

# SPANISH INFORMATION

## SERVICE texts

## and documents

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

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Salamanca was prepared for a denial of the raid on Durango, just as she was prepared on April 27th to deny the totalitarian destruction of Gernika. The principle of lying and continuous prolonged lying enunciated by Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf* was thus tried out for the first time in war, like the rest of the German air method of which it was an important part.

## Franco's Propaganda "Made in Germany"

The drawings reproduced here were published by the magazine «N. S. Frauen Warte» (Guard of the National Socialist Woman) in the January issue, No. 465. «This drawing is a sample of National Socialist propaganda on behalf of the cities conquered by Franco's Army». The drawings and the poems reproduced below are the object of a commentary by a Spanish woman phalangist who, in conjunction with National Socialist women, is engaged in propaganda activities in favor of Franco. She says that «according to reports by eyewitnesses» Republican Spain is asking for bread in desperation, while in rebel territory there is a great abundance of food, and people live much better than in Nazi Germany.

The poems which the drawings illustrate refer to «hungry children of rural towns who have been made equal by hatred». But the name of those towns is not given for the enlightenment of German wives and mothers. They should mention Guernika, and also should inform them that Franco is using German and Italian planes and pilots to create this hatred. Perhaps the plans for bombing them are conceived as an act of mercy to spare them further suffering. They drop German and Italian bombs on them from the air perhaps in order to save them from starving.

When the «N. S. Frauen Warte» reproduced the drawings it did not notice, perhaps owing to the haste with which the lying propaganda offices hand out news material, that the name of the «nationalist» author of the drawing is «St. Frank». Perhaps it is only a pen name, or it may be the translation of Franco's name into nationalist Spanish.

Perhaps their readers are not as stupid as the



editors of the magazine believe them to be and have noticed it. Besides, another thing has been discovered. The woman and the hungry children are not «reds». They are Germans. If St. Frank is not an invention of the offices of the terrorist propaganda and he exists in reality, he is a shameless faker.

His drawing is a copy of one by Käthe Kollwitz to illustrate a poster for a campaign of Berlin workers. In the original the word «Pan!» was also written by Käthe Kollwitz. The lithographic reproduction was made by the Bonus Publishing house. Later the same drawing was published by the Rembrandt publishing house. Both Käthe Kollwitz and her drawing are well known in the Third Reich, and many women readers of the «N. S. Frauen Warte» have asked themselves how it can be that Käthe Kollwitz is not doing propaganda work in favor of Franco Spain.

There is a suspicion that this absurd propaganda, whose author is St. Frank instead of Franco, was not prepared in rebel territory, but has been prepared right in Germany, and is dedicated to the German mothers, wives and sweethearts who may be asking themselves for whose cause their sons, husbands and sweethearts who are being sent to Spain are being sacrificed.

Spain, arise!, with the help of the lies fabricated by the Berlin liars.

P. W.

The original drawing by Käthe Kollwitz and the copy published by the «N. S. Frauen Warte» are on view at the Paris Exposition «Five Years Under Hitler.»

(«Pariser Tageszeitung».)

## The Jesuits are Preparing to Leave Rebel Spain

Bayonne.—New details have been made known here regarding the decision taken by the Jesuits at a recent meeting to leave rebel territory.

In view of the fact that the Society of Jesuits does not enjoy the influence in rebel Spain of which it is worthy, the Jesuits have decided to close their schools and to leave behind in Franco's territory only a reduced number of their order as observers to watch over events to await a favorable moment to announce their total withdrawal from that zone.

In fact, the Jesuits believe that their presence in rebel Spain instead of raising their prestige damages their standing in the world. The persecution of a large number of Basque priests and the destruction of churches in the Basque country, which is the region of Spain where the Jesuits had the greatest influence, have changed the opinion of the world in regard to the rebels, and the Jesuits consider that an attitude of «friendly neutrality» towards the rebels only tends to diminish their prestige.

The present situation in rebel Spain is not expected to change in regard to the Jesuits, for the Requetés, the only force which could support them, are under the influence of the Franciscans and Escolapios, and only obey the orders of the clergy of Lower Navarre.

But apart from these motives of a material and political order, other considerations of a moral and strictly religious order have prompted the Jesuits to reach this decision: they consider it intolerable that Franco and the Spanish hierarchy, the High Clergy, are under the control of German leaders, who are condemned and stigmatized by the Pope.

An incident which occurred recently sheds some light on the underground war carried on between the rebel authorities and the Jesuits, Father Laburu, whose sympathies for the Basque Nationalists are wellknown, arrived from Belgium to attend the meeting of the Jesuits. He was not allowed to cross the frontier and go to Bilbao, and his relatives were not allowed to go to France to see him. *Spanish Press Agency.*

## Galicia Under the Rebels

## The Terror in the Province of Pontevedra

The war atmosphere is noticeable by the martial noise made by the phalangists and «civil guard gentlemen». The soldiers are carefully kept separated from the civilian population. Besides it is difficult to make out which are the Spanish soldiers and which are the foreigners. At the beginning the phalangists deliberately wore the uniform of the regular Spanish soldier, whereas the soldiers went around in mufti or were given Portuguese uniforms. One was not permitted to say that they were Portuguese uniforms, nor were the people allowed to go near the soldiers to determine whether they were Spanish or Portuguese.

The German soldiers generally wore civilian clothes, but Spanish artillerymen wore uniforms made of the brown German cloth. The Germans were intended to pass unnoticed. It was a crime to pronounce a German name, so much so that they were never referred to as «Germans», but «individuals». When the papers

published anything about the Germans or when they officially referred to them, they merely said «Three individuals arrived», or «The individuals who are staying at the Hotel...» This was enough. Everybody understood.

The docks of Vigo were last summer exclusively controlled by «the individuals». They were in charge of unloading all the war material which came from Hamburg, and knocked-down planes which came escorted by their personnel. The trains came right up to the pier to load, and then the war material was transported to the bases of the «Nationalist» army. The Germans were at all times extremely discreet about their movements, and they tried to hide themselves from the Spanish people like real criminals.

On the contrary, the Italians from the very beginning gave the impression that they were expeditionary forces in the true sense of the word, and that they

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**!Pan! Brot!**

Die Kinder, die des Brotes, der Liebe und der Kindheit beraubt wurden, die Kinder mit den suchterfüllten Augen, die die rote Blut bei ihrem Abzug in Elend und im Schmerz zurückließ.

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# THE DESTRUCTION OF DURANGO BY GERMAN WARPLANES

«March 31st. — Stand ready with one flight...», reads the German war diary. The pamphlets signed by General Mola were issued to bombing and fighting pilots. At 7. a. m. punctually the bombers from Burgos were over Vitoria, dappling the plain, where Wellington had once fought, with standardised heavy-shadowed T's. The jerky pulse of their engines in the distance, carried in waves of sound which tickled the eardrum, made the eye look up, grew into the roar of a great factory; singing a higher note, two squadrons of German pursuit planes took off from the aerodrome, climbed speedily in arrow abreast and after one circle were above the tri-motors. It was a fine day, they glittered like fish doubling backwards in the light. A flicker of their wings and they were lost, swallowed high in the blue mouth of a fairweather heaven.

The air fleet divided into three parts.

Nine bombers and nine chasers made north-east towards position 1 on the German air map, where they began to bomb and dive to the attack on entrenched positions; and again the Germans in their war diary are able to describe the day's activities in the simplest terms:

«1. Dive-attack (Tiefangriff) of flight towards Maroto, Albertia and Jacinto.» (the three mountains which dominated the Vitoria-Bilbao road to the north-east of Villareal) «(start, landing, targets, one hit in the —, spent munitions and bombs).»

«Maroto taken with aid of flight.»

«2. Dive-attack (high approach) target 1 and 2 (Ucella XXX).»

«3. Dive-attack ordered on target 7. Motorised column between X and Ochandiano brought to standstill. Tank hit and fired. Ochandiano bombed.»

«4. Dive-attack on the same vehicles, on Ochandiano, and on lorries on the two roads north of Ochandiano.»

Other bombers and chasers attacked the Basque villages of Elgueta and Elorrio, where lay the headquarters of the Basque commander of the South-Eastern Guipuzcoa sector.

A third, consisting of four heavy bombers and nine chasers appeared at 7.20 precisely over the country town of Durango, on which they began to drop 500-lb. projectiles.

The work of the German and Italian aviation in this, their first specimen offensive, may therefore be divided into four parts. First, they attacked the front line with bombs and machine guns; secondly, they laid down a control on road traffic, bringing it to a standstill; thirdly, they bombed villages which acted as baseline H. Q. to the Basque front, Otxandiano and Elorrio; and fourthly, they attacked Durango, a typical centre of civil population established on the lines of communication between Bilbao and the front. Their activity on this day corresponded exactly to their activity on April 26th following, when Gernika took the place of Durango in the destructive scheme. But they were not yet using incendiary bombs behind the line.

It was a new method of war, more terrible than any practised

against Madrid. So, while the mountains over the Vitoria plain were cross-patterned with kilometres of fulminating smoke, and the roads lay in dreary silence awaiting the machine guns' rattle, and the bases were underground struggling to make telephones talk that were cut to tangled pieces by flying knives of metal, there began the most terrible bombardment of a civil population in the history of the world up to March 31st, 1937.

The object of this bombardment, part number four of the German staff plan, was to terrify civilians, and to knock so many houses across the roads that they would be impassable to motor transport. Civilian morale is an extremely important element of war in any voluntary or militia system; where the conduct of war depends not so much on direction from above but on willingness to fight for an ideal, an army and the civilian population which it protects are so tightly linked that changes in their feeling either towards fear or enthusiasm, become common property at once. The more so with the Basques, whose militia at only forty miles at the farthest from their homes in Bilbao were constantly visiting, eating with, receiving letters and washing from their families. Mutual reactions on morale were immediate.

The Germans wanted to strike terror into everyone living in Durango, everyone who passed through it, and everyone who heard of it.

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Durango, the town which they chose, was one of the prettiest in all Vizcaya. The main road from Bilbao ran through it, as well as an old-fashioned narrow gauge railway and country tramline. To the right, another road led through the mountain pass of Urkiola to Vitoria; the train rattled on through Abadiano and Elorrio to Guipuzcoa. A cluster of communications therefore.

The little town itself played a certain part in Basque history, for during the Carlist Wars of the middle nineteenth century it had been the headquarters of Don Carlos himself. It had flared with scarlet berets, creaked with top-boots bowing to absolute monarchy. There were still many in Durango who remembered Carlism and called themselves still Traditionalists. The life of the town did not make for change.

A narrow river, flanked by much greenery, flowed through Durango; but when it was in the centre of her, buildings packed up against it on either side, and strangers would call the river a clear-watered canal. Plane trees with flimsy chiffon leaves lightened the weight of old houses, grey stone and long slabs of falling plaster, over cobble walks. Crimson petunias with lips of velvet hung in languid vanity over the lucid river, against hardstone quays. There was a narrow gateway with a gorgeous scroll of arms and prancing animals carved to face Urkiola, near the Convent of the Augustine sisters dedicated to St. Susana. The affectionate lazy-making sun shadowed out its embossment in drooping eyelashes of black, and made of the plane avenue in the Paseo de Eskurdi alongside a cool tunnel

of indolence, with seats for conservatives to sit on. The river induced sleep, as it passed through Durango in soft frou-frou of silk skirts, past wide Basque windows and rusted frames warming sun-parlours and tasselled furnishings within. In the spring, Durango was beginning to put off her rural winter slumbers, and turn over with half-open eyes to a summer drowsiness; she was just beginning to wake to half-life when Germany settled her style for ever.

In the very middle of Durango the houses and the tall sun-balconies in their bulging glass grew taller, more elbow-cramped, and the streets played narrowly between them round unexpected corners and gutters which brought lorries up with a jerk. The streets, indeed, were most irregular; for a lovely creation of Basque art had trespassed on their space and knocked them quite askew. This was the ancient parish church of Santa Maria, whose tower dominated Durango and whose enormous oak porch could have covered half her population from the Vizcayan drizzle...

The bell of warning broke the Mass in the church tower, but the officiating priest, Don Carlos Morilla, refugee from his «Red» parish of Jove in the Asturias, did not believe that his flock would be attacked.

Four Junker bombers circled over Durango, seemed suspended for a moment like ugly Christmas-tree toys as they turned, then came lower. The fighters shook tinsel light above them. Women in houses ran down to the refugees with their children in their arms and their dark hair on their shoulders. The congregations in Santa Maria and the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, and the nuns in the chapel of Santa Susana could now hear the oppressive noise of the engines of the Junker bombers.

I am told that these came down as low as 1,000 feet. Then the bombs fell, singing to themselves.

Four tons of heavy bombs were dropped, and what the people of Durango called light grenades were thrown into the streets as the fighters too swung down and skimmed noisily across the red tiles.

Which opened and flew all over the town. Which split and leant and fell into the street. Which stripped away with whole plastered sides of houses like torn cloth.

A heavy bomb shot through the roof of Santa Susana's chapel; fourteen nuns were mangled and killed there on the spot, and thrown in pieces with pieces of church chairs and images and strips of tapestry all round the chapel. Good shot!

A heavy bomb shot through the roof of the Church of the Jesuit Fathers. Father Rafael Billalabeitia was bending over the faithful to communicate the Body of Christ; at this tense moment the roof and the bomb fell in upon Father Rafael, and the faithful, and the Blessed Sacrament. Beams, stones, the great blocks of arches, the dangling roof fell in to obliterate the faithful. All that ever got out of this church was the vicar, whose confessional box supported the avalanche, and the stained glass, which escaped through the windows. Good shot!

A heavy bomb shot through the roof of Santa Maria. Her massive tower shook, stood, shook again as a fourth bomb hit the porch, then stood firm and hard. Within, the Reverend Don Carlos Morilla was elevating the Host. As the heavy roof and the thunderclap of high explosive came down, Morilla was crushed to the earth, the chalice snapped into two pieces as the stem rolled to his dying, bucking feet. Good shot? Good God, sir, a bull's-eye. Teach him to escape from his «Red» congregation in the Asturias.

And with that the walls of the choir and the top of the nave shook apart, and slipped, and fell in like Samson's last curtain call upon the shrieking people, who died in grotesque attitudes of fear and despair. The whole nave was deep in stones and tiles and rubble, and long beams like savage spears sticking out of the quarry which had been a beautiful church.

Bombs fell all over the town, tearing wounds in the old houses, shaking the very air with their explosions. Dust in enormous inverted cones shuffled up to the sky, like blood pouring thick and clogging from deep thrust of the knife. Though the churches were now all open wide to the daylight, they were darker now than ever they had been with their roofs on. The bombs fell again all over the town, blotting out with their fearful detonations the groans of the dying pinioned people. Durango stank with high explosive and dust and the dissolution of her houses.

It lasted less than half an hour. And then, when the smoke cones had lifted towards the morning mist, still dissolving on the mountains, and tilted away on a light north wind, the anguished survivors looked around their town. The bombers had gone; the fighting planes were going, machine-gunning as they flew off.

The dust, ground by friction of thousands of beams and stones blown to pieces, was scattering in the churches and letting in the light which shone through speckle, choking air upon the tangle of wreckage which had been Santa Maria, Santa Susana, the Jesuit Fathers. Here hand and feet, sometimes heads, stuck out of the rubble, and sometimes they were attached to bodies, sometimes they were shorn free, and sometimes their association was so loose that attempts to pull them out disestablished it for ever. Some still gently moved, like dying worms.

From a house opposite the shattered porch came the crackle of fire; in the indolent Paseo de Eskurdi cars lay upside down in flames.

In the silence, more horrible even than the noise, could be heard glass slipping prettily to earth, tiles crackling far away; rarely some queer balancing trick of a table five storeys up on a broken floor breaking down and the whole crashing to the cellar. Then silence, broken by a little moaning.

Not at once, but gradually, with appalling foreboding, unwillingly even, the people came to the churches to look for those that they had lost. They were right to tremble. Very few were not dead.

Like a shipwrecked fleet on a

rocky sea-bottom, the giant rubble heap lay there three to four feet deep. Above it in hollow contrast the rococo gold and white plaster twisted columns and fat silver leaves of the altars and the chapel and the robed saints with their eyes fixed wistfully upon the sky. Which they now saw for the first time in full spring glory, indifferent and blue, as the dust cleared away through shattered roofs and windows and doors blown smart into the street.

Parties of the Basque motorised police arrived from Bilbao in the glister tunics and breeches, with special break-down gangs to clear the corpses. The work was painful and lasted all day, being broken off evening by another more moderate bombardment.

By then 127 corpses, not counting unexplained pieces, had been dug out in dangerous conditions for roofs were continually shedding more beams and stones. Many were recognised, and many of the women and children. Thus in the police list one reads, «Male, approximate age four years», and «Male, approximate age six years», and «Girl of two or three years», among the unidentified bodies. So terrible was the panic, so rigid the morbid paralysis that seized the people of Durango: children, loved in Spain unrecognised dead in Durango.

Slowly the bodies were lugged out of the masonry and laid on slabs in the cemetery of Durango and ticketed 1 to 127. All blue, the face, dried blood streaking thin lines from their nostrils and their eyes and the corners of their mouths to their necks. Mouths sagging open in the senility of death. Their hair and torn, dusty clothes matted with blood, and bones showing jagged from the crushed hands. They looked like fashionable congregation.

They were buried in two common graves, and in the tombs of their families. Lorries took the wounded back over a bumpy road to Bilbao, where 121 more died in the hospitals. The people of Durango were not great weight-lifters.

The Germans did not carry out the second part of their project which was to block the streets with wreckage. In spite of their rowdiness, the streets could still be passed. The bombing, you see, lacked finish: incendiaries had been forgotten.

Durango was bombed again Thursday, April 1st, and again a special performance for the Duke of Canterbury and his party on April 2nd, when the fighting planes machine-gunned the civilian population as they took to the fields. And on April 4th also; but they could not close the houses over the roads, and the passage through Durango remained free but perilous in Italian.

They had not, however, completed their religious bag on March 31st. On April 2nd the machine-guns scored two more excellent hits on two Sisters of Charity serving the wounded in Durango hospital as they ran to shelter across the field.

Salamanca was prepared for denial of the raid on Durango, as she was prepared on April 2nd

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# Note on The Legal Functions of the Trade Unions in Agricultural Production

We must make it clear that this note refers to the Trade Unions in their wider sense, i. e., to the grouping of agricultural workers who are linked together for the defence of their common interests as producers. We therefore emphasize that the term Agricultural Trade Union must be taken in the meaning it has had in our legislation since 1936.

When the military rebellion broke out in July, 1936 the proletariat together with the left Republican parties took upon itself the defence of legality. For this reason since that date agricultural production has been carried out principally by the professional groups of peasants. We can affirm that agricultural enterprise — with all its complications and all its work — at the present time rests almost in its entirety on the above-mentioned organisations.

The abandonment of their estates by the large landowners, the great majority of whom declared themselves openly on the side of the fascists, obliged the tillers of the land to take over the direct responsibility of production. There thus arose, spontaneously and by the law of necessity, collectivisations of peasants lacking in dogmatic orientation in most cases, but inspired with the realistic criterion of continuing to produce in order to win the war. Reality rather than doctrinal inclinations oblig-

ed the peasants to form collectives, because this eliminated the problem of distributing the land. The collectives which thus sprung up were obliged to assume the responsibility of possessing and cultivating the land. And they began to produce in common. In view of this situation the Republic — which has respected the private ownership of land — found itself obliged to revise the law and make it correspond to reality. The Ministry of Agriculture therefore published a decree legalising the position of these spontaneous collectives, which does not predetermine the legal economic regime in the country, but which recognises that the peasants in saving the harvests were a fundamental factor for victory.

The Decree of 7 October, 1936, which legalised the expropriation of the rural estates which were the property of all those who took part in the insurrection against the Republic, ordered the handing over of such estates to the organisations of agricultural workers and peasants, leaving them free to cultivate the land individually or collectively.

The need for granting the exploitation capital necessary for agricultural enterprise to those persons who had undertaken to take this in hand obliged the State to infuse in the organs of credit the spirit of the new economy. Therefore it reorganised,

by the decree of 21 January, 1937, the Executive Committee of the National Service of Agricultural Credit. This decree provided for the entry into this Executive Committee of a representative from the U. G. T. and C. N. T. and others elected by the peasant organisations of small proprietors. With the collaboration of those representatives of the Trade Unions the Executive Committee of the National Service of Agricultural Credit — which is formed by technical employees and presided over by the Under-Secretary of Agriculture — has been able to establish a new method of granting loans to the professional peasant organisations, which are the direct cultivators of the land. This new form of credit is not based on the ownership of the land, but on the value of the labour accumulated on it and reckoned economically in its products. This system of credit was legalised by decree of 14 January, 1937.

The care of the agricultural interests of each locality and its collaboration in the national agrarian task was always placed in the hands of organs which were formed by — apart from the local authorities — the parish priest, the largest agricultural taxpayers, etc. At the present time, the functions of collaboration with the Central Authorities and the defence of local agriculture correspond to the local agri-

# How Franco Arose from Amongst the Moors and Ascended to Glory

We quote the following prayer from a sheet widely circulated in *Nationalist Spain* where Franco's followers seem to be hard pressed to invent new qualities for their «Führer» in order to induce the people to love him, a thing which every day seems to be more difficult :

«Nationalist Creed.»

«I believe in Spain, mother of nations, creator of the brave and heroes. And in Franco, her chosen son, our Leader, who was conceived by the Spirit of the Race; who was born of a Spanish mother; suffered at the hand of the political accursed; who was slandered, persecuted and exiled; he descended to the entrails of the Fatherland; and one day arose from amongst the Moor; ascended to Glory, and is sitting there as Head of the Spanish State; he will come to judge the patriots and the traitors. I believe in the Spirit of the Race; the Holy Spanish Cause, Catholic, noble and just; the communion of good Spaniards; the forgiveness of sinners; the Resurrection of the Fatherland, and permanent well-being.

«Spain, arise!»

Most naturally, Franco must be pleased with the tone of this praise to his divine person, who one day arose from amongst the pious Moors to ascend to glory; but he may perhaps not like the idea of remaining there.

No, he is in Salamanca, surrounded by his chief gunman Martínez Anido and by those true and genuine Spaniards sent by Hitler and Mussolini to assist him in his divine work... the destruction of the Fatherland in whose resurrection they believe.

cultural committees in which representatives of the peasant Trade Union organisations participate. They make sure that the area of land cultivated does not diminish, that the best form of cultivation is employed and collaborate efficiently by means of their efforts and their aid in the collection of taxes, in the work of agricultural credit to which we previously referred.

These are, in short, the functions which legally correspond to the peasant Trade Union or-

ganisations in agricultural production, which is carried out with the collaboration of workers and technicians of all creeds, whether trade unionists or members of political parties. Sometimes this is done collectively and other times by a system of individual cultivation. The difference in political creeds is no obstacle to a perfect collaboration in the daily work of making the land produce by means of cultivating it and by caring for the men of Republican Spain.

# Galicia Under the Rebels

(Continued from page 1)

were in conquered territory. They went around the streets in groups, and although the soldiers were hard to distinguish owing to the fact that their uniform was very similar to the Spanish uniform, their officers were easily distinguished by their blue caps and their decorations. In view of the fact that it was difficult to make the Italians behave so as to pass unnoticed, the «Command» invented a way to disguise them and made the Spanish officers wear uniforms similar to the Italians, which was a nice trick to disguise foreign intervention.

It is extraordinary that the Italians, who owing to their looks and manners could easily be taken for Spaniards, exerted themselves to the utmost in order to make their nationality known, whereas the Germans who are so different in type and customs made tremendous efforts to be taken for Spaniards. Most of the Germans spoke Spanish quite correctly, and they always made use of our language, while the Italians in a very imperialistic manner insisted in the use of their own language and that all signs in their barracks and in their hospitals should be written in Italian.

While the rebels extol this invasion of the fascist powers and the merits of the totalitarian States, they carry on a continuous campaign to instil in the people a hatred towards the democratic countries.

They have compelled merchants change the signs in their establishments, and take down all signs containing English or

French words or those which in any way made any allusion to those countries. The famous «Camisería Inglesa» (English shirt shop) has been forced to reduce its name to simply «Camisería». The «Sombrerería Inglesa» (English Hat Shop) has suffered a similar change, and is today only «Sombrerería». The wellknown «Almacenes del Louvre» have been «nationalized» and are today «Almacenes del Lubre». El Palais de Blanc has been changed to «Palacio de Blanco» and the cinema Savoy, which was called «Cine Savoy» is today «Cine Ya Voy».

But the newspaper «Pueblo

Gallego», which is under German control, for some time had all the signs in the offices in German.

Some months ago there was a patriotic parade in Vigo presided over by Millán Astray. When the boy scouts passed before him, they made their habitual English salute «Hip, hip, hurrah...!» The British words infuriated Millán Astray. The parade was stopped, and the boy scouts had to swallow their foreign words and cry «Spain, arise» in the true nationalist spirit.

But the bands ere enthusiastically playing the genuine Spanish songs «Horst Wessel» and «Giovanezza».

# The Destruction of Durango

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to deny the totalitarian destruction of Guernika. The principle of lying and continuous prolonged lying enunciated by Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf* was thus tried out for the first time in war, like the rest of the German air method of which it was an important part.

Thus Radio Club of Portugal announced «The socialists, anarchists and communists in Durango were annoyed at the renewal of religious worship and taking advantage of the fact that the Nationalist Aviation had bombarded certain military concentrations in revenge would not allow the faithful to issue from the churches an caused the death of some 200 of them... the churches were burnt...»

A communique of Salamanca told the same story. And General Quei-

po de Llano, loud-speaking from Seville, said, «Our planes bombed military objectives in Durango and later communists and socialist locked up the priests and nuns in the churches, shooting them without pity and burning the churches».

All of this was rather bad lying, as none of the churches showed any trace of fire, nor the corpses of priests and nuns signs of death by shooting.

(Taken from the book «The Tree of Guernika: a Field Study of Modern War», by G. L. Steer, published by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E. C. 4. Mr. Steer was correspondent for the «London Times» and was in the Northern part of Spain during the major part of the war.)

# The Agrarian Policy of the Government of the Republic and its Results

## Individual Agrarian Credits and the Increase of Production During the War

The agrarian policy of the Spanish Government has yielded positive results under a calamitous war which threatened to destroy the producing power of the nation.

Far from this, the Ministry of Agriculture, by a well guided policy, has given the proper leadership to peasant activities. The Ministry has favored the new owners of the land expropriated from large landholders, and has also favored the small landholders by granting them adequate loans.

A loan of 4.250.000 pesetas was granted on the coming crops. Rice growers in Valencia have received a loan of 8.750.000 pesetas to pay laborers' wages. The wine cooperatives in the Levante region have received a loan of 1.168.595 pesetas. 4.730 tons of fertilizer were supplied for the Castilian grain crop in 1936-37. 4.000 tons of seed potatoes were imported from England for the early crop of 1937, and at that same time 11.000 tons of fertilizer were imported from England for the potato crop to be exported during the month of February, 1937.

During the first three months of 1937, 4.850 tons of seed potatoes were imported for the ordinary crop, and in December, 18.000 tons for the early crop. 2.250 tons of seed beans were imported for the irrigated area in Levante. 47.700 tons of seed beets were distributed to sugar

beet growers in Valencia, Cartagena, Alicante, Cullera and Gandía and 2.400 tons of fertilizer also for the sugar crop.

Since January 1, 1937, the following loans for land cultivation have been granted by the National Service for Agrarian Credit: 17.749.654 pesetas to the Agrarian Trade Unions; 6.969.507 pesetas to the Agrarian Cooperatives; and 3.435.410 pesetas to individual landholders.

The following figures speak highly for the legislation to aid the peasants, which resulted in a substantial increase in production :

In the year 1935, 1.638.019 hectares (a hectare is 2,47 acres) of wheat were sown. This area was increased to 1.737.956 hectares in the fall of 1936, or a net increase of 98.937 hectares.

866.932 hectares of barley were sown in 1935, and in the fall of 1936, 916.937 hectares, or a net increase of 5,75 per cent. The average oil yield during the five years from 1931 to 1935 was 2.042.411 quintals, and the yield for the 1936-37 crop was 2.520.680 quintals, or an increase of 23,42 per cent.

The wheat crop in 1936 amounted to 12.186.989 quintals, and in 1937 to 13.348.745 quintals, or a net increase of 1.161.756 quintals. (A quintal is approximately a cwt.)

The barley crop amounted to 8.528.210 quintals in 1936, and 9.622.042 quintals in 1937, or a net increase of 1.093.832 quintals.



# I Believed in Franco

by FRANCISCO GONSALBEZ RUIZ

At the outbreak of the military rebellion I was living in Alicante, which was my habitual home. My last political post was that of civil governor of the Province of Murcia when Sr. Portela Valladares was Prime Minister. I held this post until the first Government of People's Front was formed as a result of the February elections.

The military rebellion was quashed in Alicante at the very outbreak, and Alicante is still today under the control of the Government, and therefore the town where my home is has steadily been under the authority of the legal Government of Spain. Nevertheless, I have lived for several months in rebel territory. Why? I shall answer this question with rude frankness. I requested to be allowed into the zone controlled by Franco because I believed at that time that a provisional government with exceptional powers would be beneficial to my country. The reader will see that I am not in anyway trying to hide the horrible truth about my case.

I belong to the middle class, the petty bourgeoisie, and I was frightened by the social and political upheaval. For I did not have enough courage to face the risks which circumstances demanded.

I do not deny it. I must repeat the truth, not to others, but to my own self. My own impulses prompted me to go to rebel territory. I was elated by the hope that a strong government might prepare the ground for a transition to a legality on which Spanish Democracy could be permanently based.

The sin which candor made me commit was duly punished in Franco's territory. This book of mine is, therefore, only the process of a great disappointment. I went to Franco's territory with my mind open to receive and even praise everything which I considered worthy of it. I even confess that I exerted myself to the utmost in order to overpower the first unfavorable impressions in an attempt not to be unjust towards certain drastic measures, which I tried to convince myself were dictated by the gravity of the moment.

I could not withstand the terrible evidence very long. Life in that part of Spain is, nothing more and nothing less, a shame to Humanity. My good intentions had taken me to a land of nightmares.

I have only one consolation, and that is that I was not the only one to commit this mistake. Eighty per cent of the Spaniards who were motivated by a similar opinion to mine to support the military movement today regret their mistake.

I am authorized to state, after living several months in rebel territory, that if the great majority of the people who are living today under Franco's tyranny were at liberty to dispose of their own destiny, they would come over en masse to the Republican zone.

Perhaps there may also be a limited number of Spaniards who, misled by an intense false propaganda, may think that their duty or their interests call them to the zone dominated by the

rebel army which, instead of serving Spain, is serving foreign interests.

I want to appeal also to those of my compatriots who, in a moment of moral depression or because they at the moment may not find adequate outlet for their activities, may think that in the other zone, in the zone which the rebel army has termed «the liberated zone» they will find tranquility and wellbeing, freedom and justice, and tell them that they are very much mistaken!

My only motive for writing this book is that I want to tell the truth, and by telling the truth perhaps many people who have so far been mistaken about what is really happening in Spain may rectify their conduct.

Gibraltar... Hotel Victoria... Month of March... Gray days; anxiety, financial difficulties, loneliness, uncertainty. The days pass and things coming into my mind depress me...

Radio Seville... «...those who have their hands unstained with the blood of crimes, those who although being republican love Spain and have faith in the destinies, men with a clean conscience; those who want a great fatherland... come over with us, we shall receive you as brothers, without rancor or reprisals». This was repeated everyday. Is it really true? I asked myself. My god, enlighten and help me!

One night I was restless, and I was endeavoring to read a newspaper from Seville. All of a sudden I heard Spanish voices singing in the next room «Face to the sun and wearing the new shirt...». They were young people from La Linea who had come over to Gibraltar to attend the performance of an Italian opera, and they were singing the phalangist hymn at the top of their voices.

Frankly, my depression was dispelled for a moment, and I was at the point of crying out to them:

«Comrades, I am one of you! Arise, Spain!»

I checked myself.

Another day in a tobacco shop, a man came in, and swaggeringly he faced another man who was patiently selecting some cigars:

«Arise, Spain! Arise Spain!» he said furiously to the other man.

The owner of the shop explained to me later:

«How can they expect to save Spain by destroying it first?»

«And who is that man?» I asked him.

«He is a close friend of Queipo de Llano.»

«Does he come here frequently?»

«Yes, quite frequently. He is said to have plenty of money.»

«Bad... very bad.»

Sr. Griffi, the Government delegate at La Linea, was also a good friend of Queipo de Llano.

Three months later he committed suicide because he was accused of some dishonest acts.

«A doctor was sentenced to a term of six months imprisonment at Algeciras. When his sentence was up, instead of being released, he was taken for a ride.»

«Taken for a ride?»

«Yes, he was killed. That is a common occurrence in Franco's zone.»

It was hard for me to believe it.

«What should I do?»

Franco had an official representative in Gibraltar, Sr. Ricardo de Goizueta. I would talk to him. That was the logical thing to do. Sr. Goizueta advised me to go to nationalist Spain.

«Nothing will happen to you, Sr. Gonzálbez», he said to me. If your hands are not stained with blood... (he repeated just what Radio Seville had said). You may be absolutely certain that you can live there in perfect tranquility. Oh well! If we were to molest all the republicans, all those who in past years have voted for the republic, we would be left on our own.»

He went on still further:

«Whenever you want to go, my own car will take you to La Linea.»

At six o'clock that same afternoon, his assistant, Sr. Yemi, took me over to the frontier and delivered me to the Spanish police.

Why was I assured at Gibraltar that nothing would happen to me, and now they turned me over to the Spanish police?

A good catch! A republican was caught, and moreover one responsible for the victory of the People's Front in the February elections. A civil governor of Portela Valladares, the great enemy.

I was questioned by the police.

«What are your political ideas?»

«Moderate republican.»

«Are you a freemason?»

«No, Sir.»

«Who is the head of your party?»

«Don Manuel Portela Valladares.»

«Is he a freemason?»

«I don't know.»

«What posts have you occupied?»

«I was Civil Governor of Murcia.»

«Enough, enough! Republican Governor... A friend of Portela... To jail with this individual!»

After what happened, I expected worse treatment. But the fact is that then I was able to observe a symptomatic phenomenon, which will be confirmed in this book: namely that State employees in Franco's territory have no faith in their triumph, and this doubt tortures them and makes them suffer when faced by a republican who behaves with dignity.

A hesitant policeman, whom I have to help to search me, takes me to prison. He made some reflections when he was leading me through the streets.

«So, you are from Alicante...? Every one there must be a red, same as we all here... are of the other side. If I had been there at the beginning, well... well, I would have to be with them now.»

«Aren't you afraid to incriminate yourself by talking to a dangerous prisoner as myself.»

«Bah! Don't worry. Nothing will happen.»

That man felt the injustice much more keenly than myself.

We arrived at the prison. There was a narrow passage leading to a small courtyard with a shed on one side. There was

nothing to sleep on, but the bare floor. There were no blankets nor seats. Only cold and damp. I look at the sky, and between my eyes and the infinity, there are some iron bars. There is another man in the shed. My only companion! I speak to him:

«How are things here?»

«Fine. I am going to the movies now! Two seats, please, and an orchestra seat for this gentleman, please.»

He was drunk. His shouts brought the officer on duty over, who at once made me go over to his small office.

«Look here», he said, «I am forbidden to do this, but I cannot have you spend the night in the open. If the police come over to bring more prisoners, I shall have to take you outside again, but in the meantime you may stay here with me. I will recommend you to the other guards tomorrow. Don't be afraid. Nothing happens here any more. It

was only the first few months. In all, about eight hundred. You must bear in mind that town was taken by the Moors. There is another political prisoner here...»

This man tells me his story once he is introduced to me.

«I was in the committee of Radical Party. You see. They were after me to convince me to come over here for three months. I was living in Gibraltar, where I have a contract to supply to the British Navy. I was rested at the frontier. That twenty-four days ago. And I am. Nobody has come to question me, and no charges have been brought against me. My wife went to see the Delegate, ask for my release, and they told her 'let him suffer'. I have relatives myself in the red zone and I don't know what has become of them. 'Whoever comes to our hands must pay for it.' A fine future awaits me...»

## Education in Spain

We extract the following from an article by William R.

More than 75,000 soldiers have learned to read and write at the same time as they carried on the fight against Fascism. Education in the trenches: Just think of over two thousand schools in the front line and you get some idea of the spirit of the army and the great work performed by the «cultural militia». They have founded 4,223 wall-newspapers and their traveling cinema has given over 500 performances on various fronts.

The new Spanish Republic feels that its best citizens are being moulded in the course of the struggle against Fascism and it understands that victory can only be achieved by an enlightened people. That is why Spain in the throes of a desperate and bloody war yet finds time to combat illiteracy and to educate its people.

Nearly half of the people were illiterate and in some parts over 80 %. And do the people want to read and write? Hernandez receives a large postbag daily from scholars of all ages expressing their gratitude and joy. An old woman of seventy wrote that she must immediately learn to read so that she can read the letters from her sons at the front.

«During a year of war», said the Ministry official, «we have established no less than 7628 schools in the territory of loyal Spain and during 1937 our educational budget increased by 143 million pesetas in comparison with 1936.»

«For the campaign against illiteracy we chose 6,000 teachers in addition to the voluntary brigades. We now have 60,000 teachers, but of course mobilization causes difficulties. Nearly three-quarters of the teachers received wage increases during 1937.»

In loyal Spain the teachers have been overwhelmingly on the side of the Republic: only about 5 % expressing Fascist sympathies and these were pensioned off. In Franco's territory hundreds of teachers have been shot and imprisoned.

As I left the Ministry I noticed a huge pile of books being packed up for despatch abroad. «They are going to our children in Russia» I was told. There are 3,500 Spanish children liv-

ing in Russia with a Spanish teaching staff. The Spanish Government bears the expense of these colonies.

The children's colonies in Spain itself are already famous. Some of these are supported by foreign relief organizations of the evacuation they are all under the care of the Ministry of Public Instruction which insists that these children the victims of the war should receive a sound education and lead a joyous life amidst pleasant surroundings. You find many of these colonies on the sunny gardens. Play on the shores of the Mediterranean the children quickly forget the ghastly horror of the war.

A quite new departure is the setting up of the «Workers' Institutes» in order to provide adults with continued education. I visited the Barcelona Institute the other day and found it housed on the top floor of a building — formerly a Jesuit college — pleasantly situated on a hill overlooking the town. Opened only a few months ago, the building was undergoing a dramatic transformation in order to make the drab Jesuit barracks into a pleasant school. Windows and doors, colored in pleasant living quarters, rooms, etc., were all being put up.

And the scholars? I spoke with one who smilingly assured me that the institute was a very good place. His name was Lian Barrusio and he had been at the front up to last September. He related an all too common story. His three brothers had been killed on the Asturian front and he had lost touch with the other three members of his family. Starting life as an illiterate miner he had taught himself to read and write and then became secretary of his trade union branch. He counted himself very lucky to be at the Institute. «Everyone wants to go», he added.

When the Institute opened 1,000 thousand applications were received from the trade unions and youth organizations, the bodies permitted to make nominations. Only two hundred places were available but the Institute will shortly accommodate 800 students. All receive an allowance from the Government and their meals on the premises.