



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

Organ of the international brigades



Vol. I - N.º 23

Madrid, November 15 - 1937

MADRID CELEBRATES DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY

For the past two weeks the population of Madrid has been celebrating a double anniversary: that of its own year of the glorious defense of Madrid, and the 20th year of the successes of Socialism in the Soviet Union.

A year ago November 7, Franco was waiting on his white horse at the gates of Madrid to gallop into the city, and, as he boasted, was prepared to "drink coffee and cognac in the Puerta del Sol".

November 7, 1917, 20 years ago, the masses of oppressed Russian people rose up and once and for all seized the reins of power. The coincidence that these two dates of the Spanish and Russian people's historic battles in defense of their liberties is considered very significant to all organizations of political, trade union, military, or social importance in Madrid. Each have contributed in one way or another to the widespread enthusiasm in the celebration of the halting of fascism at Madrid's doorsteps and to the general tribute paid to the Soviet Union. Many festivities were conducted by these organizations, including dancing, meetings, parties and the showing of Soviet films such as "Chapayev", etc.

IN FESTIVE MOOD

The thousands of banners and decorations that adorn the buildings and streets have given Madrid an unusually colorful appearance. On the huge

red streamers that are strung across the main streets, inscribed in large white letters, are slogans of honor and gratitude to the heroic antifascist fighters of Madrid, of Spain, and of the world united antifascist front as represented by the International Brigades. From almost all the poles along the borders of the sidewalk, in the centers of the main streets, and along the sides of the broad Madrid

paseos wave Republican flags and Red flags with the hammer and sickle in white. Pictures of the people's leaders — Negrín, General Miaja, Aznar, Díaz, "Pasionaria", Lister, "Campesino", and others — are seen between the two flags. A large red star is often the background of these pictures. Children can be seen with red star emblems on their lapel. The emblems bear a salutation to the Soviet people.

In both sides of the three arches of the huge arched structure that stands on the square of the Plaza de la Independencia, the loyal Madrileños have conspicuously arranged large portraits of Soviet leaders. On one side facing the Puerta del Sol are the pictures of Stalin, Voroshilov and Litvinov. On the opposite side are the portraits of Lenin, Kárlin and Molotov.

(Continued on page 8.)



MADRID'S FAMOUS ARCH on the Plaza de la Independencia, once a gate to Madrid, erected in 1773, which still bears the scars of Napoleon's cannon-fire of the "Dos de Mayo" of 1808. Here it is as it appeared on November 7, when all of Loyal Spain celebrated the 20th anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN SPAIN

The story of the Irish in this War antedates the International Brigades. To Bill Scott, whose father soldiered in James Connolly's Citizen Army in the Irish Rising of 1916, falls the honor of being the first Irish fighter in Spain. He was with a Catalan column on the Aragon Front, some weeks before the International Brigades were formed. Incidentally, he never reached the Irish Unit. From the Thaelmann Battalion he went to Mangada's Brigades and was eventually invalided home, wounded. Other Irishmen fought in the Dumont and Thaelmann Battalions. Tommy Patton of Mayo and Bill Barry, late of Melbourne and formerly of Dublin, fell in action at Boadilla del Monte, early in December.

The first large contingent of Irish arrived at the Base in the middle of December, and were in action a week later with the XIV Brigade at Cordoba, and later at Madrid. At the end of January the survivors of all these formations were drafted

into the XV Brigade which had just been formed.

The Irish Unit was representative of all Ireland. Belfast and Derry sent their sons as well as Dublin and Cork, for the antifascist cause bridged Partition. All parties and professions were represented. Communist, Socialist Labour Party members and Republicans; dock-workers and teachers, farm-labourers and city-clerks. Their Commander was Frank Ryan, Irish Republican Army veteran, and a leader of the Left Wing Republican and Labour movement in Ireland.

They came primarily to fight Fascism, enemy not merely of the people of Spain but of liberty and progress the world over. They had added incentive in that a careerist ex-General, discredited in Ireland, had induced a body of Irishman to go to fight for the traitor Generals, "in defence of Christianity". Irish honor thus besmirched they would redeem. Irish sympathy thus misrepresented they would express aright. So they threw their bo-

dies as battle-gages into the conflict in Spain.

The Unit fought in two Sections, and at one period there was a Third Section. While the First Section was on the Madrid Front in January a Second Section which was being formed at the Base was drafted to reinforce the Lincolns, not yet at that time at Battalion strength. Subsequently, a Third Section was for three months on the Cordoba Front with the 86th Brigade.

Contrary to opinions held by narrow nationalists, it was easy and natural for Irish and British workers to unite in the common struggle against Fascism. The unity forged between them on the battle-fields of Spain will have far-reaching results in their respective countries, in days to come. It was fortunate and fitting too that military exigencies should have brought the Second Irish Section to serve with the Lincoln Battalion. The Irish have played an important part in the history of America, and have contributed much to the

advancement of the American labor movement. And, there were already a number of Irish exiles, and Irish-Americans and Irish-Canadians with the Lincoln Battalion. Paul Burns, Boston labor journalist and Irish Republican Congress leader, afterwards twice wounded in action; Michael Blaser, better known in New York as Mickey Brown (subsequently killed at Jarama); Patrick R. McLoughlin, formerly of the Clan na Gael in New York; Stuart (Paddy) O'Neill of Vancouver (killed at Brunete), and veteran Joe Kelly.

Of the original members of that Second Irish Section which went into action with the Lincolns at Jarama, the survivors include the three Power brothers of Waterford, and the three Flaherty brothers of Boston, gallant fighters all. Peter O'Connor holds the record for the Irishman who came unhurt through the most engagements. Dinny Holden, 56 year old soldier from Carlow who "deserted" so often from the rear to the front lines, that he was eventually allowed to remain there; "Dublin" Hayes, the canny veteran whom every Section Commander wanted to have with him — all these and a few others survive.

Charley Donnelly, University student from Tyrone, young revolutionary poet and working-class militant, fell a few yards from the Fascist trenches in that terrible charge of the Lincolns on February 27. Hugh Bonar, rugged Donegal fighter, and Liam Tumilson who stowed away from Belfast, and hitch-hiked across Britain to "be with the boys in Spain"; Bill Henry, Belfast Socialist, a Company Commander — these and other Irish died in action at Jarama.

Outstanding among the Irish was "Kit" Conway, 38 year old Tipperary fighter. He had fought in the I. R. A. in the Anglo-Irish War of 1920-21, and subsequently joined the Irish Free State Army to carry out revolutionary work there. He had attained the rank of Battalion Commander before



THE IRISH POSE for a picture. Above is a group of Irish fighters in the Lincoln Battalion, taken while Lincolns were holding their long trench-vigil on the Jarama front. A number of these Irish comrades are now dead.

his activities were discovered and his resignation demanded. After a brief period in emigration in the United States, he returned to become one of the militants in the Communist Party of Ireland. He was in command of the First Irish Section at Cordoba in December, at Majadahonda in January, at Jarama in February. He was a competent leader, courageous almost to the point of recklessness. More than once, he exposed himself unduly in action to encourage some youngster whose nerve was wilting under a baptism of fire. The Irish suffered their greatest loss when "Kit" died of wounds received while directing the defence of Pingarron Hill on February 12.

Among other Irishmen who died there in those first days of the Fascist offensive was Rev. R. M. Hilliard, the "Boxing Parson" from Killarney who handled a rifle in the ranks until the gunners of a Fascist tank hit him at point-blank range.

Frank Edwards, school-teacher dismissed by the Catholic Bishop of Waterford for working-class activities, was wounded in the side by shrapnel at Las Rozas in January. He walked two hundred yards back, called for a stretcher for another wounded comrade, and collapsed from loss of blood. Two months later, he was one of the Third Irish Section on the Cordoba Front. Here on one occasion, he and Joe Monks of Dublin remained alone in a position to face and break a charge of Moors by slinging grenades into their ranks. Jack Nalty, Dublin rank and file leader and noted athlete, had one arm smashed and was wounded in the other and in the chest at Lopéra in December. He walked unaided three kilos back to a dressing station, and recovered to fight again through the Jarama campaign.

The Irish also played their part in the great Brunete offensive in July. Among the prominent comrades who fell during this month were Michael Kelly, young London-Irish leader, and William Beattie and William Laughlin, two workers, of different creeds, who at one time had been in opposing sectarian factions in

their native Belfast, until the common exploitation of the working-class showed them the road to working class-unity, and eventually to the front lines of the fight against Fascism. Here too died Bill Davis whose clenched fist shot up in salute as a machine-gun ridled him at the storming of

Villanueva de la Cañada. Paddy Duff of Dublin, Machine-gun Commander, saved his own life and that of stretcher-bearers at Brunete, when —wounded in the leg—he rolled into a shell-hole, and yelled the First Aid men back out of the zone of hurtling steel. Not even Tom Jones of

Wexford, devil-dare leader of the First Aid Section, who ever insisted on dressing a wounded man where he fell, dared disobey Duff's command! At Villanueva, too Paddy Murphy's chivalry almost cost him his life, when he tried to save women and children whom the Fascists were driving before them as cover in a sortie.

Death took its toll again in the victorious Aragon offensive in August. Among those who fell at Belchite was Jim Woulff of Limerick, killed by a grenade at the very moment the town was captured. Peter Daly, I. R. A. veteran from Wexford, wounded in the Anglo-Irish war, wounded at Jarama in February, wounded again at Cordoba in April, rose from the ranks, promoted for bravery in the field, until he attained the rank of Battalion Commander. He was the ideal working-class officer whose comradeship with his men did not lessen his command over them. He fell at the head of his Battalion at the storming of Purburell Hill, on the Aragon Front, on August 26. Not since the death of "Kit" Conway, who was of the same stamp, did the Irish Unit suffer such a heavy blow. Peter Daly's comrade, Paddy O'Daire of Donegal, still with us, has also won successive promotions for bravery and leadership in battle. He is now a Battalion Commander. With him others of the original Irish Unit survive. Thus, after almost a year's war in Spain "The Irish still remain". And the gaps are being filled. New recruits arrive — veterans and youths, men of different, and differing parties — here united in the common struggle.

Irish Fascist intervention in Spain ignominiously collapsed when the duped Catholic rank and file revolted on discovering that they were fighting not for Christianity but for Fascism. The Irish in the International Brigades remain — for they fight for the same cause for which they fought at home, for the overthrow of the enemy which is attempting to enslave not only the people of Spain but the whole human race. And so while there is an International Brigade there will be Irish fighters in Spain.

C. Q.

LETTER FROM SPAIN

ADDRESSED TO ALABAMA

Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
November Something, 1937.

Dear Brother at home:

We captured a wounded Moor today.
He was just as dark as me.
I said, Boy, what you been doin' here
Fightin' against the free?

He answered something in a language
I couldn't understand.
But somebody told me he was sayin'
They nabbed him in his land

And made him join the fascist army
And come across to Spain.
And he said he had a feelin'
He'd never get back home again.

He said he had a feelin'
This whole thing wasn't right.
He said he didn't know
The folks he had to fight.

And as he lay there dying
In a village we had taken,
I looked across to Africa
And seed foundations shakin'.

Cause if a free Spain wins this war,
The colonies, too, are free —
Then something wonderful'll happen
To them Moors as dark as me.

I said, I guess that's why old England
And I reckon Italy, too,
Is afraid to let a workers' Spain
Be too good to me and you —

Cause they got slaves in Africa —
And they don't want' em to be free.
Listen, Moorish prisoner, hell!
Here, shake hands with me!

I knelt down there beside him,
And I took his hand —
But the wounded Moor was dyin'
And he didn't understand.

Salud,

Johnny

LANGSTON HUGHES



SHELL-SCARRED: A photograph taken of the world-renowned Cybele statue in Madrid, just after fascist shells had mutilated the jaws of one of the guardian lions.

I want to say first that I came to Spain without my axe to grind. I didn't bring messages from anybody, nor greetings to anybody. I am not a member of any political party. The only group I have ever been affiliated with is that not especially brave little band that hid its nakedness of heart and mind under the out of date garment of a sense of humour. I heard someone say, and so I said it too, that ridicule is the most effective weapon. I don't suppose I ever really believed it, but it was easy and comforting, and so I said it. Well, now I know. I know that there are things that never have been funny, and never will be. And I know that ridicule may be a shield, but it is not a weapon.

I was puzzled, as you may have been, about Spain. I read in our larger newspapers that

here was a civil war, with the opposing factions neatly divided into reds and whites—rather as if they were chessmen. Even I could figure out that there is something not quite right when Moors are employed to defend Christianity. Since I have been here, I have heard what the people in the streets say. Not many of them call it the "war". They speak of it as the "invasion". Theirs is the better word.

There cannot be, in all the world, any place like the city of Madrid today. It has been under siege for nearly a year. You read about besieged cities in medieval days and you say, how awful things must have been, thank goodness they don't happen now. It has happened in Madrid and it goes on happening. In a city as big and as beautiful and as modern as Washington, D. C.

The dispatches say that there is not much doing on the Madrid front now—there is very little activity. It is what is called a lull. But all day long you hear the guns, the dull boom of the big guns and the irritable cackle of machine-guns. And you know that gunners no longer need to shoot just for practice. When there is firing, that means there is blood and blindness and death.

And the streets are crowded, and the shops are open, and the people go about their daily living. It isn't tense and it isn't hysterical. What they have is not morale, which is something created and bolstered and directed. It is the sure steady spirit of those who know what the fight is about and who know that they must win.

In spite of all the evacuation, there are still nearly a million people here. Some of them—you may be like that, yourself—won't leave their homes and their possessions, all the things they have gathered together through the years. They are not at all dramatic about it. It is simply that anything else than the life they have made for themselves is inconceivable to them.

Yesterday I saw a woman who lives in the poorest quarter of Madrid. It has been bombed twice by the Fascists; her house is one of the few left standing. She has seven children. It has often been suggested to her that she and the children leave Madrid for a safer place. She dismisses such ideas easily and firmly. Every six weeks, she says, her husband has 48 hours leave from the front. Naturally,

he wants to come home to see her and the children... She, and each one of the seven, are calm and strong and smiling. It is a typical Madrid family.

There are fifty thousand babies still here. All food is scarce, and dairy products are almost memories. But the Republican Government, all over the city, has stations where a mother may get milk and eggs and cereals for her baby, regularly without delay. If she has any money, she may buy them at cost. If she hasn't any, she is given them. Doctors say that the little children of Madrid are better nourished than they ever were in the old days.

The bigger children play in the streets, just as happily and just as noisily as the children in America. That is, they play after school hours. For during siege and under shell fire, education in Republican Spain goes on. I do not know where you can see a finer thing.

Six years ago, when the royal romp, Alphonso, left his

racing cars and his racing stables and also left, by popular request, his country, there remained twenty-eight million people. Of them, twelve million were completely illiterate. It is said that Alphonso himself had been taught to read and write, but he had not troubled to bend the accomplishments to the reading of statistics nor the signing of appropriations for schools.

Six years ago, almost half the population of this country was illiterate. The first thing that the Republican Government did was to recognise this hunger, the starvation of the people for education. Now there are schools even in the tiniest, poorest villages; more schools in a year than ever were in all the years of the reigning kings. And still more are being established every day. I have seen a city bombed by night, and the next morning the people rose and went on with the completion of their schools. Here in Madrid, as well



"IT HAS HAPPENED in Madrid and it goes on happening." A poor worker's home on the outskirts of the city, just after a fascist bombardment.

NO AXE TO GRIND

BY DOROTHY PARKER

as in Valencia, a workers' Institute is open. It is a college, but not a college where rich young men may go to make friends with other rich young men who may be valuable to them in business with them later. It is a college where workers, forced to start as children in fields and factories, may study to be teachers or doctors or lawyers or scientists, according to their gifts. Their intensive university course takes two years. And while they are studying, the Government pays their families the money they would have been earning.

In the schools for young children, there is none of the dread thing you have heard so much about—depersonalisation. Each child has, at the Government's expense, an education as modern and personal as a privileged American school child has at an accredited progressive school. What the Spanish Republican Government has done for education would be a magnificent achievement, even in days of peace, when money is easy and supplies are endless. But these people are doing it under fire...

The Government takes care, too, of the unfortunates of war. There are a million refugee children in Spain. A million is an easy number to say. But how can you grasp what it means? Three hundred thousand of them are in the homes of families and seven hundred thousand are in children's colonies. When it can, the Government wants to have all in colonies. I hope that will happen, because I have seen some

STAYING CLOSE to the refugio, these women and children are fearful to venture back to their homes again lest another fascist air-raid bring them the same terror and death and destruction that they have just witnessed and escaped.

of the colonies. There is no dreadful orphan asylum quality about them. I never saw finer children—free and growing and happy. One colony was in a seaside resort, near Valencia. There were sixty children, from four to fourteen, who had been going to a school in Madrid. And the Fascist planes had bombed the school...

It was amazing to see how many of these children could draw and draw well—and it was heartening to see how their talent was encouraged by the teachers. When they first came to the colony, the children drew the things that were nearest and deepest to them—they drew planes and bursting bombs and houses in flames. You could see by the dreadful perfection of detail, how well they knew their subjects. Now they are drawing flowers and apples and sail boats and little houses with

smoke coming out of the chimneys. They are well children now.

And in Valencia, a few miles away, the Fascist planes come over and the bombs drop, and so there will be more children who will draw planes and flames and fragments of bodies blown in the air. That is if there are any children left...

NO FUNNY STORIES

I can't get any pleasing variety into this talk. I can't tell you amusing anecdotes of the boys in the trenches. I don't think there are any such stories. The men who fight for Republican Spain, the men, who in less than a year have come from a mob wearing overalls and carrying sticks to a formidable disciplined army, are

(Continued on page 5.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

BREAKING THE BACK OF REACTION IN NEVADA

Dear Comrade Editor:

Enclosed is a copy of part of a letter from home, which I think might be of interest to the readers of the "Volunteer".

In explanation, the thing which is of importance is that this territory has always been particularly difficult for labor organizations of any kind. Nevada has long been the last stand of the rugged individualists, having a mining industry which fluctuated wildly between bankruptcy and booms, a cattle and sheep-raising industry which depended as much on the vagaries of the market as on the vagaries of the weather, and finally, a pride in the maintenance of the "wide-open West" tradition. While Boca is near the California state-line, the action described in this letter proved an opening wedge for the CIO and militant white-collar unions in Nevada.

M. M.

DEAR M.

I'm starting to school on a shoestring. I worked part of the summer but didn't make any dough to speak of, which I shall explain.

A new dam is being built at Boca, where the Little Truckee River meets the Truckee about 28 miles west of Reno. I went to work up there

as a laborer about June 1, getting fifty cents an hour for a forty-hour week. A cheap outfit from Omaha, the Geo. Condon Construction Co., was in charge and there to make all they could, no matter how. They docked us time when they moved the shovels, etc.; 10 minutes here, 15 minutes there, and when Saturday afternoon rolled round they came to you and said, "Say, you have three hours and 40 minutes yet to go before you have your 40 hours in. Do you want to put it in tomorrow?" Well, what the hell could you say? You want to get paid for 40 hours, even if you have to put in 45 hours over a seven-day spread.

We stayed at the company's barracks and cookhouse, which cost \$1.25 a day, because there was no place else to stay, and the company made plenty on that too. Some of us boys got tired of all this, so hearing that some of the miners who were drilling a diversion tunnel on the job were CIO men, we contacted them. They were thinking of starting a local, so we said we would help get the ball rolling. We talked to almost all the men on the job privately, and they were willing to join up with us and get a local started. The inevitable fly in the ointment, the superintendent of the job, told us if we organized he would

shut the job down. We organized just the same.

We sent down to Frisco and got an organizer up, and in five hours we had 90 % of the men on the job signed up. The superintendent heard of it, came over to see and when we told him we had 90 % of the men signed up he didn't say a word. The next day at twelve noon we were informed by our respective bosses that we were all done, to get our money. We did, but we stayed in the bunkhouses. They tried to have us thrown out, but we wouldn't be thrown. They tried to scare us with the law, but we wouldn't scare. We were orderly and well behaved, so the law didn't have a thing they could pin on us.

Then the blow-off. They made a contract with the A. F. of L., dated it back, and shipped 67 men into the job, without telling them of the condition that existed. The men came up from Sacramento all prepared to work, and we were waiting for them. We had received news of their coming by one of the fellows that had heard of it at the quarantine station at Truckee. There were only 22 of us, but boy! we had the courage of 122. We all agreed to fight until we were carried away. When they arrived they had the sheriff and 17 deputies as bodyguards. We had a picket-line which was our first line of defense, about 10 guys, and then the second line which was composed of the rest of the fellows.

The organizer had a new Ford which he drove at about 50 into the line of oncoming cars bringing the new men. They all had to swerve and stop, and he very effectively tied them in knots. Then Red Adams, the president of our local, climbed on the top of a car and told the men of the condition that existed and how determined we were that they nor no one else was going to take our jobs, and if they wanted to try it, we were ready. We were armed with pick handles, pieces of pipe, horseshoes or anything else we could pick up, and we meant business.

After Red's speech, a big fellow blurted out, "Who's going to stop me?" and charged the first line. One of our fellows smacked him on the chin with his fist, another hit him on the back of the head, a third kicked his feet out from under him — and he didn't come to for an hour. I thought sure this would start it, but not one of the fakers stepped up to give him a hand. The deputies all ran and got behind cars, despite the fact that they were armed, because the A. F. of L. fakers were too scattered to put up a good fight. The fakers all drew back and had a conference, and decided to go back to Sacramento immediately. Of course we were relieved and happy that they had elected to do the right thing by us and we thanked them. They wished us luck and left.

On Aug. 10 the company started negotiations with us to open the job again. We finally came to terms and got a contract for the duration of the job. The only catch for me was that I didn't get back to work soon enough before school started, but I couldn't walk out on the guys and find another job.

I don't know how much you know of the CIO, but here's why I'm for it. In the first place, the men as a body run the local, not the officers that you elect. No agreement can be signed without the consent of the body as a whole. In the A. F. of L. the officers can sign any agreement for the men without putting it to a vote; consequently the officers can and do sell out their own men — the rats! In the CIO the initiation fee is \$1.25 and the dues are \$1.25 a month, no matter what you are, laborer, dragline operator, miner, etc. The fakers charge all the way up to \$1000, according to who you are, and the dues per month run from \$2 on up — what a racket!

We're accused of being Reds, radicals, Communists, and everything else you can think of, but by God, if belonging to

(Continued on page 8.)



SPANISH SOLDIERS celebrating the double anniversary of the Russian Revolution and the successful defense of Madrid.

LETTERS from HOME

"—And That Democracy Will Reign Again."

The following letter is from the Secretary of the Cardiff and District Unemployed Workers' Association, affiliated with the Cardiff Trades Council and Labour Party, to one of the members of the British Battalion of the 15th International Brigade.

"Dear Comrade: Let me thank you most sincerely for the greetings you send from the Cardiff comrades in the International Brigades and yourself, and let me send you the best wishes of the members of our Association in return.

"We all realize what depends on the result of the war in which you are engaged, and we are all very hopeful that you will be successful. We realize that should your opponents be victorious it would mean the end of the present British Government's opposition, and the weapon in their hands with which to beat us down. They would then be in the position to force us to do the very things we are at present opposed to doing, by forcing us to fight to save their interests at home and abroad.

"We also realize that unity among all working class organizations is required to defeat the National Govt's present policy. As we are at present — divided, ununited — we are only defeating ourselves and giving the Government the chances they have been wanting. Were all organizations united we should be in a position to do something in regards to the present cost of living, which is soaring sky-high—15 per cent increase in three months.

"The question of unity has again been brought up at the Labour Party conference but was, I am sorry to say, heavily defeated; and also one of the champions of the United front threatened with expulsion from the Labour Party. That is the kind of thing we

BARCELONA NERVES

Neither fools nor children any longer,
Those ways, traits, gone and away
That once made life a luck-game, death a stranger,
We're going on.

Dynamo-driven city waiting bombers,
Roadways barricade-unpaved, fear
In the torn minds, the mind remembers
What it's all for...

Death means the girl's corpse warm-alive when buried;
Death means the retching brothels, where on black
Death-tide, death-fear, an army of boys is carried
To a pox-wreck.

And life's a matter of beating this, of breaking
By own hardness, and a held hand, out
From fury, frustration, fear, the waiting, the shouting,
The hate of fate.

Neither fools nor children, we who are joining
(Twenty years ago I knew war's face)
We'll make what wrecks these others into our gaining,
Into our choice.

T. H. WINTRINGHAM

September, 1936.

here are faced with, and until the rank and file change the Personnel, this state of affairs will continue.

"On the question of non-intervention the opinion of the members is that the policy is a farce, done to assist the fascists' plans.

"Had it been a Fascist government, and the people fighting for control, there would have been no talk of non-intervention, but help would have been sent quickly.

"Well, Comrade, we are very glad to have heard from you and to know that you are alright and that Comrade M. is on the road to recovery. Remember, we are all with you in your declaration that you are going to win and that democracy will reign again.

"With sincere good wishes, I remain, for and on behalf of the members of the Association,

Yours fraternally, F. J. R. COLES.

A Nine-Year-Old Writes to his Father.

The following four letters are typical of a dozen or more written by a nine-year-old Birmingham boy to his father,

fighting here, over a period of almost a year. When you read these notes try to imagine the lop-sided, uncertain scrawl of a child, with all the curious misspellings, and the comical halts. "Peter writes", his father explains, "very much the way a three-day-old colt walks."



TEACHER: "90,000 soldiers plus 25,000 technicians. How many Italian soldiers does that make?"

CHICO: "40,000 volunteers!"

May 11th, 1937.

Dear father, Evry Body in England will be happy offer 12 o'clock an May the 11th it will be coronation day. For before you left England Edward VIII left, the ex King. The king who is going to be crown by

the Archbishop of Canterbury will be George VI.

The wether in England has bean fairly bad it has bean wet and misrabul the last few days. All houses and streets and horses are trimed up for coronation day the 12th of May remember if you do come back your King will be King George VI, and I can swim.

Sinded.—PETER.

★

June 23rd, 1937.

Dear Dad. I am very sorry you have got wounded rigt through the calfe of your left leg. Well here is some more good news to tell you that I can ride my bike. I learnt in five minutes, uncle Jack taught me how to ride.

I think I have told you I am In the boy's brigade and I am to camp August week we go to wales it is only seven shillings and four pence to go it would cost more if mom took me.

Sind.—PETER.

★

September 25th, 1937.

Dear dad. I swam in a gala on Sept 24 and came third in a race. I saw Charlie Talor dive and his diving has gone of a lot. And last week I saw Pete at a gala and spoke to him and he said you better hurry up and come back. I have something to tell you. I can swim 16 lengths and jump of top boad and I received you badge.

Signed.—PETER.

★

October 17th, 1937.

Dear dad. You may know there was a spanish flag day in England mom and me sold in it. Now mom said she would like to come to Spane for a holiday after the war is over and I ageed.

Will you please send me a Spanish pence.

Mom said you are very brave to go.

Singed.—PETER to dad.

Madrid Celebrates Double Anniversary

(Continued from page 1.)

Elaborate and painstakingly-decorated floats ride all around the city all day long. Every trolley has five small Republican flags waving from the rods that connect the trolley pole with the street electric wires. Most public and many private buildings have been decorated with flags, banners, pictures, and large signs with antifascist and Popular Front slogans. Along the iron fence-work of the famous Madrid park "El Retiro" has been strung a huge red streamer, almost half a block long, greeting the Soviet Union on its 20th Anniversary. It pledges to carry on the fight against fascism. Among the buildings most attractively dressed up is the Bank of Bilbao, near the Puerta del Sol. Story-high paintings demonstrate the difference between the militiaman of the early days of the war and the People's Army soldier of today. On one side are poorly dressed militiamen with rifles in their hands behind a sand-bag parapet waiting to stop the fascists. On the other are shown the new uniformed People's Army soldiers charging with tanks, artillery, and aviation support.

Additional homage was paid the Soviet Union by an official change in the name of one of Madrid's streets, from "Avenida de Peñalver" to "Avenida de la Unión Soviética".

All of the Madrid daily papers devoted extra pages, and several put out special Anniversary numbers, in commemoration of the double Anniversary.

Americans all over Spain have also celebrated. Among one group of Americans, in the afternoon of Sunday, November 7th, there was a baseball and football game. After that they had a potato and a sack race. Packages of Lucky Strikes were distributed to the winners. After a good dinner in the evening, they planned a singing festival around a blazing camp-fire.

J. T.

NO AXE TO GRIND

BY DOROTHY PARKER

(Continued from page 5.)

no gangling lambs, endearingly bewildered as to what is which front and who is on whose side. These are thinking men, knowing what they do, and what they must go on doing.

They are fighting for more than their lives. They are fighting for the chance to live them, for a chance for their children, for the decency and peace of the future.

Their fight is the biggest thing, certainly, that we shall see in our time, but it is not a good show. This is no gay and handsome war, with brass bands and streaming banners. These men do not need such assurances. They are not mad glamorous adventurers, they are not reckless young people, plunged into a chaos. I don't think there will be any lost generation after this war.

But, I, as an onlooker, am bewildered. While I was in Valencia the Fascists raided it four times. If you are going to be in an air raid at all, it is better for you—if it happens at night. Then it is unreal, it is almost beautiful, it is like



a ballet with the scurrying figures and the great white shafts of the searchlights. But when a raid comes in the daytime, then you see the faces of the people, and it isn't unreal any longer. You see the terrible resignation on the faces of old women, and you see little children wail with terror...

In Valencia, last Sunday morning, a pretty, bright Sunday morning, five German planes came over and bombed the quarter down by the port. It is a poor quarter, the place where the men who work on the docks live, and it is, like

all poor quarters, congested. After the planes had dropped their bombs, there wasn't much left of the places where so many families had been living. There was an old, old man, who went up to every one he saw and asked, please, had they seen his wife, please would they tell him where his wife was. There were two little girls who saw their father killed in front of them, and were trying to get past the guards, back to the still crumbling, crashing houses to find their mother. There was a great pile of rubble, and on the top of it a broken doll and a dead kitten. It was a good job to get those. They were ruthless enemies to Fascism.

I have seen the farms outside of Valencia—the lovely green quiet farms. There is soil so fertile, since the Government has irrigated it, that it yields three harvests a year. So hospitable that oranges and beans and potatoes and corn and pomegranates all grow in one field. I have seen the people in the country and in the cities, wanting only to go about their lives, only to secure the future of their children. They ask only as much as you have, because they are people like you, they want to get up from their tables and go to their beds, to wake to a quiet morning, and the sending of their children off to school. They don't think of accumulated money. They want to do their own work in self respect and peace. They want the same thing that you have—they want to live in a democracy. And they will fight for it, and they will win.

But in the mean time it makes you sick to think of it. That these people who pulled themselves up from centuries of oppression and exploitation cannot go on to decent living, to peace and progress and civilization, without the murder of their children, and the blocking of their way because two men—two men—want more power. It is incredible, it is fantastic, it is absolutely beyond all belief... except that it is true.

IN MEMORIAM



MILTON HERNDON

Machine Gun Section
Commander
in the

**Mackenzie-Papineau
Battalion**

Killed in Action
at Fuentes de Ebro
OCTOBER-1937

Breaking the Back of Reaction in Nevada

(Continued from page 6.)

the CIO is communistic, I'm the reddest, radicalst Communist you ever saw! We're just as American as the flag, and a hell of a lot more so than the fakery. We're ten times as democratic—maybe that's why Willie Green froths at the mouth and calls us Communists. We're showing the country a thing or two, and the men like it when they find out the facts.

When you get back I'll tell you more. This writing business isn't what you'd call down my alley; I can tell you informally much better.

GEORGE

NEXT WEEK:

SPANISH STUDENTS AND THE WAR

An account of the role of Spanish University students (F. U. E.) in the Spanish struggles from 1922 to the present day.

DIANA (U. C. T.) Larra, 6. Tel. 41105.—Madrid.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid