

Evelyn Guevara Lohmann

Spies-CIA-Lies-Terrorist
-Che Guevara-

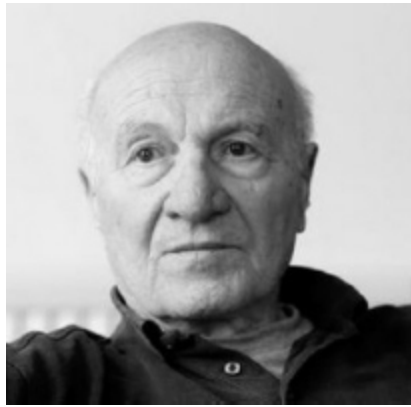


Fantasy revolutionist

For Uwe
Heidulf Krawolitzki
And to my father



Che, Ernesto Guevara was my father.



Ciro bustos



Che Guevara

The reality of the propaganda Hero Che Guevara only came to light when I started to look for my birth parents. My first statement was, he was still alive! I met him, he was my father but everyone has to die sometime; he died on 1.1.2017.

After sixteen years of research and many questions Che Guevara/Ciro Bustos could have answered, I found out how he was created into a propaganda hero. The family connections are not as I first thought they were.

'Gabriel Garcia Marquez the creator of Che Guevara' explains how he came from a Mexican political family, 'Jurado' and the dark side of why! The visual evidence underlines how the fake was created.

This book takes you through the jungle of how I found out and why I was looking. I did not expect to find a world of drugs and weapons, political intrigue running through events like J F Kennedy's assassination, the Contras, Watergate.

One thing is clear whatever Che Guevara's real name was he was a master spy!

I want to point out that this is not a literary work of art but an account of how history has been misled.

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Part one

Chapter one.

Why was I looking?

Che, Ernesto Guevara was my father.

Do they say when you want to tell a story you should begin at the beginning? Do I start in London where I was born? Or where I was conceived or do I start at the point where I discovered the strangest things that lead me to find I had four half-sisters in New Zealand and six more half-siblings in Cuba? (There are others I could call relations)

I was born in London just before Christmas in nineteen fifty-five. Where I was adopted; to an English family that thought themselves noble.

I am olive skinned and had dark hair and funny brown coloured eyes. Giggled to music and had to live with the words 'Ladies don't do that!' said about most things I my problem I don't know where the beginning was.

'Ladies don't do that', seemed to cover everything! Especially when asking why I did not look the same as anyone around me.

The husband I married did not seem to think trying to find out about my roots were something ladies asked about either.

When he left after twenty-five of years of marriage, I went with my new partner to Cuba.

We had a holiday of a life time! Made all the more special by discovering my adopted father had been to Trinidad, in Cuba. I remember the photos of him standing in front of the church. Trinidad was not where the strange things started to happen.

The moment I set foot on Cuban soil I felt at home, really at home for the first time in my life! 'Going through a bad divorce' so I thought!

Seeing a place where my adopted father had been; was strange enough! But when we got to Santa Clara things

became even stranger!

There were people with similar eyes, like mine and skin like mine.

People are trying to talk to me! And trying to talk to me even though I am surrounded by the folk we are enjoying our jeep trip with. I don't have enough Spanish to say good day!

When the older man came to ask if I would like to give him money as his wife was in hospital, I had another shock.

The name of the hospital was Evelyn something!

Strange that is my forename. I thought I had had to have this name as it was a family name on my adopted mother's side.

I did not know it was a name to be seen in Cuba!

'Having a difficult divorce.'

We are moved on to the next place of interest the mausoleum of their hero. His triumph in the revolution is also remembered in Santa Clara railway station!

'Having a difficult divorce.' must be going to my head!

We are now walking around the mausoleum of one of the best remembered heroes of any revulsion.

When someone said:

'You look so like his sister.'

This is the point where I give up to- 'Having a difficult divorce.'

I decide that a little Cuba labara might be the best way to cope with the fore mentioned.

The trip to Havana was one of the next strange events to happen to me! The Hemmingway walk through the old part of the city was planed. But, then I saw the family name of my adopted father on a restaurant door... Farnes.

Others are saying she is 'Having a difficult divorce.'

All the way back in the bus tears are flowing down my face!

I am back in the world again, I have roots!

All folk that have parts or their lives puzzle missing will understand this last remark.

‘Having a difficult divorce’ gets off that bus with a clear mind, even with a glass of Cuba Libre that never seemed to empty no matter how much was drank from it.

This is the time where I have decided to look for my birth mother again, other attempts were stopped by my adoptive mother’s and my first husband’s disapproval.

There are not many facts to suggest my thoughts could be true, but there are a lot of circumstances that could.

My adopted father lived in the city of London; His business was to investigate companies to safeguard other companies that wanted to invest their money.

His offices were two hundred meters away from the offices in charge of importing sugar into England, from Cuba!

His father was a merchant sales man. At that time ‘merchant sales’ meant handling goods brought to London by ship.

My adopted father had been in Cuba, I don’t have the pictures any more.

I was to find a photo that could be of my adopted father in an autobiography listening to Che Guevara speak; in Peru.

My adopted mother and father had also been to New Zealand. I do not know if they went together. My adoptive mother spent a year in New Zealand with her brother, on a sheep farm. New Zealand was where I learnt my birthmother came from.

New Zealand is where I find four sisters. I sadly missed my birthmother by seven months. She died without being able to tell me the strange things I needed to know. The English courts did not help me in time to talk to her.

For me to talk about my birthmother was not something I could do with my adoptive mother. I knew her name but trying to look for someone with only a name, without knowing the year of their birth, nor where they came from,

did make that search difficult, bordering on impossible. I found her but it was a long hard job.

After that first trip to Cuba in 2000, nearly two years went by. Letters and telephone calls crossed the English Channel. I had my birth mother's name, Beverly Norelle Frost.

A letter had arrived telling me the judge was authorised to tell me my birthmother was 23 in 1955 and she came from New Zealand.

There was an email waiting for me when we returned from that trip. Mandy, Joe, Susan, and Maree appeared in emails to follow.

I have four sisters in New Zealand!

If you have been alone in this world, and find you are very much part of life, part of a chain, there are others like you!

There are not enough words in the English language to cover how you feel!!

My birth mother was a nurse. I learnt that from my youngest sister. That our birthmother decided to travel the world, she started the trip at the end of nineteen fifty-four.

I believed my birthmother was in Mexico City for the P.A.M games, at the time I was conceived. Where it was said Che is training to be a doctor at that time, and he was involved in Fidel Castro's military training camps.

Letters in Spanish and English are being sent to every hospital I can find where Ernesto Guevara could have worked.

Che, Ernesto Guevara had been a reporter at the 1955 P.A.M games. Despite writing to every hospital I could think of and trying to find out if hotels would still have records of their visitors from that time, I could not find the one bit of information I needed. I found nothing about either person, looking back it was strange as there must be other sources of information other than the official versions. But I did ask if as a nurse with my birth mother's name had work there with Che, as I lived in Germany it did seem an impossible task.

I sent letters to the Che Guevara centre in Havana that have not been answered. Not surprising as it is run by Che's

second wife! But it was said that Che Guevara kept dairies about everything he did and of his conquests. They have been stored in the Havana centre. Along with photos taken by Che at the P.A.M American games nineteen fifty five, where 'they' could have met!

I knew the photos existed from the time we had been in Santiago De Cuba, were we had seen an exhibition of cameras Che and Fidel Castro were interested in, our guide told us about the photos and that they were in Habana.

The photos I felt then were an important link, maybe my birthmother could be found on some of them. At this time I cannot say why I feel this way, it is just a strong feeling.

I and Uwe spent hours running round Habana looking for them on our next trip. I had to leave without knowing where they were.

I had to wait till we were sitting in a waiting room months later for Uwe to say the photos ware in Hamburg. Just down the road from us, compared to Habana! I did not think to try and meet the young man in charge of the photos, Camilo, Maybe seeing someone that could be a half brother would have helped me, but I had missed meeting him and if I had what was I going to say? 'Hi, I think I am your half sister.'

The photos brought me a feeling of being a step closer but not the evidence I wanted. What did I expect photos of girlfriends and associates?

Had my original birth certificate said the name of my birth father, I would not have needed to run around the world with emails, looking for the missing links.

There are not many that can wonder at seeing the face of a man, that you think is your father, tattooed on muscular chests or staring down on you from bright posters, oh the t-shirt!

The biography, 'Che Guevara, a revolutionary life. By Jon Lee Anderson.' I have the paperback version, did help me to

make a farther connection, it dos confirm my birthfather and my adoptive father met!

My adoptive father's profession took him around the world; his job would not have prevented him from making such connections.

It is photo during a lull in the August 1961 economic summit in Punta del Este, Uruguay.

Nether knowing how they were connected, connected by a little girl.

It is not conclusive evidence I know, but I want to explain why I was looking.

I am not able to find any more connections, other than my adoptive father's profession, and where he was born, where he lived and worked in the City of London. Two hundred and fifty meters from where sugar imports were controlled in the city. His father was a merchant salesman, it a time when that meant he handled with goods from incoming ships.

What now?

I did not have anything other than a good after diner story!

Mandy had said there was a photo album my birthmother had made of her trip to London. A photo of her preparing to leave with a ship, on it's the back a date confirming when the trip started, it was nineteen fifty four.

A ship! A Photo, an album! They have got to help!

I sent a photo of my birth father to my sisters in hope they would look in the album for me.

The four years that have passed since my younger sister and I sat together and she told me of the album. It had got lost, they did not think about it anymore.

It is not that I cannot understand I have come into their lives, at a time when their mother had died. What a time to discover there is another child coming out of the past. Two of the five girls born to my birthmother were given up for

adoption; myself in London and two years later Maree in New Zealand.

The next surprise was to change the negative winds of Christmas 2006! A wicked twist of fate saw the satellite receiver decide it did not want to work anymore. The day that happened, the local supermarket had a special offer with satellite receivers. It did not look any different than the last one. But it had Cuban television! Wonderful I could now watch English, American and German television and now have an eye on Cuba! Not as easy as one would think as most of their programs are in Spanish. But their charm, the music and art, the travel programs showing place I know were enough to keep me happy.

I am watching a program celebrating Fidel Castro's eighth birthday, I am interested in all things Cuban. I had at one time thought Fidel Castro could be a father candidate, in the daydream years.

I had to stop what I was doing a woman was speaking, I look into a face that was familiar, she spoke like I do when I am talking about the things in life I love. Was I looking into my face? I was so shocked I only just caught her name-Guevara! When the spell was broken I ran to the internet for every photo, article I could find about Aleida Guevara March.

I have felt the same feeling with all four sisters in New Zealand; the x factor, the factor you cannot explain with your practical side, but it is so strong you cannot ignore it.

The early months of 2007 were the hardest for me. I am frustrated I know the information connecting my feeling and reality are out there! Where is the album my sisters have been talking about? Which ship did my birthmother take?

A young woman of twenty two/three would be so excited about a trip of this kind she would have kept a record of it. Kept the ticket maybe, a diary, had a photo album. The information I was asking for from New Zealand was not forthcoming.

More letters go out to Mexico hospitals this time in Spanish!

If I had the name of the ship, I could find out about its route. I am online nosing in passengers list, shipping companies.

I did not know from which port she left New Zealand. There were two ports in question, Auckland and Wellington. The ships passing through the Panama Canal were the most interesting to me.

It all happened over fifty years ago, time losses interest in the facts. I did not have a date of my birthmother's departure to work with or a confirmed date of arrival in London, other than my birth date, if that can be trusted.

I now have to question everything I have been told. Somewhere in the different piles of emails from my sisters living in New Zealand and the books and strangely translated diaries. With the old letter from my adoptive mother, memories of photos from my adoptive father, and facts floating on the internet, there had to be away forwards!

The ship is the subject to stick to for the moment. Three ships names start to come forward.

Rangitoto.

Ruahine.

Rangitane.

They were ships on the route from New Zealand to England at that time.

The internet's line to my computer is trying to help me, it is happy to tell me of immigrants wishing to travel from Europe to the new worlds. The ships were popular till the middle of the sixty's. From then on airplanes took over as passenger transporters.

The New Zealand Maritime Museum.

www.nzmaritime.org

The Maritime Museum came up with useful information about the route taken to London and back again. The time the trips took and the interesting price charged for the voyage.

For Ten Pounds you could travel half the world, for not more than twenty the world!



The route taken by the ship, from an old catalogue.

PASSENGER AND CARGO SERVICES AND PRINCIPAL CARGOES CARRIED

PASSENGER SERVICE BY "RANGITOTO" until mid 1969

London to Auckland or Wellington via Curacao, Panama and Tahiti returning via Tahiti, Panama, Kingston, Port Everglades (for Miami) and Bermuda.

CARGO SERVICES FROM UNITED KINGDOM

London to New Zealand via Curacao and Panama Canal.
London to Fiji and New Zealand via Curacao and Panama Canal.

Continent and Genoa to New Zealand via Curacao and Panama Canal.

Newport, Swansea, Glasgow and Liverpool to New Zealand via Curacao and Panama Canal.

Newport, Swansea and Liverpool to Australia via Cape of Good Hope.

Cargoes. Chemicals, fertilisers, iron and steel, machinery, manufactured goods, motor cars, textiles and whisky.

HOMEWARD SERVICES

New Zealand to United Kingdom via Continental, Mediterranean, South and West African ports.

Discharging in United Kingdom—Hull, London, Southampton, Avonmouth, Cardiff, Liverpool and Glasgow via Panama Canal and Curacao (if direct).

South and West African Ports—Durban, Cape Town, Lagos and Tema thence Continental, United Kingdom ports via Cape of Good Hope and Las Palmas.

Mediterranean—Piraeus, Famagusta, Genoa, Marseilles, Barcelona and Lisbon thence Continental and United Kingdom ports via Panama Canal and Curacao or Cape Horn and Las Palmas.

Cargoes. Butter, cassia, cheese, fruit (apples and pears), meat, milk powder, tallow and wool.

Australia to United Kingdom, Continental and Mediterranean Ports via Cape of Good Hope and Las Palmas.

Discharging at Piraeus, Malta, Genoa, Continental Ports, London, Avonmouth, Liverpool, and other occasional ports.

Cargoes. Butter, cheese, eggs, fruit including canned and dried, hides, lead, meat, mineral sands, sugar, tallow, wheat and zlec.

THE NORTH AMERICAN TRADE

Canada and East Coast U.S.A. to Australia and New Zealand Ports via Panama Canal.

Loading at Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, Cornerbrook, Philadelphia, New York, Newport News, Savannah and other occasional ports.

Cargoes. Agricultural machinery, chemicals, manufactured goods, motor cars and tobacco.

Australia and New Zealand to East Coast U.S.A. and Canada via Panama Canal.

Discharging at Charleston, Norfolk, Newport News, Philadelphia, New York and Boston in U.S.A. and

Questions like did my birthmother stay on the ship she departed on? Did she stop over to sightsee or earn some money for living expenses? Nurse could always get work even if they were qualified or not.

The piles of copies of every email are spread over my table. Every remark anyone made is being scrutinized.

I don't have every email ever sent to me as the computer of the time died of old age, it could have put into writing, my birthmother had attended the P.A.M games as stated by Mandy. It was from Mandy I heard that my birthmother was interested in sport and would have attended the PM games in 1955. It was her remarks that woke the interest in Che's photos.

I am not sure the photo album still exists! It is being said there is only a photo marking my birthmother's start of her trip, with the date 26 November on the back of it.

Without a confirmed point to work from I am stuck, the album must hold at least a key so I can move on. But it is stuck behind that wall!

The name Helen O'Conner appears in an email. Sister Joe remembers her; she was a friend my birthmother made on that trip to London. Was she from or going to Ireland, no known date of birth, I had that problem before!

Joe remembers that Helen's husband had worked as the harbour master in Cork, Ireland. With just that information to go on, I was back up on the internet. Funny how fate works!

The Harbour Master working for County Cork knew Jack before he died; and as far as Pat knew Helen was alive and will, living in Waterford. He gave me her address!

The excitement! After fifty-one years and twelve days I felt I was getting closer.

There was someone who knew your birthmother at the time you were born. A letter was put in the post! That morning my companion and I had shared a Champaign breakfast.

Helen has not replied, I cannot get her telephone number from the directory inquires. Check with Pat the address sent another letter to Helen. Was she is over one hundred, buried and forgotten and no one knows. Handy caped or her hearing aid is broken along with her glasses!

Mandy offers to write to Helen on my behalf, maybe Helen is upset by the letters I have sent!

I showed the address Pat had given to me for Helen to my companion. He asks, 'is it a small village?'

I am ready to jump into a plain and bang on her door!

'If it is a small town the post mistress would know.'

My dear man suggested.

I turned to the internet again for the telephone number of the post office in Waterford.

Yes she knew Helen, she was not there. I was sure she meant dead, not there!

No not there, gone away! I had to explain what was troubling me. The Post Mistress was so sympathetic I was to ring back. I cannot tell you how long it was till I was to call back but every second hang heavily.

The Post Mistress had gone down the road to knock on the door of Helen's son. He said I was to put a note on the door... How was I to do that from Germany?

After explaining to him why the mad lady from over the water wanted to talk to his mother, I was able to write down a number of telephone numbers.

Helen was in Dublin. Much easier to get to! She was staying with her daughter. I rang left messages on the answer phone.

While I was waiting I returned to investigate the ship, it is interesting to see the route returning goes through the Mediterranean, and some ships used the Sues Channel.

If you have a description of a ship you can identify it even without knowing its name, I didn't have even that!

Were they (The ugly sisters) telling me there wasn't a photo album?

Then there was a photo album but Fred had it. Fred was my birthmother's husband and father to three of my sisters.

Fred had remarried and moved away with his new lady. I did not see why the album was not available!

A letter has arrived from Helen. She is more than surprised to hear from me and puzzled how I know Pat the harbour master.

Helen did know my birthmother had a baby when she was in London. But she did not know about Beverly's second daughter Maree. I had omitted to enclose what had happened to me! A thick litter was stuffed in the post, and best wishes to the Post Mistress!

I am hopeful Helen can fill in more of the blanks; there are photos and a letter written by my birthmother, in the letter

she sent me.

Mandy had given me a ring my birthmother had, somehow to have a letter written by my birthmother and the accompanying Christmas photo of her and three sisters and Fred was comforting. It is dated November 1979. It is still a funny feeling seeing words from my birthmother, Beverly.

She is to be seen in France, Monaco and Lugarno Italy, it was shown in the photos, Helen had sent. There is also one of Beverly standing in a doorway of a workingman's house.

(Helen told me later it was the door of the house Perry and Beverly lived in, in London)

(Copies of the same photos turned up in the copy of the photo album and more. When it did allow its self to be copied and sent to me.)

This is supposedly the photo taken the day mum left!



26
November
1954



see a ship name now - MV Rangitoto.
we were postcards in the album.

