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When the members of the Spanish Parliament assembled in the old Silk Market in Valencia on October 1st., 1937 it was a moment of crisis for the nation. The Basque Country and Santander had been lost and the brave people of the Asturias were making their last stand against the tremendous army of Moors and Italians who were advancing upon them. Everybody knew, though few people said so, that the fall of the Asturias was imminent. And beyond the loss of the last Republican stronghold in the North lay nothing but a haze of uncertainty. The outlook was a dark one. Once the Asturias fell, a tremendous rebel offensive was expected on one of the fronts in Eastern Spain. Was Madrid to be attacked once more? Or would an attempt be made to break through to the coast from Teruel and thus cut off Catalonia from the rest of Republican Spain? These were questions weighing on the minds of all, but they were questions which no one ventured to answer.

The Cortes met in Valencia and the democratically elected Parliament ratified its support of the Government. Complete confidence was expressed in Doctor Negrin, the Prime Minister, and in the Cabinet as a whole, and in their ability to guide the nation's destiny in its darkest days.

Parliament Functions as in England and the United States

In Republican Spain Parliament functions as in England, France, the United States and every other democratic country. The Cabinet remains in power as long as it enjoys the confidence of Parliament, which in turn is elected by the people as a whole. The moment the Cabinet loses the confidence of Parliament, it is forced to resign and either another Cabinet is formed or a general election is held to elect a new Parliament. The Spanish Cortes may at any time impeach the Cabinet.

Contrary to the impression that has been formed in the minds of many people abroad, the Spanish Parliamentary system has suffered no changes as a result of the war. The present Government, like the preceding ones, has appeared before Parliament at regular intervals and has obtained the vote of confidence required by the Constitution.

Moreover, every decree issued by the Government must bear the signature of President Azaña, the Head of the State, and no decree becomes Law until it has been ratified by the Cortes.

The Immunity of Deputies

Another important point is that no deputy, to whatever party he may belong and whatever crime he may have committed, may be tried by a Court of Law with-

out the previous consent of the Cortes. And even should the Cortes give their consent, no deputy may be tried by the Special Tribunals which have been set up as a result of the war. His case may only be heard, as in time of peace, before the competent Court of the Supreme Tribunal.

How Rebel Spain is Governed

The Machine of State established by the rebels with the support of the totalitarian governments of Germany and Italy and the puppet Burgos «Government», which they have just set up, form a complete contrast to the Republican State.

It is, indeed, hardly surprising that the insurgents should imitate the system employed by their allies on whom they depend for their very existence.

In rebel Spain there is no Parliament elected by the people which can control the action of the so-called «Government». The latter depends for its authority not on the people, but on Franco. And, as we have just stated, Franco in turn depends on Germany and Italy. The system employed to rule insurgent territory may best be likened to an inverted pyramid in which those who have least power are the people.

Not content with abolishing Parliament, the rebels refuse to respect the immunity of any of the members of the former Parliament. Instead of being tried, as in Government territory, only with the consent of their fellows, deputies are imprisoned and shot, in many cases without any trial whatsoever.

Republican Government's Authority Strengthened

On the other hand, by putting democracy into practice, the Republican Government has greatly strengthened its power and authority.

After undergoing a difficult crisis, brought about by the military rebellion, public order is now guaranteed. In spite of the terrible hardships which the war has brought upon the people, the number of crimes in Republican Spain does not exceed that in normal times and a considerable decrease has been registered as compared with 1934 and 1935 when, it will be recalled, Spain was ruled by a right-wing Government. It is possible to circulate throughout the territory of the Republic without any danger, outside of the natural dangers to be expected under war conditions, resulting mainly from air raids carried out by the enemy. The Police are functioning smoothly and efficiently, and with great discipline, under the direct orders of the General Administration of Police, which has absolute control over its subordinates. It is possible that deficiencies still exist, but not to any greater extent than in similar organisations in other countries.

Four months have passed since the last meeting of the Cortes and it is precisely as a result of the strengthening of the authority of the Government, which is a Government based on the will of the people, that the storm has been weathered and that the outlook for the

# SPANISH INFORMATION

## SERVICE texts

## and documents

A WEEKLY RÉSUMÉ OF OUR DAILY "SERVICIO ESPAÑOL DE INFORMACION"

N.º 10

Barcelona, February, 11, 1938

556, Av. 14 Abril

### FOUR MONTHS OF PROGRESS

### THE MEETING OF THE CORTES

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I thought of the endless assassinations, of the cruelty of the reactionary repression, rampant in the entire region. I thought of the many crimes I had seen committed and, living through all this, I was convinced that this was not merely a heated political campaign.

Republic may be said to be brighter than at any time since the commencement of the Civil War.

### The Government's Favourable Balance

During these four months the Government has achieved a very favourable balance. The first thing that meets the eye in this respect is the victory at Teruel. It must, however, be made clear that this victory was not the cause of the general improvement in conditions but that, on the contrary, it was the result of such an improvement. If the authority of the Government behind the lines had not increased, if production had not gone up, if reserves of trained soldiers had not been formed, Teruel would today still be in the hands of the rebels.

The reasons for the positive balance of the Government are many. The move from Valencia to Barcelona has proved a tremendous factor in increasing the efficient working of the State. Cooperation between the Central Government and that of Catalonia is greater than ever before. The meeting of Castellians and Catalans on Catalan soil has raised the interest of the latter in the future of Spain as a whole.

### The Increased Unity of the People

Side by side with this unity between races is the unity between the various sections of the people. At the time of the last session of the Cortes the internal dispute in the General Union of Workers, the largest trade union organisation in Spain, had reached its climax. While the Cortes were holding their meeting in Valencia, the National Committee of the General Union of Workers were also holding a meeting in the same city. At that meeting they deposed the former Executive Committee and elected a new one. But although the majority of trade unions recognised the new Executive Committee as the only legal one, a small group still continued to support the deposed Executive Committee. Recently this split was healed and one single Executive Committee formed, largely as a result of the desire for unity on the part of the rank and file members.

Besides the reestablishment of unity inside this one organisation, cooperation between the various political parties and also between the two principal trade union organisations is growing day by day. The Socialist and Communist Parties are today closer to one another than ever before. And even the Anarchists at a recent congress announced their desire for effective cooperation with all other antifascist bodies.

### Victory is Certain

Events are on the move in Spain. The turn of the tide has come, and the Government, which relies on the people for support, is able in return to point to its achievements during the past four months, achievements which are but the first breath of a new order of things that is destined to place victory in the hands of the Spanish people.



# With the British and American Medical Aid at Teruel

Teruel Front, January, 1938.

Up here in the mountains the Republican Army is fighting a terrific battle against the invaders. The untakable city is taken, and the Spaniards are holding their own. I am with the medical services and we are nearer the front than any hospital has ever been. Ankle-deep in mud, surrounded by ruined houses, living always within the sound of booming artillery, we are faced hour after hour, day after day with grim reality. All is well-organised. Surgeons are specialising on cases, abdominal wounds being treated in the first hospitals, limbs a little further on, a hospital for sickness and frost-bite in another place. Mobile équipes, consisting of a surgeon, his assistant, the theatre nurse and her assistant, an anaesthetist and a few others, move from place to place, rapidly and efficiently setting up operating rooms wherever they are wanted. Ambulances run to and fro, bring in men from the line, and evacuate them to the rear after operation. Stretcher-bearers go in and out. Here is action; here is the fight. We never become used to the horrible suffering, but we are encouraged in our work by the knowledge that very few of our comrades die in our care. One of our English nurses said, 'I like the work when I am fighting for men's lives.'

## TERUEL WAS TAKEN BY THE SPANIARDS

As all the world knows, Teruel was taken by the Spanish People's Army; no Internationals were there. The only foreigners were those on the English auto-chir (the travelling operating theatre given by the Society of Lithographic Artists and Designers in England). This came up to the front just before Christmas. It was driven by Charles Innocent and Jim Smyth, who also worked as assistants in the operating room. The Spanish surgeon, Dr. Quemada, was in charge of the équipe and the theatre nurse was Kathleen Cresswell, who recently came from England. Dr. Furlman was there too and was in Teruel on Christmas Day. This équipe did some fine work, especially with limb cases. They worked all night alternating with a Spanish équipe that worked all day. In this way there was no break and wounded were never kept waiting unnecessarily. For a while they worked in conjunction with an ambulance train, which was subsequently bombed by the fascists. All of us on this front saw the Old Year go out in a blizzard that closed the roads for a day or so. The drivers of the auto-chir, and the ambulance and lorry drivers battled their way through this over the high passes. Under conditions of terrible cold, with the snow blowing horizontally, our auto-chir drivers kept on, knowing that the precious instruments they carried were needed at the front, knowing too, that any hour the road might become impassable; and before the passes closed they got through. Dr. D'Harcourt, the Chief Surgeon of the Spanish Medical services, has written and thanked them all for their work in that historic fight.

The other Britishers came up

at the New Year, being stationed at a village so near the fighting that severe wounds were treated within an hour. Here three surgeons, Dr. Barsky (American), Dr. Dumont (Belgian) and Dr. Broggi (Catalan) have their équipes. With them are working Dr. Reginald Saxton, who has worked at the front during the whole of the war; Dr. Jerry Steele; Phyllis Hibbert, Dorothy Rutter, Lilian Urmston—nurses from England; Una Wilson from Australia, Esther Silverstein and Irene Goldin and others from America. Keith Andrews from London and Robert Webster from Pittsburg are working on the sterilising van. Percy Cohen, who is driving the Rolls Royce Ambulance presented by Lord Faringdon, is also on this front. His ambulance is particularly useful at this hospital where men with bad abdominal wounds have to be evacuated. A little way off two more English nurses, Joan Purser and Ada Hodson are working with two Catalan surgeons. All these International comrades have been commended for bravery by the General.

## INCENDIARY BOMBS AROUND THE HOSPITAL

Never for one minute can one forget that this is war. Both floors of the little house, which has been converted into a hospital, are full of beds, only the very worst unmovable wounded being kept here. At all hours the sound of artillery comes from the other side of the hill. As soon as the clouds break the fascist aeroplanes rise in groups of thirty or more, and, skimming the hill-tops, they make towards the village. The civilian population has already trooped out to hide in holes in the hills. Against the clear blue sky we watch the black bombers move in formation. Sometimes they turn, and in single line they circle over the place where we guess the trenches to be. And our minds sicken as the peppering of machine-gun fire is heard. The ambulances are not coming in. They are waiting till dark, and we know what the night will bring. Sometimes the aeroplanes do not turn back but come straight towards us. Yesterday they came from four directions and made the swastika pattern above the hospital. Then they broke formation and swooped. They machine-gunned the walls and the roof and the blankets lying out in the sun. They flung incendiary bombs all round. When the din of the engines had gone and the crashing of glass was over, I went upstairs to the wards. Phyllis Hibbert had just finished giving an injection to a comrade in a bed near the window. He told me that a hand grenade had burst outside, but she had not run away from her job. Lilian Urmston and Irene Goldin were moving about among the beds, reassuring the men. When I remarked on their courage, Lilian Urmston said, 'If we are on duty we stay on duty. It is good for the men to have us here. All those not on duty are expected to go to the cellar or the refuge outside.' I was descending the stairs when the droning came again. A little Spanish girl rushed in at the back door and, taking my hand, ran down the steps to the food cellar. There

were a number of us, pressed close together, crouching on the floor. A quiver vibrated along the ground as a bomb dropped on the opposite hill. We waited, silent in the dark for what might follow. The girl still clung to me and sighed. Then it came; the patter of machine-gun bullets from the air and the bursting of hand grenades. I thought of the men and the nurses upstairs. Then it passed; and we went out into the sunlight and saw the smoke rising from the hill. For six hours the attack on the village and the hospital went on. We had no food all day, for the cooks work, and we eat, outside in a lean-to shed in the yard. We did what we could for the wounded. There was bread and jam and coffee for them in the house. All days are not such a strain as this, but we have been attacked from the air on an average every other day since we came here. The nurses and doctors have been ordered to discard their white overalls except during the actual moments of operating. I have seen fascists try to machine-gun nurses from the air. This morning I saw a driver dip a rag in the mud and try to wash out the red cross and white disc from his ambulance. Not satisfied, he covered it with a blanket.

## AMBULANCES CAN ONLY TRAVEL IN THE DARK

Each day at dusk the ambulances begin to arrive. The hall and the ground floor rooms of the little house are filled with stretchers. Phyllis Hibbert moves from one to another giving anti-tetanus injections. A Spanish comrade goes with her to cut off the men's clothes. She examines the wounds. The men, dirty and bleeding and pale, are wonderfully patient. I saw her fetch the first surgeon who was free to a man with a bad abdominal wound. 'Can you take this one next?' she asked. The comrade smiled up at the doctor, and said, 'Do some of the others first; I'm all right.' It sounds like a story from a Book of Brave Deeds. The war is full of such incidents. Everyone here is talking of the magnificent courage of the Spaniards when they are wounded. I watched the doctor give a local anaesthetic to a man with his eye shot out. At first he cried out; then he stopped abruptly, and as if he had suddenly remembered that it was discourteous. He apologised, explaining, 'Comrades, you were hurting me.' The surgeon bit his lower lip and the corners of his eyes creased, a way he has when he looks on such suffering. The soldier's words struck deeper than his cries.

## NURSES GIVE THEIR BLOOD

When a man is found to be very low from loss of blood Doctor Saxton is called in to give a blood transfusion. He has several sets of instruments and his Spanish assistant, Angel, always keeps a set ready. Dr. Saxton has designed a special table for front-line hospital work. Standing one way it looks like a cupboard and is exactly as high as an operating table. Turned on its side it is as high as a bed. Laid on its back it is as high as a stretcher. Sometimes he uses blood sent from Valencia or

Barcelona, but he has no refrigerator in which to store a quantity of this. Last night he called upon Aileen Palmer, the secretary, Lilian Urmston and the Spanish dentist on the staff to give their blood. He is using the apparatus supplied to him by the Spanish Medical Aid Committee in London last summer. He has made a serious study of blood transfusion and one has to be here to see what his quiet, careful work means to the badly wounded.

Here is a typical scene. It is the middle of the night, but we have forgotten time. A wood fire burns on the open hearth. The floor of the small room is blocked with stretchers. Phyllis Hibbert is working in her dark blue cloak with its red lining, the corners thrown back. We are all wearing overcoats and piling blankets on the wounded. She kneels by a stretcher with a syringe in her hand, and as she does so she glances at the next stretcher. 'Look, that man's dying', she says quickly and darts from the room. Returning at once she gives him an injection and Doctor Saxton follows her in. The donor for the blood transfusion just sits on the floor. There is no comfort, no elaborate preparation; we must be quick. When it is done he goes out saying to me, 'Get her some coffee, will you?' The cook is bending over the fire where he is keeping hot a pot of soup and a can of coffee in case anyone should have time for food. By the time I have got the coffee the nurse has slipped away and gone on duty in her ward again. I wait whilst the stretcher-bearers carry a patient up these awkward, winding stairs, and I go up to her. She is making a bed ready for the next case. Just as I get downstairs again the lights fail. I get out my torch and hold it for Phyllis to give an injection; then I move on to the next stretcher where the barber is preparing a thigh wound for operation. Soon the lights go on again. An ambulance driver goes in and reports the position of an ambulance to Dr. Crome, the Commander. 'Call Aileen', he says. She comes in looking very rosy and well; dressed in corduroy trousers, muddy boots, and an enormous old sheepskin coat, she reminds me of one of the Lost Boys in Peter Pan. 'Write letters in Spanish to so-and-so about such-and-such...' he says. She goes to a cupboard under the stairs, which has been turned into an office by the fixing of an electric light bulb and the addition of a table, a chair and a typewriter. Dr. Crome calls 'one of our most reliable drivers' and gives them the letters. 'If the ground is not in fascist hands fetch that ambulance back', he orders. They step out into the night. Esther calls me to go with her to fetch more sterilised material. The sterilising van is some way off. We plod through the mud; we cross a stream by stepping stones; we pass a guard wrapped in a large cloak and pointed hood. There is a misty moon.

In the sterilising van we find Keith Andrews. He gives us two drums each and we go back, through the mud and across the stream. When we were less busy I asked Andy about his work. He

has been in Spain since the first weeks of the war.

'He just carries on', said the American comrade the driver Robert Webster, 'he's the most dependable man here'.

'I do all the sterilising for the équipe and one ward, keeping them supplied with gauze, gowns and towels', explained Andy. 'Once I had to do it for five équipes, two wards and a triage. When I get short of material I ask the women who work in the hospitals to find me white rag. They go round asking the friends in the villages. The women bring me old sheets and tablecloths to cut up. Comrade Bob here hems the laparotomy cloths used in the operating room. We also attend to the mechanical side of the sterilising plant. I have been chauffeur, anaesthetist, nurse... and mother and father to them all as well.'

## THE HOSPITAL MOVES DURING THE NIGHT

One night Lilian Urmston and I went to bed at 1 a. m. At 4 a. m. the other nurses awakened us. Lilian, Dorothy Rutter and two of the American nurses had orders to move at once to another place. So they packed up the équipe and went. Later I followed them and saw with what skill they went into any building that might be allotted to them and set up an operating theatre and a ward. It took them less than half a day. I saw them work for 24 and 36 hours at a stretch. One of the patients was particularly delighted when Dorothy Rutter went on duty. I asked her why. 'I nursed him before when he was wounded at another front', she said. The men were joking and laughing, men who were helpless, terribly wounded. But her words were burning into my mind... when he was wounded on another front... So he had been through this before. I reminded myself that many a man here has. A Spaniard thinks otherwise that to go on and on till the invaders are driven from Spain. When a man brought in some coffee (we use old condensed milk tins nearly trimmed for cups), one of the wounded asked for English tea. Dorothy Rutter gave him hers. He pulled faces, and was not sure if he liked it, but he liked the joke of drinking his nurse's tea. There was a stove burning in the ward. The nurses had made the beds with clean sheets and counterpanes, which they had lugged themselves from the storehouse. They had given each patient a clean shirt and dressed the wounds again. A sense of cosiness prevailed, and I compared it with the suffering I had seen a few nights ago when those same men had been brought to this hospital. A Spanish comrade went round to each bed and wrote a letter home for each man. When the Director looked at Irene Goldin said, 'I must have newspapers in Spanish for the men'. Next morning they had them.

Irene went strolling over the hospital. She came back to a cosy ward. 'Look, over there a ward left without trained nurses. I'm going to the Director. Let's ask him if we can take it on. We have Andrea (Spanish nurse). We can manage it.'

(Continued on page 3)



# True With the British and American...

(Continued from page 2)

it, can't we?» Of course Dorothy Rutter and Andrea agreed... and so did the Director.

## SPLENDID WORK OF SPANISH NURSES

In every écupe our nurses praise the work of the Spanish comrades who now work with them as trained nurses. Eighteen months of war has been a swift and bitter education for Spanish women. They have learnt through suffering what they ought to have learnt as their right as citizens. Their endurance is magnificent. Aurora and Maria and Guadalupe, who work with Joan Purser, did three days and three nights last week in the operating room and ward without rest. When I called in to see Joan Purser, she was just giving an anaesthetic. «Have you brought any nurses?» she asked. «I'm doing everything, cleaning instruments between operations, giving anaesthetics... Here, hold his head whilst I get the plaster bandages.» I held the patient whilst the doctor operated on his leg. Joan said: «I wish we could get good dental plaster from England. This is not good enough, but we have to use it. This makes 150 operations we have done without rest this week.»

I went down to the ward which had once been a stable. Ada Hodson was doing dressings. She had had five hours' sleep in three days, but she was cheerful and devoted to her work. I watched her with a difficult patient who had head wounds. I knew she was tired. «You have something to put up with», I remarked. «Oh, I don't mind», she replied. «It's the men who have so much to put up with», and she gave away her cigarettes. In her ward I talked to Percy Batson, a Canadian comrade who was wounded in the shoulder. He and his Spanish comrade were both hit by machine gun bullets from the air, whilst driving an ambulance to the front. I found him as well as could be expected with a fractured shoulder but two days old.

## CANADIAN AMBULANCE HIT

One night I found my way over the field to the «Tom Ewen» Ambulance given by the people of Canada. There I talked with Tom Sims and Leon Tyser. Their ambulance had been hit in eight places, but they were safe and were repairing it. Tom told me that it had been running it at the front ever since he brought it over in September.

In this village I am staying in the house of the Mayor, who has offered hospitality to the nurses. One morning I had just finished dressing when the din of aeroplane engines began. Downstairs the mayor's wife was making cocoa. «Would you like to see our refuge?» she asked. She took me out across several stables at the back of the house and along a tunnel which went under another house. Here the grandmothers and grandfathers were sitting on low chairs. In niches in the walls little children were sitting warming their hands on cups of cocoa that their big sister brought them. We heard the bombs falling. To distract the children I took out the recent pamphlet published by the Spanish Medical Aid Committee and showed them the pictures. The

mother explained why she did not make the beds till evening. «My house used to look so nice; I don't like it untidy like this, but I must take the children to the hills all day and do my housework in the evening. You understand? I must first see that the children are safe.» When the black monsters had gone out of the sky I went down to the hospital.

## VISIT TO A SICK CHILD IN A CAVE

One afternoon Dr. Saxton said, «I visit a sick child at the miller's. Will you come with me? We won't go by the road; we'll keep to the fields.» It was a sunny afternoon like early Spring in England. Dr. Saxton pointed to an empty irrigation canal beside the footpath. «That'd be a good ditch to get into», he remarked. «It's deep enough and just wide enough.» We reached the house and went in. We walked from room to room, but they were empty. Then we came upon a man sitting alone.

«Where is the child?» asked Dr. Saxton.

«Gone to the caves.»

«Very well. Will you tell them the doctor called?»

Further on we met a man who said he would show us where to find the family. He led us along a path and pointed to a hole in the side of a hill. Bent double I followed Dr. Saxton in. Some twenty feet in we came to a place where another tunnel joined ours. Here sat two women and a man. A little girl with dark curly hair bright eyes and flushed cheeks lay in a large basket. The father struck his cigarette lighter. Dr. Saxton knelt on the ground beside the basket and examined the child by this light. When he had advised the mother we turned round... there was just room enough... and crawled out. The mother and father followed us. They chatted conversationally, «What a dreadful day it was yesterday!» they said as if remarking on the weather.

«They' were over all the time!»

«Yes, we were seven hours in the tunnel.»

I could not help noticing that all these men and women were not broken and bedraggled and miserable, but neat and clean and cheerful. The blankets on the child's cradle were good. The little boys in their tidy jerseys, playing with bits of sticks and old packets at the mouths of the caves looked like any little boys in the playgrounds of England or America. We bade «Good Afternoon» to our friends with the same courtesy as you use on an afternoon call. As we walked back across the fields I wondered: Why do they endure this life? Why don't they go to cities and towns away from the front where there are schools and clinics and shops and meetings and cinemas, and all the culture that Republican Spain offers to the people? But why should they? This town is their home. Here are their houses, their land to be cultivated, their flocks to be tended. Only two miles away is the Republican Army. In that they put their faith. They know that their army is steadily driving the fascists back. So why should they leave this place? But the fascists, who cannot get past

# “The London Times” and Loyalist Spain

## A LETTER

In the article entitled «Barcelona to Almeria», published in your edition of January 27, your Special Correspondent gives an almost accurate account of general conditions in Loyalist Spain. But an otherwise fair article is marred by a few false observations, by deforming two or three aspects and giving them a wrong interpretation with the sole purpose, it would seem, of misleading your readers and undermining the prestige of the Spanish Government. Apparently it was too much for your Special Correspondent to openly acknowledge the admirable work carried out by the Spanish Government in organizing Democracy behind their lines.

The insidious manner in which he distorts secondary aspects in order to create an adverse impression is revolting even to an Englishman like myself. I lived in Seville for over a year under the tyranny of Queipo de Llano and the Church, and have evidence—as has every foreign correspondent, including you own—that more than 35,000 persons have been executed without a trial in that province alone; that hundreds of women have been tortured and compelled to witness the torture of prisoners, in order to force them to give up relatives who were in hiding, and that many hundreds more women were turned over to the Moorish troops and Legionaries to be abused by them. Yet your correspondents in rebel territory have not said a word about all

the fathers at the front, rise up over the hills in Hitler's aeroplanes and machine gun the children's toys and fling incendiary bombs at the schools, chasing little toddlers into holes in the earth. I heard a girl say, «I hate the sun and I hate the moon.» I sometimes wonder if I shall ever be able to walk in the fields again without keeping one eye open for «a good ditch» and my ears alert for the drone of aeroplane engines. But the morale of the Spanish people and their Army is so fine that Hitler and Mussolini can never win, not even by machine gunning women and bombing hospitals. When this war is over there will be many broken walls in Spain. But the men who are fighting for their democratic rights can build those walls up again.

## THE ENGLISH COULD END THE WAR

One day we had just witnessed a particularly distressing operation... A Spanish comrade had had his hand amputated, when a stretcher-bearer said, «Oh, when will this end?» I was standing by a comrade who had five wounds. He was waiting his turn on the operating table. He kept calling me. Compañera! I tucked the blankets more warmly round him and passed my hand across his bloodmatted hair. His big brown eyes made me think of a beautiful creature caught in a snare.

«It will end when every fascist is driven from Spain», someone said.

The wounded man looked straight into my face. «Compañera! Comrade! The English could end it», he said.

Winifred BATES

Percy Batson has since died of his wound.

this, nor about the atrocities committed by the rebels in the name of Christianity, Culture and Civilization. But your Special Correspondent deliberately makes a false remark about the «tyranny of the Unions» which in fact does not exist. The Unions are not even represented in the Government, and the Government is the only authority in loyal territory today. What is then the motive for this eagerness to upbraid the noble cause of the Spanish people when disreputable incidents about the rebels are so carefully avoided?

He also endeavours to convey to your readers the impression that the Spanish Government have not taken the necessary measures to protect the lives of the civilian population under their authority when Generalissimo Franco sends Italian war planes to drop bombs on them.

The Spanish Government have provided efficient modern anti-aircraft defence for the civilian population, and not a primitive one as your Special Correspondent insinuates. It should not have escaped his otherwise subtle mind that bombing planes can sometimes foil modern detectors by the simple means of flying very high and stopping the engines when approaching their objective. In such cases the most modern and efficient devices fail to serve their purpose.

Modern anti-aircraft defence was invented on the assumption that nations at war would mainly try to weaken the military resources of their opponents. Totalitarian methods of warfare were not taken into account. These methods, which advocate wholesale killing of women, children and the aged far from the fronts and which were conceived by German generals, had not as yet been used on a very large scale. Honour is due to the Germans for conceiving these methods; but the honour for putting them into practice goes to the Spanish rebel generals who have been employing them relentlessly on the civilian population of their own country in order to «defend Christianity, Culture and Civilization». Honour is also due to the Spanish Church for blessing them and to the noble Duke of Alba who so ably represents the cause of these generals in our own country.

Being an Englishman myself and an impartial observer—as far as this is possible, for I must admit that it is difficult for any fair-minded person not to be on the side of the brave Spanish people—I think your Special Correspondent would have shown more fair-mindedness if he had described for the benefit of those of your readers interested in Spanish affairs the tremendously high degree of democratic organization and discipline reached by the loyal Spanish people under the guidance of their legitimate Government.

In spite of the strenuous task of fighting a war against Moors, Italians, Germans and even Abyssinians and Eritreans who were brought to Spain by the generals—with the blessing of the Church—to defend Christianity, Culture and Civilization (and incidentally to batter their way to power), the Spanish Government have created a disciplined Army, a capable police force,

have restored Law and Order in the loyal territory, and are taking care of great masses of people who have fled from their homes to escape the rebel onslaught.

Your Special Correspondent also gives an insidious description of a group of five militiamen who are eating in a restaurant. —It is to be supposed that they were regular soldiers, because the Militia has disappeared and a regular Army has taken its place. —He seems to blame the soldiers for the plight of some refugees «who were sleeping in an adjacent underground station.»

The soldiers were probably on leave after having spent several months at the front. Soldiers have few opportunities of spending their pay at the front. When they are sent behind the lines for a few days' rest, they have several months' pay in their pockets and spend it freely before going back to the front. If the restaurant scene which he describes is true, this was certainly the case. Soldiers do not earn a large salary, and it is only with a tendentious purpose that your Special Correspondent deals with this subject.

As for the refugees, these people had their homes somewhere in Spain, where they lived more or less comfortably. They were working peacefully, endeavouring to improve their living conditions, as every human being has a right to. Some people have a tendency to regard this as only the privilege of certain classes. They also paid taxes which went into the nation's treasury. From this source generals and officers drew their salaries on which they lived far more comfortably than the people who contributed to pay them. These army men were sworn on their honour to defend the Spanish nation, of which those refugees of today were a part. But they violated their oath and turned against the people the very arms which the people had entrusted to their care to defend them. They killed many thousands, and hundreds of thousands more were terrified and fled, leaving behind everything they possessed.

Why didn't your Special Correspondent, if he wished to be fair, make clear to your readers that the situation he described arose because the Spanish generals betrayed their government and their people, and because these same Spanish generals are every day sending Italian and German war planes to spray death on the Spanish civilian population?

ANTHONY LAWRENCE

## Ministry of Labour and Social Welfare 10,999 People Evacuated from Teruel

It is officially announced that the total number of civilians evacuated from Teruel who are now being cared for by the Ministry of Labour and Social Welfare amounts to 10,999.

**All articles and items in this weekly may be reprinted**



# Why I Left Franco's Territory

by ANTONIO RUIZ VILAPLANA  
Former President of the College of Judiciary Secretaries  
and Secretary of the Industrial Courts of Burgos under Franco

**«...my feeling for humanity revolted against this fascist rule of crime and barbarism...»**

Day and night, at work or during the endless hours of darkness, I was tortured within until I decided I must leave fascist Spain. Then and only then, my conscience was calm.

My government post was not a political one. The fact that I was in Burgos was due to a normal enough promotion in my chosen career. I had been advanced after passing a series of examinations. It had nothing to do with the monarchy or the republic, no relation to the Right or to the Left.

After the rebellion began, I had no objection to remaining in my judicial position, in spite of the fact that I had never been either a fascist or a militarist. I felt that there was no reason not to continue in a position that was strictly judicial, was interesting and had considerable advantages of an economic character.

As Dean and President of the College of Court Secretaries, and only Secretary of the Court of Instruction in as important a city as Burgos, any movement which might give that city greater importance would be sure to benefit me. Its possible triumph might very well mean advancement for me which at the moment of victory could only mean the coveted post in Madrid. I was certainly influenced by these selfish considerations, though perhaps unconsciously.

On the other hand, my conscience, and my pride as a professional, and above all, my liberal outlook and my feeling for humanity, revolted against this rule of crime and barbarism.

I thought of the endless assassinations, of the cruelty of the reactionary repression, rampant in the entire region. I thought of the many crimes I had seen committed and, living through all this, I was convinced that this was not merely a heated political campaign.

I remembered when officers had told me that a «sardine» had been found near the river and how we had gone there to find a man, or what had been a man, lying face downward, his hands tied together. The marks of deep wounds made by the cords showed how he had struggled for life. In his pockets we had found a fork and spoon from the prison, some printed papers and a photograph of a young woman, holding a thin, sad-faced, little girl in her arms. There was a letter too, stained with blood. It was signed «Goyita» and it had tried to comfort him, give him hope. «As you have never done anything you will soon be freed», it said. At the end there were a few words in a child's hand: «Papito, many kisses and hugs from your Nenita...»

I remember that... and many other things.

No motives, either partisan or social, could excuse or justify such acts, wreaked on hundreds of workers, hundreds of poor and uneducated peasants who had been sacrificed in a pure spirit of vengeance and whose bodies like that of the man drowned in the

river, I had been forced to examine.

War had dulled my conscience and allowed me to try to justify the violent deaths visited upon the people's leaders: but how could these mass murders be justified, these murders for the sole crime of being members of the working class?

Without wanting to, and at first unconsciously, I was being forced into being a tool of this regime. Partially through my selfishness, partially because of the terror, I was serving hatred and repression. Although my activities were purely of a professional nature, I was becoming a spoke in the wheel of tyranny.

Still, I might have succeeded in viewing all this with tolerance, I might have learned to look upon the crimes committed as a necessary accompaniment of military conquest, I might have ended up by considering these excesses an accident of fury in the moment of conflict which would end once the regime was firmly established. But the last straw was the infamous foreign invasion. That killed the final shred of inertia in my spirit.

When we were forced to applaud the German planes that rose to carry on their acts of destruction, bringing death to peaceful and defenseless citizens, when we had to watch the humiliation the fascists inflicted upon Spaniards, particularly on our women, this cowardly attack on my country was too much, I could not stand by and see my country converted into a colony, while Spanish fascists watched with complete toleration.

The stupidity of the Spanish reactionaries took the form of avenging themselves on the vanquished who held different ideas, instead of turning on the real enemy, the foreign invaders.

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I saw then that this was no «nationalist» movement as I had believed on July 18, 1936, when I accepted the rebels, without enthusiasm, it is true, but with some feeling of hope and confidence.

More than anything else it was a movement of reaction against the defenseless military traitors against the people. It was the tyranny of clericalism and the rich and powerful, by means of terror. It was the infamous sale of Spain to foreign fascists.

Once convinced of all this, I could not, just for the sake of economic advantage and the future of my career, lend myself to being a passive accomplice, and perhaps later an active one, to such infamy...

On July 30, 1937, I crossed the French frontier.

I had been in Burgos as Judiciary Secretary since November 27, 1935. I had carried on my work without interruption until June 30, 1937. Half that time I worked under the Republic, the other half under the fascists.

When I left for France I was still Dean and President of the «Illustrious College of Judiciary

Secretaries» and Secretary of the Industrial Courts of Burgos. As I write I still hold those offices since my resignation has not been publicly announced, nor, as far as I know, have the fascists appointed a successor.

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Perhaps they expect me to return, not understanding that anyone could be willing to sacrifice one's future for one's opinions; perhaps the publication of this article will be my finish in

fascist territory, in the customary manner of these criminals.

I do not care. I give them back my post, my remunerative position, my dream of a career. Here I have, at best, an uncertain future, and daily economic worries. But I want to return to the real Spain which I left against my will on July 18, 1936, when the criminal movement of the fascists first began.

I want to enter the real Spain, republican Spain, to speak the truth, say what is in my heart, whatever the consequences may be.

«Here I am,» I want to say. «I come from fascist territory. I did not play an active part in their work. I belonged to no military corps, no political party. I was simply overtaken there by the fascist movement and continued with judicial work. I did no more. Until one day, coming to understand what that fascist regime represents, I left every-

## Admitting the Foreign Invasion, the Phalangists are now Crying: «Spain for the Spaniards»

**«Stop the Mass Executions of so Many Innocent People Who Do Not Wish to Yield to the Feudal Doctrines of a Band of Criminals»**

Discord in rebel territory is becoming more and more frequent. Conflict between the veteran phalangists and Franco and the people who surround him, all of whom are typical representatives of the old monarchist policy, is strongest. The phalangists — the «black shirts», as they are called over there — feel that they have been betrayed by Franco, in whom they had placed all their trust. Their hate for him is now rapidly becoming more bitter, as a result of the persecutions to which they are subjected. Many of the founders of Spanish Phalanx are in prison, others have fled to France, and quite a number have been shot with the excuse that they were trying to escape.

The sinister activities of Martinez Anido are directed principally against the Phalanx, which was created by Primo de Rivera, that is to say, the authentic one, which seems to react violently against the foreign invasion.

The following manifesto which is circulated in considerable numbers throughout the entire rebel zone is irrefutable proof of the bad state of affairs:

«Arriba España: On behalf of the fatherland, bread, and justice.

«To real phalangists! To all worthy Spaniards!

«Phalangists of the old shirt and the new shirt; phalangists of the real Phalanx, the Phalanx which faithfully interprets the mandates of the Missing One:

«All Spaniards who are the victims of the criminals who have betrayed and sold the real Phalanx and Spain:

«The Missing One, the real and only national Chief of the Spanish Phalanx, speaks to you through his testament.

«He speaks to you, lovingly, of the Phalanx, wickedly betrayed and destroyed by the Francos and the reactionaries; he shows the great love which he had and has for you, the comrades of the Phalanx, of this Phalanx, and for all Spaniards.

«The tragic circumstances at present existing in our fatherland still prevent the personal intervention of the Missing One

and of his best comrades and supporters.

«Present circumstances make it necessary to resort to action. In these difficult and decisive moments for our fatherland, the Missing One calls you to a life and death struggle without quarter or truce against the criminals who sold it in order thus to save the essence of his Phalanx and to punish the traitors. He calls you to the struggle so that, united in holy brotherhood with all the anti-Franco forces, you will save the very existence and independence of the Nation.

«It is in order to bring you out of your unconceivable apathy and indifference, unknown among the comrades who have known how to fight and sacrifice themselves for our great ideal, that the Testament of the Missing One is to be revealed. We wish to acquaint you with what, in truth, could have been his last wish, not because of the fault of the Republican Government but because of the criminal indifference of the Salamanca General Headquarters and the amalgamation of monarchists and members of the C. E. D. A. which dominates it.

«It is necessary to act, and when all are united by the express will of the Missing One with the true spirit of Phalanx, to be ready to attack and to uphold the slogan of fatherland, bread, and justice against the criminal traitors who have betrayed.

«It is necessary by getting rid of foreign exploiters to put an end to the spilling of Spanish blood and the destruction of our fatherland, which favour only selfish interest and private privileges.

«Spain for the Spaniards!»

«By your bold and valorous action, prevent the gun-man, Martinez Anido from killing our heroic comrades of the authentic Spanish Phalanx with the excuse that they try to escape.

«Stop the mass executions of so many innocent people who do not wish to yield to the feudal doctrines of a band of criminals, who are continually uttering the word, «Spain», without feeling it in their hearts.

«Thousands and thousands of

thing behind, my job and my advantages, in order to serve Loyalist Spain in any way I can. I am left convinced of what the fascist regime stands for, of what it is understanding it.»

If Spain accepts me I want to share her sorrows and her triumphs. And if, against a sense of reason, all justice, Republican Spain were to be conquered in the struggle, my only comfort in exile would be that my children, who today are very young, may later read these pages and say:

«When the fate of Loyalist Spain was uncertain, when, having captured Bilbao, the fascists were inflamed with a sense of triumph, our father, without thought for his future, gave up his career to join bleeding and suffering Spain. He began life over again, put an end to the comfort and luxury of our home. We knew nothing but privation and poverty. But how right our father was!»

comrades suffer the hardships of the Franco prisons, and many hundreds have been murdered by Franco's and Anido's gun-men. Their blood will have been spilled uselessly if you do not rise as one man, to carry out the mandates of our beloved Missing One.

«Let the phalangist leaders and dummies, who cowardly submit to Franco, who dare not raise their voice against the authentic Spanish Phalanx and the true Spaniards, suffer the fate of traitors, and let the treacherous blood run in order to save the fatherland, the Phalanx and the Spanish people.

«To immediate action, comrades of the Phalanx, in order to free those who are unjustly suffering imprisonment as rapidly as possible!

«All are Spaniards and tomorrow they may be among the best followers of the Missing One!

«Remember that among those who are suffering loss of liberty is your comrade Rafael Garceran, who is so lovingly mentioned in the testament of the Missing One, the only National Chief of the Real Phalanx.

«An honourable death, as phalangists and Spaniards is preferable to the slavery to which action wants to subject us, in a famous agreement with the foreigners.

«Forward a united great, and free Spain!

«Comrades of the Phalanx! Avenge your murdered and imprisoned comrades! Avenge yourselves of the humiliation which you are suffering! Save the Phalanx of the Missing One!

«Spaniards all: Unite in brotherhood with the comrades of the Real Phalanx in order to wipe out the traitors and end the fratricidal war!

«You are the majority, party of Spaniards with good will.

«For peace, the fatherland, bread, and justice!

«Long live our dear National Chief: José Antonio!

«Arriba España! Long live Spain! Long live the Spaniards!

«F. E. A. (Real Spanish Phalanx).»