

of all. They were guilty of nothing; they attacked no one; they did not even say to a single being: "Move over!"

It was in this state of affairs that Mr. Duca came to power with his ceaseless threats - which at the same time constituted for the foreign bankers, the rulers of Romania - assurances - that he would dissolve The Iron Guard. What could justify The Guard's dissolution?

Our attitude? Agitations? Grave disturbances, even lesser ones? Subversive acts? Terrorism? Out of the question! For they did not exist; not even in the minds of our accusers and torturers.

Excluded! For we do not work on a present plane. We work on a plane of the future. We did not, and do not ask, to govern. Moreover, it does not even interest us who comes to power. This leaves us absolutely indifferent. We are interested in the Romania of tomorrow, taking part, naturally, in a certain proportion - for our own education - in all the current activities of the present: in Parliament, journalism, science, arts and so on. This truth also removes the lie usually attributed to us on such an occasion, that we would seek a *coup d'état*, which presupposes the intent to govern immediately.

As a matter of fact, we have not been prevented from exercising any try at violence or illegality, but on the contrary, *it was through violence that we were prevented from using the legal means.*

And now a brief question.

How does the man with the soul of a beast, Mr. I.G. Duca, justify all the blood that he shed, the Romanian blood of our innocent comrades? By invoking "*the international will*", by the order of the Judeo-Masonic bankers of Paris whose servant he is and to whom he sold Romania's interests and our Romanian lives?

This is the most shameful capitulation known in the political history of Romania: "*Kill your children with your own hands, we need the destruction of your future, Romania!*" . This is the infamous order whose executor became a Romanian Prime Minister.

Before these facts of historical gravity, I ask myself, as a whole world does:

Where are the perennial defenders of "national dignity" - whose name I am ashamed to utter - who today cover by their silence, this, the saddest capitulation? Do you not see that the "object" of the sell-out is no longer matches or oil, or the forests, but our very blood and lives?

Under these foreign orders, there were arrested and tortured a countless number of priests, headed by the old and sick priest, Reverend Ion Mota who for 22 years had warmed Romanian hearts through *Libertatea*, and by the 80 year old father of Tudose Popescu, a priest in Marcesti.

Prompted by these foreign orders, a whole roster of intellectuals, headed by university professor Dan Radulescu, a leader of Romanian science, by

Attorney Emil Vasiliu-Cluj, and by professor Ion Zelca Codreanu - are suffering the tortures of martyrs.

Prompted by these foreign orders, side by side with thousands of tortured peasants, the flower of Romanian youth lingers in every prison, headed by Ion I. Mota, Radu Gyr, Corneliu Georgescu, Professor Vasile Cristescu, Alexandru Cantacuzino, Professor Horia Sima, Bozantan, Popa, Dr. Colhon and Lupu etc etc.

All of them know that when the great hour of legionary victory strikes, they will not go unavenged.

NO ONE HAS STOOD UP FOR US.

In these difficult hours, when monarchical youth was allowed to be ripped apart by those who most dragged Monarchy into the mud, I have ascertained one thing: no one has stood up for us, not in the face of Mr. Duca's thirst for blood, or in the face of the foreign bankers infamous demands.

Even the doors of Justice, the Public Prosecutor's Office, have been closed to us as to some rabid dogs. To our innumerable lawful petitions of grievances, we received no answer. In the hearts of thousands of youth who are familiar with and admire the postures of justice in other lands in similar cases - the pride born of faith in the virtues of Romanian justice wavers.

How is it possible that in a country where Justice is supposed to prevail, men who have no guilt can be tortured for weeks on end, yet not be able to secure it in any form? Still, real Justice, not that of the Prosecutor's Office, surely will not refuse us satisfaction. So, to it we shall appeal.

Dear Comrades who will celebrate Christmas in prisons, with your bodies bloodied and your hearts full of mourning, do not let this "*isolation*" get you down, for God is **not** against us, and that is why we can never be defeated. We will rally our loose ranks and The Iron Guard will come out of this suffering brighter than ever.

In your name, I thank all those who have found for us a good word, and especially to the newspapers of *Cuvantul* and *Calendrul* which we shall never forget for their attitude and help given to us.

Who answers?

Who answers for all the blood that was spilled, and for all these offences, for all the tortures? The foreign banks? No, answers Mr. Duca, together with the other seller of our souls, Mr. Titulescu. Thus answers Messrs. Iamandi, Inculet, Antonescu, Roman; and thus answers General Dumitrescu, Commandant of the Gendarmerie, who behaved with unspeakable infamy; and thus answers Mr. Cristescu, General Director of the Securitate. *These are our murderers and the torturers of over 10,000 Romanian children. Their names shall forever be inscribed on the walls of our homes, full of blood.*

They boast everywhere that they have dissolved and destroyed the Iron Guard. We only answer: **One never knows!**

CODREANU ON

TREACHERY FROM WITHIN.

Legionaries!

The wave of lies and hatred still continues. But we have weathered so many storms and so many waves have rammed against our chests that this last one, in which so much hope was placed by our enemy and particularly by our 'friends', did not, and will not, budge one single man, one single soul from the position of his Legionary faith.

Such an attack, of the lie, has its share of pain, out of nausea for lying; but it also has its blessing: We have known our enemies since childhood, have not been in doubt about them, and have fought them; we thank God that today He helped us know our 'friends' as well.

So, for example, a 'good' friend sententiously repeated this question:

"Let Mr Corneliu Codreanu answer whether the pact for guaranteeing free elections does not mean the defending of Jewish votes?"

I answer:

"For 17 years, my comrades and I have not crossed the threshold of a single Jewish shop though we lived in Iasi (where most of the shops were Jewish owned), have not entered a Jewish home, have not talked with a single Jew, because we considered them here in this land as enemies of our nation.

"Is this your question?" That I ask for freedom at election time for Jews? That you would stop them and I would defend them? No, sir.

"I ask for freedom in elections for my people, for the youth of my people, which four years ago in the last elections, by order of the Judaic power, under the most ruthless terror, were some put in hospitals and another 10,000 into prisons.

"I ask for freedom for my people precisely in order for it to be able to break and shed the yoke of Judaic power which burdens it in its country, on its own land, at its plough, its table, in its laws.

"The historic mission of our generation is the resolving of the Jewish problem.

"It was this aim that all our fights for the last 15 years have had, and all the efforts of our life from now on will have the same aim.

"And you ask me whether I have sold myself to the Jews? Do you not look at my forehead, do you not look at my body, to see how wound upon wound lies there, dog of a friend?"

Another 'friend', guest for several months in the Cuzist nationalist movement, candidate on the lists of the National Christian Party, blesses me in the following fashion:

"The National Christian Party is the only organism which has put forward a nationalist programme without compromise, while the other nationalist formations have capitulated either into the hands of liberals as in the case of Messrs Vaida and Iorga, or into the hands of the Popular Front organized by Mr Maniu, with the collaboration of Jews and Communists, as in the "All for the Fatherland" party's case led by Mr Corneliu Codreanu."

The name of this 'friend' is Ion San-Georgiu, college professor. I have sued him for libel, and I shall remember him as you legionaries will remember all those who dared cover you with mud, so as to conceal the raw flesh of your wounds from the eyes of the country.

Another 'friend' ironically ponders, insulting me, whether he does not have the right to "discuss" the non-aggression pact.

I answer:

"You have the right to discuss, offend and slander, as much right as a pastry cook has to discuss the strategic measures of a troop commander during a war."

And in any case, to a man who leads a troop responsibly, and who proves his good faith perhaps even showing great skill, must be accorded a respite of at least a month and not be slapped and attacked in bad faith at the very first.

I think it only right for me to ask to be slapped at the end, even by these gentlemen, and stoned, only after it is proved that I committed the tactical error.

Finally, I left for Bacau, my heart full of sacred emotion.

The first legionary company, which is headed for the land of Christian Moldavia, carrying with it the first liberating banner in the economic struggle, out of which the indigenous people of Stefan the Great came out defeated, and his land transformed into a Judea with local slaves and Jewish masters.

Not even one Romanian shop! We shall open one! The fight is going to be difficult because before us stands the Jewish commerce, while we are utterly poor. We enter this battle with a handful of savings put together with so much care and so much sacredness, out of the hardest labour and renunciation, so that any decent folk would cry, were they to know.

Arrived at Bacau, the legionary commerce organized to deliver Moldavia, faces, however, two enemies united in the fight against us: **The Jews and the Cuzists.**

The latter whispering and spreading everywhere the rumour
“that we open the shop helped by Jews”,
“that we took money from Moscow”,
“that we are paid by the Jews”

In the face of this situation, I return humiliated and write this circular now, *not* in order to exonerate myself, that I took money either from Moscow or from the Jews, or because I fear these connivings, but in order to affirm: **my flesh cringes from so much treachery.**

December 1937.

CODREANU ON THE LEGIONARY MARTYRS.

Comrades,

The day of the great sacrifice is drawing near. At this time a year ago, Ion Mota and his comrade, Vasile Marin, were preparing for death.

In those days, a frightening tragedy took place in their souls. A storm of pain. The forever breaking away from your children, wife, parents, all the dear ones, life, sun, the far land of your country. Thousands of kilometres away from all your loved ones, you do not have anyone by your side in the hour of death.

Mota had the foreboding of the approaching of this tragic moment. His soul, in those last days, was engulfed by concern for his children; he missed them and the rest of his family. A wave of infinite pain descended upon his soul. *This is how Ion Mota died on January 13th 1937 at Majadahonda.*

His sacrifice is huge because God wrested it from him accompanying it with all possible human pains. And the pains of their sacrifice spread farther, ever farther, because we - our hearts rent - ceaselessly seek them, constantly call them, continuously cry out for them.

Our generation of fighters has lost the cleanest amongst its ranks, the loftiest and the noblest. I wonder if this great, huge sacrifice, with all its pains - will not be taken into consideration by anybody within our nation?

Beloved comrades, legionaries throughout the land, with clear soul come near the sacred sacrifice of Mota and Marin for Christ at Majadahonda. Take steps that everywhere this day be spent in total fasting and prayers in churches. Pray this day for all our dead as Mota left us word in his Testament: “*I wish to be buried alongside all my comrades fallen in battle for the Legionary faith.*”

I ask that this day pass without parades, noiseless and without any outbursts that would disturb even through preoccupation the profound grief and sorrow of our souls.

Do not go out among people with demonstrations, but run away from them; slip by unnoticed by anyone. Let us live this day within ourselves, and only within us, reading what Mota left us. Let nothing of the outside world preoccupy us.

Legionaries, pray and fast, down to the last village.

January 1938.

