1982 Benigno García Díaz (Ondarroa)
02/01/1982 Pablo Garayalde Jaureguizabal (Alegia)
28/11/1981 Manuel Hernández Seisdedos (Getxo)

17/10/1981 Santiago González de Paz (Santurtzi)
25/07/1981 Félix Galindez Llano (Amurrio)
14/07/1981 Ovidio Ferreira Martín (Bilbao)
10/07/1981 Joaquín Gorjón González (Basauri)
05/07/1981 Luis Miranda Blanco (Oiartzun)
05/07/1981 Magin Fernández Ferrero (Barakaldo)
26/06/1981 Antonio Murillo Chacón (Hernani)
24/06/1981 Luis de la Parra Urbaneja (Irún)
24/06/1981 Ignacio Ibarguchi Erostarbe (Tolosa)
24/06/1981 Juan Manuel Martínez Castañares (Tolosa)
16/06/1981 María José García Sánchez (Zarautz)
05/06/1981 Esteban Álvarez Merallo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
14/05/1981 José Olalla de la Flor (Lemoa)
14/05/1981 Manuel Sánchez Borallo (Lemoa)
07/05/1981 Guillermo Tevar Saco (Madrid)
07/05/1981 Antonio Noguera García (Madrid)
07/05/1981 Manuel Rodríguez Taboada (Madrid)
14/04/1981 Oswaldo José Rodríguez Fernández (Donostia-San Sebastián)
14/04/1981 Luis Cadarso San Juan (Basauri)
14/04/1981 José María Latiegui Balmaseda (Usurbil)
09/04/1981 Francisco Francés Garzón (Bilbao)
08/04/1981 Vicente Sánchez Vicente (Barakaldo)
27/03/1981 Juan Costas Otamendi (Tolosa)
21/03/1981 Ramón Romeo Rotaache (Bilbao)
21/03/1981 José Luis Prieto García (Pamplona/Iruña)
05/03/1981 José Luís Raimundo Moya (Bilbao)
06/02/1981 José María Ryan Estrada (Bilbao)
17/01/1981 Leopoldo García Martín (Donostia-San Sebastián)
14/01/1981 José Luis Oliva Hernández (Sodupe)
05/01/1981 Antonio Díaz García (Errenteria)
03/01/1981 Joaquín Martínez (Logroño)
11/12/1980 José Javier Moreno Castro (Eibar)

06/12/1980 Ignacio Lasa de Rezola (Azpeitia)
 02/12/1980 Carlos Fernández Valcárcel (Logroño)
 27/11/1980 Miguel Garciarena Baraibar (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 27/11/1980 Miguel Ángel San Martín Fernández (Logroño)
 21/11/1980 Aurelio Prieto Prieto (Tolosa)
 17/11/1980 Juan García León (Eibar)
 14/11/1980 Vicente Zorita Alonso (Santurtzi)
 12/11/1980 Miguel Zunzunegui Arratibel (Ataun)
 06/11/1980 Alberto Lisalde Ramos (Eibar)
 06/11/1980 Sotero Mazo Figueras (Eibar)
 04/11/1980 Miguel Lasa Arrubarrena (Zarautz)
 03/11/1980 Ángel Retamar Nogales (Zarautz)
 03/11/1980 Arturo López Hernández (Zarautz)
 03/11/1980 Modesto García Lorenzo (Zarautz)
 03/11/1980 Julio Cesar Castrillejo Pérez (Zarautz)
 31/10/1980 Juan De Dios Doval De Mateo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 31/10/1980 José María Pérez López De Orueta (Hernani)
 29/10/1980 Carlos Fernández Aspiazu (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 23/10/1980 Juan Manuel García Cordero (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 23/10/1980 Jaime Arrese Arizmendiarieta (Elgoibar)
 23/10/1980 Felipe Extremiana Unanue (Amorebieta-Etxano)
 13/10/1980 Lorenzo Motos Rodríguez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 07/10/1980 Carlos García Fernández (Eibar)
 04/10/1980 José Luis Vázquez Plata (Salvatierra/Agurain)
 04/10/1980 Avelino Palma Brioa (Salvatierra/Agurain)
 04/10/1980 Ángel Prado Mella (Salvatierra/Agurain)
 03/10/1980 José Antonio Merenciano Ruiz (Durango)
 03/10/1980 Sergio Canal Canal (Durango)
 03/10/1980 Jesús Hernando Ortega (Durango)
 02/10/1980 Ramón Coto Abad (Bilbao)
 02/10/1980 Benito Morales Fabián (Errenteria)
 29/09/1980 José Ignacio Ustáran Ramírez (Vitoria-Gasteiz)

20/09/1980 Antonio García Argente (Markina-Xemein)
20/09/1980 Mariano González Huergos (Markina-Xemein)
20/09/1980 Miguel Fernández Espigares (Markina-Xemein)
20/09/1980 Alfonso Martínez Bellos (Markina-Xemein)
13/09/1980 José María Urquizu Goyonaga (Durango)
06/09/1980 Basilio Altuna Fernández (Erenchun)
03/09/1980 Antonio Fernández Guzmán (Santurtzi)
28/08/1980 Jesús María Echeveste Toledo (Irún)
02/08/1980 Mario González Blasco (Eibar)
23/07/1980 Antonio Contreras Gabarra (Bilbao)
23/07/1980 María Contreras Gabarra (Bilbao)
23/07/1980 Anastasio Leal Serradillo (Bilbao)
22/07/1980 Francisco López Bescós (Villamediana de Iregua)
18/07/1980 Ramón Ledo Taboada (Bergara)
13/07/1980 Aurelio Navio Navio (Orio)
13/07/1980 Antonio Gómez Ramos (Orio)
02/07/1980 Joaquín Becerra Calvente (Amurrio)
28/06/1980 Justino Quindós López (Azkoitia)
28/06/1980 Elio López Camerón (Azkoitia)
28/06/1980 Julio Muñoz Gran (Azkoitia)
25/06/1980 Luis Hergueta Guinea (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
20/06/1980 Julio Santiago Expósito Pascual (Sestao)
19/06/1980 José Pablo García Lorenzo (Amorebieta-Etxano)
15/06/1980 Ángel Postigo Mejías (Pamplona/Iruña)
11/06/1980 José Miguel Etxeberria (San Juan de Luz)
16/05/1980 Francisco Ramón Ruiz Fernández (Goizueta)
16/05/1980 Francisco Puig Mestre (Goizueta)
16/05/1980 Ceferino Peña Zubia (Arrona)
15/05/1980 Dionisio Villadangas Calvo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
15/05/1980 José Manuel Rodríguez Fontana (Donostia-San Sebastián)
15/05/1980 Jesús Holgado Sabio (Donostia-San Sebastián)
12/05/1980 Ramón Baglietto Martínez (Alto de Azcárate)

09/05/1980 Antonio Moreno Núñez (Santurtzi)
 08/05/1980 José María Espinosa Viscarret (Pasajes San Juan)
 01/05/1980 José Oyaga Marañón (Pamplona)
 01/05/1980 Jesús María Vidarra Olleta (Pamplona)
 28/04/1980 Rufino Muñoz Alcalde (Oiartzun)
 16/04/1980 Luis Martos García (Irún)
 16/04/1980 José Torralba López (Irún)
 13/04/1980 Eugenio Lázaro Valle (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
 06/04/1980 Francisco Pascual Anchio (Orio)
 06/04/1980 Florentino Lopetegui Barcajoba (Orio)
 29/03/1980 José María Piris Carballo (Azpeitia)
 25/03/1980 Enrique Aresti Urien (Bilbao)
 24/03/1980 Dámaso Sánchez Soto (Durango)
 24/03/1980 José Arcedo Quiles (Eskoriatza)
 18/03/1980 José Luis Ramírez Villar (Madrid)
 20/02/1980 Eugenio Saracibar González de Durana (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 17/02/1980 Mario Cendán Geimonde (Islares)
 15/02/1980 Ignacio Arocena Arbelaiz (Oiartzun)
 08/02/1980 Ángel Astuy Rodríguez (Oñati)
 08/02/1980 Miguel Rodríguez Fuentes (Pasaia)
 01/02/1980 José Martínez Pérez-Castillo (Ispaster)
 01/02/1980 Carlos José Gómez Trillo (Ispaster)
 01/02/1980 José Gómez Mariñán (Ispaster)
 01/02/1980 Alfredo Díez Marcos (Ispaster)
 01/02/1980 Antonio Marín Gamero (Ispaster)
 01/02/1980 Victorino Villamor González (Ispaster)
 27/01/1980 Juan Manuel Román Moreno (Basauri)
 25/01/1980 Luis Domínguez Jiménez (Bergara)
 23/01/1980 Alfredo Ramos Vázquez (Barakaldo)
 20/01/1980 Liborio Arana Gómez (Barakaldo)
 20/01/1980 Manuel Santacoloma Velasco (Barakaldo)
 20/01/1980 María Paz Armiño Boran (Barakaldo)

20/01/1980 Pacífico Fica Zuloaga (Barakaldo)
19/01/1980 José Miguel Palacios Domínguez (Getxo)
14/01/1980 Francisco Moya Jiménez (Elorrio)
10/01/1980 Jesús María Velasco Zuazola (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
09/01/1980 Sebastián Arroyo González (Altsasu/Alsasua)
05/01/1980 Jesús García García (Barakaldo)
18/12/1979 Juan Cruz Montoya Ortueta (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
28/11/1979 Ángel García Pérez (Azpeitia)
28/11/1979 Antonio Alex Martínez (Azpeitia)
28/11/1979 Pedro Sánchez Marfil (Azpeitia)
16/11/1979 Juan Luís Aguirreurreta Arzamendi (Arrasate/Mondragón)
12/11/1979 Fernando Rodríguez Espinola (Oiartzun)
02/11/1979 Antonio Mesa Murillo (Bilbao)
31/10/1979 Manuel Fuentes Fontán (Portugalete)
27/10/1979 Germán González López (Urretxu)
08/10/1979 Carlos Sanz Biurrun (Pamplona/Iruña)
07/10/1979 Eugenio Recio Guzmán (Bilbao)
07/10/1979 Manuel Pérez Comerón (Bilbao)
05/10/1979 Luís María Uriarte Alzaa (Bilbao)
30/09/1979 Santos Sampedro Lozano (Donostia-San Sebastián)
30/09/1979 Alfonso Vilariño Doce (Gernika-Lumo)
30/09/1979 Pedro Gori Rovira (Las Arenas)
26/09/1979 Sixto Holgado Martín (Errenteria)
23/09/1979 Lorenzo González Valles (Donostia-San Sebastián)
23/09/1979 Carlos Seijas Fernández (Ferrol)
19/09/1979 Aurelio Pérez Zamora (Bilbao)
19/09/1979 Julián Ezquerro Serrano (Bilbao)
13/09/1979 Modesto Carriegas Pérez (Barakaldo)
30/08/1979 José María Pérez Rodríguez (Zumarraga)
30/08/1979 Aureliano Calvo Valls (Donostia-San Sebastián)
18/08/1979 José Manuel Juan Boix (Madrid)
16/08/1979 Antonio López Carreras (Bilbao)

13/08/1979 Manuel Ferreira Simoes (Portugalete)
 08/08/1979 Antonio Nieves Cañuelo (Sondika)
 04/08/1979 Juan Tauste Sánchez (Eibar)
 02/08/1979 Dionisio Gonzalo Rey Amez (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Florentino García Siller (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Dorothy Fertz (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 José Manuel Amaya Pérez (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Juan Luna Azol (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Jesús Emilio Pérez Palma (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Guadalupe Redondo Villar (Madrid)
 29/07/1979 Moisés Cordero López (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 29/07/1979 Antonio Pastor Marín (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 28/07/1979 Miguel Ángel Saro López (Bilbao)
 28/07/1979 Emilio López de la Peña (Bilbao)
 21/07/1979 Jesús María Colomo Rodríguez (Beasain)
 12/07/1979 Santos Ainsa Cristóbal (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Juan Ramón Albanell Córdoba (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Cristóbal Alberó Sánchez (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Joaquín Antolín Berenguer (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Serafín Ares Espiñeira (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Begoña Álvarez Velasco (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Louisa Laure Augusta-Farcy (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Asunción Baeza Escolano (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Carmen Ballaruelo Turón (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Marta Bamala Duch (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Teresa Berdor Labe (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 José Andrés Bonet Bofill (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Emilia Bouza Álvarez (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 María Asunción Cabello Baeza (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Ángel Cabello Iruela (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Miguel Cárcamo Lastra (Zaragoza)
 12/07/1979 Blanca Iris Carllini de Castellini (Zaragoza)

12/07/1979 Juan Castellini (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Francisco Cosme Quer (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Juan de Juan Martínez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José del Amo Villar (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Eugenio Díaz Iglesias (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Eugenio Díaz Montes (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Francisca Diufaín de Alba (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Domingo Pujadas (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Patrick du Breuil Anchagnon (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Isabel Durán Milara (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Rosa M^a Ezquerro Escribano (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Kim Klaus Felmann (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Inmaculada Fernández Caballero (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Fernández Olive (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Wallace Foster (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Ángel Fullana Llodra (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Jean Arthur Furnelle (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 M^a Concepción García Llorente (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Genara García O'Neill (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 David Giménez Pérez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Amparo Gimeno Puyol (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Francisco Gómez Quero (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Santiago González Camiruaga (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Pilar González Fuentes (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Giménez Gil (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Ángel Hernández Pérez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Benita Leno (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Ángel Martínez Torres (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Luis Martínez Muñio (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Santiago Martín Pérez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Carlos Alberto Mauro Albricio (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Molina Campayo (Zaragoza)

12/07/1979 Gonzalo Montes Martínez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Manuel Moro Hernández (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Manuel Moya Jimeno (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Fernando Noguero Noguero (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Leocadio Olabarría García-Ribero (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Mercedes Payol (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Rodrigo Peñalosa Esteban-Infantes (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Rodrigo Peñalosa López-Pin (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Ana M^a Pérez Gimeno (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Enrique Pérez Gimeno (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Joaquín Ismael Peris Coret (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Francisco Javier Puig Villaro (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Alfonso Queipo de Llano Acuña (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Tomás Revuelta García (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Arnold Rivero (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Vicente Ruber Chermay (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 M^a Fernanda Ruber Gimeno (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Miguel Ángel Santos Álvarez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José M^a Sanz Herránz (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Erosina Segarra Narváez de López (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 José Luis Serrano Sánchez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Francisco Sidera Casals (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Jim Thaelman (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Arabia Torres Bardo (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Basilia Torres (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Joaquín Valero Pérez (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Mercedes Vega Neira (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Karl Theodor Walle Yoris (Zaragoza)
12/07/1979 Robert Waslow (Zaragoza)
01/07/1979 Emeterio de la Fuente Aller (León)
22/06/1979 Francisco Medina Albala (Donostia-San Sebastián)
22/06/1979 Diego Alfaro Orihuela (Basauri)

19/06/1979 Héctor Muñoz Espinosa (Irún)
13/06/1979 Ángel Baños Espada (Lemoiz)
07/06/1979 Andrés Antonio Varela Rua (Tolosa)
06/06/1979 Luis Berasategui Mendizábal (Bergara)
25/05/1979 Luis Gómez Ortigüela (Madrid)
25/05/1979 Agustín Laso Corral (Madrid)
25/05/1979 Jesús Abalos Jiménez (Madrid)
25/05/1979 Luis Gómez Borrero (Madrid)
17/05/1979 Antonio Pérez García (Lemoa)
02/05/1979 José Miguel Maestre Rodríguez (Ordizia)
02/05/1979 Antonio Peña Solís (Ordizia)
30/04/1979 Juan Antonio Díaz Román (Oñati)
28/04/1979 Pedro Ruiz Rodríguez (Durango)
17/04/1979 Juan Bautista García (Ordizia)
09/04/1979 Dionisio Imaz Gorostiza (Ordizia)
07/04/1979 Ginés Pujante García (Donostia-San Sebastián)
07/04/1979 Miguel Orenés Guillamón (Donostia-San Sebastián)
07/04/1979 Juan Bautista Peralta Montoya (Donostia-San Sebastián)
05/04/1979 Pedro Fernández Serrano (Pamplona/Iruña)
23/03/1979 Antonio Recio Claver (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
16/03/1979 José María Maderal Oleaga (Bilbao)
09/03/1979 Miguel Chavarri Isasi (Beasain)
05/03/1979 Agustín Muñoz Vázquez (Madrid)
14/02/1979 Sergio Borrajo Palacín (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
14/02/1979 Benito Arroyo Gutiérrez (Deba)
12/02/1979 Cesar Pinilla Sanz (Mungia)
07/02/1979 Vicente Irusta Altamira (Ibarruri)
06/02/1979 José Antonio Vivó Undabarrena (Olaberria)
04/02/1979 Esteban Sáez Gómez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
03/02/1979 José Diez Pérez (Andoain)
31/01/1979 Félix De Diego Martínez (Irún)
30/01/1979 José Fernández Artola Goicoechea (Antzuola)

27/01/1979 Jesús Ulayar Liliaga (Etxarri-Aranatz)
 15/01/1979 Francisco Mota Calvo (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 13/01/1979 Francisco Gómez Jiménez (Azpeitia)
 13/01/1979 Miguel García Bayo (Azpeitia)
 09/01/1979 Ciriaco Sanz García (Laudio/Llodio)
 06/01/1979 Antonio Ramírez Gallardo (Beasain)
 06/01/1979 Hortensia González Ruiz (Beasain)
 03/01/1979 Constantino Ortín Gil (Madrid)
 02/01/1979 José María Herrera Hernández (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 02/01/1979 Francisco Berlanga Robles (Pamplona/Iruña)
 31/12/1978 José Luis Vicente Cantón (Laudio/Llodio)
 30/12/1978 Lisardo Sampil Belmonte (Iurreta)
 27/12/1978 José María Arrizabalaga Arcocha (Ondarroa)
 23/12/1978 Pedro Garrido Caro (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 19/12/1978 Joaquín Azaola Martínez (Algorta)
 17/12/1978 Diego Fernández Montes Rojas (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 13/12/1978 Saturnino Sota Argaiz (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
 13/12/1978 Juan Jiménez Gómez (Pasaia)
 06/12/1978 Vicente Rubio Ereño (Santurtzi)
 05/12/1978 José María Serrais Llasera (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 05/12/1978 Gabriel Alonso Perejil (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 05/12/1978 Ángel Cruz Salcines (Donostia-San Sebastián)
 01/12/1978 Manuel León Ortega (Oñati)
 29/11/1978 Alejandro Hernández Cuesta (Irún)
 27/11/1978 Eliodoro Arriaga Ciaurriz (Villabona)
 25/11/1978 Elías Elexpe Astondoa (Amorebieta-Etxano)
 20/11/1978 José Benito Sánchez Sánchez (Basauri)
 20/11/1978 Benjamín Sancho Mejido (Basauri)
 16/11/1978 Francisco Mateu Cánovas (Madrid)
 15/11/1978 Emilia Larrea Sáez De Adana (Arrasate/Mondragón)
 11/11/1978 José Rodríguez De Lama (Urretxu)
 11/11/1978 Lucio Revilla Alonso (Urretxu)

09/11/1978 Luis Candendo Pérez (Antzuola)
05/11/1978 Mariano Criado Ramajo (Tolosa)
02/11/1978 José Legasa Ubiria (Irún)
02/11/1978 Juan Cruz Hurtado Fernández (Gernika-Lumo)
02/11/1978 Rafael Reaola Landa (Lezo)
30/10/1978 Ignacio Olaiz Michelena (Andoain)
26/10/1978 Andrés Silverio Martín (Bilbao)
25/10/1978 José Benito Díaz García (Bilbao)
25/10/1978 Epifanio Benito Vidal Vázquez (Durango)
22/10/1978 Luciano Mata Corral (Las Arenas)
22/10/1978 Luis Carlos Gancedo Ruiz (Las Arenas)
14/10/1978 Alberto Villena Castillo (Lekeitio)
13/10/1978 Ramón Muñíos Fernández (Bilbao)
13/10/1978 Elías García González (Bilbao)
09/10/1978 Anselmo Durán Vidal (Elgoibar)
09/10/1978 Ángel Pacheco Pata (Markina-Xemein)
03/10/1978 Francisco De Asis Liesa Morote (Bilbao)
02/10/1978 Ramiro Quintero Ávila (Lizartza)
25/09/1978 José Zafra Regil (Donostia-San Sebastián)
25/09/1978 Lorenzo Soto Soto (Donostia-San Sebastián)
23/09/1978 José Antonio Ferreiro González (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
04/09/1978 Amancio Barreiro Gens (Aguinaga)
28/08/1978 Aurelio Salgueiro López (Arrasate/Mondragón)
28/08/1978 Alfonso Estevas-Guilman Muñoz (Hondarribia)
25/08/1978 José García Gastiain (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
21/07/1978 Antonio García Caballero (Tolosa)
21/07/1978 Juan Manuel Sánchez Ramos Izquierdo (Madrid)
21/07/1978 Juan Antonio Pérez Rodríguez (Madrid)
08/07/1978 Javier Jáuregui Bernaola (Lemoa)
05/07/1978 Domingo Merinno Arévalo (Zarautz)
29/06/1978 Jesús Manuel Campos Rodríguez (Pasaia)
28/06/1978 José María Portell Manso (Bilbao)

27/06/1978 Francisco Martínez González (Donostia-San Sebastián)
24/05/1978 José Martín Merquelanz Sarriegui (Oiartzun)
15/05/1978 Miguel Iñigo Blanco (Donostia-San Sebastián)
09/05/1978 Manuel López González (Pamplona/Iruña)
09/05/1978 Juan Marcos González (Donostia-San Sebastián)
24/03/1978 Joaquín Vicente Val (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
17/03/1978 Alberto Negro Viguera (Lemoiz)
17/03/1978 Andrés Guerra Pereda (Lemoiz)
16/03/1978 Esteban Beldarrain Madariaga (Bilbao)
10/03/1978 José María Acedo Panizo (Aduna)
05/03/1978 Miguel Ángel Raya Aguilar (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
05/03/1978 Joaquín Ramos Gómez (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
24/02/1978 Manuel Lemos Noya (Bilbao)
11/01/1978 José Manuel Baena Martín (Pamplona/Iruña)
16/12/1977 Julio Martínez Ezquerro (Irún)
26/11/1977 Joaquín Imaz Martínez (Pamplona/Iruña)
02/11/1977 José Díaz Fernández (Irún)
08/10/1977 Augusto Unceta-Barrenechea Azpiri (Gernika-Lumo)
08/10/1977 Antonio Hernández-Fernández Segura (Gernika-Lumo)
08/10/1977 Ángel Antonio Ribera Navarrón (Gernika-Lumo)
27/06/1977 Valentín Godoy Cerezo (Vitoria-Gasteiz)
22/06/1977 Javier De Ibarra Y Bergé (Barazar)
13/06/1977 José María Basañez Jauregui (Barakaldo)
18/05/1977 Manuel Orceda De La Cruz (Donostia-San Sebastián)
28/04/1977 Antonio Galán Aceituno (Tolosa)
13/03/1977 Constantino Gómez Barcia (Arrasate/Mondragón)
11/01/1977 Félix Ayuso Pinel (Madrid)
04/10/1976 Juan María De Araluce Villar (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/10/1976 Alfredo García González (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/10/1976 Luis Francisco Sanz Flores (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/10/1976 Antonio Palomo Pérez (Donostia-San Sebastián)
04/10/1976 José María Elicegui Díez (Donostia-San Sebastián)

09/06/1976 Luis Carlos Albo Llamosas (Basauri)
02/05/1976 Antonio De Frutos Sualdea (Legazpi)
11/04/1976 Miguel Gordo García (Barakaldo)
07/04/1976 Ángel Berazadi Urbe (Elgoibar)
04/04/1976 Jesús María González Ituero (Anglet)
04/04/1976 José Luis Martínez Martínez (Anglet)
30/03/1976 Vicente Soria Blasco (Soraluze-Placencia de las Armas)
13/03/1976 Manuel Albizu Idiáquez (Getaria)
01/03/1976 Emilio Guezala Aramburu (Lezo)
10/02/1976 Julián Galarza Ayasturi (Zizurkil)
09/02/1976 Víctor Legorburu Ibarreche (Galdakao)
17/01/1976 Manuel Vergara Jiménez (Ordizia)
24/11/1975 Antonio Echeverría Albisu (Oiartzun)
18/10/1975 Manuel López Treviño (Zarautz)
12/10/1975 Germán Aguirre Irazuegui (Villarreal)
05/10/1975 Jesús Pascual Martín Lozano (Oñati)
05/10/1975 Juan José Moreno Chamorro (Oñati)
05/10/1975 Esteban Maldonado Llorente (Oñati)
08/08/1975 Demetrio Lesmes Martín (Hernani)
31/07/1975 Francisco Expósito Camio (Usurbil)
05/07/1975 Carlos Arguimberri Elorriaga (Deba)
26/06/1975 Fernando Fernández Moreno (Ceuta)
06/06/1975 Ovidio Díaz López (Barcelona)
05/06/1975 Mariano Román Madroñal (Donostia-San Sebastián)
13/05/1975 Domingo Sánchez Muñoz (Gernika-Lumo)
07/05/1975 Fernando Llorente Roig (Bilbao)
06/05/1975 Andrés Segovia Peralta (Gernika-Lumo)
22/04/1975 José Ramón Morán González (Getxo)
29/03/1975 José Díaz Linares (Donostia-San Sebastián)
17/12/1974 Luis Santos Hernández (Arrasate-Mondragón)
17/12/1974 Argimiro García Estévez (Arrasate-Mondragón)
29/10/1974 Jerónimo Vera García (Pasaia)

13/09/1974 Concepción Pérez Paino (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Francisca Baeza Alarcón (Madrid)
13/09/1974 María Ángeles Rey Martínez (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Baldomero Barral Fernández (Madrid)
13/09/1974 María José Pérez Martínez (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Antonio Alonso Palacín (Madrid)
13/09/1974 María Jesús Arco Tirado (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Luis Martínez Martín (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Antonio Lobo Aguado (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Francisco Gómez Vaquero (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Manuel Llanos Gancedo (Madrid)
13/09/1974 Gerardo García Pérez (Madrid)
11/09/1974 Martín Durán Grande (Bilbao)
02/06/1974 Manuel Pérez Vázquez (Ataun)
03/04/1974 Gregorio Posada Zurrón (Azpeitia)
20/12/1973 Luis Carrero Blanco (Madrid)
20/12/1973 Juan Antonio Bueno Fernández (Madrid)
20/12/1973 José Luis Pérez Mogeno (Madrid)
24/03/1973 José Humberto Fouz Escobedo (Francia)
24/03/1973 Jorge García Carneiro (Francia)
24/03/1973 Fernando Quiroga Veiga (Francia)
29/08/1972 Eloy García Cambra (Galdakao)
09/04/1969 Fermín Monasterio Pérez (Bilbao)
02/08/1968 Melitón Manzanas González (Irún)
07/06/1968 José Pardines Arcay (Villabona)
28/06/1960 M^a Begoña Urroz Ibarrola (Donostia-San Sebastián)

"Here the brightest light has been the courage of all those who have opted for the defense of the rule of law and its protection as the best guarantees for achieving the combination of Freedom, Justice and Equality. The heaviest of all shades is definitely terrorism, the greatest enemy of any open society".

Mariano Rajoy



ANTONIO
MERINO SANTAMARÍA

Civil Servant and Member of the Group of State Administration Experts. In December 1981, being director of the Urban Social Heritage Administration, MOPU dependent, Merino is transferred to the Basque Government Delegation in Biscay.

Founding member of *Alianza Popular de Vizcaya* in 1977, he was appointed Secretary General, reaching the presidency in 1978. The following year, 1979, he is given responsibility as President of *Alianza Popular* in the Basque Country, from November 1979 to October 1983.

Later on he has been Representative for Biscay in the Spanish Parliament during the IV, V, VI, and VII (1989-2004) legislatures. Currently he is still a member of the *Partido Popular* Provincial Board in Biscay.



ÁLVARO
CHAPA IMAZ

Doctorate in History, he has over twenty five years of experience helping corporations such as *Iberdrola*, *Arania*, *Bilbao Metropoli 30* and *Tamoin Group*, among some other companies and cultural foundations, preserving and telling their stories with the help of their corporate actors, stories that have been collected in numerous publications.

He is a founding partner of *Idéntitas Historia Corporativa* (Identitas Corporate History).

He was elected Representative (*Apoderado*) for the *Partido Popular* in the General Elections of Biscay (*Juntas Generales de Vizcaya*), during the 1995-1999 term.



"Raíces de Libertad" is the human story of twenty-four people belonging to the center-right parties who were killed by ETA; those center-right parties make the current Partido Popular in the Basque Country.

Unión del Centro Democrático, Alianza Popular, Coalición Popular-Unión Foral y el Partido Popular suffered and still suffer the treacherous persecution of the nationalist ETA terrorism with the clear intention to exterminate any opportunity for choice in the Basque Country, a goal ETA almost got in the 80s but that failed in the 90s. The failure of this strategy is the origin and cause of the defeat of ETA.

The FPEV, Fundación Popular de Estudios Vascos (Popular Foundation for Basque Studies) an organization dependent on the Partido Popular, presents in this work the compelling and heartfelt reconstruction of the lives of those victims and their families, in order to honor their sacrifice and recognize their memory. The memory and recognition extends to the almost nine hundred victims from different backgrounds, professions and ideological options that have been killed by ETA, as well as to their families.

They and their sacrifice are the true and authentic roots of freedom of the Basques and Spaniards.



FUNDACIÓN POPULAR
de estudios vascos



ATXULAR ATEA
colección supelegor