



# The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

*organ of the international brigades*



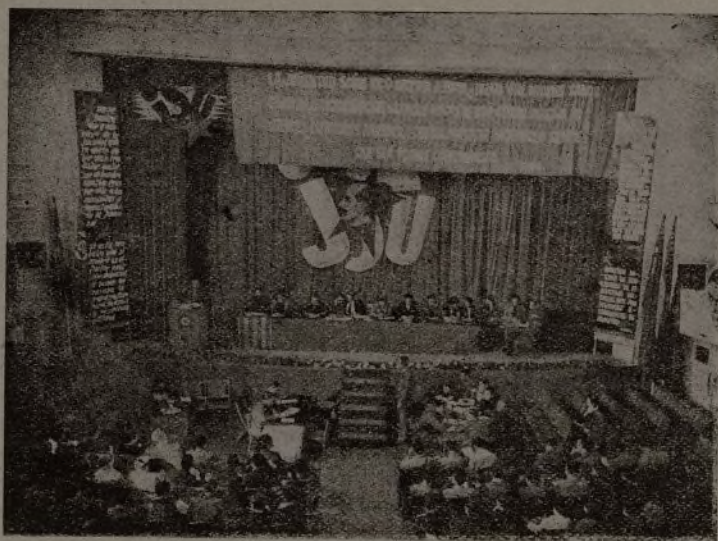
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## SPANISH YOUTH MAPS ANTI-FASCIST FIGHT

"Unite, educate, and organize the youth of Spain to win the war and be more useful in the Revolution." With this slogan, the National Committee of the Juventud Socialista Unificada (Unified Socialist Youth) opened its plenum in the Auditorium of the Rockefeller Institute of Madrid on Friday, Sept. 24th. The sumptuous hall, once the center for indolent children of the upper classes, was used by hundreds of representatives of anti-fascist youth in a magnificent National Congress that lasted five days.

On the blue drape that hung in folds from the platform wall was a large picture of Tomás Meabe, poet and founder of the J. S. U. Also in the front of the hall, above the stage draw-curtain, in bold white letters



IN SESSION: Delegates to the J. S. U. Congress, recently held in Madrid, listening to one of the reports.

on a dark blue background, was a quotation from Lenin which significantly expresses the genuine aspirations of the liberated youth of Spain. "The youth", the quotation reads, "above all needs to have pleasure, and vital strength, sound gymnastic sports, swimming, hikes, and physical exercises of all kinds, a variety of intellectual interests, to learn, study, investigate; and they always should do so collectively if possible." Flags and banners belonging to the different representative youth organizations added to the gay unconquerable spirit of free determined youth.

### DELEGATES FROM FRONT

Young military commanders, political commissars, officials, and soldiers, directly from the

front, were among the many delegates.

The Congress opened with a salute to the glorious work of the Spanish Republican Army. Homage was paid to such national figures as Azafia, Premier Negrin, Companys of Catalonia, and to the youth who have fallen in the fight for national independence.

In the midst of prolonged ovation, Jesús Hernández, Minister of Public Education, was heralded by the Congress. He greeted the Youth Congress and pointed out how closely his governmental position brings him to the youth. Among the many things he told the delegates, he mentioned the difference between a minister under the old regime and the minister of today under a People's Front Government, which can be truly said

to be a government of the Youth. "The minister of today" he said "has one duty, and that is to serve the needs of the people in the most beneficial manner."

On the second day General Miaja, illustrious defender of Madrid and great friend of the youth, greeted the plenum. Francisco Anton, Inspector-Commissar of the Army of the Center also was a guest speaker.

### CARRILLO SPEAKS

The brilliant report by Santiago Carrillo, General Secretary of the J. S. U., made on the second day, can be said to be the pivot around which the Congress revolved.

Some points he outlined in his talk are:

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JESUS HERNANDEZ  
Minister of Public Education, greets the Youth Congress.



SANTIAGO CARRILLO  
General Secretary of the J. S. U., delivering his report to the Congress.



# TANKS

Among our comrades tanks enjoy the reputation of being fearful infernal engines of modern warfare. When the tanks suddenly advance in our direction we feel the desire to run. Nevertheless that is the most dangerous thing we can do.

We have very frequently witheld the attacks of the fascist tanks with success. The history of the early days of the war is full of heroic incidents, stories of comrades who went to meet the enemy tanks with a grenade in their hands. Today, however, we have other methods at our disposal and it is as well to remind ourselves of them.

## HOW TANKS OPERATE

Tanks advance about 200 yards in front of the infantry, and their mission is to clear the ground which the infantry will occupy. The tanks' visibility is nil, so that there is no possibility of their making night attacks or of being used in very thickly wooded country. Our anti-tank bullets are effective and have already given satisfactory results. We should therefore entrust our best marksmen with the anti-tank bullets so that they can fire together in the direction of the driver of the tank, while the light machine gunners, the machine gunners and the other comrades stop the enemy infantry by keeping

up a heavy fire. This will force the tanks to halt, since they cannot dispense with the protection afforded them by their own infantry. Our trenches, constructed so as to avoid the danger of enfilading fire, will protect our bombers.

Not all types of ground are suitable for an advance by the tanks. As the tanks have to select the most suitable route to follow, it is easy to prepare very large deep traps which must be carefully camouflaged. In this way the routes which the tanks would follow can be blocked. Some of the best bombers should be near these points.

## TANK OBSTACLES

A very wide ditch, with steep sides, constructed in front of the trenches, constitutes an obstacle which the tanks cannot pass at a moment when they are well within range of our bombers. Low stone walls, ruins, etc., are also useful obstacles which should be taken into account. I shall be told that all this is only possible in a position in which it has been possible to prepare a good defense in advance. But what is to be done when we have just halted after an advance? The answer to this is part of the infantryman's ABC. We must dig individual holes which later will become trenches. We should remember too that we have at our disposal



anti-tank guns and anti-tank cars which are really effective.

We can quote some experiences of the "Paris Commune" Battalion.

December 16th, 1936, at Boadilla del Monte, the 1st Company, thanks to rifle grenades and a few comrades, succeeded in stopping the advance of the tanks, while light machine gun, machine gun and rifle fire were directed against the fascist columns.

January 4th, 1937, at Remisa, the tanks' advance was stopped, thanks to heavy fire from the infantry.

February 16th, at Jarama, the 3rd Company stopped an advance of tanks through five comrades, firing in the direction of the driver, while all the rest of the Company fired on the infantry.

February 12th, the Fascist cavalry deceived our tanks by moving a wing and concealing themselves behind a mound.

March 11th, several comrades stopped the Italian fascists in front of Trijueque, in spite of the tanks and their flame throwers, on two successive occasions by keeping up an effective fire on the enemy infantry.

These examples prove that when the infantry know how to dig themselves in, each man making a fox-hole, and digging suitable trenches as soon as possible, they can withstand an attack by the enemy tanks. Consequently we should never think of running from the fascist tanks. Not only would such conduct be unworthy of a fighter for liberty, but it would

also be the most dangerous course he could take.

COMMANDER SAGNIER  
11th Battalion,  
14th Brigade.

## Pro - Fascists Even Gyp Franco

Only the pro-fascist money-raising organization for Spain back in the United States has a shady record, financially, according to State Department figures, recently published, on the amount of relief actually sent to Spain by the various agencies, and the supplementary figures issued by the agencies themselves.

A prominent New York magazine comments on these figures as follows:

"It appears that all the groups have commendable records except the American Committee for Spanish Relief, a pro-rebel organization headed by Ogden H. Hammond, former ambassador to Spain. This organization, which was launched with a great splurge at a Madison Square Garden mass meeting, is shown to have sent not a penny to Spain out of the \$ 30,753 which it collected for war-sufferers, and to have swallowed more than \$ 25,000 in 'expenses'."

Among the pro-loyalist aid organizations, here are the records of funds sent to Spain:

North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and Confederated Spanish Societies to Aid Spain, \$ 633,147

Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy, \$ 119,353.

The Nation's Food Ship \$ 25,550.





# DEATH OF A SPANISH POET

## EYE-WITNESS TELLS OF MURDER OF GARCIA LORCA

"That day I was on guard. I stepped aside to let pass a very young looking man being led by the Civil Guards. He was pale, but walked serenely."

The Spanish lad recounted his story, at first reluctantly, and then in a fluent, straightforward manner. A few months



GARCIA LORCA

beloved Spanish folk-poet, murdered at Granada by the Fascists.

ago he escaped from fascist territory and came to our lines on the Granada front. He told how Federico García Lorca, the famous Spanish poet, met his death during the first months of the war, at the hands of the fascists.

"When I saw him", he continued solemnly, "I understood the tragedy that encircled him. Over his head hung the pall of death for having written his famous romance of the 'Civil Guards'."

"Did you know García Lorca?" he was asked.

"No; I had read him a great deal, however. I knew his works and his life. I also know of his death—the manner in which his life was ended I shall never forget. It was so monstrous, so criminal, that I can never rub it out of my memory."

The lad unfolded his story: "García Lorca was located in

## JACK SHIRAI

(Japanese-American Volunteer, killed at Villanueva de la Cañada.—July, 1937)

I hear that Comrade Shirai fell,  
Who did not know him?  
His funny pidgin English,  
His smiling eyes,  
And his brave heart  
Made him loved as a brother  
In the Abraham Lincoln Battalion,  
Jack Shirai of Hakodate,  
Son of Japanese earth.  
He went to America  
Because at home there was no bread;  
Became a cook in Frisco,  
His art tickled the palates  
Of the richest playboys of the city.  
In the summer of nineteen hundred thirty-six,  
As the newspaper wrote,  
In Europe, in Spain,  
The Fascist wolf had come out to murder.  
Jack Shirai packed his few things  
And was among the first  
To come from America  
Helping the Spanish people in their fight  
For human rights,  
When the bullets whistled  
And the tearing shells burst,  
Then the boys of the Lincoln Battalion  
Watched Jack Shirai.  
He had a laughing heart!  
Once (in June on the Jarama)  
He was sent as a cook  
Behind the lines to a hospital.  
They liked him there—the sick,  
The wounded, everybody.  
And the village farmers talked often  
Of the Japanese who had come so far for them.  
But one day he ran away,  
Back to the lines—to the front.  
In the North, when we cracked  
The ring around Madrid,  
He was there as we stormed Brunete,  
And Villanueva de la Cañada.  
As the night was bright  
With the shine of the burning towns,  
Torn by exploding bombs  
And the voices of the great guns,  
Jack Shirai fell.  
The Abraham Lincoln Battalion  
Of the People's Army of Freedom,  
And the Japanese proletariat,  
Will not forget him.

LUDWIG D.



JACK SHIRAI:

"He had a laughing heart."

the night. The Civils placed themselves behind the headlights, from where they could not be seen.

"García Lorca walked firmly with magnificent calm. Suddenly in the middle of the road, he halted. He turned swiftly and faced us, causing the insolent Lieutenant Medina, who was commanding the Civils, to gape in astonishment.

### LORCA SPEAKS

"García Lorca spoke. He did not speak feebly, nor did he plead for his life. His powerful words were in defense of the thing he always loved: Liberty. He eulogized the cause of the people, and condemned the barbarity of fascism.

"Those fiery words, produced a tremendous disturbance among the Civil Guards. For me it was like a penetrating light in my brain. The poet continued talking... but his words were cut short. Lt. Medina exploded with blasphemous words and fired his pistol at the poet. Then he set the Civil Guards against him.

### CLUBBED WITH RIFLES

"The spectacle was terrible. They threw themselves upon him and struck him mercilessly with the butts of their rifles. Some of us remained stationary, too horrified to do anything. García Lorca ran and was followed by a rain of bullets. A hundred yards away he keeled over. As the murderers approached him with intentions of finishing him, he raised his body, streaming

(Continued on page 8.)

a French legation, so I was told. By means of trickery he was induced to come out. When he did so, he was seized. He was not tried by any kind of tribunal. (For that matter, neither was anybody else held by the fascists.) The night of that very same day he was pulled out of the jail where the Civil Guard had him incarcerated. Among a squad of guards he was shoved into an automobile. I am sorry to say

that I figured among this blood-thirsty group.

"The line of autos, like a sinister convoy, pulled out onto the Padul road. We were driven 18 kilometers from Granada. It was 8 o'clock at night when we finally got out of the autos. The automobile headlights were focused directly on the man who was marching to his death. The silhouette of García Lorca cut an omnipresent figure in the darkness of



# HOW CARL BRADLEY EARNED HIS THREE BARS

## FIGHT AT QUINTO AND BELCHITE IS DESCRIBED

VALENCIA. — Spanish soldiers and officers in the Twenty-fourth Battalion of the Fifteenth Brigade came wearily out of the Aragon offensive but lost no time petitioning their command to give the three bars of captaincy to Carl Bradley of the States. They sent a little note along to G. H. Q. in which the words *heroico* and *gloriosa* figure a number of times, and thereby hangs a story, possibly one of the most revealing in this war, of the close bonds between the International Brigade and the Spanish soldiers. It tells how Carl Bradley, Local 3844, International Longshoreman's Association, became Captain Bradley, of the Spanish Republican Army.

The People's Army, hardened by a year of warfare into seasoned, disciplined troops who can take on the toughest of Black Arrows and make them very homesick, had just captured more than 1400 square kilometers of territory in Aragon. Fighting in the van with

the Spaniards were the men of the Fifteenth Brigade — las Brigadas Internacionales — and they did sterling work at Belchite and Quinto, winning the high praise of General Pozas, commander of the division.

### HOW IT WAS DONE

Nobody can tell the story of Belchite and Quinto better than Captain Bradley who won his stripes for his good work here. Let me tell the story almost as he told it. If anybody knows Belchite it is Captain Bradley whose men at Dead Man's Point built the barricades that did such damage to the fascists. Let him tell you of Quinto, that towering fortification into which the German engineers put a year's work building what they thought would be impregnable defenses.

"At Quinto" Bradley says, "the fascists held a large building, biggest in town, commanding the entire position. Walls three feet thick, a regular fortress. The windows had machineguns poked through them, and it would be next to impossible to take Quinto if this place wasn't taken.



"On the afternoon of the day before the last trench position of the fascists was taken, our command asked for volunteers for a bombing squad to wipe out this nest. Ten men were needed and ten men immediately volunteered.

### ARMED WITH GLYCERIN

Bradley commanded the group. "We went armed with glycerin bottles, took a position 25 feet from the wall of the building. We hid there and waited till after 25 shells, well directed, hit the place. The walls were so thick they did not demolish the building. The main purpose of the shelling was to force the fascists into their holes, away from the windows with their machineguns and snipers.

"Out of the ten, two were wounded as we snaked our way to the building. Three of the gang had to carry them back. That left five to carry on. We took our bottles, filled with this deadly explosive glycerin, picked windows, and threw them in with well-directed pitches that came from good baseball arms. Tremendous flames exploded inside the building. We came back twice with the bottles and then rolled a big drum of gasoline into the structure with a fuse attached to it. It exploded inside.

"This mission finished we returned to find out how our

other five men were. We wended our way back to where hundreds of our soldiers were standing on a hill, enthused. They had been watching us do this job on the fascist stronghold that had snuffed out the lives of so many of their comrades. The building burned all night.

Bradley then told how the fighting went at Belchite. Here the American boys carried on boldly but cleverly in street to street fighting, infiltrating the town and then going to work, taking house after house.

"We charged uphill some 350 meters under enemy machinegun fire. We could see the faces of the fascists. Three of our men were killed; seven wounded out of 29. The Americans had to put up their machinegun stand. The bullets flew so thick we had to take our ponchoes, fill them with sand, and under that bit of protection, set up the guns.

### WHERE REGAN DIED

"We took a street to a point where Charlie Regan was killed. Charlie was one of the bravest men in Spain, a World-war vet and a fighting Irishman with pleasant blue Irish eyes but with a strong determination. Men looked on him as one who would go into the jaws of death for them and they loved him. He had such



GENERAL WALTER, Commander of the 35th Division. Above, at right, another photo of Gen. Walter, on the Aragon front.



a burning hatred of Fascism he'd strip himself of his skin if it would help. He was killed September 5.

"We called where he was killed Dead Man's Point. We had to go up the street and make a perfect cleaning of houses. Our men were hungry but they didn't pick up a piece of bread in the houses they cleaned up. We went this way: four men on the right hand side watching the left side for snipers and four on the left watching the right hand. Two more men looking at the rear. Thus we had perfect protection. Then we came to a point 75 feet from the fascists and could hear their officers hollering Viva Franco.

#### MOVE BARRICADES AHEAD

"At Dead Man's Point where the bullets were ricocheting, we built a barricade of bags of grain taken from cellars of abandoned houses, and gave them hell from behind it with bombs and rifles. Then we decided to move the barricades forward, a few feet at a time. Two volunteers were needed for this, two stepped forward immediately. One of them was Ephraim Bartlett, of Denver, Col., a man with some Indian blood, a miner who had been a soldier in the United States Cavalry and who saw a lot of duty on the Mexican front, a man of 45. Back to the sides of the building, he took sack by sack from the barricade, holding them in front of him in direct fire of the enemy, he piled them in the new position. This way we brought the barricade forward under direct enemy fire.

"Then we began to advance through the buildings by digging holes in those thick Spanish walls and here the miners were very proficient. We got a commanding position from two houses on the right and began to harass the enemy by sniping.

#### 700 PRISONERS

"Some of the men heard voices in the cellar of the building. We discovered there was about 150 Fascist soldiers and civilians downstairs. A Spanish

officer began to talk to them through the cellar window. He explained why they ought to surrender, told why we were fighting and they said they would surrender. We took 700 prisoners in three houses right by our barricade.

"About three o'clock in the morning, after a rigid guard all night, the stillness was suddenly exploded like a bolt of lightning. There was suddenly running around in the streets, noises, shots, the bursting of grenades.

"There was a great tension and you had a feeling that now here it comes. This is the pay-off — the two bodies were going to collide right now.

#### LOUD-SPEAKER ARRIVES

"Everybody's nerves were strained. Suddenly you heard all over the city the playing of the Spanish national anthem. The loudspeaker had come up! It was just like pouring oil on troubled waters. Just as if by agreement of both sides, everybody stopped to listen.

"Then there was a short speech that had been prepared by Dave Doran, of the United States. It was translated into Spanish. A simple little speech it was, but its effect was deadly. He told the Fascists how futile their position was. He told them what the Republicans stood for. He told of Mussolini and Hitler and the invaders. Then the National Anthem sounded again.

"Two minutes elapsed. Silence. Then a few scattered shots. We afterward learned these were some fascist officers being killed by their own soldiers. Suddenly we heard the soldiers, the fascist soldiers comrades, bust into singing the Internationale! They started shouting Viva la República! Then we knew victory was ours. Then all their soldiers came over. They surrendered and Belchite, the Fascist stronghold that Napoleon couldn't take, was now in the hands of the International Brigadiers.

#### — AND SEVEN NUNS

"There was suddenly great jubilation. Not because we beat them, it wasn't only that, but

## LOYAL GUERRILLA BANDS MENACE FRANCO'S REAR

VALENCIA.—Guerilla warfare in Franco's rear is assuming serious proportions, judging by reports reaching here at frequent intervals.

In the mountains of Huelva Province, in the South, in the northern Provinces of Galicia, many thousands of Republicans are harassing the Fascist garrisons.

#### HALF RETURNED

Three thousand guerilla fighters from Viana del Bolla, Orense, make life hectic for the Fascist headquarters at Vigo and Pontavedra. A company of Moors and Phalangists recently sent out to crush them was almost annihilated, barely half of them returning from the expedition into the mountains.

Another two thousand repu-

blicans are established in the mountains of Buama. Most of them are fugitives from Malaga, Rio Tinto and Seville. They are secure in the deep gulleys and craggy mountains, and recently successfully ambushed a force sent out to destroy them.

#### CAPTURED DYNAMITE

In La Ciana Prieta, in the suburbs of Ardales, and neighboring villages of Malaga Province, numerous bands of Spaniards, who escaped from Malaga, have been persistently attacking the insurgent garrison at Chorro del Agua.

Several times reinforcements have had to be drafted into the area to support the local fascist forces.

One report of an attack on Ardales tells how the raiders carried of 20 cases of dynamite, 410 rifles and many horses. Fifty Phalangists and Civil Guards were wounded in this fight.

## AMERICANS BOO MUSSOLINI'S SON

NEW YORK.—When Vittorio Mussolini, the son of Italy's dictator arrived here, he was greeted by thousands of people who shouted, "Mussolini is a murderer!", "Expel his son from the United States!" These demonstrations continued with greater enormity at the hotel where he stayed.



at the fraternity when they come over, happy, singing, throwing their arms around us.

Captain Bradley ended his story with this: "We come across seven nuns working in the Belchite fascist hospital, a lot of wounded all around. The fascist officers had escaped, leaving them to their fate. The nuns viewed us with awful suspicion, thinking torture was in store for them. That's what the fascists led them to believe. They looked like they were resigned to death. Then we came forward and gave them milk,

eggs, bread. The medical doctor asked them which were the most seriously wounded cases, as he wanted to give them immediate attention. The nurses gladly showed them. Their faces registered a smile for the first time, and as we helped the sick, the nuns kept saying, "Muy bien — muy bien." That means "Very good, very good." We helped the nuns over the barricade and took them to safety."

That's the story of Belchite, Captain Bradley said.

J. N.



## THE FIFTH COLUMN

The discovery of a vast network of espionage and treason in Madrid has given us a sharp reminder of the work of the enemy in our rear. It is not enough to feel violent indignation against these criminals. It is necessary to consider how they can be fought and overcome. That their activities represent a real danger is shown by previous experiences, and particularly by the events at Santander...

"While we were trying to find a boat the 'Fifth Column', that is to say, the internal enemy, had already come out on the streets. The Fascists set fire to the petroleum supplies and began firing at the Government supply centres", says an English witness, Commander Pursey.

It was work of this kind which was being prepared by the organisation discovered in Madrid.

### FASCIST PLANS FOILED

Before November 7th last year, when General Mola was asked by a group of foreign journalists which of the four columns marching on Madrid would take the city, he replied: "Madrid will be taken by the Fifth Column". In other words the Fascists in Madrid would hand over the city to the enemy. Mola made a mistake. The people took the hint, dealt his allies a hard blow, and disorganised the Fifth Column. But it continued to exist.

It is interesting to note the aims of this Madrid organisation which has recently been brought to light.

It was engaged in recruiting men to carry on the public services when (and if) the Fascists entered Madrid. It was collecting information and studying means of conveying it to the enemy: in one premises the authorities discovered a plan of Belchite, an account of our forces in that sector, a report of the present position of the El Campesino (46th) Division, and a note on the evacuation of the Guadalajara hospitals.

A section known as the White Phalangists was organised among the refugees in the various embassies, and particu-



larly in that of Chile, where it is believed that the General Staff of the whole organisation may be found, enjoying a scandalous "diplomatic" immunity. This section, regarded as superior to the others, was to play a leading part in the allocation of posts when the fascists took over the municipal services.

A military section with wide ramifications was entrusted with recruiting soldiers to act in conjunction with the rebel forces in the next fascist attack on Madrid. In particular, they had the task of siezing the main public buildings, the central post, telegraph, transport offices, etc.

A blacklist was being prepared for use in the hypothetical future.

### GERMAN, ITALIAN POLICE

We must not forget that at the head of the Fifth Column are the Gestapo and the Italian police with their wide experience. The Gestapo had sent its tentacles through Spain considerably before July 18th, and in fighting the Fifth Column we are not fighting a hasty overnight improvisation.

The spy, the provocateur, the saboteur are the worst enemies of the Spanish People's Revolution. Only implacable and persevering effort, a watch-

fulness neither dulled by excessive confidence nor blinded by undue suspicion, can defeat them. The methods of fascism in Spain — the killing of prisoners, the bombing of open towns where the victims are women and children — these things are sufficiently well known. The methods of the Fifth Column are no more scrupulous or humane: assassination, blackmail, prostitution, the launching of malicious and defeatist rumors, profiteering, the hoarding of foodstuffs, etc., the securing of information by bribery or terror — all these methods are co-ordinated in their plan of campaign. They can adapt themselves to circumstances.

### NO HELP FROM US!

Sometimes we ourselves unwittingly assist the enemy. It is all too tempting to come, like Moses from the mountain, to dazzle an astonished audience with brand new information. But the price the Republican cause pays for that momentary feeling of elation and self-importance may be a heavy



one, and neither in Spanish nor in English is it very hard to say: "I don't know."

The fascist agents are not stirring figures surrounded with a mysterious and romantic halo. They are not fit subjects for a sentimental humanitarianism. They would deny liberty, progress, the possibility of a fuller and better life to millions of people, and instead would substitute tyranny and grinding poverty. Such they are, and as such they should be judged.

These people do not work in a vacuum. A traitor who is completely insulated can generally do comparatively little harm. But discord and jealousy between anti-fascists and anti-fascist organisations are treason's best breeding ground. In such an atmosphere it is relatively easy to play one section against another, to take sides, to escape detection, or if detected to cry out against "political victimisation", to make the whole struggle against the Fifth Column much more difficult and obscure by fomenting strife between sincere antifascists.

The Spanish Republic's surest weapon against the Fifth Column is the complete unity of action of all our forces, unity in the People's Front and in support of the Government of the People's Front, unity with one aim: to work together at the fronts and in the rear for the victory over fascism and the triumph of the People's Revolution. All the anti-fascist forces need each other — they cannot light-heartedly dispense with the co-operation of this or that organisation. If their whole strength is directed to this aim, an improved situation in the rear will be reflected in greater and more decisive victories at the front. A store of energy will be released which is at present dormant or spent in all too embittered controversies, or in endeavoring to promote or safeguard the interests of this or that organisation. The work of the Fifth Column will become a hundred times more difficult, and the task of the Republican authorities in unmasking the spies and traitors and giving them their deserts will become a hundred times easier.

In our own Brigades every action, whether conscious or not, which tends to friction or misunderstanding between the Volunteers and the Spanish comrades, or between soldiers of different nationalities or different anti-fascist opinions, only helps Franco. Every action which tends towards a better understanding, a closer People's Front unity, is another nail in the fascist coffin.

A. M. E.



# COMRADE BAEDEKER - A SPANISH FANTASY

## IN WHICH THE OLD TOURIST PULLS A RIP VAN WINKLE IN MADRID, AND HITS THE HIGH SPOTS AT THE SAME TIME THE SHELLS DO

The other morning as we left the Hotel Alfonso on the Gran Via (where you can get tolerably pale coffee) the fascist artillery undertook its customary trajectory of the city. The spectacle of a lone peasant frantically trying to quiet down his burro in the middle of this highly modern avenue fascinated us until a shell landed too close for poetic sentimentalising. We ducked into a bookstore which looked safe, for its windows were barricaded against shrapnel by stacks and stacks of Platos, Goethes, Hugos, in what, we suppose, was the Spanish edition of the Modern Library.

There was a musty coolness about the place, like a wine cellar, and so we settled down comfortably in a chair to spend a restful couple of hours. Wanting to find out why we had taken to capturing sheep, as well as fascists, on the Aragon front, we picked up a *Baedeker* in the hope that he would give us some clue to what in the social background of sheep impelled them to line up with the fascists. But he gave us no help on this point, and we already knew that sheep had an affinity for sheep-herders.

### GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

Although we remained just as muttonheaded about the Aragon front as before, we found our 1920 edition of *Baedeker* a highly absorbing document. It portrayed a Spain and Madrid not even of the Republic (ante July 1936), but of the monarchy. A Madrid of resplendent cafés in which lounged elegant, simpering young men of aristocratic lineage, and apish business men on the make; a Madrid of repression and bureaucracy; a listless Madrid stultified by the feudal social relationships that still existed; a Madrid of museums filled with marvellous paintings that it had inherited from the past, but whose traditions the existing ruling classes were impotent to continue. It portrayed a lazy indolent Spain, and was silent about the oppressed but vital

forces of the proletariat and peasantry whose rich spiritual strength would ultimately create a new and dynamic Spain.

We decided it would be fun to take Rip Van Winkle Baedeker out of his musty refuge on a tour of the tumultuous, indomitable Madrid of today. El Señor Baedeker has never quite gotten round to visiting Soviet Russia and we wanted to guarantee against a similar oversight of revolutionary Spain. Don't get a misimpression: we have a real affection for Karl Baedeker. Among tourist manuals his is the most thorough, accurate and concise, and if he inclines to see cities in static terms of museums, statues, churches and palaces, that is more the fault of his clientele, who like their history mummified.

### AFTER THE SHELLING

So, when the shells began to come more slowly we went out. It was like when a heavy rain has let up for a moment and one can still hear the thunder in the distance. People were furtively darting out of doorways and making a run for their destinations. A few more hardy ones were inspecting the effects. When it appeared that the holocaust was over the streets soon were crowded again and people were in tumultuous and boisterous movement. With Karl we walked down the Calle Montera. A shell had hit the top story of an apartment house and dislodged huge boulders into the street. Others still hung precariously on high. We made a wide detour, but on the second story a nonchalant Madrileña was dusting the debris off her balcony.

We descended into the Puerta del Sol. Karl was quite intimidated by the burly throngs of soldiers although he was somewhat reassured by the

stream of water that some street cleaners were laying down on the hot pavement. That was a thread of continuity with the past. We noticed that he was attracting attention in his bourgeois garments of 1920, so we took him into a shop and bought him khaki pants and a khaki shirt. Outside we purchased a Sam Brown belt and enough stripes so that he would rank as a *commandante*, which, with his distinguished Van Dyck, would get us by even a *Garde d'Asalte*.

### THE TOURS BEGINS

We asked our ancient friend where he would want to go first. He hesitated between the Prado, aristocratic avenue of mansions and museums, and a walk toward the western side of the city where were the Royal Palace, the Almudena Cathedral, etc. Since he had not seen the latter, we went there first. We went along the Calle Mayor which took us through the Plaza de la Constitucion or Plaza Mayor. Karl told us that this square dated back to the 16th century and that the equestrian statue of Philip III which was in the center dated back to 1613. The square had been a theatre of tourneys in

the days of decadent knighthood, of executions, of *auto-da-fes*, of horse races and bull-fights. Its balconies could hold 50,000. Now all the pavement had been torn up by shrapnel, but Philip still was untouched.

As we approached the Palace, a large green vista opened up before us. Karl's eyes lighted up: "We can go for a nice cool walk in the Casa del Campo", he said. At which point he was startled by staccato noise of a machine gun, excellently grouped. An excited Spanish guard waved to us. Where was our "Salvoconducto"? We pointed to Karl's stripes. Our guard looked dubious, but at that point our friend Baedeker had lost his heart for further advance. He could see, he said, even from the distance, that the Palace was unharmed save for fascist shells. He'd much rather see the Prado, he said. Nor could we persuade him to take a look at the Almudena Cathedral to see that as much as had been built was intact.

### BAEDEKER BEWILDERED

As we returned toward the Puerta del Sol he asked us what were the icehouses and sea walls made out of paving stones that he noted in all the streets near the city's extremity. And we told him how women, children and men had abandoned everything last October to fortify their city, and make it, if the fascists should ever really penetrate into it, literally the tomb of fascism.

We went down the Calle de Alcalá. Our distinguished tourist insisted on stopping in all the old and famous cafés. He noted how, despite the turbulence of the war, the brasses were scrupulously polished, and the upholstery carefully treated by the ever-changing groups of soldiers that came in to quench their thirst. At Molinero's we tried the peach ice cream (*helado*). Not badly made, he said, considering the lack of milk. At Negresco's we sipped a Naranjada, a sweet

(Continued on next page.)





## LETTERS from HOME

### From An "Epic" in California

My dear friend J: I surely appreciated seeing another letter from you in the Epic News this week, and I hope that your wound is not too serious. This morning I received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. M, which contained a letter from you which I am enclosing...

All true lovers of democracy throughout America are showing an intense interest in the duly elected democratic loyalist government of Spain. Everyone seems to realize that the fascist powers of Franco, Germany and Italy are a threat to real democracy throughout the world. The enclosed clipping from the Wilmington Daily Press tells of the next big meeting to be held in Los Angeles. The San Pedro and Wilmington Spanish-American club held a party last Saturday night in San Pedro to help raise funds for the Loyalist cause. I understand that about 300 were present. They plan another party September 12.

We had one meeting in Wilmington Bowl in which I think we raised close to 500 dollars. Our Wilmington Epic-Democratic club is tonight going to lay plans for getting together with union labor and other progressive organizations here in the harbor district to have the film "The Spanish Earth" shown here; and the proceeds will go toward providing medical care and food for the needy Loyalist people of Spain.

I realize that you cannot write many individual letters, but I hope you will write often to the Epic News because in that way thousands of people read your letters and learn just what is going on in Spain.

With best wishes, your friend B.

Wilmington, Calif. August 26, 1937.

### Another I. L. A. District Goes C. I. O.

Dear Z: We received your letter and were certainly glad to hear from you, as we heard a rumor around here that you had been killed. Well, your letter assured us that it was, after all, only a rumor...

The Local is still going strong... P. D. is working out of the hall again, and Ted is out organizing for the A.F. of L. and I'm still pounding the typewriter. That was a very interesting letter you sent us, so interesting in fact that the Publicity Committee put it on the front page of our bulletin, as you will notice when you read the one I enclose...

District 38 of the I.L.A. has gone C.I.O. with a big bang. We voted down here in favor of it too. So, now the name of the organization is: The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, no longer affiliated with J.P. Ryan or the I.L.A. Now it is the I.L.W.U. Hooray for Harry Bridges!

Your friend has been paying your dues, Z., so you need not worry about that. When do you think you'll be home again? Or do you intend to settle down there and marry that little good looking Spanish nurse you were telling us about (What do you think my heart is made of???)

Write real soon and tell us more news.

Best of luck.

M. T.

### HOW GARCIA LORCA WENT TO HIS DEATH

(Continued from page 3.)

with blood, and gazed at them. Astounded the Civils climbed into their autos. Only Lt. Medina came closer. He struck the poet over the head with the butt of his pistol. This time Garcia Lorca collapsed to the ground enriched by his blood for the last time. Medina discharged three barrelloads of bullets into the lifeless body.

"There the poet remained unburied—in front of his Granada."

### COMRADE BAEDEKER

(Continued from page 7.)

drink made out of saccharine and syrup.

We sauntered down towards the Prado. Our by now "comrade" was amused to see the statue of Cybeles in the Plaza del Castelar encased in a brick covering to protect it against shrapnel. "La Linda Tapida", the Covered Beauty, the Madrileños have rechristened their dear goddess. Apollo and Neptune further down the Prado had similar encasements.

Nothing quite so endeared proletarian Madrid to our ancient friend, as the care with which the palms and shady oak trees and the green walks of the Prado had been kept up. With an effort, he even suffered the new name that the Avenue had been given, "Avenue of Proletarian Unity". And all the mansions and little palaces that had been taken over by various organizations he was easily reconciled to: "From what I have already seen, they will get better care and be placed to better uses now."

Finally we reached the Museum of the Prado, one of the most famous in the world. There we were told that all the valuable art treasures and as many as could be saved from the Duke of Alba's palace, which had been fired by fascist incendiary bombs, had been transferred to safety, chiefly in Valencia, where they were being catalogued. "I must go there", the old man said. "Can I get a train?" We told him he'd travel much faster in a camion, especially if it was driven by an American from the Auto Park.

We went up towards the beautiful "Retiro Park". It is bordered by what was the Calle de Alfonso XIII in 1920, the Calle de Alcalá Zamora in 1936, and today is Calle de Reforma Agraria. This tickled us almost as much as the Calle de Milicias Marxistas Unificadas, which ran into it.

In the shady "Retiro" we sat down on a bench. Everything here seemed like old times to Comrade Baedeker. An old man was sleepily reading his newspaper. A mother was croch-

ting. Her baby was playing in the dirt. Karl relaxed and stretched out his spindly legs. But then the 15.5's began to mutter in the distance. Karl looked at us as if to say, "Shouldn't we get back to our bookstore refuge?" But our bench neighbors put him to shame. "They sound far off", said the mother and returned to her knitting. "They are less dangerous when they hit the dirt, than when they hit the paving stones", said the old one from in his newspaper.

Comrade Baedeker could not help but love this gallant Madrid.

J. P. L.

### SPANISH YOUTH MEETS

(Continued from page 1.)

1. The J. S. U. dedicates itself to strengthening the Alianza de la Juventud. (This is the national organization made up of different youth groups. The J. S. U., which is the unification between Socialist and Communist youth, is part of this larger body.)

2. Culture is no longer the privilege of the powerful few, but a social function open for all youth. He explained how 40 institutions of learning were closed down by the fascists; on the other hand hundreds of new schools have been opened by Republican Spain. The salaries in fascist territory have been brutally cut, whereas in loyalist Spain wages have increased.

3. Efforts must be made to raise the cultural level of the peasant youth, and also their working conditions. Land must be given to those peasant fighters who desire it.

4. To work for unity among all youth at all times, performing constructive work that tends to build harmony.

5. To wipe away all counter-revolutionary forces that try to split the youth, especially Trotskyites.

6. To intensify work in the centers of production, raising the cultural level of the youth in the factories.

7. Above all to organize the youth in one organization of combat against fascism, in order to win the war.

J. T.

DIANA (U. G. T.).—Larra, 6. Madrid