



# The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

*organ of the international brigades*



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## "I JOINED THE ARMY" by "X. Y. Z."

This book is the second issued by the FACT publishing house and it has already met with a boycott from the powers that-be. The printers suddenly refused to print the book and on the second day of issue the publishing firm which was to distribute it, refused to further handle it despite three legal authorities having declared it to be perfectly within the law.

This incident proves once again that whilst there is no official censorship, the British ruling class have ways and means of stifling criticism which is directed against the present state of things.

Certainly X. Y. Z. says some very hard things about the British Army system — so hard that he has already started a big controversy.

His bona fides are unquestioned. His record shows that he is not one of those unfortunates who are incapable of fitting in with the Army system. He completed six years service with the Tank Corps, was never "crimed", passed three tests in different trades, passed a first and part of a "Special" in education and finished with an exemplary character as a corporal.

Much of what he says may be disputed by contrast with personal experiences in other sections and places in the British Army, but his experiences, exceedingly well written, reaffirm clearly the class character of the British Army.

He exposes the basis of the so-called volunteer system of recruiting in his first sentence when he says "I enlisted — after being unemployed three months. There was nothing else for me to do — where I lived half the adult population were out of work".

His story of the reception into the barracks, squares with the experiences of most others. After thirty hours travel without food and sleep he is met by a bullying corporal who gives him a "fatigue" for enquiring about the possibilities of a couple of hours sleep. "You're in the bloody Army now". The first corporal he meets, lives up to the worst traditions of ignorance and spite for which the N. C. O.'s have become notorious. His slightest orders are bellowed in tones of hatred. The new recruits are persecuted until most of them are terrified. A feud develops between the corporal and a recruit which lasts over years.

Hopes of promotion which had begun to fade, brighten when they draw their kits and are attached

to a squad out of the corporal's way.

But new terrors lie in store for them; the vicious corporal is not the only one of his kidney. Their Army service begins with intensity. Out of bed at six, a free fight to get washed and shaved with insufficient bowls, buttons cleaned, beds made, hut duty before breakfast. After breakfast a lecture, foot drill, P. T.'s, an hour's education followed by more drill until dinner time. After dinner more drilling and more lectures. After tea, polishing equipment and greasy boots until they shine like patent leather. This period becomes a nightmare of exhaustion for the recruits.

Where X. Y. Z. fails however, is in not showing clearly that all

this soul-destroying regimentation has a purpose: that of smashing down any individuality that the recruits might possess and to mould them into unthinking units in an oppressive war machine.

The Army pay is notoriously low. What little the soldiers get is rapidly swallowed in the army canteen to augment the insufficiency of the army rations.

The slightest faults on parade or misdemeanors are punished with a severity far beyond the extent of the crime. A slight movement during an inspection directs the unwelcome attention of the officer towards you. "He prods you with his cane... 'Hair', says the officer. 'Dirty mess tin. Packs not right. Puttees not right. Take his name, sergeant!' When the sergeant comes to take your name you try to tell him that you had a haircut two days ago. 'Stop talking in the ranks', he roars. Another offence. Five major offences! What did you do? You moved.

According to the author, desertion is attempted on a far wider scale than is generally admitted. Attempts at desertion are not listed in official figures. Recruits mostly desert from petty restrictions on liberty, bullying, poor food and lack of money: the trained soldiers because of poverty at home and offers of employment and the desire to settle down in a normal married life. In X. Y. Z.'s opinion every British recruit "contemplates desertion, admires deserters, and envies the few who get away".

The author gives an interesting example of the stupid lengths to which bureaucracy carries the British Staff Officer. Sixteen medium

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BRITISH ANTI-TANK unit at rest in Ambite. These men, anti-fascist volunteers from many parts of Britain, are acquainted with the scandalous conditions that exists in their Government's army at home as revealed in the "X. Y. Z." 's book. They are in a different and better army, a People's Army, which is fighting against Hitler and Mussolini's fascist aggressors.



## Strengthening of People's Front Emphasised At Valencia Plenum of C. C. of the Communist Party

A Plenum of the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist Party is an event which is bound to awaken the liveliest interest of every conscious Anti-Fascist in Spain. The Plenum which began in Valencia on November 13th made important decisions which cover the whole field of the Spanish people's struggle to win the war and the revolution.

### LESSONS OF THE NORTH

The Plenum declared that the present situation is serious. The loss of the North confronts us with a grave military situation. At the same time José Díaz spoke strongly against the opinion of those who regard the loss of the North as having been inevitable because of its isolation. He drew a sharp contrast between the policy which saved Madrid and the policy which lost the North, between the policy of a great political mobilisation of the masses and the policy of forbidding meetings and propaganda and political work in the Army.

### THREE GOVERNMENTS

As against the loss of the North the Plenum could point to positive progress. It traced the advance shown in the three Governments which have been in power since the beginning of the war: the Giral Government, weak, with no link with the masses; the Caballero Government which had the support of all the mass organisa-

tions in the country but failed to take advantage of its opportunities, showed a tremendous delay in solving vital problems, and a complete failure to deal energetically with the Trotskyist traitors and the Fifth Column. The present Government, which received an inheritance heavily mortgaged by the two previous Go-

vernments, still not been carried out. The Communist Party calls for the building of a vast force of reserves; the fortifications needed to withstand the enemy's attacks and to convert those attacks into heavy defeats; intensive and thorough training in military technique for the soldiers and, above all, the officers; a thorough purge of the

had so far given the Spanish people had not yet been adequate because of the fatal policy of some Social-Democratic leaders which had led to defeat in Austria and Germany and is now leading to world war. He called for direct action for the Republic with concrete objectives—above all the prevention of transport of supplies of any sort to rebel Spain.



New recruits brought into the Spanish People's Army just after the new Negrin Government took office.

vernments, has important achievements to its credit. The Communist Party greets the energy and authority displayed by the Government, pointing out at the same time that they must always be directed against the *real* enemies of the people.

### REGULAR PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Plenum noted the great progress which has been made in the military field: the formation of the Regular Army, the unified command, leaders who have proved their loyalty to the people. The Plenum emphasised that the Army's patriotism and its hatred of Fascism are one, and declared itself absolutely opposed to any tendencies towards a non-political Army. The task of the Army is to win the war and the anti-Fascist people's revolution. The Plenum indicated certain weaknesses in the Army—in some places an absence of the organisation and discipline which should characterise a regular modern army, an insufficient mastery of military technique, and the fact that a thorough purge of all disloyal elements has

Army to remove the last enemy agent. While indicating certain weaknesses in the work of the Political Commissariat the Plenum declared that the Commissars are the soul of our Army and their role is an indispensable one which cannot be diminished.

In the organisation of the war industry some progress has been made but it is still far from adequate and is proceeding too slowly. The Plenum declared that there is no obstacle to carrying out the immediate nationalisation of the basic industry which is essential if the needs of the Army are to be met.

"On the day the invasion of Spanish territory began, on that same day began the war of international Fascism against France", said José Díaz. He showed that a rebel victory in Spain would bring, not peace, but a world war. Two forces have aided the Spanish Republic from the beginning: the Soviet Union and the most advanced section of the working class. Díaz stated that the aid which international solidarity

### NO COMPROMISE

The Plenum appealed to the people of Spain to be on guard against all talk of compromise. Compromise with Fascism in Spain would be a victory for Fascism all over Europe "To drive out the invader, to smash Franco, to destroy Fascism forever—that is the only compromise possible."

The Plenum held out the perspective of a possible great improvement in the Republic's position as a result of international unity.

Díaz summarised the contrast between the semi-colonial Spain of Franco and the democratic Spain of the Republic. The Plenum paced a new question on the order of the day: the question of elections. Several arguments were advanced for this. The Cortes does not correspond to the present state of political forces in the country. The Provincial and Local Councils were appointed by Government decree. Elections would be the occasion for a great political campaign to mobilise the people for the winning of the war and should occasion no internal struggle in the People's Front between the anti-Fascist Parties



JOSE DIAZ



LA "PASIONARIA"



and organisation. On the contrary it would serve to strengthen unity. In the French and Russian Revolutions we have examples of the effectiveness of elections in a period of war and revolution. The elections would show the world that while in rebel territory the people are terrorised by the Fascists and the Civil Guards, in the Republic the masses participate in the election of the organs of Government. This contrast could not fail to have considerable repercussions in the international sphere and in the rebel zone.

#### FIRM UNITY POLICY

Díaz emphasised the importance of the Communist's Party relations with the Socialist Party. He presented the United Party as a Party which did not want to absorb or displace anyone. The Communist Party's desire for closer co-operation with the C. N. T. did not mean any cooling in its desire to achieve fusion with the Socialists. The changes in the outlook and policy of the C. N. T. and the Anarchists made it possible to put on the immediate agenda of the day the definite participation of the C. N. T. in the People's Front and the con-



clusion of a pact between the U. G. T. and the C. N. T. on the basis of a concrete programme.

The Plenum called for absolute respect for the liberties and aspirations of all the peoples of Spain, and, in particular, of the Catalans.

A warning was issued against impatience and nervous reactions which might endanger working-class unity and the development of the People's Front policy—no other policy was possible at the present time. While the Communist Party did not agree with every one of the decisions of the People's Front Government without exception, none of the Government's decisions had made it impossible for the Communists to work to strengthen the Army, to develop the war industry and reinforce anti-Fascist unity within the People's Front. The People's Front should become a magnificent instrument for active and effective mass co-operation with the Government. At the Plenum the Communist Party solemnly pledged itself to do all in its power to strengthen and broaden the People's Front.

A. M. E.

## "I JOINED THE ARMY" by "X. Y. Z."

(Continued from page 1.)

tanks were to demonstrate their capabilities to a select body of officials from a higher command. They were assigned, weeks in advance, the task of crossing a mile of treacherous moorland. Press reporters were invited to boost the show. "The tank crews were not in favour of the scheme—there was too much treacherous bog—even on foot one sank to the ankles in the slime. But higher authority was undisturbed. Three days prior to the event it rained. The drivers were on the verge of mutiny".

However the show commenced, "but not all the Staff officers ravings could get a tank across that strip of land. No one but a Staff Officer would have expected to do so". One tank completely disappeared from sight beneath the moor. "Ten thousand pounds of public money had been sacrificed".

"X. Y. Z." writes feelingly of the attitude of civilians towards the soldiers. The soldier he says is looked down upon. Parents object to their daughters marrying a soldier. They are refused admittance to cafes, dance halls and other public places: he quotes an instance where the soldiers and sailors in one town, after a number of examples of this social ostracism, organised a party of which he was one, and wrecked the cafes and dance halls where they had been refused entry.

He makes a strong appeal to the British working class "to alter its attitude to the troops—to win their absolute trust and confidence".

"Intimidation and fear of the military machine prevent the soldier from taking any active part in politics and at the same time rob him of political freedom. However, the soldier despite his handicaps is loyal to his class." This fact is sharply brought home to him as a result of the pay cuts which came into effect in 1925. When the soldiers failed to get the cuts returned under the Labour Government in 1929 there was great disappointment and disgust with the Labour leaders. "The disappointment of the soldiers spread to their relatives whom they maintained: anti-labour propaganda was spread mainly by the higher ranked N. C. O.'s and officers who sometimes lent an ear to the private's complaints about low pay. Controversies, held far

from the ears of authority, either bitterly condemned, or violently supported, Labour Rule".

These general experiences of "X. Y. Z." bear out the experiences of the majority of people who have served in the British Army. The whole attitude of the Army authorities to the men is seen in striking contrast when compared with our own experiences in the International Brigades and the Republican Army. Real volunteers for military service can be secured, without economic compulsion when people can be assured that their efforts will be used to champion democracy and the interests of the people.

The volunteers of the International Brigades sacrificed jobs and home cheerfully and they were received by the Spanish People and the Republican Army authorities as comrades in the anti-fascist fight. Discipline is not enforced to bludgeon the mind of the individual but in a comradely manner with the purpose of raising the efficiency of the Peoples Army. No effort is too great for the Government in ameliorating the inevitable hardships of war. "X. Y. Z." writes of an army in peace

have our political delegates and Commissars from the sections up throughout the whole Army to safeguard our interests, improve our social life and help develop our political connections.

Penalties for breaches of discipline are not brutal and decisions of the military courts are taken by the men. Promotion in our Army is open to all men of ability and good record without restriction and not confined as in other armies, to the people of the upper and middle classes.

It is because the Peoples Army has abolished the old bourgeois class restrictions that it increasingly wins new support from the people, becomes more and more a part of their life, held in the greatest respect and free from the old bureaucratic traditions, rapidly develops its striking force.

One is compelled to agree with the proposals of "X. Y. Z." for a public campaign in Britain for higher pay in the Services, more holidays, better pensions, better living accommodation, less severe punishments, shorter terms of service and plentiful and decent food. Where he makes the greatest



British volunteers at Fuencarral in November of last year.

time; whereas here one meets with general satisfaction with the conditions, the food and the standards of pay in the course of the war.

The political associations of the men are respected by those in authority. We have our Trench Wall-Papers, our Bulletins, and our Brigade papers through which to express our ideas. Above all we

error, is in leaving in the background the demand of the men in all branches of the Service for the rights of citizens—the right to discuss political events; the right to attend political meetings; the right to break down their isolation from the rest of the people and take a hand in their own government.

G. B.





## Buenaventura Durruti

On November 20th, 1936, the Spanish Republic lost an irreconcilable and self-sacrificing enemy of Fascism—Buenaventura Durruti. Durruti was in the outskirts of Madrid in front of the building where he had his Staff Headquarters, when a fascist bullet wounded him mortally in the chest just as he was leaving a car to go up to the front lines.

A Barcelona worker, he was born on July 14th, 1896. His father was a railwayman. In 1920 Durruti joined the Anarchists. The bourgeoisie hated the very sound of his name and on four occasions he was condemned to death. He was one of the leaders of the Spanish Anarchist organisation, the so-called Iberian Anarchist Federation (F. A. I.).

At the end of 1932 the F. A. I. succeeded in winning decisive influence in the trade union organisation of the Spanish Anarcho-Syndicalists, the National Confederation of Labour (C. N. T.) in which the Syndicalists had previously held the majority. From that time on Durruti was one of the leaders of the C. N. T.

The military fascist rebellion found him in Catalonia. He showed the courage, determination and talents of an organiser and

a leader. The setting up of the United People's Government in Catalonia with the Anarchist's participation was in a large measure due to him. He spared no effort in forming battalions of armed workers. In the beginning these battalions took up an attitude of opposition to all power, an attitude of "organised indiscipline". The development of events, the difficulties of the struggle, the Fascist rebels' advance in Madrid, showed Durruti, and later the majority of the Spanish Anarchist workers, the necessity for organisation and discipline.

Durruti took to heart the hard lessons of the anti-fascist struggle. "We must create a Regular Army. We shall establish an iron



discipline. The main task is to crush Fascism, to defend Spain." Those were the slogans under which he participated in the organisation of the armed forces of the Republic.

In a radio appeal he made to the Catalan workers shortly before his death, he said: "We must set our united strength against fascist tyranny; there must be a *Single Organisation with a Single Discipline*."

A column of 12,000 well-disciplined men operated under his leadership. When the fascist bands were nearing Madrid, Durruti hastened there with a strong column of 5,000. He showed his willingness to place himself unreservedly under the orders of the united central command in the fight to defend Madrid.



Durruti's letter to the workers of the U. S. S. R. is full of the deepest love for the organised working-class and faith in its strength.

On Durruti's death José Díaz, in the name of the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist Party, sent a telegram to the C. N. T. leader, García Oliver:

"We have learned of the heroic death of our comrade Durruti with feelings of deepest sorrow. He was a son of the working-class and a brave defender of proletarian liberty. The criminal bullet of a fascist bandit has ended a young life, full of sacrifice. Let us draw closer together until we destroy the fascist hordes who have spattered our land with blood. Let us fight on all the fronts of Spain to avenge our hero's death. Long live the victory of the Spanish People!"

To the roll of honour of the brave Spanish fighters and the volunteers in the International Brigades who have fallen in the struggle against the fascist rebels and against fascist intervention there was added the name of Durruti.

The workers of all lands, all anti-fascists lower their banners in memory of that brave fighter for the freedom and independence of heroic Spain.

## Military Leaders Take Part in I. B. Beimler Meeting

The anniversary of the death of Hans Beimler, German anti-fascist fighter who fell in battle on the Madrid front on December 1st of last year, was commemorated by the general Madrid press, by various political and military organizations, and by the different units of the International Brigades, last week.

At the International Brigades Commissariat headquarters in Madrid a special tribute was paid to the memory of Beimler at a meeting held in his honor, which a number of well known military leaders attended, among whom were: Anton, Commissar for War of the Army of the Center; Captain José Estrugo, representing General Miaja; Luigi Gallo, Commissar Inspector of the International Brigades; and Heinz Roth, Political Commissar of the "Hans Beimler" Battalion of the 11th Brigade. Each made a short speech in praise of Beimler. Rafael Henche, Mayor of Madrid, spoke in the name of the People's Front.

Representing the 15th Brigade was Dave Doran.

The Political Commissar of the



ANTON

14th Brigade, F. Vittori, acted as chairman of the meeting.

The first to speak was Comrade Roth. In his brief talk he said: "Today completes a year that the generous heart of Beimler has ceased to beat—he sacrificed



## HANS BEIMLER, DEFENDER OF MADRID

Red Front! — said the hero.  
And Hans Beimler fell to the earth.  
The Spaniards heard it;  
his German comrades heard it,  
the French and the Italians;  
Madrid heard it; the air heard it;  
trembling, the bullet born  
to kill him, heard it.

Red Front! — and on loyal  
Castilian soil fell

one who came from very far  
to spill his blood here.

Red Front! Hear him,  
Germany of prisons,  
the executioner who lifts  
his dry-blooded ax that drops  
on the necks of those  
who refuse to stoop.

Red Front! — rings, whistles,  
crossing like a bullet, crackling  
through sea, sky and land,  
through heavens — every place,  
this cry moving rapidly.

Red Front! — until it is nailed,  
deep into the hearts

of those who want it, who love it,  
let them shout it — Red Front! —  
like Hans Beimler shouted it.

Madrid, that has a memory,  
will shout it until the mouths  
of her rifles go dry  
from so much shouting.

Red Front! — whistles the train  
whizzing through the fields of Spain.  
Roaring through the villages,  
the towns, and the cities.

Among orchards and gardens,  
flags and orangery,  
Valencia salutes the body —

Red Front! — of Hans Beimler.

The abundance of Catalonia,  
her vineyards, her olive groves,  
the sandy beaches of Barcelona.

Red Front! — to see him the people go.

Paris! Your workers,  
singing, carry him on their shoulders,  
marching him toward the boats  
that they may take Hans Beimler,  
since his German fatherland  
refuses to give him a passage.

Red Front! Through Moscow,  
through the Red Square, great  
pageantry, and multitudes —  
singing they march to bury him.

Red Front! Alongside of Lenin,  
there, tranquil, he rests.

RAFAEL ALBERTI



## HANS BEIMLER

A year ago one of the best of the international fighters fell in the defence of Madrid.

Hans Beimler was born in a very poor German family. He went to work at an early age as an apprentice metal-worker in the Munich factories. He soon experienced the injustices of the social system in which he was living. He joined the Socialist Trade Union movement and was mobilised in the first days of the World War for anti-militarism. The war, in which he fought as a sailor, made him an ardent champion of peace and a bitter enemy of the German Monarchy. In November, 1918, he took part in the first act of the German revolution.

When the German Republic was crushed by Fascism and by its own weakness and wrong policy, Beimler, as one of the best-known fighters for peace and freedom in South Germany, was hunted, arrested and tortured together with so many of Germany's best. He experienced the hell on earth of the Dachau concentration camp, where they put him in the cell in which his friend Dressel had been murdered. Beimler was spared the same fate by his escape from Germany. He at once resumed political activity and became one of the sternest and most powerful accusers of Hitler Fascism.

When the rebellion of the Generals and Fascist traitors broke out in Spain, Hans Beimler came here to meet his enemies, the enemies of the German and Spanish peoples, in the armed struggle. He arrived in the first days; and at Barcelona, Albacete and Madrid he showed himself a tireless organiser of the "Thaelmann Centuria" and of the first International Brigades. Simultaneously with this military work, he carried on a magnificent struggle for unity.

He was appointed Political Commissar and came to Madrid in those difficult November days of 1936, when the Militia, whose heroism was sometimes of no avail because of their disorganisation and the demoralisation which resulted from their constant retreats, were standing at bay against the rebel Armies, and when the bourgeois journalists were preparing to write up the fall of the capital. The miracle occurred, the miracle which was the mobilisation of a brave people prepared to give life itself rather than live as the slaves of Fascism. At the head of the first International Brigade, which set an example in discipline, organisation and military efficiency, Beimler played his part. On December 1st, 1936, on the Madrid Front a Fascist bullet robbed us of this great leader.

himself for liberty. With him we honor all of our brothers who fell for the same cause. He washed with his blood the stain that Hitler has flung over the German people. He demonstrated that the "Führer" is not Germany, and that the best of Germany is found here in Spain fighting for freedom. The battalion that bears his name took his banner of the union against fascism. We pledge to carry it ahead of us till victory is

won. We shall carry it to Burgos and to Salamanca."

The popular Spanish poet, Rafael Alberti, recited three of his poems, the first entitled "To The International Brigades", the second called "Hans Beimler" (which is translated and printed above), and the third was the "Defense of Madrid". After a storm of applause, he recited another dedicated to the fallen youth of the war.



# AMERICAN HOSPITAL UNIT IN ACTION

There is a normal amount of activity going on at the American Base Hospital when a call comes to proceed immediately to the front. As you recall, the American hospital base is about fifty miles from Madrid, and this action is to take place on the Aragon front. We must be prepared to set up a field hospital of seventy-five beds with a complete staff of thirty personnel. This includes doctors, nurses, and varied types of help so that a complete hospital unit can be established in a building as close as possible to the front, ready to receive patients and ready to operate within twelve hours after the selection of a site.

As many of the personnel as can pile into a station wagon do so, and this vehicle becomes the vanguard. This is followed by an ambulance, then three trucks. One of the trucks contains all the kitchen supplies and the food. The other two carry beds, mattresses and other necessities. The autochir, which is the slowest moving, takes up the rear. The autochir, if you do not remember, is a com-



TWO International Brigaders folding gauze at the American Base Hospital.

pletely equipped operating room on wheels, in which any major operation can be performed. It is a complete autonomous unit. Where and whenever possible we prefer to have the contents of this unit transferred into a building about which can be built a complete seventy-five bed hospital. At the Madrid and Aragon fronts this has been the practice. On the Southern front, because of the unavailability of houses near the

front, surgical operations are done directly in the autochir.

## HEAVY TRAFFIC

It is a two-day trip to the front and the nearer we get to our destination the thicker the traffic becomes. All are bound for the same place. There appears to be an endless train of troop convoys, food convoys, ambulances, trucks full of various materials—and we are caught in the line. The travelling slows down considerably. This is no dull line. The soldiers are constantly singing or shouting, excited in anticipation of the battle that is only a few days off. All languages are heard. These are the Internationals on the move.

As we near our destination, different sections of this convoy turn off the road to seek their camp sites, and we turn off to ours. This is a section of ploughed ground bordering upon a small stream, the latter the only pleasant sign in the set-up. The scarcity of water in this section during the late summer is notorious, and a scarcity of trees goes hand-in-hand with the lack of water. It is a bare arid country.

We come across three large barracks painted in bright blue, and on the roof a large red cross set in a white circle. A white enamel ambulance with a conspicuous red cross on its top stands all ablaze in the sun in front of the buildings. What a target for bombs from the air! I never saw

such a challenge to the fascists before. Since when do they spare hospitals? What does this defiance mean? Is it possible that we have blundered through the lines? Is there time to turn back?

## GERMAN MAKE

We quickly return to the camp, ask about the hospital we have seen, and are told that it was set up by the International Red Cross. Actually we learned later that hospital was put into use during the offensive, but only after receiving a good camouflaging.

The next morning with a guide, and the final orders having been given, our group moves out. We are moving to another section of



DR. IRVING BUSCH, Commandant of all American hospitals in Spain.

the line, and reach our field hospital just before mid-day. Two Spanish surgical teams already have arrived, and the setting up of a field hospital is under way.

At lunch time six planes are seen overhead proceeding in the direction of the lines. "Whose planes are those?" I ask the Spanish surgeon who is standing beside me.

"Nuestros" (ours), he says beamingly.

"How do you know?" I ask.

And he replies, "Because they are headed in the direction of the front lines".

With the conclusion of his report the planes suddenly bank and head threateningly toward our hospital, and in a few moments we are all lying face downward on the ground. Then comes a crash

and an explosion... and everything and everybody is terrifically shaken up.

We keep our heads and eyes glued to the earth. A few moments and a similar explosion is heard. The anticipation of another falling bomb fills us with dreadful apprehension.

Then comes a third crash, but no explosion. Still we wait. When we feel the enemy have passed on, we investigate. Two bombs have exploded; another unexploded presents a fearful sight lying fifty meters from the hospital. With trepidation we approach the bomb and examine the German stamp on it. Well, that is the fascists' welcome to the Americans. But this is only an incident of field hospital life.

By late afternoon we are ready. All are assigned to duties.

It is evening and there is one of those big dark brown American ambulances coming slowly up the road. It appears a little unsteady on these Spanish country roads. Good that they are sturdy and are equipped with the latest American mechanical devices.

## WOUNDED ARRIVE

In front of the hospital the ambulance stops, an American ambulance driver alights with his assistant, and they pass to the rear. The first wounded are removed to the front room, or triage, as it is called. Here they are examined, a diagnosis is made, and a treatment is decided upon. This one for the operating room. Another to be put to bed to await his turn for a later operation. Another to be sent for treatment to a hospital in the rear. All get a hypo of tetanus anti-toxin. The dreaded disease of lockjaw is a rarity in this war. In the hospital all is a-bustle now. The place seems full of doctors, nurses and helpers.

Some of these patients will require blood transfusions. Others are to receive shock treatment. Some cases will have plaster-of-Paris casts applied, others airplane splints, and then be sent on after a little rest to a hospital in



THE INTERIOR of one of the wards in the American Base Hospital.

the rear. The triage is a busy place.

The American operating team works at one table, and a Spanish team at a table along side. When the operation is completed we step into the triage. Lying on stretchers, covering every available space on the floor, are the wounded. Many ambulances have discharged wounded while we worked. It looks like an all night session, something that is not uncommon when doing front line work. The third operating team fills in, and this gives each group a chance to recuperate, for there will be a full week of concentrated activity.

## NO REST AT FRONT

The number of cases in the triage has dwindled down to but a few, and we expect a temporary lull. But we peek in after finishing an operation and the triage is full again.

Dawn breaks and we still are hard at work. Wonder how the nurses are getting on in the wards? These are all very sick cases and require lots of care. But the nurses are working unhaltingly. There is no eight hour day at the front for them. The tenseness and tempo of front work somehow dispels fatigue.

During the early morning hours one hears the cannons pounding with discomfiting regularity. During the course of time one becomes unaware of the disturbing detonations and only notices the

head toward the lines flying six abreast and pass over a village situated one kilometer in front of us. As if pulling the same string, each drops a bomb on the town. We hear the terrific explosions, and see the ascent of black smoke into the skies—a direct hit. One-half hour later we are busy again, treating women and children that our ambulances bring in from the village we have just seen bombed.

When later I read President Roosevelt's speech delivered at Chicago on October 5th, I recalled most vividly this incident when I came to this passage, "and without warning or justification of any kind, civilians, including women and children, are being ruthlessly murdered with bombs from the air". For this town was not a military objective and had not, as a matter of fact, so much as a gasoline pump in it.

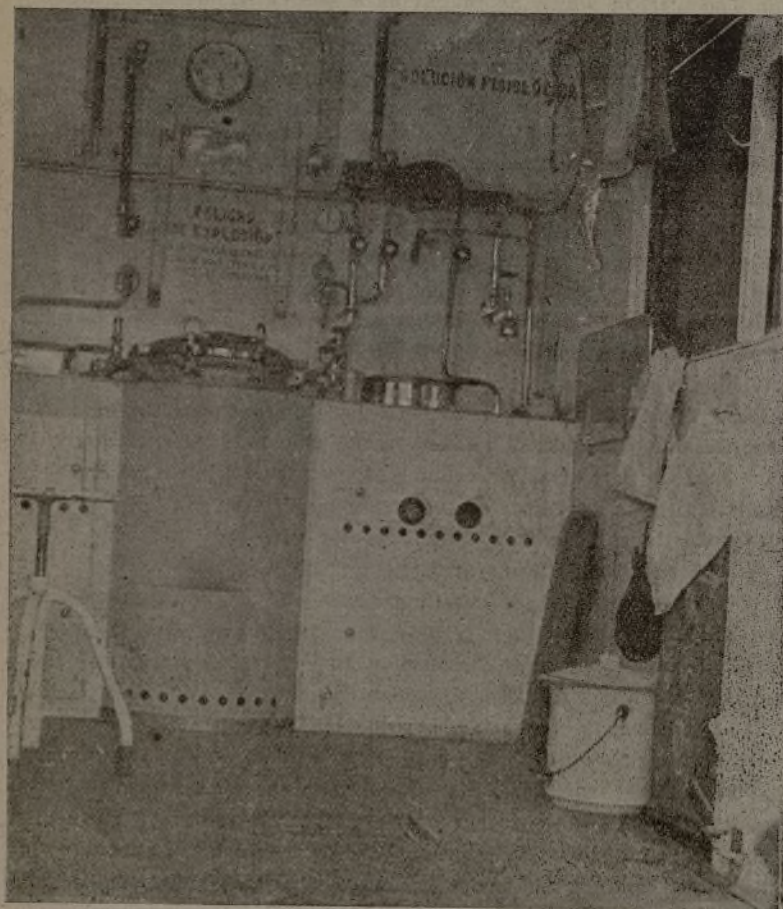
Our work continues feverishly for a week. We sleep in tents, and never bother to undress, for an ambulance load of wounded may come in at any hour. It is a really primitive camp life without conveniences.

Fascist bombers frequently

(Continued on page 9.)



AMERICAN and British nurses. This photo was taken at Quinto after the Fuentes de Ebro attack.



INSIDE VIEW of an Autochir.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



# PRESENT DAY DICTATORS AND THOSE OF THE PAST

by HEINRICH MANN

The fascist Governments do not recognise the suppositious "red" Governments. They only tolerate the democratic Governments with great difficulty. Furthermore, they consider themselves to be the only competent authorities to decide the true colour of another Government; they claim the right to be the supreme judges as to the manner in which the nations must have themselves governed, and they arrogate to themselves the right to correct these nations when they see fit.

This phenomenon is very curious. It is the first time that a Government which is a new-comer and is thereupon legitimate, has permitted itself to lay down the law on the right to existence of other Governments older than itself. Until now the exact contrary was the case. The new Governments which came into being through revolution, a coup d'état or shady machinations were never recognised in a hurry by Europe at a time when Europe maintained a certain coherence in her ideas and institutions. They had to produce proofs of order and international morality; after which the recently created emperor or the dictator who showed a judicious readiness to fall in with the conventions, finally had the probability of being consecrated by his betters as a lawful sovereign.

Then this man, who was powerful on his own account but with whose shady arrival the other powers would not temporise for a lengthy period, overflowed with pride and joy. This is to be seen in that old and moving photograph which shows Napoleon III and Queen Victoria in the imperial train travelling among padded silk. They haven't much to say to one another, but what an expression of contentment there is on the face of the former usurper! He has been legalised, and after being forced to wait he is none the less received into the bosom of the universal monarchy.

After examining this idyll, we immediately remember that, after all, the dictator was no less venturesome than the dictators now. Certainly he maintained his authority by a sort of "Gestapo" and his warlike enterprises never came to an end. Nevertheless the difference between him and an individual of Hitler's type is clear

enough. In the first place Napoleon III was not in the habit of laying waste countries in which he had no business for the pleasure of imposing his dominion upon them, as is the case in Spain at present. On the contrary he was possessed with the mania of bringing to foreign peoples the liberty which he denied to his own. In his battles he even went so far as to expose his own person, a practice which is quite unknown to the new lords and masters who prefer to observe the deeds of their bombing squadrons from a very respectful distance.

It is as well to add that formerly, politics, even the imperial politics, did not necessarily invade the sphere of spiritual civilisation. The mind kept its sovereignty despite the omnipotence of the



system. If Victor Hugo went into exile it was in order to maintain his political independence, and not for literary reasons. His books were not burned; and, on the contrary, the current of opposition brought them greater success. Under a dictatorship the greatest innovators of the century were able to experiment with a literature and painting which were both beautiful and daring. Thus scientists and artists did not feel themselves under any necessity for getting at logger-heads with the Court.

These facts must be borne in mind if we are to appreciate the full extent of the decadence of the new crop of dictators. Under other circumstances political violence did

not prevent a country's spiritual life from developing freely and even from enjoying a certain airy lightness which no longer seems to exist in this world. Over Hitler Germany the darkness is becoming more and more oppressive. This is an unavoidable condition under a dictatorship which could not survive the granting of freedom of opinion or sincere and creative thought. Quite the reverse. In order to last, the dictatorship finds itself obliged to carry darkness into other places. It is necessary for the universe to accept its idea of culture, which is the negation of culture, and to become contaminated also. There is no security for this system of government, even if it is victorious in the political sphere, until it has succeeded in providing the peoples who are still free with that slavery of the mind which it calls its "philosophy".

A map of Europe recently published in Berlin has as its title: "Europe and Bolshevism. The different forms of Bolshevik penetration." According to this map three-quarters of the continent are already "bolshevised". In order to arrive at this conclusion they do not let themselves be disturbed by the fact that only one state has taken the means of production completely into its hands, although on the map the country guilty of this is covered with the blackest of blacks. They then proceed to colour the countries which have signed military pacts with the Soviet Union, such as those where a People's Front Government is in power, with a dull black faintly striped with a lighter colour. The Scandinavian countries where the Socialists are in power are, for that reason, scarcely less dark than the U. S. S. R. itself.

One same muddy tint covers Republican Spain, France, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Turkey and the small countries on the frontiers of Russia, with the exception of Finland. Consequently the map becomes really sinister. There only remain two shining white archangels to save this continent which has fallen in the mire; who they are can be guessed. We know also that they do all they can in this direction. Thanks to them half Spain has just regained a presentable colour. One of the ar-

changels says: "Europe shall be fascist." The other declares at Nuremberg: "France and Great Britain are concerned because Spain may be conquered by us. Our concern, on the other hand, is that she may be conquered by Bolshevism."

And this man, Hitler, is floundering in the midst of inextricable internal difficulties, such as the everlasting trials for high treason, the opposition of the churches which has been transformed into politics, the demonstrations against war in a Berlin plunged in darkness, the refusal of the young men to enlist in the infantry, the impoverishment of the masses and the ruined economy. I have omitted some of the difficulties, and not the least important. The People's Front is in existence there, and is rising up against the system. But that does not matter... That "admirable" character, far from minding his own business, only concerns himself with the welfare of this poor Europe which is decrepit enough to allow itself to be tempted by Bolshevism; and Bolshevism, in the eyes of this "admirable" individual, is equivalent to human liberty and justice.

He does not "recognise" the Governments of liberty and social justice. But if we stop to think the matter over: has he ever been recognised? He has been admitted, despite his coup d'état which was disreputable intrigue, and having been admitted he is endured. Whether he should be "recognised" or not has still not been discussed. We are still free to do so.

## Prehistoric Discovery Made by Soviet Scientists

LENINGRAD, Dec. 4.—An expedition commissioned by the Academy of Sciences has discovered in the valley of the River Don, near the little town of Kostensky, a piece of ground belonging either to the Glacial Epoch or to the era before the beginning of civilization. In various sections of this ground great quantities of prehistoric objects were found.





PERSONNEL of the Base Hospital.

## AMERICAN HOSPITAL UNIT IN ACTION

(Continued from page 7.)

threaten, and our own planes cause us consternation until they come close enough to be recognized as ours. The droning of an airplane motor at the front is no comfort to the surgeon in the midst of an operation.

There is no safety against the deadly missiles dropped from above. One place is as dangerous as another, and under the most peculiar circumstances the nurses continue to stand by the wounded. Heroism is the usual thing, and only contrary acts would be noticeable.

## BACK TO BASE

During the second week the number of wounded decreases and there is a let-up in the concentrated strain of the work. The doctors, nurses and ambulance drivers are quite worn out by this time and welcome the temporary reprieve. The decrease in the number of wounded coming in means that we can anticipate a call in a few days to move out.

On the night of the twelfth day of our stay at the front rumors are spreading that our division is to move. The next day after lunch we receive our orders. All the patients who are fit to be evacuated are sent in ambulances to hospitals in the rear. One surgical team will remain behind to take care of the remaining patients until they are fit to be transported, a matter of perhaps another week.

Everything is gathered and packed into our trucks and autochir. The dismantling of the field hospital proceeds much slower than did the setting up. We are going back to the base; we need a rest. However, we have the feel-

ing that we are leaving a place where sufficient events to fill a life time have transpired in the space of two weeks. Early the next morning the caravan begins its journey to the base. "We are going home", is our way of expressing it.

## BOMBED AGAIN

At mid-day we enter a quiet sleepy little village, and look about for a place to buy some food. Suddenly we hear the familiar shriek of sirens warning of the coming of enemy planes.

The whole village becomes transformed. From the doorways rush women and children. Many a mother has a babe in arms, and some drag other children behind them. Here and there one sees an old woman being hurried along by a younger person, or a fear-stricken mother running through the streets calling frantically for a child she is unable to find.

The streets are cleared. All are waiting anxiously in the places of refuge.

It comes—that familiar crashing explosion.

This time the bomb destroys the hospital in the village—a fascist farewell to our group.

Without further incident we reach our base, get down to routine again, and have time to reflect under comparatively safe circumstances upon the experiences we have been through. Up until now our participation in an all-absorbing purposeful work has blunted our awareness to the dangers encountered at the front. Away from the front we become increasingly more conscious of how grave they have been—but give us a little rest and the clamor to return to front duty begins over again.

Dr. IRVING BUSCH

## GIRLS WHO WAR ON MICROBES

In the Institute of Biology and Serumtherapy at Madrid there are collections of rabbits and white rats for experimental purposes. Here in different departments about forty girls, chattering and laughing in their white overalls, handle deadly microbes against which they have been immunized. It is owing to them and to this laboratory that Madrid has been free of epidemics. They have prepared thousands of tubes of serum for injections. And they have also saved from tetanus and gangrene hundreds of wounded.

Doctor Alday, professor of the faculty of medicine at the University of Madrid, is in charge of the laboratory which is managed by Doctor Ruiz Falco and he told me that in spite of the most meticulous precautions there is some risk attached to the work. He said:—"The son of the scientist and Nobel prize winner, don Santiago Ramón y Cajal, caught Malta fever here as did also another worker, Vincente Hernandez; but there are very few such cases."

Gustamente inoculates against tetanus; Azuar against Malta fever and Partearroyo against bubonic plague. All of these pretty girls that you see, Felisa, Pepita, Matilde, Concepción, Pilar, ... socialists, communists, republicans, anarchists, live daily with these microbes.

There is one girl who deals with veterinary infections and there are serums against gangrene, tetanus, smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria. The rats came originally from the Pasteur Institute in Paris. They are now bred here.

"Our work has been tremendously increased during the war," Doctor Alday declared. "We have prepared as many as 2000 anti-typhoid injections at a time and once we had an order for a million."

"What is the rat serum used for?"

"Against pneumonia."

In two large rooms 20 or 30 girls are seated at tables preparing tubes of calcium which is administered to those wounded who are suffering from fractures. Calcium helps the bones to form again. The girls here are even prettier and livelier than in other parts of the building. Here is Felisa, a petite Madrid girl. She believes firmly in the Popular Front Government. Unlike most of the other girls who have fiances at the front, she is unattached but she writes to a lot of soldier boys to amuse and encourage them, and they reply. Concha Olmo and Carmen Jimenez write long letters every day to their heroes. Pepita Palomares is on the eve of motherhood. Her husband is a postman in Carabanchel. Matilda de Gutierrez is envied by everyone because her fiance is an aviator. Carmen Bernabeu is a Valencian girl. These girls work nine hours a day and do it gladly.

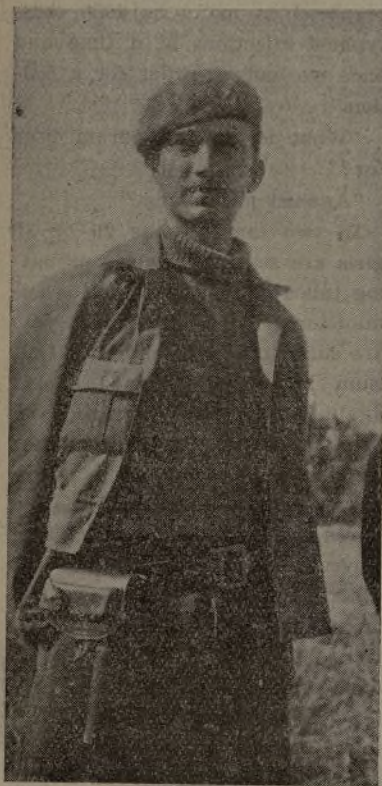
Pilar Díaz works in the section of cultures and is the daughter of a doctor. Her two brothers are despatch riders on the Valencia road. She deftly and fearlessly manipulates the imprisoned "flowers of evil" of the deadly fevers.



AMERICAN doctors at work.



## Phil Detro --- "Long-Legged" Texan Commander of our Lincoln-Washington Battalion



CAPTAIN PHIL DETRO

You ask him why he came to Spain, how he came to hate fascism. You ask because his background is Mississippi and Texas, where reaction is strong in the ruling class. His folks were planters in Mississippi. If you trace the family you can go back to the Revolutionary War. One was a General in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, defending slavery. There are a whole string of slaveholders.

Today in Spain Captain Philip Detro is commanding the Lincoln-Washington Battalion of American volunteers, fighting slavery and slaveholders.

In Conroe, Texas, his home town, they are among those old families to whom Spain is too far away to care about unless it affects the price of cotton. At Rice Institute, then at Missouri where he studied journalism, but spent more of his time learning to fly, he knew little and cared less about any struggle between classes.

The struggle between classes — at Rice Institute — that is the sort of play on words Phil likes. You ask his middle name. It's Leighton. "Leighton?" you inquire. "Don't lay it on", he will most likely pop back, running the words together so you can't miss the pun on Leighton.

He crossed into Spain on April 1, coming to fly in the Loyalist air force. He speaks in a quiet, unhesitating, off-hand way. His soft, Texan drawl fits in perfectly with his lanky, big-boned six feet and four inches.

For six years he was a member of the Texas National Guard. All of them uneventful years.

He started out to find adventure. He wanted to see things. He shipped out on a boat headed for Europe. Once in Berlin he heard Hitler speak. This was in 1932, during the tense days. There was a clash. When he came out of it he had lost one good shirt sleeve.

He had gained a view of fascism—in action, headed for power. He had begun to think about these things.

He worked on ships running to the Far East. In China there were the oppression and extreme poverty of the coolies and the brutal callousness of the war-lords and the foreigners who were in China as agents for imperialist interests.

There was a sort of a job, after this, writing for a syndicate in New York. It paid less than not so good, but he wanted to write. At the age of nine, he wrote his first novel. It was also his last.

Someone mentioned one night that American fellows were going

to Spain to aid the fight against fascism. All this time he had been developing convictions, shedding old prejudices. But he hadn't done anything about it. This worried him.

Here was something. He started in search of a way to volunteer. He had no connections which might make it easy. Nobody who might help, knew him. It was difficult.

Finally he found someone. He volunteered. Then he went to his room and waited. He waited a long time, was impatient. He almost gave up hope. Then he received word.

Could he be ready to leave the next day?

He could. He did.

### PLENTY OF STUFF

Spain, by this time, didn't need more aviators. Spain needed a greater, stronger, better trained and more disciplined army.

Okeh. Train then. Take your training seriously. Remember what you learned in the National Guard back home. Use that knowledge. Spain needed men who could do things this way. Phil Detro did.

Men liked him. They liked the quick smile that showed widely spaced but even teeth. He was

made a section leader in the Washington Battalion. Then Company Adjutant under Hans Amle. That's the way things stood, moving into Brunete.

Villanueva de la Cañada taken from the fascists. There are always changes in an action. Things happen to men and others step up to take their places.

Phil Detro took over command of a Company. He knew his stuff. He had the confidence and the natural leadership of the soldiers. He had courage.

War is the greatest of all tests of a man's convictions. The fascist guns pounded Phil Detro's convictions deeper. His anti-fascism was forged stronger in battle.

### WOUNDED

Shrapnel laid him up at Mosquito Ridge. Later there was malaria. The effects still linger. In the States he weighed 190. Today the scales tip at 168 pounds.

He was back again with the re-organized Lincoln-Washington at Belchite. Immediately, he pitched into that battle of grenades.

The fascists erected a barricade in the streets. They commanded the sector. Phil can throw. Together with Major Merriman, he crawled out onto the rooftops, loaded with grenades. One after another he slung them.

In the street fighting, the long-legged Texan was in the lead. Later, he was cited for bravery. He was made Battalion Adjutant.

"I just happened to be around every time they needed someone," is his explanation of his steady advance to positions of responsibility.

You ask him why he came to Spain. The answer seems so simple, so right, to him that the question is superfluous. He is fighting slavery. He is adding his force and knowledge in a tangible way to a struggle for things he believes right and decent.

"I'm getting re-paid a hundred times for anything I can do. I'm learning things.

"I'll make mistakes," he says. "I've made them. I only want men to believe that I'm honest, that I'm trying the best way I know how. That's what's important".

Men do believe that about Captain Philip Detro, American anti-fascist volunteer.

B. O.



LINCOLN-WASHINGTON comrades under the shower machine.



## HOLLYWOOD MISSES BIG CHANCE

The attack on Quinto went out across a flat stretch of ground, bare of cover. We could see the Ebro valley beyond the village, as green and rich as the rocky table-land was barren. It lay beyond the enemy's lines like the Promised Land.

That attack was faultlessly planned. We were in Quinto the next day. Only a handful of fascists were left in the church, and we pounded them out of that in time. But it took us two days more to capture Perberel Hill. The place was a natural fortress, surrounded by a steep ravine, bridged in one place only by a narrow neck of land. We were kept off that by barbed wire and tank traps.

If anything could have induced a big Hollywood producer to come out to Spain and watch that hill being taken, he would have wanted to buy up the battle, lock, stock and barrel. Had his inclinations taken him into the fascist lines rather than our own, so much the worse for him. Our artillery and gun-fire turned that place into something worse than hell.

But what a spectacle! Attempts were made to assault the hill before it was ready to give in. The Twenty-Fourth Battalion, attacking on one end, reached the bottom of the slope and were driven

back by hand grenades. There was work for the artillery to do yet; German defences take a bit of smashing.

Guns of all calibres pounded away until evening of the next day. At length we saw two figures jump out on the opposing parapet and run down the hill, waving white handkerchiefs. Cheering broke out in our lines, and men climbed on the sandbags, waving their arms and shouting "Venga! Venga!"

Not all the fascists were of one mind. Machine gun fire broke out from the spur of the hill, and the cheering Republicans climbed hastily back. But the thing had started. More men came running out, in twos and threes.

Then against the sky-line at the other end of the ridge we saw our own troops going up to the assault and dropping into the fascist trenches. The battle was over. Soon the prisoners were being marshalled on the crest and marched down to the valley below.

It seemed from their expressions that this was no disappointment to the fascist rank and file. Not surprising — they had endured two days of hell for a number of airy promises and a few centimos a day in hard cash. As for the future, some of them may have guessed that even a few centimos was no safe bet.



MACKENZIE-PAPINEAU machine gunners cleaning up after the Fuentes de Ebro battles.

### "They Seemed Delighted"

Another story from Germany: Hitler and Goebbels were touring the countryside doing propaganda work among the peasants. They were dashing along at 60 m. p. h. in a fine car, and everything was going beautifully.

Suddenly their chauffeur had the misfortune to run over and kill a pig.

The situation was not too good. Hitler didn't like it at all. That the Fuehrer should kill a peasant's pig was going a bit too far. So he sent off Goebbels to the nearest farm to explain matters, and, with bribes or threats if necessary to set the matter right.

Ten minutes later, back came Goebbels loaded up with fruit, vegetables, chickens and eggs.

"I suppose you gave a fabulous price for those things", said Hitler.

"No," replied Goebbels, in a puzzled voice. "They gave them to me."

"Gave them to you? Do you mean to say they weren't annoyed?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Goebbels, "they seemed delighted."

"But what did you say," asked Hitler, "to arrange it all so nicely?"

"Hardly anything," said Goebbels. "I just said 'Heil Hitler!' I have the swine run over and killed."

### Mysterious Explosion In Munitions Plant

LONDON.—In the munition factory of Waetham Abbey, which is under government control, a violent explosion occurred. The accident was mysterious and has raised great suspicion. The government has ordered an immediate investigation. There were no victims, but the damage done to the plant is considerable.

It is believed that the enemies of government control are responsible for the explosion.





# LETTERS from HOME

British Labour M. P.'s  
Write to I. B. Fighters.

Dear Comrade M.:

Thank you for your letter and the Souvenir Card, which is most impressive.

We shall certainly do our utmost in this country to try to get assistance for our Spanish comrades, but the difficulties with the present National Government are very great. We are putting all the pressure that we can to bear on the Government in order to get the policy of Non-intervention brought to an end and shall continue to do this in the hope that it will enable the Spanish workers to gain an ultimate victory.

We all look with immense admiration on the work being done by the International Brigade and wish you all the very best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

Signed:

STAFFORD CRIPPS

Dear Comrade:

Very many thanks for your letter to hand today.

Let me assure you and your Comrades of the I. B. that we are fully conscious of the urgency and the gravity of the situation

and will do our best to mobilise the people of Britain behind the people of Spain. And in particular do we recognise the need of ending the farce of Non-intervention.

With the best of good wishes.  
Yours fraternally,

Signed:

JIM GRIFFTH

**Antifascist sentiment  
Growing Stronger in Austria.**

Dear Oliver:

My time is pretty full up these days and I have a special routine, though this is varied at times. In the summer, I spent some weekends over at Elford Hall (where the Basque kiddies are staying) and acted as Electrician's Mate. My chief job was to cut up hundreds (or were they thousands) of lengths of conduit and screw the ends, but I filled in the time crawling among spiders' webs in the rafters, and by fitting Rawlplugs in inaccessible positions.

Jack and I spent our holiday in Austria this year, had a very good time and learned that the socialist idea is by no means dead there.

There is quite a lot of anti-fascist feeling and we were pleased to see that where some bright lad had scrawled Nazi Swastikas on the staircase of our digs in Vienna, they had been scrawled over and replaced by hammers and sickles.

Here's the best of luck and a victorious peace.

CHICK

## GHOST HOUSES

What's in a house?

Everybody likes to know, at one time or another. A house, under normal circumstances, contains the background of a man's life. Get a look inside, and you can have a good guess at what sort of a man your neighbour is.

Under circumstances of war, houses attain a new significance. They are liable to contain the background of a man's death. The soldier who is fighting with a house in front of him has a better reason than curiosity to know what is in it

Most Spanish houses are white. White houses are stock properties of the Civil War. Time and again our troops have had to shelter from a sniper's aim or a stream of machine gun bullets coming from the windows of a white house. They stand, still and bleached like skeletons. Nothing looks so dead.

Waiting in a hastily dug hole, sometimes for hours, a soldier may have little else to look at except one of these ghost houses. It gathers a gloomy significance. Later, when the action is over and the Brigade pulls out to the rear, the sight of houses with smoking chimneys, linen on the line and life in and about them seems almost as strange as it is welcome.

When the Brigade is at rest, and large numbers of men have to be quartered together, the big houses that once belonged to rich landowners or industrial proprietors prove very serviceable. There were many vacated at the outbreak of the war by men who left hurriedly with what they could collect, feeling that life on the fascist side would suit them better than staying where they were.

Over the tracks of the old life, a new life riots in. There is no one there to take offence but the family portraits, who may be shocked at so much husky vitality. By the looks of them, they would be shocked at anything.

There are no ghost houses for troops at rest—not, at least, to an army that is fighting, like ours, for more life. The old bones, the weary remnants of the rich departed, are stacked away in corners and attics. Books, documents, photographs, title deeds pile up in dusty store-rooms, an almost everlasting banquet for moths and the other insects that share with their former owners a taste for such things. They lie unnoticed. The house is shaking with life.

M. T.

## Queipo de Llano Hurt in Auto Smash-up

Last minute news inform us that the fascist General, Queipo de Llano, met with an automobile accident on the highway between Valladolid and Burgos. The traitor General suffered a fractured arm.

★

## All Political Parties Dissolved in Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO, Dec. 3.—The dictator, President Vargas, has ordered the dissolution of all political parties in the country, without exception.

## NOTICE

All American and Canadian comrades are urged to write in and tell of their experiences in the various services of the Army; their experiences at the front and in the rear; their reactions to what is going on in Spain today; etc. We want the truth. It is necessary that we get all this information so that in nightly short wave broadcasts to North America we can give Canadian and Americans an accurate picture of what "Our Boys" are doing in Spain. Comrades, whenever you have any interesting experiences, write them down and send them in to THE VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY, S. R. I., PLAZA ALTOZANA, 63E, ALBACETE



SPANISH GIRL at a machine in a Madrid munitions factory.

DIANA (U. G. T.) - Larra, 6.—MADRID

Ayuntamiento de Madrid