



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

organ of the international brigades



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**FOR FREEDOM
& A NEW WORLD!**

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Teruel Offensive Upsets Fascist Intrigues Abroad

At the beginning of December Spain was definitely not in the news in Britain. The reason could hardly be ascribed to the *all quiet* atmosphere on the various fronts because every journalist believed that it was the calm before the storm. The question was: who would unloose the storm and where?

Odds were on Franco, who, fresh from battering his way to victory against the ill-armed and isolated Government forces of the North, was shouting out to high heaven his immediate intention of sweeping down on the other Government fronts and crushing finally and determinedly the resistance of the "Reds". Other more experienced observers, remembering that for eight months Franco had been on the defensive on all the main fronts, likewise believed that it was his turn to show that he could do something against the main armies of the Republic. Half a dozen seasoned war correspondents forecast a fascist offensive on half a dozen different fronts from Jaca down to Almeria.

But of all this not a line in the British newspapers. Not even in the Liberal dailies! Why the strange silence? Only a few weeks before the same press had been featuring forecasts of a truce, of a peace even, in Spain. Such rumours had ceased only when the Republican Government had peremptorily and categorical-



ly denied them, and had insisted that peace will come only with the victory of Republican cause.

There is a connection between the rumours of compromise and peace, and the subsequent boycott of Spanish news by most of the British press.

It is common knowledge that a section of the British ruling class, strongly represented in the Government, is working hand and glove with International Fascism.

It is common knowledge that this section has been trying to help their fascist friends out of a dilemma. International Fascism has invaded Spain, and at least by November last, Hitler and Mus-

According to Captain Liddel Hart, British military expert, Germany and Italy last summer each possessed 1,500 warplanes. Franco has at present 1,000 of these planes assisting him in Spain. In other

the defensive, to keep them quiet, to perpetuate the atmosphere of apparent stalemate in Spain, to facilitate the intriguing which he hoped would end the war and thus prevent him from being driven out of Spain entirely. Meanwhile the press in Britain was to say nothing except that both sides had fought themselves to a standstill, that neither side could win, that a truce should be arranged and Spain be divided between the fascists and the Republicans.

It was good diplomacy; at least it looked so. Major Attlee was the first to jar it. Major Attlee came to Spain and brought back a story of the Republic that was the very opposite of the story the British press was being instructed to present. He told of an organised people, of an organised and well trained army, of a stirring enthusiasm for victory. Major Attlee, leader of His Majesty's opposition, could not be boycotted, nor his speeches suppressed.

Then came the thunderclap. Unheralded, unexpected, the offensive began in Spain — and not where the experts had forecast. Nor was it a fascist offensive. In a lightning thrust the Government forces brilliantly smashed through fascist strongholds, su-



MAP OF OF THE GENERAL OPERATIONS EFFECTED IN THE CAPTURE OF TERUEL.—The heavy black line indicates the position of our forces before beginning the operations. The broken line shows how far the Loyal forces advanced 12 hours after the beginning of the attack. The screened lines show to what extent they continued the advance in the late afternoon of December 19th. The dotted black lines show the old fortified positions of the enemy.

solini had realised that they were fighting a losing game. The drain on their money, munitions and men was not being justified by results. They had staked their claims to mineral wealth in the North and in Cordoba. They were willing to cut their losses and pull out. Their friends in the British ruling class were to secure for them by peace what they themselves could not win by war. That, in a nutshell, is the truth behind the peace rumours of a month ago. The rumours were feelers.

But the Republican people want their country, the whole country, and nothing less will suffice them. So the Republican Government answered the peace feelers with an emphatic "NO!" Baffled, the pro-fascists of Britain decided that as a preliminary to further presentation of their compromise plans which they have not abandoned, sympathy and support for Spain must be damped down in Britain. Hence the silence, even in the Liberal press, on the Spanish issue.

Meanwhile how does Franco fare? Two incidents are revealing.

words, one third of the combined fascist air armada is tied up in Spain in the service of Franco. Of that one-third practically half had to be concentrated on the Madrid front in July last to hold up the Republican offensive. Eighty-three were shot down! At such a rate of losses Germany and Italy cannot afford to continue to supply Franco, and at the same time maintain their necessary home strength.

Again, Franco has a chronic shortage of men. The Government forces are continuously being augmented. On the great battlefield from North to South the Government is fortifying its line and bringing up ever more and more reserves. Franco is faced with the necessity of doing likewise or, in default, leaving weak points in his line which the Republicans will be able to break through. This puts tremendous additional burdens on Franco and his masters.

So, for military as well as political reasons, Franco was content to talk of the coming big push, to keep the Government on



Mr. Anthony Eden, British Tory schemer.

rounded and captured the importantly strategic city of Teruel.

So a plot goes wrong. Willy nilly, the British press has Spain on the front pages these days.

F. R. and A. D.

REQUETES MAKE APPEAL AGAINST FOREIGN INVASION

The disintegration in the fascist line-up shows signs of increasing steadily. One of the most genuinely significant splits is among the requetes, that section of the fascist forces which feels that it is defending church and religion. "La Vanguardia", a Barcelona newspaper, published a photostatic copy recently of the following appeal made by requete leaders to their followers:

"The blood shed by so many thousands of our brothers makes it necessary for us to begin looking facts in the face. In our fight for God and country we have overlooked the fact that we are giving away our land to foreigners; our army, our wealth, our frontiers, our institutions of the new state we are building—all is in their hands. Their insolence knows no limits. If such is the case now when the outcome of the war is still uncertain, are we not obliged to ask what it will be after the victory?

"By blood and battle we are preventing the Marxist Government from enslaving the Catholic church. Shall we now permit it to be enslaved by a state controlled by the invader? The publication has been prohibited in Catholic Spain of the encyclical of March 14, 1937, issued by our sainted father, Pope Pius XI. In it His Holiness condemns the theory of the invasion of Spain based on the argument that the Government has crushed the Church of Christ. Likewise it tells of the tremendous persecutions in Germany launched against Catholic priests and nuns, and the wave of mud heaped upon them.

"Meanwhile the same ones who persecute Christ in their own country are entrenching themselves in our nation, taking charge of our frontiers, our wealth and even of our institutions.

"Requetes, open your eyes! You will see that we too are selling Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of silver!"

FRANCO'S DILEMMA

God knows it's a tough situation When one man dictates to a nation.

With two others as well,

Does it work? Does it hell!

It's I have to take the dictation!



Photo of Moors found among other papers in the possession of an Italian soldier taken prisoner at Guadalajara.

MUSSOLINI'S ETHIOPIAN VENTURE BRINGS FRUITLESS HARVEST

The expectations based upon the conquest of Ethiopia, have become disillusion after eighteen months of occupation of that land. This is the general reaction throughout Italy, according to "La Voce degli Italiani", anti-fascist periodical published in Paris by exiles and refugees from Mussolini's terror. The article shows that the year and a half since Ethiopia fell have been a period during which disappointment has developed into discontent and uneasiness.

This feeling is spread to all parts of Italy, and in every social sphere the idea is taking body that the enormous military costs and human sacrifices of the Ethiopian war have brought no benefits. On the contrary, people are thinking that these losses have made the home situation worse. Time has already shown that the conquered territory cannot be profitably exploited. The promised jobs for individuals and wealth for Italy have not been forthcoming.

At the beginning many people supported the war, feeling that the annexation of Ethiopia would

result in great advantages, including reduced unemployment. The promises and boasts of Mussolini were extravagant, but people were not yet prepared to doubt. Today they are, for none of the Duce's great claims can be fulfilled. The discontent is gradually making its way into the open. Fuel is fed by the pessimistic views of Italian workers who have been sent to Ethiopia.

These workers testify that the soil is practically impossible for farming purposes. They say further that they were pressed into the army and made to serve like regular soldiers. The need for a large and active army is obvious, they point out, because the natives everywhere are hostile. In addition to that peril, these workers found the cost of living high, supplies irregular and undependable, and basic essentials scarce. The great majority of these returned Italians, it seems, would refuse even by force to go back to Ethiopia. They would prefer to die of hunger at home than to undergo again the penalties and sacrifices of Mussolini's non-existent opportunities.

Traders and industrial agents bring back the same reports and show the same feeling of futility. Like the workers, they also express doubt and discouragement concerning the economic prospects of Italy in Ethiopia. Mussolini's African adventure has accomplished the usual fascist result: the condition of the Italian people has grown more difficult.

MILITARY PLAN FOR MEXICAN UNIONISTS

The workers of Mexico will not be taken unawares by the fascists of their country. Mexican workers are beginning a course in military training.

The General Confederation of Workers of Mexico at its recent national congress decided to form a military organization, to which all of its members must belong. This step was taken with a view to the possibility of a fascist attempt to seize power through violence.



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TIGHTENING OUR BELTS

In a recent speech to the Plenum of the Spanish Communist Party, Vicente Uribe, Minister of Agriculture, made an examination of the economic consequences of the war. He pointed out that the resources of the country were being severely strained because war is a costly business, that factories normally producing goods for internal consumption or for export trade were now producing war material thus causing a shortage in certain articles, and that sheer waste in the earlier days had added to the present difficulties.

The Government is facing up to the problem of utilising the economic resources to the fullest extent in order to meet the demands of war. When Uribe made this speech he made it with the intention of mobilising public support behind the Government in this matter. In its programme of the nationalisation of the war industry, the improvement in agricultural output, the elimination of all waste, and the general tightening of belts all round, the Government must have the enthusiastic support of the soldiers at the front and the workers in the rear.

Spain must still buy arms where she can until such time as her own arms industry can supply everything for the war. She must buy coal for her furnaces and railroads. She must buy every pint of oil and petrol for her lorries, tanks and planes. To do so she must cut down on the purchase of articles which are not so vital, on coffee, sugar, tobacco, paper, etc.

This very necessary policy has its effect upon conditions inside Spain, conditions which call for sacrifice based upon an understanding of the situation. When we feel a little exasperated with the universal "NO HAY!", we must remember why. It is better to feel that there is petrol in the tanks of our planes even if the coffee does taste less sweet, that there are still bullets for our rifles even if the tobacco is not so good, or as plentiful as it might be.

The Republican Government has been very generous to the soldiers in the lines. It has carried out a policy of "only the best is good enough for the front". When there has been a shortage of food in the towns, there has still been sufficient in the trenches. When the civilian population and the peasants have almost forgotten how to roll cigarettes, there has still been a fair supply of tobacco for the soldiers. The soldiers have always come first with the Government.

For our part we must do everything possible in return. We must wage a war against waste; we must cut down our requirements to a minimum. The International Volunteers who have shown the Spanish people that they are prepared to fight and die, if necessary, for Liberty and Democracy, must also show them that they are prepared to face other consequences of war — the tightening of belts, the cutting down of little luxuries.

CUBAN STUDENT DELEGATION IN SPAIN

In response to the appeal issued by Spanish and Catalan students to celebrate an International Students Week, Cuba's organized students sent two delegates. They were José López Sánchez, representing the Student Federation of the University of Havana, and Nerina Luque, representing the

was able to investigate the educational activities in Spain by visiting colleges, schools, institutes and other centers for training and recreation. As a result, they are greatly impressed by the cultural efforts and plans they have found everywhere. In the name of the organizations they represent, the-



José López Sánchez (Left), representing the Student Federation of the University of Havana, and Nerina Luque, delegate from the Havana Normal School. They are seen talking to "El Campesino", who is next to the girls.

Normal School for Teachers, of Havana.

se Cuban students pay tribute to the Minister of Public Instruction, of the People's Front Government.

CUBAN STUDENT DELEGATION GREETES I. B. SOLDIERS

Comrades of the International Brigades, we salute you in the name of the Cuban students and we express our admiration for your heroism in the defense of democracy and universal culture.

Brother Cubans, we embrace you in the memory of the admirable example of Pablo de la Torriente Brau, Rodolfo de Armas, and many others. Imitate them.

I shall return to my country certain of the triumph of the Spanish people, which will be the triumph of all the peoples of the world.

JOSE LOPEZ SANCHEZ

Delegate of the Student Federation of the University of Havana.

QUEIPO TAKES THE CAKE

Honors for the tallest story of the Teruel action go as usual to Queipo de Llano. According to report, he has broadcast to the world at large the following explanation of the defeat. Republican troops in flight from the fascists at Guadalajara ran all the way to Teruel and took it by mistake. Queipo has always been a gentlemen's clown.

SWISS TELLS OF OPPRESSION IN FASCIST SPAIN

The "National Zeitung" of Switzerland published the following article in one of its recent numbers written by a Swiss who is reputed to be well-informed on what is going on in the fascist zone of Spain.

"The situation in Andalucia is certainly not of a rosy color and it is not possible to say there is enthusiasm or the spirit of victory. The cost of living has increased more than 20 percent. In many residences people live on credit, as they are unemployed and have no means to pay. Numerous Spaniards have sought refuge by fleeing to Republican territory. A poster proves how great is the fear of espionage; it reads as follows: 'Take care; your neighbor might be an enemy spy.' Consequently everyone preserves strict silence on all matters that might give the impression of dejection or discontent. The taxes, direct and indirect, and the bad living conditions forced on the workers by the military insurrectionists right from the start have led to the abolition of days off from work at the same time that wages have gone down.

SEVILLE SEIZED

Seville voted a large Popular Front majority in the elections of February 1936. Most of these voters, as a logical reaction, expressed themselves against the industrialists and large proprietors who had sabotaged, by all methods, the social improvements instituted by the young Republic.

We learned of the uprising at midnight. While we were listening to the radio broadcast from Madrid, the gross voice of an official suddenly broke in to announce that our city had been occupied by the Foreign Legion and that Moroccan troops were on the point of arrival. When the workers, alarmed, rushed to the municipal authorities to demand arms, they were already too late. The city buildings were manned by troops. There followed several agitated and uncertain weeks, during which rifle fire was frequently heard at night. The official figures say that 300 persons were shot in this city during the course of the year. In reality, the number is 2,000. Each citizen known to have the slightest left-wing tendency was assassinated. I have never been a socialist, but

I have known many Spaniards who were; they were animated by the highest of ideals.

Some weeks passed, however,



before the little neighboring towns were subjugated. I have seen the faces of Moroccan troops returning from these local expeditions, with wounds that were produced by nothing less than bullets. The fascists never had an easy job.

Two months after the beginning of the civil war arrived the first Italians and the first Germans, almost simultaneously. Once I asked some Italians whether they had really come to Spain as volunteers. Their answer was a

smile of resignation. But an officer lurking nearby thrust his way forward and shouted, 'Naturally, we have all come here through our own free will.' At times I have actually heard German troops say they never understood that fighting was to be their purpose in Spain. In general, it is quite certain that the Italian 'liberators' are not greatly respected, particularly since Guadalajara. The Germans are better regarded; the best hotels have been reserved for them and in many meetings the call 'Heil Hitler' is heard. I cannot be sure whether this phrase is used ironically or otherwise.

Between the Falangists and the Requetes there sometimes occur clashes in public, but here too I am not sure how dangerous these events are for Franco's cause. On the facades of Seville are posters with Mussolini's slogan: 'The king is the symbol of the country.'

On one occasion there were several acts of sabotage committed by railwaymen, with numerous executions resulting as usual.

Several times great preparations were made to celebrate the capture of Madrid. Each delay in the festivities was explained by

the announcement that Franco does not care to destroy the capital. Occasionally the police issue orders that balconies on the principal streets be decorated gaily for the sake of good appearances.

As a Swiss, I have not experienced any difficulties. But a Swiss passport is not always a talisman, as is proved by the case of our compatriot, Juan Duss. He was identified as a socialist because he had spoken a few words



at a meeting held prior to the rebellion. Franco's government expelled him with every member of his family. He was lucky. Were he a Spaniard he would have been promptly shot.

Another Swiss, one St. Gallois, is actually imprisoned in Saragossa.

It gets worse and worse. There is no taking of a placid breath in the Spain of Franco, no matter how often he announces that all is well."



Spanish women saving their home furnishings. Those who were able to move out of fascist territory in time took with them their home necessities.

"El Guerrillero"—Underground Fighter Against Fascism"

A Letter From a Comrade Active On The Extremaduran Front Describes Guerilla Warfare.

Dear J...

In the Extremaduran sector, especially in the province of, evidence of the continual and heroic partisan warfare being carried on behind the fascist lines is obvious. This guerilla fighting plus the deliberate and organized sabotage carried on by the Spanish workers there is playing a major role in defeating Franco and his German and Italian allies.

The hardships these guerrilleros undergo is terrific. One seldom hears of their exploits; they are truly the unsung heroes of the war. Living on little more than olives, they carry on work so effectively in Franco's territory that he must keep a large police unit of Italians and Moors at all times.

The other day a youngster fifteen years old came into town driving a hundred head of cattle before him. He had driven them forty kilometers over the mountains, walking two days and two nights. Working for a rich fascist in the enemy held section of, this boy planned carefully to get the cows into Loyalist territory. By himself, with nothing more than a sling and some rocks, he herded the animals over the front. The lad is alone in the world, his brother having been shot by the enemy.

Last night I stood guard with a young Spanish soldier who fought for a year in the mountains around, He says the fascists are afraid to come into the highlands, knowing it is a stronghold of the guerrilleros. This young soldier walked to the Portugal border, then to a waterfront town. There he contacted the Socorro Rojo — in Portugal — and was hid on a French boat by some longshoremen and sailors. He showed me the note given him by the Socorro Rojo. It asks all anti-fascists to aid the young man in his attempt to get back to Loyalist Spain. He is here now, on the southern front, ready for the attack that will take back his home town from the fascist hands. He tells of large battles that he took part in when the guerrilleros swept out of the hills and raided fascist garrisons, railroad depots and supply concentrations.

To meet the comrades who actually work in the fascist lines is next to impossible. When they come back to Loyalist territory with information, they never expose themselves. However, I managed to contact one of these fellows and I want to try to give you a true picture of this comrade and his work.

For the sixth time I have come to the little vine-joint for my meeting with the guerrilleros. On all the previous occasions my Spanish friend has apologized for not bringing him, explaining that it was necessary to employ every precaution because of the nature of the work behind fascist lines.

At one of the tables a group of campesinos are singing. The fat fellow, whose well-fed paunch is singular in these times, is singing a flamenco, his Cyrano nose going a deep purple as he tries to hit the difficult plaintive timbales of the song.

My Spanish friend enters with a companion dressed in black corduroy. They join me and we order another bottle of wine. The comrade in black corduroy hardly looks like a guerrillero. He appears soft and timid. However, one cannot tell.

My Spanish friend removes my doubts by apologizing again for failing to bring the guerrillero, telling me how careful these comrades must be, especially the type he wants me to talk with, one who works openly in fascist territory. Of course, I know this. We are less than twenty five kilometers behind the lines, and the mountainous region of the southern front gives many opportunities to fascist spies. There are

times when one hears evidence of the lying propaganda of Franco's agents.

So again I forget my guerrillero, and we discuss everything from "mujeras" to international politics.

After about an hour of conversation we go from the dimly-lit vine joint into the dark street. As I turn to leave my companions and return to the barracks, the comrade in black corduroy grasps



Above is shown a fascist officer leading a group of peasants to their death for defending their Republic. Below can be seen how the peasant in the rebel zone is forced to work under the watchful eye of his master.



Refugees from fascist territory (above) on their arrival on the Republican side. The peasant (below) on Loyal soil, liberated from the oppressive conditions of the past years, is now moving forward to greater collectivisation.

my elbow and leads me in the other direction.

We enter an adobe house where two men and a woman are sitting at a table eating. The peasant in black corduroy loads me down with figs, nuts and bread until my pockets are so full I can hardly walk. Then the woman insists that I sit down to eat. And now the peasant begins to pour rich, ruby, Andalusian wine into me.

Around the table there is a warm, delicious atmosphere of home. I drink it all in with a nostalgia accentuated by a year of war.

I tell them about America, its heavy and light industries, and its labor movement, and its government. As I rise to go, my Spanish friend, dramatically, in the inimitable way of southern Spaniards, with a sweeping gesture of his hand, says:

"El guerrillero".

Surprised, I turn to meet the honest blue eyes of a little fellow at the end of the table. He smiles nervously. He is a characteristic looking fellow, blue eyes bleached by long living in the open, a sensitive rubicund face, sharp aquiline nose, teeth and high cheekbones.

Anywhere but here, the introduction would have been stogy. But the dramatic quality of the southern Spaniards is as real as their high mountains, which look like theatre props, with gauze clouds hanging about the peaks.

"Sit down, sit down", I say, "we'll talk." And I pull a boner by throwing a writing pad on the table. The guerrillero fidgets.

"I'm under a very strict discipline," he says. "I should not be doing this. I am ordered to speak to no one."

"You only need tell me general things."

My Spanish friend is bending over my other ear, firing words so rapidly that my head begins to grow dizzy. "Despacio, despacio, camarada."

Then through the vapor of "vino" it begins to dawn on me what they are trying to put across, that I have made a faux pas. The young guerrillero works as much

underground as does any Party worker in Germany. On my pad I have written the name of a mountain where a band of guerrilleros hide. I have written that a fascist soldier gets one peseta a day on the front, fifty centimos behind the lines, and that a peasant gets three pesetas a day for his labor. That in this sector Spaniards pressed into service by Franco are closely guarded by Italians and Moors; that the Spanish boys shoot most their bullets in the air, and desert in bands. This desertion-business is no news to me. I have seen them come in by the truck-load.

I have written down that the publicity given the guerrilleros' activities now is nil for good reasons. This young hero himself has blown up a number of trains on the other side. I have written of a sector in the fascist rearguard where the fighting is organized: where the combined refugees and guerrilleros sweep down from the hills and wage pitched battles.

In the mountains, as well as among the peasants on the other side, the intrepid guerrillero finds friends, food and hiding. They are his own people, and shelter him from a common enemy. Most of the food in fascist held Spain is imported; it goes to the foreign mercenaries.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I'm twenty seven, too." We laugh.

"We are both Communists," he says, "yet I cannot be confidential with you. I regret it deeply. But it is impossible. I am under the strictest discipline."

His eyes go to my writing pad again. Tearing out the sheets I have used, I rip them in half.

"You might walk out into the street," he continues, "and someone gets a hold of this." He tears the sheets into tiny bits.

On the papers I have written many other interesting and important things. But they must be forgotten until some day in the future—and I would like to see that day—when the fecund fields of... now lying fallow because of fascism, will bloom again with a new vigor under a Free Republic of Spain.

S. P.

1937—YEAR OF RESISTANCE & VICTORIOUS OFFENSIVES
Jarama, Guadalajara, Brunete, Córdoba, Quinto, Belchite & Teruel
ON TO FINAL VICTORY — 1938!

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

"HOGAR DE NIÑOS"

Soldiers of the XI Brigade Maintain A Home for Children who are Victims of War

The achievements of the International Brigades on the battle fields perhaps tend to obscure the work of peace and friendship that they are performing at the same time. No where does it appear so clearly as in their concern for the children of Spain. Despite all other preoccupations, the volunteers are proceeding with a campaign to increase the number of children's homes they are maintaining. Already there are several — in Murcia, Madrid, Valencia and elsewhere. As time goes on there will be more.

Several hundred little Spaniards are wards of the International Brigades, but the political commissariat has found that the men are eager to enlarge this form of aid. A specific plan is under way to establish a home, fully supported, for the young sons and daughters of Spanish comrades killed in action with units of the International Brigades. The existing homes will also continue. For anti-fascists, determined that the world shall be free and peaceful and equal for all, believe that "who has the youth has the future." They also know that these homes have proved themselves to be among the worthiest contributions that can be made to a people defending with their lives the Republic they created with their votes.

As in so many other things, the German comrades pioneered with

these havens for little Spanish boys and girls. They founded the first one last spring and called it the "Ernst Thaelmann Kinderheim", fittingly named for that great champion of the rights of Germany's people and their children. It is exclusively the self-assumed responsibility of the 11th Brigade. All costs are paid by the brigade and its several battalions, and the funds are supplemented by extra contributions given by individual members of that brigade. Sixty Spanish children are completely supported in the home. They receive food, clothing, bed, and education. They also receive a companionship that endeavors to be a substitute for the parents many of these children have lost.

MEMORABLE SCOT

The horrors of the war are mitigated for them, but the realities of it exist all around them. The beautiful park in which the home lies is only a few kilometers outside of Madrid, and sometimes the heavy siege guns pounding the city with futile hatred carry their thunder to the youngsters' ears. La Moraleja, which is the name of the park, has a profound sentimental value for the men of the 11th Brigade. For it was there that they came and rested and reorganized in between the bitter, fateful, early battles when Madrid's destiny



The Kids line up for candy.

hung in the balance. What better shelter for innocent victims of fascism than the place hallowed by memories of the shock battalions named for "Ernst Thaelmann", "Edgar Andre", and "Commune of Paris"?

In charge of the home is a lieutenant of the brigade, who lost his right leg last winter at Guadalajara. Formerly a school master in Germany, he limps busily around the grounds and through the halls, making sure that the desires of his comrades at the front are carried out—that these adopted sons and daughters grow up strong, clear-eyed and eager-hearted. Full of the affection the children express with their every gesture, he supervises their routine with care. The age of the kids ranges from four to fourteen. Their food is good, their sleep is long, their clothes are clean, their bodies are healthy from sun, air,

exercise and hygiene. Needless to say, their schooling is sound, thorough and broad — in accordance with the new educational norms of the People's Front Government which is making Spain's school system one of the most progressive and scientific in all Europe.

COLLECTIVE WORK

This transformation of La Moraleja, once the palatial summer retreat of the immensely wealthy Marquesa Maria de Cubas-Herise, is symbolical of the democratic uses to which the former citadels of privilege are being put. One of the most basic and fundamental purposes the International Brigades are fighting for as part of the Spanish People's Army is brought out in the fact that the staff of the home is fully collectivized. Cooks, gardeners, teachers, laundresses, they all share in the responsibility of protecting the welfare of the sixty children. The contrast is sharpest in the case of several of these same workers once employed by the expropriated lords and masters of the estate. What they previously did as humble servants of the haughty rich, they now perform as fellow-workers and friends of the little ones who need them.

The head teacher is a Spanish girl, mother of two children in the home, whose husband was killed in action at Carabanchel in November 1936. She feels a bond with the 15th Brigade, for her brother lost his life last February as a member of one of our battalions. Another brother had been killed in the street-fighting of 1934. She is a trained teacher, giving her pu-



Comrade Louis, wounded Director of the Home, taking a walk with some of the children.

pils lessons in various subjects. But perhaps the chief lesson she teaches by sheer force of example; it is courage.

KIDS LEARN COURAGE

And the children learn courage. They learn numerous things — from music to arithmetic. They can sing the songs of their native provinces, and are familiar with the folk chants of Bavaria, the home of their supervisor. The older ones assist in the accounting and keeping of records, for income and expenditure are both considerable. Their talents are evoked



LA MORALEJA

by individual attention, and the results in drawing, designing the wall newspaper, gardening and sewing are extremely gratifying. Their lives are filled with truth and culture and as much happiness as orphans and lost waifs can know. Thus their courage grows deep, and they do not forget the enemies who have brought them disaster.

One boy of twelve is determined to be an aviator. The fascists bombed his "pueblo" out of existence, and he wants the power of a plane in his hands to revenge his father and mother slain in the raid. Another plans to be a tank driver. To him a tank is the ma-



"It's going to be cold this winter, boys. Let's start a bonfire."

ximum instrument of terror. He saw several bearing down on his village in one of the early battles near Madrid, saw the destruction they grind out, and wants to turn the tables on the enemy.

Among the girls the ambitions also vary. Most of them obey the natural impulse of hoping to become nurses. A few want to be teachers. One of them who has developed a distinct artistic talent is eager to paint propaganda posters.

Meanwhile they dance and sing and grow up. Visitors come to them from many places. Government officials, Spanish newspapermen, foreign delegations, people from the vicinity — they come from different points of view and for different purposes. They all share the same feeling of gratification at the happy life these children lead under the guidance of their International father-friends. Such visits are always welcome and stimulating to the young hosts. But they reserve their greatest enthusiasm for the members of what they call their own brigade. A spontaneous storm of greeting and affection is given to them whether they arrive individually or in groups.

Many 11th Brigade soldiers spend part of their leave at La Moraleja. They insist upon it, and arrangements have been made to accommodate them. Wounded men in hospitals in or near Madrid demand the same right to enjoy the intimate company of their adopted children. Almost without exception, these men leave a substantial donation for the home on their departure. Perhaps that is why there is such a comfortable balance in the bank, sufficient to cover not only the normal needs but emergencies if they should arise.

Luigi Gallo, Commissar Inspector of the International Brigades, paid a visit to the home recently. His words there explain the motives of the men who established this haven. "The International comrades", he said, "are mostly married men, who have left behind in other countries children like these. Here, in Spain, they feel as if they belong to the country, because it is defending the liberty of all countries. They therefore want to do for the Spanish children what they cannot, for the time being, do for their own. They love and care for the Spanish children, because in them their thoughts of others far away are embodied."

M. M.

CABINET MEMBERS

The "Gazette" of December 11, 1937, announced the following change in the Cabinet:

Don Mariano Ansó has been appointed Minister of Justice. He is a member of the Left Republican Party, which now has two representatives in the Cabinet.

Señor Irujo, the retiring Minister of Justice, remains in the Cabinet as Minister without Portfolio. He is a Basque Nationalist.

The Cabinet is now composed as follows:

Prime Minister, Finance, Economy:

DR. JUAN NEGRIN.....(Socialist.)

Foreign Affairs:

DR. JOSE GIRAL.....(Left Republican.)

National Defence:

INDALECIO PRIETO.....(Socialist.)

Justice:

MARIANO ANSO.....(Left Republican.)

Interior:

JULIAN ZUGAZAGOITIA.....(Socialist.)

Education and Health:

JESUS HERNANDEZ.....(Communist.)

Agriculture:

VICENTE URIBE.....(Communist.)

Communications, Transport and Public Works:

BERNARDO G. DE LOS RIOS... (Republican Union.)

Labor and Social Welfare:

DR. JAIME AYGAUDE.....(Catalan Left.)

Minister without Portfolio:

MANUEL IRUJO.....(Basque Nationalist.)

MARIANO ANSO

Mariano Ansó, the new Minister of Justice, was born in Pamplona on January 21, 1899.

He was elected for the first time in the civic elections of April 12, 1931, which brought about the fall of the monarchy, and became the first Republican mayor of Pamplona.

He was elected deputy for Navarre to the Cortes Constituyentes. He was secretary of the Cortes for two years.

Previously he had been impri-

sioned under the dictatorship of General Berenguer for leading the republican uprising in Navarre in December 1930. (This was simultaneous with the declaration of the Republic in Jaca by Galan and Hernández.)

In February 1937 he was elected deputy for the province of Guipúzcoa. He is a member of the Left Republican Party.

When the Negrin Cabinet was formed in May 1937 he became Under-Secretary for Justice and now he becomes Minister of the same department.



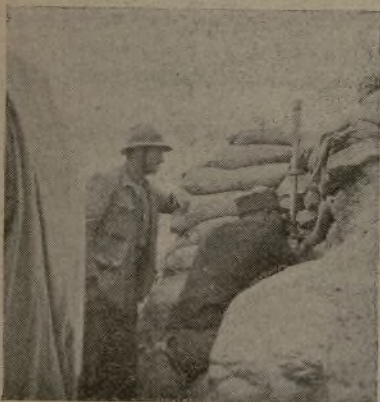
Girls making warm clothes for the soldiers at the front.

HOT SPOT IN QUINTO

Taking a town is no joke, even when you have as good as got it. Fighting up the streets is the most nerve-racking stage of an offensive. Every window is a potential danger-point.

Comrade G. tells the following story of the taking of Quinto. The main defence lines of the village had been penetrated and a temporary Headquarters established in one of the outlying blockhouses, when an officer came hurriedly in to report that he had found some abandoned fascist camions. A camion is a valuable acquisition. Comrade G. and a few men went out with him to get the trucks driven in.

They arrived too late. Another Brigade had established the nine points of possession, and there was no arguing. Instead, they went in search of others. It was a dan-



On the look-out.

gerous expedition; there were fascists in the village still, but nobody knew where they were. A noise behind a door was enough to make them throw a bomb into the house and blow the inside of it out.

At sight of a camion standing by a crossing, the two leaders ran towards it shouting, with bombs in their hands. They had a few yards to go when machine-guns opened up on them, and G.'s companion fell with a bullet through his head. G. jumped over his body and dashed into a yard that opened off the road. The rest of the party squeezed into doorways and recesses down the street. Fire from two machine-guns crossed, and chipped the walls on either side.

G. now found himself in a difficult position. The yard was overlooked by windows of which he knew too little to trust. On one side was the debris of a half-ruined building; facing it, a house that had escaped the shells. The doors of this house stood open;

G. could see into the nearer rooms. He observed a table with cloth and crockery; a calendar on the wall; furniture and objects casually placed, as if the house had been left by its occupants a few minutes before. A door led into a side room. In G.'s own words, darkness looked out of it. Something more formidable might be looking out of the darkness.

Under circumstances like these, small objects impress themselves strangely on the mind, and minutes seem to stand still. There was no movement in the house; the only living thing was G.'s own fancy of death watching him. The more he stared in, the nearer this fancy seemed to come. He feared the stillness more than anything. Steps led down to a cellar. G. already knew something about the underground communications of Quinto, which linked the cellars in a subterranean network. At any minute, for all G. could know, someone might jump up from those steps.

He crouched under the wall of the house and called to the men who were sheltering down the street to get a tank up. A tank could clear out the machine-guns. Meanwhile he asked them to talk to him. It kept up his spirit. They called across to him every few minutes. He hardly dare answer them, in case his voice should attract someone's attention. He found some tobacco dust in his pocket, and made a cigarette. It smoked with difficulty and had a bad taste. He threw it away.

The tank arrived. Unable to turn, it had backed up the street, and now jammed itself against the wall so that it could move neither way. Its gun roared in the narrow space, but the machine-guns continued to reply. Every shot from the tank shook pieces down from the wall beneath which he was sheltering. He picked up the end of his cigarette and tried it again. He crouched there, he said, for two or three hours.

At length he decided he would have to risk everything and get out of this trap. The ruined house seemed to offer him his best chance. He began crawling over the debris on his stomach, moving very slowly with a sharp eye on the staring windows.

Something beside him went off with a roar that seemed louder than the loudest aerial bomb. He froze against the rubble, knowing nothing, mind and body dead. He had startled a cat, which jumped

WINGS OVERHEAD

Over Brunete came the sound
Of black wings crawling up the sky;
The soldier crouched against the ground
With straining limbs till they went by.
He heard the bombs sing down the air,
He felt them land, and everywhere
The earth in an advancing line
Rose up. The soldier said "This time".
This time he laughed at what he said,
And stretched his body to the heat;
The sun alone was overhead
And warmed the terror out of it.

Now, when the thin December gleam
Is driven off the sky by snow
And breath hangs in the air like steam,
The soldier on the plain below
Hears the familiar song of hate
And stoops behind the parapet.
When the black wings have passed beyond
He pulls his blanket closer round,
Grins at the younger man, who tries
To catch his courage from his eyes.
"We'll bring them all down bye and bye,
And then", he says, "they'll never come."
The young man, looking at the sky,
Sees only white wings of the storm.

M. TOMALIN

up beside him and scattered away over the loose pieces. In the relief of discovering this he slid quickly down to the ground on the other side of the pile, to find himself facing a man with a rifle levelled straight at his head.

"Comrade!" he shouted, "Don't shoot don't shoot!"

The man stood motionless. G. could feel the aim of the gun in the middle of his forehead. Seconds stretched to hours. The man might have been made of stone.

The gun was not lowered until G. was standing beside the man who held it, and had his hands on his shoulders, telling him that he was a friend, that he knew this comrade and that one (he pointed to them) by name.

Once he knew the man understood him, the world changed for Comrade G. He was not out of danger, but he had found a friend.



Chicago Correspondent Expelled by the Nazis Speaks Of I. B. in Paris

The International Brigades have never consisted of more than 15,000 men, while Italian troops sent to Franco number around 120,000, according to Edgar A. Mowrer, noted foreign correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News", who was expelled from Hitler Germany for telling the truth. He has personally verified these figures. Other observers agree with their accuracy, he said.

Moreover, he said, the Internationals are genuine volunteers—every single one—who fight for Republican Spain because of their ideals and feelings. They were not subjected to any other influence in coming to Spain.

Speaking recently at the Home of American Students in Paris, Mr. Mowrer also said that victory for the rebels is an absolute impossibility. But if it were, France would be gravely menaced. With an enemy government at the Pyrenees, France would have to consider seriously the withdrawal of her promises to assist Czecho-Slovakia.

SPAIN'S SECOND WINTER AT WAR

(Excerpts from an article in "Pravda" by M. Koltzov.)

The rearguard of Republican Spain is fully capable of sustaining its army and of continuing to do so during the entire winter and beyond that. The only thing needed to accomplish this is organization and unity among all anti-fascists.

The agricultural season has produced a harvest superior to that of the preceding year in almost all crops. Livestock, however, has been used up in great quantities. But to balance the situation, the breeding of poultry and rabbits has been greatly augmented. This

For months there has been discussion of a plan to create a central purchasing agency for the syndicates. It is not yet in existence. Meanwhile, syndicates, mills and even individual merchants send agents into the rural districts to make purchases for them. They do so without a controlling plan. From this arises the enormous difference in prices. In Valencia, for example, the prices for meat and vegetables are higher than in Madrid. Supplying foodstuffs to Madrid is much more difficult, but the people there buy with greater care and do not tolerate speculation.

FARMERS AIDED

Wheat and flour prices have increased 35 to 40 percent since the beginning of the war. Nevertheless, the former prices for baked bread have been maintained in the cities. This is a basic consideration by the workers, and the Government has accordingly granted a special subsidy for the purpose.

The Minister of Agriculture has extended all possible assistance to the farmers during the whole course of the war. He has apportioned credits of tens of millions of pesetas in order to secure for Republican Spain an increase of cultivated land. He has proceeded also to cancel arrears of debts and taxes.

In the villages, even in those situated in the war zone, the farmers have a perfect understanding of what they have won in their fight against the fascists and reactionary landlords. They lack many things, of course, particularly sugar, gasoline and tobacco. But they eat well, feel responsible for large areas of land, and no longer bend the knee to an arrogant master or brutal overseer. They are conscious of the part they are playing in the war, they are enabling the cities to do their work, they cultivate their fields and constantly increase their ploughing.

NEW ACHIEVEMENTS

Precisely the opposite is taking place in the region dominated by the fascists. There the farmers neglect their fields, often doing so purposely.

The working class of the cities has suffered more than the farmers and this winter will conti-

nue to bear a greater burden of the war. The workers faced the first attacks of fascism, resisting heroically on the barricades of Madrid and Barcelona. The workers fight in the vanguard of the Republican Army; workers also are forging victory in the rear. It is difficult to overestimate the success achieved by the Spanish workers in these past months. In spite of privations and in spite of frequent acts of bureaucracy and sabotage on the part of government and trade union officials, the workers have proved that they possess great patience and tenacity, immense enthusiasm in their labor and plenty of initiative and ingenuity. The attitude of the workers is the chief reason for the great growth of Spain's war industry, which in spite of all its defects, works better every day.

Some of its achievements cannot be praised too highly. These include the manufacture of pursuit planes of the most modern type, together with the motor; the production of automatic machine

guns, a job which was organized in three months; the manufacture of complicated projectors for anti-aircraft defense; the output of rapid-fire automatic weapons. The fact that tens of thousands of artillery projectiles have been produced daily in improvised factories must receive special mention.

The workers of Spain, with the working class in the lead, are ready and willing to continue fighting for all they are entitled to have. The only thing they need for victory is good organization, order and discipline.

College Girls Boycott Japanese Goods

The College of New Rochelle, conducted by Catholic Ursuline nuns, is boycotting Japanese-made silk stocking. The student body consists of 734 young American women of Catholic faith, and many are already wearing cotton or coarse-weave hosiery. The boycott was initiated by the Peace Club of the college.



increase in the future meat supply is to be found not only in the country, but also in the large cities, especially Valencia. Chicken coops are seen on the roofs and balconies of almost every house.

NEED ORGANIZATION

Generally speaking, the farms of Spain, aided only by partial importation of wheat and meat, are prepared to supply food to the army, the working class and the city populations as a whole. It should be borne in mind, also, that the farmers and their families themselves are better fed today than formerly.

The chief need is for good organization, but that does not yet fully exist. The delivery of provisions is made in the rural villages without any method. The Government pursues a just and careful policy in all matters concerning the farmers. It defends their interests strictly, and prohibits every kind of levy and monopoly. But the organizations of the large cities have not yet learned the best way to handle the farmer's produce.



Madrid, completely fortified against the fascist aggressors.

XIV BRIGADE CELEBRATES YEAR UNDER FIRE

With formal ceremony the 14th International Brigade celebrated the anniversary of its baptism under fire. One year ago, on December 23, the brigade went into action for the first time, fighting at Lopera and successfully detaining the fascist advance toward Jaen, key city on the Cordoba front. Since then the brigade has made its fame secure at Guadalajara, Jarama, Cuesta de la Reina and other vital battle fields.

The victory at Teruel, which coincides with the anniversary, was featured and emphasized. Luigi Gallo, commissar inspector of the International Brigades, said "We made a promise to stop the fascists. That promise has been kept. Today we can also rejoice over Teruel, which proves that the fascists cannot win".

With pride and significance it was pointed out that the conquest of Teruel had been achieved by all-Spanish brigades. The International volunteers had not been called upon to aid in the whole series of fascist-crushing operations. Colonel Dumont, commander of the 14th Brigade since the beginning, said "We are here, representing the workers of France. It has been our honor to fight for a year at the side of the Spanish people, and to continue fighting until fascism is exterminated from their land. At the present moment we may feel especially glad, for in the fall of Teruel, we know that Spanish troops themselves won the victory".



XV Brigade Patrons visit International Brigade headquarters in Madrid. Photographed above is a group of F. U. E. students of the Lagasca Institute together with members of the I. B. Anglo-American delegation in Madrid. Not all of the Anglo-Americans appear in this picture; the editor of the Volunteer for Liberty who would be next to Comrade Tarancon on the lower level cut himself out of the ensemble, not because of false modesty, but in order to make room for this caption.

WHAT'S IN A BEARD?

Beards were introduced by Samson, an ingenious Easterner who put over the slogan "Hair for Strength" and made big money. Like other speculators he wrecked his career on a woman and ended his life in an orgy of sordid suicide.

The superstition still survives. There has been a recent outbreak of it among the International Brigades, and many volunteers are now suffering from a rush of hair to the chin. This is due to lack of proper precautions in the early stages. It would not have happened if they had carried razors in their packs, for application as soon as the first symptoms appeared.

The epidemic has already got a strong hold, and the results are to be deplored. When the chin is attacked by a beard, it gradually disappears and is followed by the upper lip and cheekbones. In time the victim becomes unrecognizable.

As the disease advances, it becomes increasingly difficult to insert food into the mouth, owing to the invisibility of the orifice. It is a pathetic sight to see men struggling through the follicles with food in their spoons, unable to maintain their sense of direction. Much of the food is lost on the way, and tends to attract hyenas and other animals that eat

what is left behind by larger beasts of prey.

A rumour has been put about that the Ministry of Fortifications is encouraging the growth of beards. This rumoring is the work of provocateurs. If it were possible to grow metal on the chin, there might be some advantage in every man carrying his own barbed wire entanglement into action. As it is, it can be of no service, and is liable to trip him up.

By the time he has as much hair on the bottom of his head as on the top, a few bombardments are enough to make him forget which end is which. Some volunteers even reach the stage when they carry as heavy a load on their chests as over their shoulders, with the result that they lose their sense of back and front, and advance backwards instead of forwards. Nor can they grumble if a fit of the blues goes to the beard and makes them unpopular with the women.

The fight to exterminate this disease is likely to be long and arduous. Since the days of Samson, the beard complex has sunk deep in the human psyche. The human psyche is a dreadful thing. It is pronounced "pizitch" and lies somewhere between reality and delirium tremens. Once the beard reaches the bottom of that, the case is hopeless.

IRISH LABOR STEPS AHEAD IN U. S.

The recent election, on the American Labor Party ticket, of Michael Quill as Councilman for the Bronx, marks a new phase in the history of the Irish in the United States. Hitherto Irish exiles, unskilled workers in the main,

have been dominated by Tammany Hall, which could always depend on their vote, giving in return minor favors and concessions to reactionary Irish and Irish-American leaders. To Quill and other workers goes the credit for smashing the grip of Tammany. Organizing among the rank and file of transport workers, they formed the Transport Workers' Union, countering all the legal and extra-legal intimidation of the bosses, until, this spring, they won not only recognition of their union, but better working-hours and better pay. John L. Lewis, chairman of the C. I. O. with which the union is affiliated, was present at the historic conference at which the bosses admitted defeat.

Quill, still limping from a bullet-wound received during the Anglo-Irish War, is a foremost supporter of the Spanish people in their struggle against fascism. He is a sturdy young Irishman, typical of the Irish Republican and Labor movement.

STEPS ARE TAKEN TO FREE AMERICANS FROM FRANCO JAILS

Twenty-four American comrades are prisoners in the hands of the fascists. Most of them were captured last February during the Jarama battles. The others were taken in later actions. Their fate is unknown, but there is reason to believe that they are alive behind fascist lines. Congressmen Jerry J. O'Connell of Montana and John T. Bernard of Minnesota have introduced a bill requesting the State Department to investigate the actual situation of these imprisoned American comrades.

While action now depends upon legislative and diplomatic proceedings, it is recalled that members of the British Battalion, taken prisoner in early February, were subsequently released and repatriated over the fascist part of the border. Among the American prisoners are the following comrades: Edward Freed, Louis Ornitz, George Leap, Walter Grant, Leo Targoff, William Parks, William Hathaway, Everett Hobbs, Bernard Cohen, Steve Dabelko, Donald A. Boynton, Albert Rosenberg, Henry Lyons, Leo Turner, George Stark, Manuel Lizairago and Dino Neri. The homes of their families are in all parts of the United States.

COLLECTIVES TO SHARE EXTRA PROFITS

The Official Gazette of the Catalan Government on November 21, 1937 published a decree of Juan Comorera, Counsellor of Economy, regulating the distribution of the excess profits of collectivised industries.

These profits shall be distributed as follows:

- a) 50 % shall go to the Bank of Industrial Credit of Catalonia.
- b) 15 % shall be devoted to social needs of a collective nature.
- c) 15 % shall be placed at the disposal of the workers who shall decide its destination at a general assembly.
- d) The remaining 20 % shall be kept as a reserve fund or shall be devoted to improvements, renewal of machinery, etc., in the proportion agreed upon by the general assembly.

The decree is dated November 17, 1937.