



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

organ of the international brigades

Vol. I - N.º 13

Madrid, September 6 - 1937

MADRID-AFTER THREE YEARS

By Leland Stowe

Just a month ago I sailed from New York on my way back to Madrid, after an absence of three long years. I've been asked to tell what it feels like to return to Spain in the midst of a war which is both a civil war and a foreign invasion. To do that let me give you the contrasts which have swarmed upon me ever since I rode in from Valencia ten days ago.

I first came to Madrid in February, 1929, I was the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune at that time. There had been an unsuccessful revolt against the military dictator, Primo de Rivera. In the next six years I visited Spain often—just before the Republic and in its early years. My last journalistic visit was to report the popular uprising of October, 1934. Madrid was under martial law. The Civil Guards, as nervous as a bunch of raw recruits, were shooting at shadows—including their own! Pedestrians walked through the streets, always in the middle of the street, with their hands held above their heads—just so the guardians of the law would have no excuse for shooting them in the back. Yet there was no serious trouble in Madrid. The people's revolt against a reactionary anti-republican government had not been synchronized throughout the country, and it failed here before it began. Well, that was the Madrid that I saw last. A Madrid under martial law—nervous, tense and gloomy.

Ten days ago I came back to a Madrid which has had a powerful, mechanized army—

a large part of it composed of mercenaries and foreign fascists—hammering at its gates for nine long months! What did I find? I heard the guns booming on the outskirts of

CHINA TODAY



Japan's march in China: 1. Formosa ceded to Japan in 1895. 2. Port Arthur and Kwantung Peninsula leased by Japan in 1905. 3. Karafuto ceded to Japan in 1905 by czarist Russia. 4. Korea annexed by Japan in 1910. 5. Mukden seized by Japan in 1931. 6. Shanghai bombarded by Japan in 1932. 7. Manchuria annexed by Japan as puppet state of "Manchukuo" in 1933. 8. Jehol province annexed by Manchukuo in 1933. 9. "East Hopei Autonomous Anti-Comintern Government" formed by Japan in 1935. The present invasion by Japan seeks to conquer the North China provinces of Hopei and Chahar, shown by the heavy black line. The Hopei-Chahar Political Council was formed in 1935 comprising Hopei province, except the twenty-two provinces held by the East Hopei "government", and part of Chahar, except that under de facto Japanese control. The shaded portion shows the five northern provinces, Hopei, Chahar, Shantung, Suiyuan, and Shansi, Japan's next goal.

the city, morning and night. But the people of Madrid were going about their affairs as calmly as if they were in St. Louis or San Francisco. There was no tenseness about the men and women on the streets, nor about the children skipping rope in the squares near the Puerta del Sol. There was no gloom in their faces, nor in the air. Why this amazing change in attitude? I think the reason is perfectly simple. In 1934 the cause of the common people of Spain had been defeated once more, as on so many countless times before in this nation's unhappy history. In August, 1937, the common people of Spain have shown a strength unprecedented in centuries of unequal struggle. Today they know that no army of Spaniards—I say *Spaniards*—is as powerful as their own. They are equally confident that the Italian and German Fascists, who constitute the backbone of Franco's rebel forces, cannot defeat them in the end. This is the spirit of Madrid, the bravest city in the world.

You will say, "Now don't get emotional on us!" No, I don't intend to get emotional either. I'll simply try to give you some of my own experiences and observations. First of all, there's a lot of talk in America and other foreign lands about *when* Madrid will fall. Most of it comes from people who know nothing about the Spanish people—and nothing about Madrid. Let me say right now that I've met a large number of foreign correspondents since I came here—and I haven't met a single newspaperman who

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TWO ENGLISH COMRADES RETURN TO THE FIGHT

FRY AND RUTHERFORD UNDAUNTED DESPITE
LONG STAY IN FASCIST PRISON

The capture of a section of No. 2 Company was one of the severest blows suffered by the British Battalion in the early days of the Jarama action.



Employing the ruse of singing the "International" and advancing with anti-fascist salute towards our lines, the Moors succeeded in cutting off some 30 or 40 of our comrades, including comrades Fry and Renton, the company Commander and Political Commissar respectively.

The fate of these comrades was for long a matter of deep concern to us, and the anxiety was not lessened by press reports received later, to the effect that while some of the men had been shot immediately in being captured, or in resisting capture, others had been taken to rebel territory and imprisoned there. What then were our thoughts, we who know the torture and bestiality which is characteristic of the fascist treatment of prisoners; we who can never for-

get the concentration camps, the whip, and the axe; we who remember Thaelmann, Prestes and Rakosi?

On May 30th, twenty-three of those comrades arrived in London from the living tomb of fascism. They had been released in exchange for fascists prisoners held in Spanish Government territory, and the tale of their treatment was such that even a reactionary Tory M. P. said of them "They may be socialists and communists, but no British subject can be permitted to be treated as they have been treated".



In prison they were practically left to starve. Their wounds were unattended. They slept on the ground without straw or covering. The sanitary arrangements were the most primitive, and during all the months of their confinement they had no means at their disposal for a proper wash. Almost all fell ill with



Children playing on the pedestal of the statue of Dona Petronila, first queen of Aragon, completely demolished by fascist shells. This photograph was taken directly in front the former royal palace in Madrid.

SPANISH WORKERS LEARN MODERN PRODUCTION

VALENCIA (sept. 2).—The Ministry of Education is giving the workers of the war factories the chance to increase their efficiency by opening intensive courses in modern methods of production. The classes will be held in the factories after regular working hours, subsidized by the Ministry of Public Education. Teachers and equipment are furnished by the Ministry.

Spanish workers have shown remarkable technical capacity under the demands of war. Machinery has been remodelled to fill the necessities of war production. New machines have been devised and constructed. Engineers have been few. The workers have proved themselves inventive and fully capable of meeting the difficult war situation.

fever, others contracted lung trouble causing the deaths often of their number. The health of some of them has been permanently impaired.

Comrades Fry and Rutherford have now returned to the International Brigade. Last week they arrived in Albacete, more eager and more determined to fight against Fascism. Now, more clearly than ever, they realise the need for struggle. They KNOW fascism.

Comrade Fry was Commander of No. 2 Company and was captured with his section. He was wounded in the arm during the action, and his wound will remain a permanent ugly scar, due to the studied inattention of his fascist captors.

Comrade Rutherford was the youngest comrade in the section and at the time of his capture was only nineteen years of age. He could quite easily have remained in Britain, one of the heroic members of the British Battalion who had remained true and firm even in the prison of fascism. He chose to return to Spain, still young, but old in the anti-fascist struggle.

These two comrades are an inspiration to us and a credit to the whole International Brigade. We welcome them back as true and tried anti-fascist fighters, we welcome them as heroes of our glorious British Battalion.

A. D.

ROAR, CHINA!

Roar, China!

Roar, old lion of the East!

Snort fire, yellow dragon of the Orient,

Tired at last of being bothered.

Since when did you ever steal anything
From anybody.

Sleepy wise old beast

Known as the porcelain-maker,

Known as the poem-maker,

Known as maker of firecrackers?

A long time since you cared

About taking other people's lands

Away from them.

THEY must've thought you didn't care

About your own land either—

So THEY came with gunboats,

Set up Concessions,

Zones of influence,

International Settlements,

Missionary houses,

Banks,

And Jim Crow Y. M. C. A.'s.

THEY beat you with malaca canes

And dared you to raise your head—

Except to cut it off.

Even the yellow men came

To take what the white men

Hadn't already taken.

The yellow men dropped bombs on Chapei.

The yellow men called you the same names

The white men did:

DOG! DOG! DOG!

COOLIE DOG!

RED! LOUSY RED!

RED COOLIE DOG!

And in the end you had no place

To make your porcelain,

Write your poems,

Or shoot your firecrackers on holidays.

In the end you had no peace

Or calm left at all.

PRESIDENT, KING, MIKADO

Thought you really were a dog.

THEY kicked your ass daily

Via radiophone, via cablegram, via gunboats

by

LANGSTON
HUGHES

M A D R I D

A U G U S T 29

1937



In the harbor, via malaca canes.

THEY thought you were a tame lion,

Sleepy, easy, tame old lion!

Ha! Ha!

Ha-aaa-aa-a!... Ha!

Laugh, little coolie boy on the docks of Shanghai, laugh!

You're no tame lion.

Laugh, child slaves in the factories of the foreigners!

You're no tame lion.

Laugh—and roar, China!

Time to spit fire!

Open your mouth, old dragon of the East,

To swallow up the gunboats in the Yantgse!

Swallow up the foreign planes in your sky!

Eat bullets, old maker of firecrackers—

And spit out freedom in the face of your enemies.

Break the chains of the East, little coolie boy!

Break the chains of the East, red generals!

Break the chains of the East, child slave in the facto-
ries!

Smash the iron gates of the Concessions!

Smash the pious doors of the missionary houses!

Smash the revolving doors of the Jim Crow Y.M.C.A.'s.

Crush the enemies of land and bread and freedom!

Stand up and roar, China!

You know what you want!

The only way to get it

Is to take it!

Roar, China!

PROVOCATIONS AND PROVOCATIONS — As Seen by the Cartoonists



"Oh—so you won't let me in, eh?
By god, that's provocation!"



Journalist: "Now I see what's
happened: the rabbit provoked
the hunter."



"Quick, boys, lower the boats!
Mussolini has just issued another
peace message!"



Mussolini (to Japan): "So, you
too are going into this civilisa-
tion business, I see."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

MADRID — AFTER THREE YEARS

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thinks that Madrid will ever be captured by a frontal attack. All of them are agreed that Madrid has been made into an impregnable fortress — even those who came here as skeptics months ago; some of them men who had no advance prejudices about Republican Spain.

BETTING ON MADRID

I hadn't been here long before I discovered why these veteran war correspondents are betting on the invincibility of Madrid. I wanted to see for myself. I remembered how often I had come into this city by train. The South Express from Paris creeps across the flat Castilian plain on the final miles of its run. Somehow you get the idea that Madrid is the most unprotected city in the

ment. They are about six feet thick and jut out from each side of the street. Sometimes the barricades leave an opening in the center, large enough for one auto to pass through. Sometimes one wing stands ten feet in front of the other; that makes an overlapping wall, while still leaving a passage for emergency traffic. The concrete and stone walls are pierced with small openings for rifles. In spots they have narrow eyelids, three feet long, which will permit machine guns to sweep, fan-shape, the street in front. Only the direct hit of heavy artillery would have the slightest effect upon these barricades — and there are triple rows of them on every main artery entering the city. In addition, all side streets in between them are walled off — miles and miles of barricades. This is how Madrid had been



LELAND STOWE, ace foreign correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Journalism, who recently spent some time in Madrid.

transformed into the most formidable walled city of modern times. It is the first metropolitan Verdun in history. And though I had neglected to notice it on my past visits, this city of unconquerable will actually stands on rising grounds. This is why I say that if Franco had an army of one million men I still do not believe that he could break through the barricades of Madrid. And this is why the Madrilenos confidently declare that Madrid will be the graveyard of Fascist foreign aggression.



world. All last winter, back home, I read about the miraculous defense of Madrid and wondered how it could possibly have been achieved. Now I know how it was done. I've discovered the *street barricades* of this amazing city, and I've examined them for myself.

Start from the Gran Via — Madrid's Broadway — and walk north, west or south. Within five minutes' walk, you will come upon the first barricades. They are six or eight feet high; made of cobblestones and ce-



STREET BARRICADES IN MADRID
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

UNIVERSITY CITY

Yesterday I walked for two hours through the trenches of University City. Like so many parts of Madrid, University City has its personal ghost for me. The last time I visited this wide, sloping campus, with its great, modern college buildings was in February, 1931. And the ghost that I met yesterday was the ghost of Alfonso XIII, the last of the Bourbon kings of Spain. For on that February day six years ago Jay Allen of the "Chicago Tribune", and myself had the last interview that Alfonso ever gave as king of Spain. And when he gave it both Allen and I were convinced that Alfonso's crown was tottering over his left ear. Just six weeks later it crashed to the ground and Alfonso went out as the republic of great hopes and mortal enemies came in.

I thought of all that as I walked through the clean, deep trenches of University City yesterday. I thought of this as I looked at the ruined halls of the College of Philosophy, torn and twisted by a Fascist general who claims to be fighting for civilization. Alfonso's reign had left 45 percent of the 28,000,000 Spaniards unable to read and write — but he was proud of this show-place university, built for the lucky few. My guide was a Madrilenos who had been a pharmacist before he was sent into the front lines with four cartridges in his pocket to save the republic. Without thinking I remarked, "Well, at least Alfonso built some good forts for the defenders of democracy, even if I didn't know it." Like a flash came Rodrigo's reply: "No, Alfonso didn't build this university", he said. "We paid for it and we built it — the people of Spain." I didn't have an answer for Rodrigo. As an American, what do you think? Who paid for University City? To me it seems clear enough: the same people who are defending it today. But Rodrigo wasn't finished. He went on and there was bitterness in

"YOUNG GIANTS OF SPAIN'S PEOPLES' ARMY"



MODESTO



LISTER



DURAN



CAMPESINO

voice. "The Fascists didn't have to come this way. We didn't want the university to be harmed. What could we do?"

This morning I took another walk. I wanted to see what was left of the home of a very famous Spanish nobleman I had once met at the Hotel Ritz in Paris. The world knows him as the Duke of Alba. I remember very plainly my impression of that carefree playboy with the polished manners and the too-charming smile. To me he looked like the Duke of Nothing-at-All. But he had inherited riches in land and art that were fabulous, and among them one of the largest and most beautiful palaces in all Madrid. This is the Palacio de Leria—and it was this palace that I went to see. I went alone; without a guide and unannounced.

The Duke of Alba, like virtually all of Spain's titled nobility, is an ardent supporter

of the rebel leader, General Franco. Some say that the Duke has given considerable of his wealth to supply the rebels with airplanes, guns and bombs. If that's true there's plenty of irony in this story. Last winter Franco's aviators dumped hundreds of pounds of inflammable bombs upon the Duke's palace—and the Republican Spaniards, whom the Duke despises, fought valiantly to save his priceless art treasures from destruction. They saved a small part of them—but today the Palacio de Leria stands, a burned-out hideous shell, in the lovely green gardens which surround it. Heaps of refuse and wreckage are piled up thirty feet high on three sides. The roof and the upper three stories of a palace with more than 100 rooms have been completely destroyed. On the second floor I found the private chapel—what is

left of it—a chapel in which the dukes of Alba have worshipped for hundreds of years. Two walls collapsed, but by a miracle the chapel's rare paintings escaped. Now the walls have been rebuilt and the republican government has built a temporary roof to protect the chapel which the Duke of Alba's hired mercenaries destroyed. Everything in this once magnificent palace is now devastation and horror. I stood there and sought to control the indignation that swelled up inside me. At my side stood a Spanish workman, one of the two guardians of the ruins. "It is criminal", he said... That was all. Later he told me how the government had placed in safe-keeping all the ancient tapestries, paintings and statuary that could be salvaged from the ruins. Before I left I asked the guard to what political party he belonged. "I am a Social-

list", he said. ...And in rebel Spain Franco claims that anyone who is a Socialist is a terrorist and a Red, deserving to be shot. I am only reporting what I have seen with my own eyes.

SHIRT-SLEEVE GENERALS

And when I report what I have seen, on this return to Republican Spain, I must tell you about the young generals who are making history in the Loyalist army. Back home we hear surprisingly little about them—but they are the Washingtons, the Anthony Waynes and the Ethan Allens of the Spanish war. The Loyalist army has at least half a dozen men who already have won great fame among their soldiers and the people here. Thursday I lunched with one of them—Colonel Antonio Ortega, commander of the Sixth Army Corps and the recent substitute for General Miaja as commander-in-chief of the Central Army. A few days earlier I met another—a former quarryman named Lister—a bold, two-fisted fighter who commands the 11th Division. In addition to these there is Campesino, a peasant who began the war as a private and is now one of the most formidable commanders in all Spain. There is Modesto, also the son of peasants, a novice at arms one year ago and today commander of the 5th Army Corps on



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Scenes of Destruction in Madrid after a particularly heavy fascist bombardment.

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MADRID AFTER 3 YEARS

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the Madrid front. There is Duran, one of the most gifted composers of music in Europe—now a brilliant officer and leader of men... Lister, Campesino, Modesto, Duran—they are all in their early thirties and all warriors who sprang from the people themselves. They are the shirt-sleeve generals of Republican Spain.

Few things can be more dramatic than the stories of these young giants of Spain's people's army. I should like to tell you more—much more—but space will not permit it. I want merely to give you a hint of the determination which bristles in every fibre of these shirt-sleeve heroes of a cause which the world said long ago was lost—and they say is already assured of victory. One and all they say—simply, sincerely, factually—"We shall win the war!—It may be long—but we will win!" They say it, as Washington said it at Valley Forge. I, for one, believe they cannot be beaten.

LIKE OUR REVOLUTION

And there's one more parallel between the battle of republican Spain and our own war for independence. Like our own Revolutionary leaders, the Loyalists have had to make an army out of untrained men—and they have done it. Like ourselves in 1776, the Spanish republicans have had to develop great military leaders out of farmers, workers and hitherto unknown civilians. They have done that, too. And just as Washington's ragged Continentals were opposed by professional soldiers—and by Hessian mercenaries—so the Loyalists are opposed by experienced army officers and by imported foreign Fascists. Like the soldiers of the American revolution, the soldiers of republican Spain refuse to believe in anything but victory. And like our founders of the American republic, they are fighting for

WANTED

Photographs of Our Dead Comrades.

The English, American and Canadian commissariat and The Volunteer for Liberty have under consideration the issuance of postcards in memory and honor of our dead comrades. In order to do this it is necessary for us to acquire a collection of photos of these comrades.

We know that many comrades have photographs as personal souvenirs of those who have fallen, and we appeal to them to lend them to us for this purpose. All photographs will surely be returned as soon as reproductions are made. Please send all photographs to:

THE VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

S. R. I. Plaza del Altezano 63 E. Albacete.

LETTERS from HOME

A New Film
About Spain.

Dear S. For the past many weeks I have strongly felt that I was with you in Spain. I've been working 15 and 16 hours a day, sometimes more, with P. on a Spanish film which we have called "Heart of Spain". As you know, X brought back material on the work of the blood transfusion institute... Well, after a long time during which the first draft of the commentary and the musical score were worked out, and we all spent two solid nights until dawn revising the commen-

the right of their own people to govern themselves.

Do not think that such a cause is lost. The Spanish people have found their Washingtons and their Ethan Allens and their Anthony Waynes. The Spanish people have just begun to fight. You cannot know Spain—know its people and its history—without reaching one profound conviction. If Washington was right in 1776, then Republican Spain is right today.

tary and preparing the recording of the voice, music and sound effects, and got perhaps 12 hours of sleep in 6 days—after this week we finally emerged with a film... And after all this work and worry it's



really something to be happy about...

Everyone who has seen the film has felt tremendously torn and moved, and ready to do whatever they can for Spain. P. F., who reads the Sun and the Herald-Tribune, saw the film this afternoon and immediately wrote out a check for the American Medical Bureau. At the first small showing, when the film ended the 40 or so people in the projection room sat quiet for a full two minutes and then applauded loudly. A very well-known film star saw it today and said she was never so disturbed and moved by a film. So you see, when this film goes out, it should do a lot of good in the world...

Salud.

L.

Transport Workers On the March.

Dear R. Right here in my union, the Transport Workers Union (where, as I wrote you, I've been working since you went away), the overwhelming march of the C. I. O. is evident every day. I enclose a calendar of achievements of



our union—all of them won without a single strike action—although we are faced now with the toughest and most notorious anti-union corporation, the B. M. T. Despite collective bargaining election held two weeks ago under the supervision of the State Labor Relations Board, which we won by 75 per cent (the usual percentage for the union has been much higher), the B.M.T. is trying to enforce "contracts" which they had obtained from the company union in force till we came in. If they try to keep these so-called contracts which are now illegal, there may be big things happening. On the day before the election the B. M. T. spent thousands of dollars for a full page in all the city newspapers and later the election, Menden president of the B. M. T., had the temerity to write to John L. Lewis, asking that Lewis and the C. I. O. compel the Transport Workers Union to recognize the "contracts"!

Nationally the C. I. O. is making great headway though not without struggle and bitter fights. The big bosses are not missing a single trick. Many workers have lost their lives, shot down without a single chance—but that hasn't stopped us from fighting for our right to organizing in unions of our own choice.

Aug. 11, 1937.