

April
1938

The
Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

10 Cents
a Copy



SPAIN



FRANCO'S SIXTH COLUMN • By George Seldes
TELL THEM THE TRUTH • By James Waterman Wise
SHADOW ON THE AMERICAS • By Carleton Beals
FOR ADOPTION • By Art Young
SPAIN IN PICTURES

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE CHILDREN?



The suffering of little children is the contribution of modern war. In Spain, Hitler, Mussolini and Franco have doomed them to their conception of totalitarian war. High explosive bombs blast them, incendiary bombs burn them. Many today are orphans who only yesterday lived happily with their parents. And our concern is now with these children of Spain who are still alive, and who, given the

proper food, medical attention and environment, can still play, and study, and find love. They must be protected! They must be educated to take their responsibilities in the better world of tomorrow when the enemy of mankind is driven from their tortured land.

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY has undertaken, as one of its duties, the establishing of homes in Spain for the child sufferers of the Fascist invasion. One such home is already in existence, and the drive is on to increase this number many times. It is only through organization—the skilled organization of the American League—that more of

these homes can be equipped, and the great need partially met.

To achieve this, the League must gain at least 50,000 new members by May 1. Your membership in the League is your contribution to the orphans of Spain, to the fight for Peace and Democracy.

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

268 Fourth Avenue New York City

April 1938, THE FIGHT

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY 268 Fourth Avenue, New York City

- Send me information about your organization.
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Name.....
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With the Readers

IF we believed very strongly in dedications we would have liked to dedicate this number on Spain to three men, one living and two dead. We are confident that the men and women who helped make this number, if they knew of these three men—maybe they do—would agree with us. But these men never stood on ceremony . . . and we, we kind of agree with them.

BUT the three of them have been haunting and hovering over us these past two months. One is Ricardo Flores Magón, a simple man, a Mexican scholar, writer, editor and organizer for a free and decent life. He believed in the destiny of the Spanish people, and for that matter in the destiny of all people. No matter where he was, in Mexico City, in Los Angeles, in Seattle, in prison or out he fought with his pen and with all of his energy for a more democratic Mexico. He helped make Mexico what it is today. He didn't live to see the struggle in Spain. But it was his work which helped make it possible for Mexico to contribute her share to the struggle against Franco.

THE second man, an American, died recently in Spain. Joe D. was a steel organizer and in all the years we knew him, and we knew him well, we did not know him as well as we thought we did until after his death on a battlefield in Spain. Then we heard stories about Joe from his friends "over there." When he tried to cross the border to Spain, the French authorities arrested Joe and a group of Americans. They were all thrown into jail. The French people of course were sympathetic to the Americans who were ready to fight against the Fascists. But still . . . the law is the law. For many days and nights the Americans stayed in jail. Then one day while waiting for a hearing in the home of a judge in a little French town, Joe stepped over to the piano and entertained his fellow prisoners, the judge and his wife, and the jailers, with Chopin. Joe played and played some more. Forgotten were the formalities of the law and many other things too, we are told: everything was forgotten except Chopin, Joe D. and his fellow Americans. . . . This was the steel organizer from Ohio and now he lies buried in Spain.

THE third man, let us call him Pete, has just come back from Spain. A so-called ordinary worker. One of those fellows who, when you meet him on the street, is supposed to be lost in the crowd. No Dale Carnegie man. He too went to Spain. Within a short period of a few months Pete was recognized by his three or four thousand fellow Americans "over there." He gave courage, understanding, direction, military and political leadership, faith and humanity to his brigade. He nursed his men back to health, he talked to them when they were lonesome, he gave love when love and understanding was needed and he was stern too. . . . And Pete tells us (smilingly) that he never took a course in psychology. This is the native genius of a son of the people. *The new society is within the shell of the old.*

AND in the making of this number these three men were never far away from our desks. These three men symbolized to us the struggle in Spain. Magón, Joe D. and Pete are to us the millions of people who are struggling everywhere for peace and freedom. This is their number. They made it.



A home for refugee children in Spain.

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The Contributors

FOR over two years now, it has been our intention to devote this column to a record of a sort of who's who amongst our contributors. But on another such occasion as this one we found it impossible to crowd all the information about our writers and artists into our narrow column. And so and behold, this time the task is hopelessly beyond fulfillment for here we have the biggest and most ambitious *Fight* in the four and a half years of our young life. To write the contributors column for this issue would take twice the space allotted this corner.

AS these words are being written we are approaching the final three or four days work on this number. To prepare these 64 pages—equivalent to about 140 pages of a commercial magazine—remember the advertising—would have been impossible without the intelligent cooperation and sacrifice on the part of our contributors. These men and women are in the front line trenches against war and Fascism. They took last minute assignments, turned away other work; articles and drawings came in on time. Art Young, George Seldes, Carleton Beals, James Waterman Wise, all, all young and old. From New York to California and back to Connecticut the manuscripts came. And the two or three who failed, failed only, we are confident, because the appointed task was an impossible one.

(HERE we would like to express our appreciation to Marion Greenspan, a young American writer recently returned from Spain. Without him this Spanish issue would have suffered a great deal. His every day experience in Spain and his passionate interest in the struggle contributed to the making of this number.)

ONLY the other day Kenneth Burke writing in *The New Republic*, said: "You will find the course of Germany foretold, for instance, in the fact that her writers cannot delegate their powers to Hitler's service." In other words, the writers and artists worth their salt will not extend their energies to Fascism. This of course is true, and how can they? The creative men and women, the people who have something to say, the people who know how to think, the people who know how to sing cannot produce at this time, under slavery. The Thomas Manns of Germany had to get out when Hitler came in and the few who remained are silent. They cannot produce under Nazi rule. And it is interesting to note that Italy after 16 years of Fascism has not brought forth one great new writer to sing the glories of *their* dictatorship. (How few new German and Italian books are translated these days into English, except books written by exiles.)

THEN, after all, maybe it is not such a surprising phenomenon to find the writers and artists of America turning to the pages of *THE FIGHT* and other publications directing the printed form to the struggle for a democratic way of living. For Democracy today opens the dam for a better social world where peace will not be an empty gesture and life will not be a burden.

THEREFORE to the writers, artists, to the many men and women who have helped make this number on Spain, our thanks. Really, we are sure they will resent a little this "thanks," for this number belongs to the Spanish people and to the people everywhere struggling for Democracy and peace.

THE FIGHT, April 1938

BEING AN ORACLE

By Pam Flett

OUR BOYCOTT BUTTON, that little oval we wear on our coat collar to tell the world that we don't buy Japanese-made goods, has made us a question box. People walk up to us as though we were wearing, in addition to the button, a sign saying "Leave questions in box and the Oracle will answer." Why should we boycott? How will the boycott work for peace? On what date will the war stop if we stop buying silk hose?

Now we don't resent being mistaken for an oracle. We accept all questions—with a smile. Because we've discovered how not to be an oracle and still be able to answer those questions. We simply bought ourselves a copy of *Why and How to Boycott Goods Made in Japan*. It has all the questions. And all the answers. For one little nickel.

So we meet the questions happily now that we're armed with our new pamphlet. We've stopped being annoyed with our questioners, because we realize that they honestly didn't understand. They'd been reading the newspapers and the newspapers boomed "Boycott! get us into war" bold and big, and on an inside page, they and timid, they hid the story of shrinking Japanese trade that worries the Japanese militarists.

We keep right on wearing our boycott button. When a question pops into our lap we just reach into a pocket and pull out a copy of the boycott booklet. Another silk stocking bites the dust. And another machine gun goes without bullets.

©49

DID you ever wonder just how the American League came into existence? It had to hammer out its path, the way to peace and Democracy. The early days and deeds of the League are full of lessons learned and gains hard won.

People's Program for Peace and Democracy, a meaty little pamphlet, begins at the beginning, gives the history, principles, program, constitution and activities of the League. This five-center, just-off the press, is a must for every one interested in peace. And who isn't?

Order from

American League for Peace and Democracy
268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



A POUND OF PAPER

WHICH weighs more, a pound of lead or—to vary the riddle—a pound of paper? These Spanish workers, here shown reading one of their anti-Fascist publications, have found the true answer. They have learned that a pound of printed paper can weigh more than a pound of lead bullets—that the democratic pen can be mightier than the Fascist sword.

BUT it must be added—this holds true only if the paper is clean. And that's where American publishing comes in—rather, goes out. We think the point doesn't need proving. Just think over your daily newspaper, owned by a millionaire tax-evader . . . your weekly or monthly magazine, financed by the Sixty Families. . . .

THE FIGHT can tell the truth about the Fascists and war-makers because it does not depend on Hitler's best friends for support. THE FIGHT can bring you the full story of Spain without consulting Franco's Wall Street allies. You are our "angel"—you and all the people of America. Subscribe today!

THE FIGHT
268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I enclose \$1 for a year's subscription.

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April 1938, THE FIGHT



WHEN GENERAL FRANCO marched on Madrid in November 1936 his associate, the drunken buffoon, General Quirpo de Llano, speaking over the Seville radio, betrayed one of the many Fascist conspirators. He announced that Franco was marching with four columns and was relying on "the Fifth Column," the secret Fascist conspirators living in Madrid and pretending to be loyal, to stab the Republic in the back.

This announcement resulted in the government taking appropriate action. The prisons of Madrid and Valencia are full of traitors—at least all the known ones except the thousands who were able to buy their way into South American pro-Fascist embassies and the headquarters of European ministers favorable to the reactionaries and the mines and money they controlled.

But no announcement has been made from General Franco in Burgos on the support his treasonable cause has had from his sixth column: the column commanded by "General" Carney in the *New York Times*.

This support of Fascism did not begin in July 1936 when Franco, after conspiring with Italian Fascist and German Nazi authorities and arranging for the guns and airplanes now in use, openly began the landowners' and mine-owners' rebellion. This support from William P. Carney, the *New York Times* correspondent in Madrid, began in the early days of the Spanish Republic. It was intensified in 1936. It became fanatical when the Fascist columns were stopped at Madrid.

Carney was the friend of Gil Robles and Lerroux who formed the reactionary-clerical government of late 1933, which in 1934 imported the Moors and the *Tercio* to massacre thousands of miners in the Asturias. There was martial law in the district and a noted liberal journalist, Sirval, who had photographed a Moor with five severed heads hanging from his belt, was killed by the reactionary régime. American newspapermen were unable to enter Oviedo, but they sent a Spanish journalist who brought back a documented tale of the atrocities. This story was cabled by many—but not by Carney.

Reaction's Old Friend

Throughout the 1934-36 reaction Carney wrote in strong support of the Fascist powers. On October 9, 1934 he wrote a vicious attack on a fellow journalist, a liberal. Under the British libel law Carney could have been sued on a criminal as well as a civil charge, but he had hung his invented accusations on an American consul and on "the authorities," and therefore was libel-proof in America. But the incident was so flagrant that the *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent in Madrid wrote to Edwin L. James, managing editor of the *Times*, pointing out the falseness of the statements made in the *Times'* Madrid correspondence.

In fact, all of Carney's despatches of the period were so venomous against the Republic, and liberal and intelligent thought, that numerous persons protested, including the great straddling intellectual, Madariaga. At this time the Paris office of the *New York Times* was well aware of the character of Carney's despatches but, its four American occupants tell me, they did not think it ethical to inform the home office of the personal character or prejudiced correspondence of a colleague.

When the republican and anti-Fascist forces were returned to power in February 1936, Carney's anger rose to fever pitch. He had during his sojourn in Spain "got religion"—meaning that he was entirely on the side of the Robles reactionaries who aimed to restore the twenty families of landowners who had ruled the nation. Carney was the friend of every man who was in the conspiracy of treason; he was the enemy of all the liberal-republican forces, and



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Moorish troops, tricked or forced into the Rebel army. You may find it hard to believe that Franco is "saving Christianity" with Mohammedans. But William P. Carney doesn't.

his cables to the New York Times are the proof. When Franco rebelled and the government put on a censorship, Carney, according to government officials, attempted on all occasions to write into his cables to America items to aid and comfort Fascism and to betray government positions and army plans to Franco. The censors in Madrid make the statement that from almost every cable which Carney sent to the Times they had to delete military information which he injected despite daily warnings.

Open Hostility

In public cafés and in gatherings of journalists and others, Carney throughout the months of July to December 1936 continued to express his allegiance to the Fascist cause; he openly supported Franco; he cursed the liberal-republican government and he called them "Reds."

On leaving Spain in December 1936 Carney wrote a very long cable in which he pretended to tell the uncensored truth. The Paris office of the Times informs me that the entire staff would have nothing to do with this cable, because although the American journalists did not know what was the

truth they realized that Carney's was not, because his lies and prejudices were too apparent. Also, and this is most important, one American of the Times Paris staff did realize that Carney's cable contained a list of the artillery batteries of Madrid and their disposition, so that Franco the Fascist could bombard them with greater precision. However, the Times bureau informs me, it was not able to cancel the cablegram of another Times man; it merely washed its hands of the matter, and Carney therefore filed the ten thousand words himself.

In the government press bureaus in Madrid and Valencia the truth of a large part of the Carney cable is denied. From my own experience in Spain I can say that parts of it are evidently ridiculous and all of it prejudiced.

The Mark of Hearst

The first line reads: "All semblance of democratic forms and usages of government has disappeared in Spain. . . ." This reads like typical Hearst red-baiting propaganda. Carney, of course, was a Hearst reporter before the Times picked him up in Paris and sent him to Spain. The fact is

that the Spanish government is, if anything, too "democratic" for its own good. In war-time President Wilson took drastic measures, abolishing considerable Democracy in America, whereas Spain, due to its many political parties and labor unions perhaps, takes no drastic or dictatorial or terrorist actions at all, and frequently will not even arrest, let alone shoot, persons who aid the enemy.

"There is no freedom whatever allowed journalistic investigation," continues Carney, "and the strictest censorship imaginable is imposed on all news despatches sent out from Madrid."

As a war correspondent with eighteen months' service in G.Z.D., American Expeditionary Force in France, I can testify that our censorship was a hundred times as strict, and although all censorship may be stupid because the enemy usually knows all that reporters know, the Spanish censorship as a censorship is not strict enough.

"Luckless Spaniards"

"Hundreds of luckless Spaniards who held the most liberal political views have been slain in Madrid because they were denounced by former servants who were discharged for incompetence. . . ."

This item of Carney's dates from 1918. It was said of the Russian liberals. In the Russian story congeries as well as servants were mentioned. The "luckless Spaniards" who have been slain were the members of the Fifth Column, the Fascists of Madrid, who came into the open November 7th when they thought Franco had entered the gates.

A large part of the enormous despatch is taken up with spy stories. Carney was shadowed by a government agent. And there was every good reason for the Spanish Republic to shadow Mr. Carney of the New York Times. The town was full of Fascists and members of the press corps were talking to them. Some were honestly gathering news. But others were acting as informers.

Carney was the first to start the Hearstian Red-baiting campaign in the New York Times. In the famous December 7th cable he wrote: "There were foreign volunteers—the International Column as they were termed—comprising the 10th, 11th and 12th battalions. They were mostly Russians. . . ."

This statement is a lie. (Why call it a mis-statement, or a falsehood, when the word lie is the right one?)

Discovery of Russia

All the correspondents in Spain then and now know that there never were and are not now any Russians in the International Brigade. Everyone knows there are no Russian troops in Spain. Everyone knows that there are or were once some Russians in the Spanish aviation and tanks corps, Russian engineers and experts. Some estimate the number at five hundred, others at seven hundred. But no Russian troops have ever been sent to Spain and to call the 10th, 11th and 12th battalions of the International Brigade "mostly Russians" is to utter a lie.

One of the most vicious of all of General Carney's statements is also contained in this despatch. "Madrid cannot be considered an open city," says General Carney. "Madrid is an open city," states General Franco. When, where and how did Franco come to make this statement? You will find it in the New York Times of March 16, 1937. In a despatch signed by Carney, Carney, apologizing for Fascism, attempted to defend the murder of innocent people in Madrid by telling the Times' readers that he did not consider Madrid an open

city, whereas the man who ordered the murdering calmly admits that Madrid is an open city.

This piece of propaganda and falsehood, however, is not as sinister as the next statement Carney made. A large part of a column in the Times is taken up with a description of the defenses of Madrid: Carney tells of machine guns and anti-aircraft guns "mounted on the tops of all the ministries and tall buildings in the center of the city such as the Fine Arts structure, Calle Alcalá, Madrid's main street, and the Palace of the Press in the Gran Vía or Broadway. Batteries of six inch guns have been placed in the Callas Square, directly in front of the park; near the Prado museum, the observatory and the Ministry of Public Works. The Atocha or Andalusian railway station where more batteries were placed. . . . Observation posts for the government's artillery are stationed in the towers of the taller buildings in the center of the city. . . ."

As a war correspondent I know that if I had sent such a despatch from the American Expeditionary Force, I would have been taken out and shot immediately.

An American Opinion

Moreover, there was in Madrid at the time a United States government military man—I cannot identify him further because pressure might be brought against him by the pro-Fascists in America—who said to me: "The man who sent that list of gun emplacements should be shot. If he were on Franco's side and sent such a cable, he should be shot. I make this statement without any emotion and without any prejudices. In any war, and no matter what side you are on, a war correspondent sending out a list of gun emplacements is committing an act of espionage, and shooting is too good for him. Professional spies do such things and take the risk of being shot. But the correspondent of a big and powerful newspaper is not only acting as an espionage agent, he is hiding behind the power of his newspaper and therefore not playing the spy game according to the rules."

Carney also defended the slaughter of the women and children of Madrid. "It cannot be helped that women and children and aged persons have taken refuge in the basements of these structures, say the insurgents," he cabled, not only trying to excuse the murders but actually reporting from Madrid what the Fascists on the other side were saying, an unheard-of feat in journalism but an old trick of propaganda.

"Despatches submitted for censorship had to be accompanied by Spanish translations," continues Mr. Carney.

"This is an absolute lie," says Ilse Kulczar, the censor to whom Mr. Carney submitted his despatches.

In conclusion the Times correspondent says, "It seems a conservative estimate that up to last week 25,000 persons were executed in Madrid. . . . at first suspects were rounded up and shot without any preliminary examination but later the People's Court was established before which they were placed on trial. . . ." and Mr. Carney later expresses "a presumption that the majority were murdered" in speaking of another case.

Atrocity Stories

All the atrocities charged against the government are based on hearsay and presumptions. It is true that a large number of persons have been executed in Madrid, although all of Carney's colleagues declare his figure an alarming exaggeration. But what all of them say and the one thing he omits say-



Madrid, the heart of Spain—several times captured by "General" Carney in the New York Times, but never by General Franco in Spain. From here Carney "reported" the defense secrets.

ing, is that those executed were the Fascists of November 7th, the Fascists of the Fifth Column, the assassins who appeared in windows and shot down all men dressed in workmen's clothes—who deliberately murdered working people and deliberately spared the well-dressed who might be landowners and Fascists.

Test of the News

All in all, the Carney correspondence is on a par with the Russian correspondence of 1917-1920 which caused Walter Lippmann (then a great liberal) and Charles Merz to write *A Test of the News*, in which the New York Times was used to show how colored, perverted and false were almost all the reports about the Soviets in the American press. The Times did not reply to that indictment but sent Walter Duranty to Moscow.

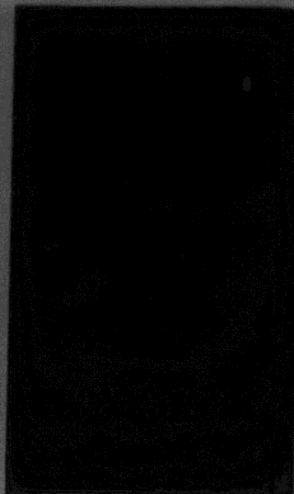
The same thing has happened in Spain. The Times has sent Herbert Matthews, a man of culture and good sense, a sober journalist, and an objective one, to cover Madrid.

But to the dismay of the entire Anglo-American press corps in Valencia and Madrid, including the

numerous New York Times representatives, a new series of Carney dispatches, dated Gibraltar, began appearing in the Times. Carney had joined Franco's side. On February 25th he began quoting the exaggerations and murderous boasts of Queipo de Llano. From Franco's side he was also able to tell what the government side was doing. He reported from Motril that "retreating government troops who are reported to have burned the few remaining churches and to have executed 200 persons, including four priests who were burned alive after a gasoline bath. . . ." The authenticated reports from this front, confirmed by reporters with Franco, is that the government did not even harm the Fascists in the prisons. The Carney report is another of the thousands of hearsay atrocities.

How to Lose Friends

I can state on the authority of six New York Times correspondents in Europe that each one is disgusted with the sort of journalism which Carney has produced. Without exception these reputable journalists declare Carney should have remained with Hearst.



ELSEWHERE I have written and spoken of what I saw in Spain—its people, its soldiers, its battlefields, its agony, its heroism, its quenchless will to freedom. Here let me write not of, but for Spain. Because that embattled Democracy lays upon one's mind and one's heart certain imperatives which must be expressed, a meaning and a message which must be conveyed.

Where better convey and express them than in these pages? Here I shall assume the reader's basic knowledge of the causes and the course of the conflict which has raged for more than eighteen months in Spain. Here I need not explain that there was and is no civil war there; and that the struggle of the Spanish people to retain their independence was directly provoked by those within and without the country who by rebellion and invasion seek to enslave them. Here it is unnecessary to expose the malicious falsehood of the disreputable Hearsts and the "respectable" Sedgewicks, who try to alienate the instinctive sympathy of the American for the Spanish people by applying to them and their government the "Red" label—a device fast ceasing to terrify any but those who employ it.

Our Common Foes

For it has been a function of this magazine to present from the beginning of the Spanish war an accurate interpretation of why it is being waged, authentic reports and documents in prose and verse and picture of Spain's front-line defense of peace and Democracy. Just as it has been a task of the American League to create public opinion and support for the Spanish people in their struggle against our common foes—Fascism and war.

Our stand on behalf of Spanish Democracy has from the first been clear—and inevitable. Having taken it, however, we must constantly reappraise

the development and direction which the struggle indicates. We must recognize the dynamic fact of changes in the military and political situation there, as well as the static fact of our unaltered and unalterable position on that struggle. Still more important, we must—since even anti-Fascists are human, and their span of attention limited—continually stress and renew our own sense of the prime significance of Spain, both for itself and us.

The Word Is Unity

The dominant aspect of Loyalist Spain today is unity. One sees and feels it everywhere. In the city streets of Barcelona and Valencia and Madrid, where banners and posters calling for a unified command reflect, rather than stimulate, the manifest desire of the people to comply with every regulation and meet every requirement which will aid in winning the war. On the country roads and in the dusty villages, where the mood of the children's games as well as the unprecedented tempo of the adults' work, evidence a single-minded aim—victory! In conversations with soldiers or civilians or government officials, the idea which recurs most frequently when discussing problems, possibilities, developments, programs, is the idea—and the reality—of unity.

A writer and leader in the anti-Fascist struggle brings the American people a burning message, straight from the people of war-torn Spain

It was apparent from the first, at least to the more clear-sighted among the Loyalists, that only a united people and government could hope to withstand and defeat the Rebel forces. One reason why it was apparent was the utter lack of any such unity. Indeed the very disunity—sectional, political, social—among the Spanish people was so appalling that it may be said almost to have created the unity which today exists. It raised the stark alternative: *Unite or perish*. Maintain the feuds, the jealousies, the divisions of the past, and let Franco sweep them and you into common destruction, or subordinate and control them, at least until Fascism has been repulsed, and victory is won.

Thus the unity which exists in Loyalist Spain was a pragmatic and desperate necessity. It was nurtured in the disasters of the early days of the war. It was cemented by the blood and tears of thousands who perished unnecessarily at first because that unity did not exist. It has been dearly bought.

Against the Fascists

The basis for this unity is broad and simple: *Anti-Fascism*. That word, that concept, that determination, has succeeded in bringing men and movements together who have sworn that nothing could do so. I had heard much of the differences which in the past split the trade unions of Spain, of hostility between Communists and Socialists, Anarchists and Republicans. I inquired about these differences and hostilities. I found that they exist today in theory only. In practice they have been abandoned—or put on ice. Once Fascism has been vanquished, as a Socialist cabinet minister explained to me, these differences, though modified, will doubtless reappear. Spain is neither Utopia nor Totalitaria. But for the present: *Unity!*

While I was in Spain the two great trade union

bodies, the U.G.T. and the C.N.T., were working out a joint program for future action. The Socialist and Communist parties had already agreed upon a basis for cooperation. The disruptive and secretly pro-Fascist elements (in the P.O.U.M.) had discredited themselves by their attempted sabotage of national defense. The Catalonian government had moved from a position of passive sympathy in one of energetic collaboration with Premier Neguin and the United Front. The absolute and unqualified support which I heard pledged by leaders of every party in the Cortes to the government, was but a symbol and an expression of the unity of all Loyalist Spain today.

I stress this unity not only because it dominates the country's mood, but because it accounts for that tremendous improvement in military and organizational strength evident in the last months. I stress it because it underlies the improved situation in the manufacture of supplies and materials as well as in the creation of morale. I stress it because this unity within the army, and between the army and the civilian population, is the surest augury of future victory.

Spain and America

I stress this unity finally, because the tragic necessity for it as well as its character and potentialities are related to our own struggle against Fascism in the United States. It would be both absurd and pointless to claim that the situations are identical or even parallel. The factors which brought about open rebellion by the powerful landowning, military, clerical and industrial classes in Spain, are not all present here. There are elements, notably the open aid of foreign Fascism to the Rebels, which are scarcely conceivable in regard to the American scene.

But greater than the differences between the two situations are the similarities. Here as there, there are powerful groups determined to resist the peaceful development of Democracy at any cost. Here as there are forces prepared to go to any lengths, including the violent destruction of our form of government, in order to destroy the progressive and labor movements. Here as there, the only

force which can in the long run insure the survival of our political and economic freedom is a united front of all those menaced by Fascism. And here as there, those menaced by Fascism are the entire people of the country—the nation itself. The question which Spain today insistently demands that an American should ask, and affirmatively answer, is: Can we create the anti-Fascist unity which they have achieved at such long and arduous cost, before the United States is warred upon and laid waste by Fascist legions, native and foreign?

Neutrality Bombs

If Spain's new-found and hard-won unity heartens and rejoices us, the other aspect of the situation, which bore in most powerfully upon me, does not. That aspect is the betrayal of Spain by the Democracies of the world, including our own. Yet it is the juggling of words, the paltering with ideas responsible for the Neutrality Act and the Non-Intervention Pact, which are primarily responsible today for the continuance of the agony which the Spanish nation is suffering.

I am not a military expert nor a strategist. I cannot prophesy the exact date when Franco's rebellion would collapse if the materials and the munitions which Loyalist Spain needs, and to which it has every moral and international right, were made accessible. I do know, however, after visiting several of the fronts, after seeing the great People's Army which has now been assembled and trained, after witnessing the magnificent morale which, despite the grave handicaps under which the government labored, has been achieved—I do know that the war would be immeasurably shortened, that hundreds of thousands of lives would be saved and that the destruction of untold national wealth would be averted by the government victory which would speedily and surely result.

Loyalist Spain knows and profoundly resents the sabotage and betrayal of which I write. Together

with a group of English parliamentarians and journalists, I was in Teruel while it was under the bombardment which prepared the way for its temporary recapture by Franco's troops. As a shell fell close to the house in which we were, Commandant Galán bowed to the Englishmen present and sardonically remarked, "That was a 'Non-Intervention' shell." And when a little later a bomb burst not very far away, he turned to me and commented, "And that is a 'Neutrality' bomb."

I recall in this connection the reception given to the foreign visitors who were invited to attend the session of the Cortes which met on February 1st in Barcelona. That session had been held in utmost secrecy, because a day before Barcelona had been ruthlessly, murderously, "strafed" by Nazi and Italian planes, and because the restrictions against the government's purchase of airplanes by the Democracies precluded adequate self-defense against a repetition of the attack. With Barcelona still burying its latest dead, still searching the debris of the destroyed areas for further victims, it was not surprising that at this reception the government spokesman transgressed the niceties of diplomatic usage. He spoke from his heart—from the heart of Spain—when he told us: "We no longer ask the democratic countries to help us preserve our Democracy. The hour for that has passed. We know that we must win our fight alone and unaided, and we will do so. We ask of you, however, that you cease to hinder us, to tie our hands, to assist our enemies. Is this too much to ask?"

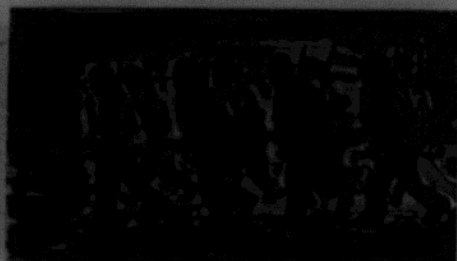
A Wounded American

Perhaps the most terrible memory of the days I spent in Spain—and they include the horrors both of the battle-fronts and the civilian bombings with their pathetic child victims—was the Lincoln Battalion soldier who had been wounded outside of Teruel and whom I saw at the base hospital at Benicassim. He had been struck by a hand grenade, a piece of which was plainly marked with the Wilmington, Delaware, trademark of America's largest munition makers. That this American,

(Continued on page 52)



THE FIGHT, April 1938



Fact and Fiction

What's true and what's not true about the Spanish military situation, by a correspondent who has been and has seen

By Marion Greenspan

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BATEMAN

FIGTION: "The Spanish army rose spontaneously in July 1936 against a government incapable of halting the violence of its followers. The rising was provoked by the assassination of Monarcho-Fascist leader Calvo Sotelo a few days earlier, but had a larger purpose: namely, to head off a definitely prepared Communist revolution."

Fact: Spanish officers, with a few notable exceptions, joined in a conspiracy to overthrow the legitimate People's Front Government immediately after the elections that brought it to power in February, 1936. The conspiracy had the support of the high clergy, but it did not enjoy the sympathy of the ordinary soldiers. In July, it will be recalled, the officers did not trust the army for the proposed campaign, but waited for the arrival of Mous. Part and parcel of the conspiracy was a campaign between February and July 1936 to provoke violence on the part of the people, in order to bring police and

troops into conflict with them. The activities of Fascist gunmen furnished a large part of the list of violences which Fascist deputies then read off in parliament as crimes permitted by the government. Landlords and big employers joined in political general lock-outs to bring tension to a civil-war pitch. The assassination of Calvo Sotelo in reprisal for the murder of anti-Fascist Assault Guard Lieutenant José Castillo, however, did not directly inspire the conspirators to launch their rising. What probably hurried them was an order by the War Ministry on July 17th to loyal General Gomez Morato, military commander of Spanish Morocco, to purge his ranks by arresting all disloyal officers.

Purpose of the Coup

The real purpose of the projected coup was threefold: (1) On the part of the officers who launched it, a military dictatorship with restoration of

(Continued on page 34)



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Spain in Pictures

See them—there they are waving the flag of their young Republic. This is Spain, a newborn land, seven years old. The red, yellow and purple symbolizes to these millions of Spanish people an awakening from centuries of serfdom, monarchy and military rule. Born in 1931, this new Republic took its place among the Democracies of the world, ready to climb the mountain road of social progress, prosperity and enlightenment. Then came, as in the life of all new republics, and for that matter old ones too, the Tories, the diseased, the ugly and ignorant, the feudal interests (hundreds of years old), in short, the Fascists who attempted to lay waste this newborn land.

But common sense, courage and song were in the minds and hearts of the Spanish people. In spite of the betrayal of the military clique, the people from the farm, shop and home quickly improvised their own defense. A people's army, a defense army, an army out of the womb of young Spain. Came Mussolini, Hitler to aid Franco. Came guns, bombs, tanks, battleships, airplanes from foreign lands, from Fascist lands. But the people's army, first a ragged, inexperienced army, defended their land and homes with almost bare hands. After a year and a half the young Democracy has learned how to live and struggle. Now six hundred thousand young and strong and wise and trained stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of Democracy and peace. An entire nation, Loyalist Spain, composed of millions of people, is united for the preservation of the Republic. Betrayals, crooked deals, Chamberlains, attacks from the air on innocent children, all these have not caused the Spanish people to lose faith. Their spirit and will to life and freedom grow stronger with each passing day. They have tasted a little of living under Fascism and they know that the ways of Hitler and Mussolini cannot be theirs.

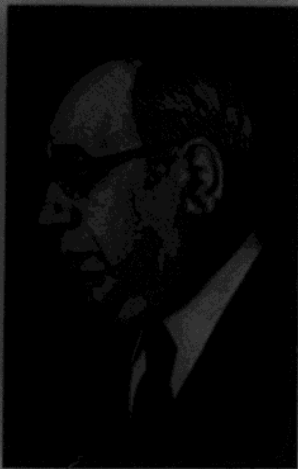
This is Spain! Look at the faces of the people in the following sixteen pages. See them laugh, cry and suffer in their struggle for life. Look at these pictures, most of them taken by Robert Capa and Gerda Taro, and you will understand something of the lives of people suffering from the aggressive policies of Fascism, you will understand a little better why millions of people will lay down their lives so they and their children and their children's children may be free.

The people of America remember their '76. The people of America understand the people of Spain.

THE FIGHT, April 1938.



The workers . . .



Manuel Azaña, President of Spain

. . . and farmers, with their allies, won the Republic



Defense of the Republic

In February 1936, a Popular Front government was elected



April 1938, THE FIGHT



The people sprang to defense when rebellion came.
Untrained, they hustled back the first wave

THE FIGHT, April 1938



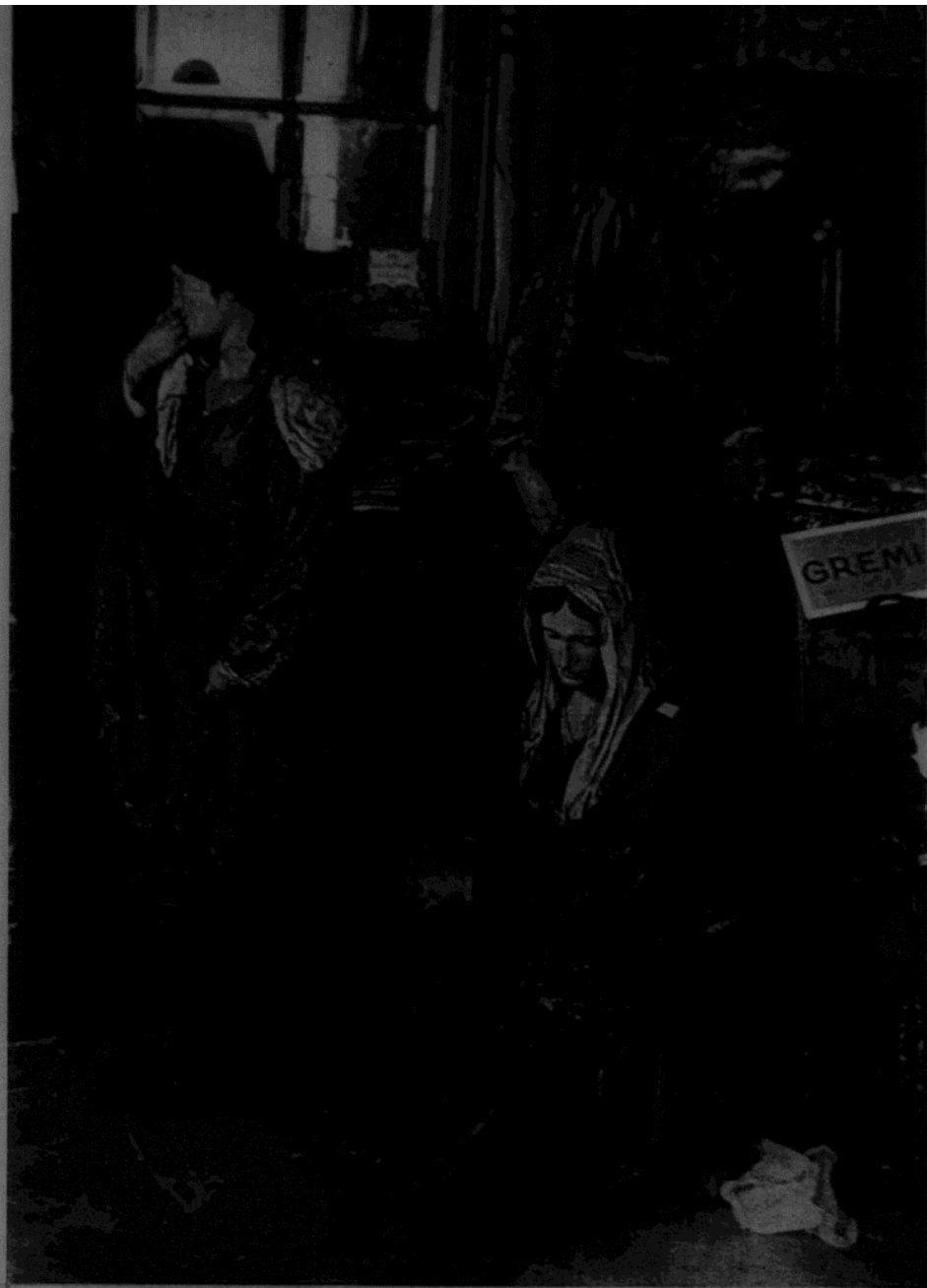
And women must weep



The Innocent

At left, all but one have fled the Rebel bombers over Bilbao . . . Opposite page, religious statues, safeguarded by the Loyalists from Franco's bombs and shells

April 1938, THE FIGHT



Home...





*The Nation
vs. the
"Nationalists"*

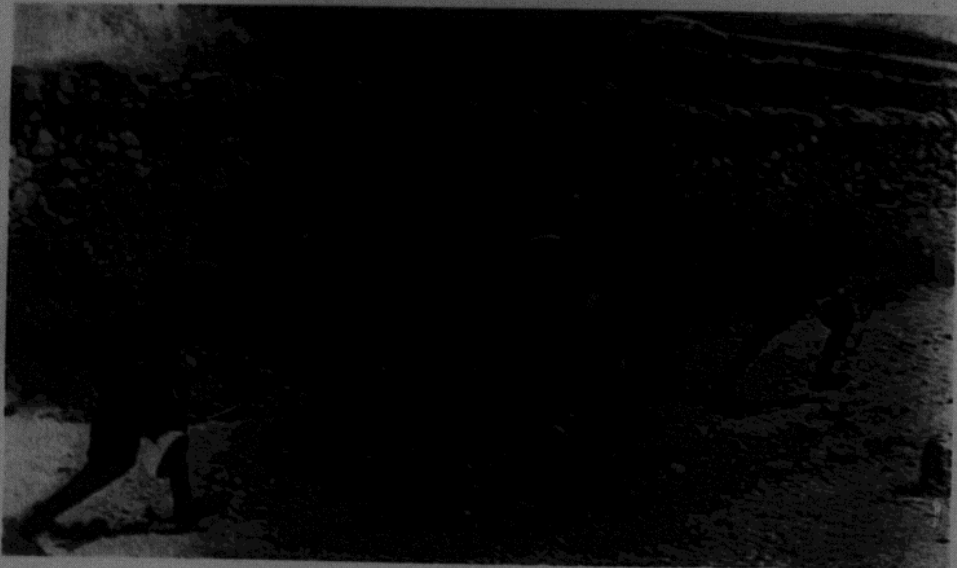


The Spaniards wait at the morgue (opposite page), for General Franco is saving Spain. His "nationalist" troops consist of Moors (top left), Germans (top right) and Italians (right). In the center, Franco

THE FIGHT, April 1938



Spain's new army (above), forged in the struggle, is an army against Fascism, an army against war. Shoulder to shoulder with it fight volunteers for liberty from the whole world. Below, the Abraham Lincoln Brigade goes into action.



"El Campesino"—González, the Peasant Commander

*The
People's
Army*



"El Glorioso"—General Miaja, Savior of Madrid

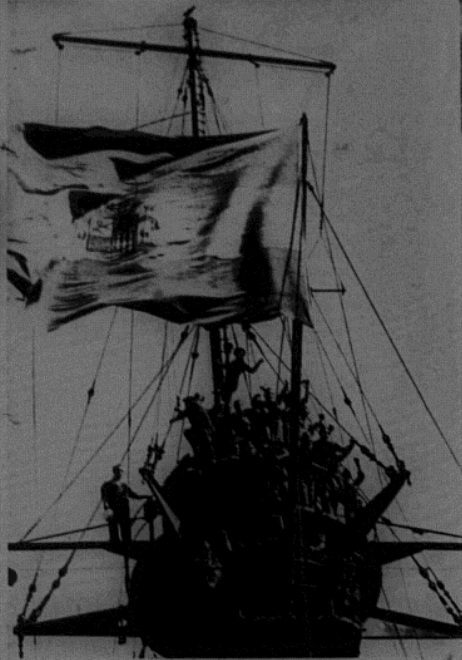


Today the soldiers are well trained and equipped.



On the Sea

When the officers of many Spanish ships mutinied against the Republic, the crews "mutinied" against the officers. The sailors of the Jaime Primo are widely known for their rescue of the ship from its Rebel commanders.



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On the Land

An army travels on its stomach—a nation must eat. The Spanish earth, the Spanish farmers, feed the army and people of Spain. When the men go to fight France, the women carry on.



THE FIGHT, April 1938





The Children

He's not asleep. He didn't stumble and fall. You know better. You've seen the newsreels. You know what happened. Franco passed over. Or more explicitly, one of Mussolini's Fascist eagles. . . . What can we do about it? *Nada*. Nothing. The boy is dead. Just take a picture, and Robert Capa has taken it. Then carry him home to his parents. That's all. . . . But thinking how you can't do anything, maybe you will remember the Neutrality Act. That's the one which lets Franco kill this boy with an American bomb but keeps the Republic from protecting him with an American plane. Think it over, America.

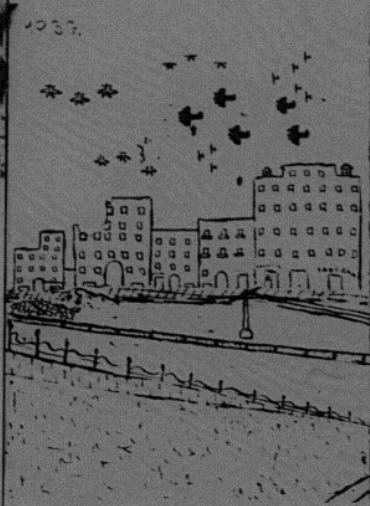
April 1938, THE FIGHT



The Spanish Republic cares for the children, the citizens of the future. These girls and boys are in a children's home at Ribarroja

But Loyalist Spain . . .

Drawings by two of the children in a Loyalist home. At left is a subject chosen by many, while at the right is pictured a scene near the home

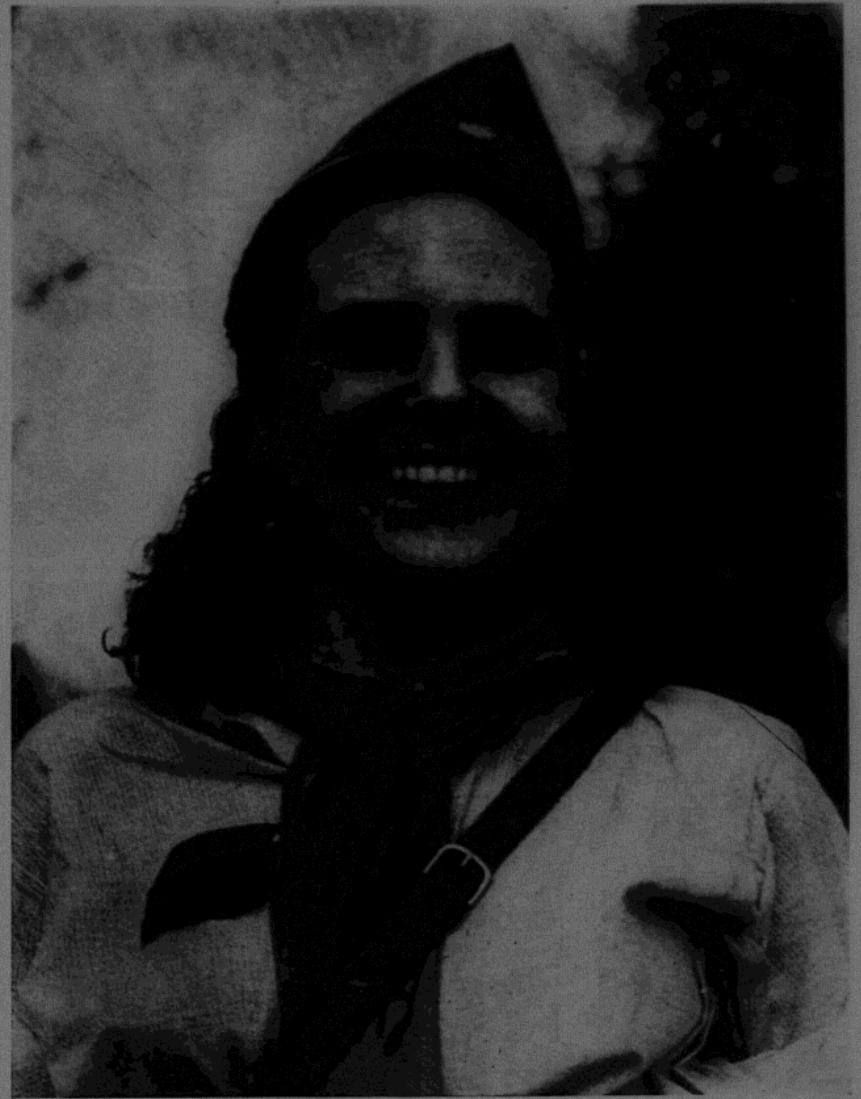


THE FIGHT, April 1938



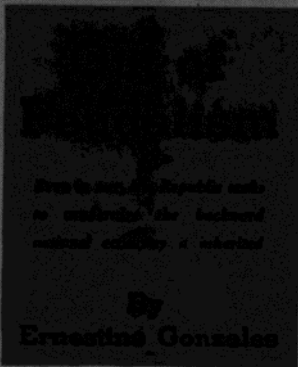
And tomorrow . . .

April 1938, THE FIGHT



. . . Belongs to us!

THE FIGHT, April 1938

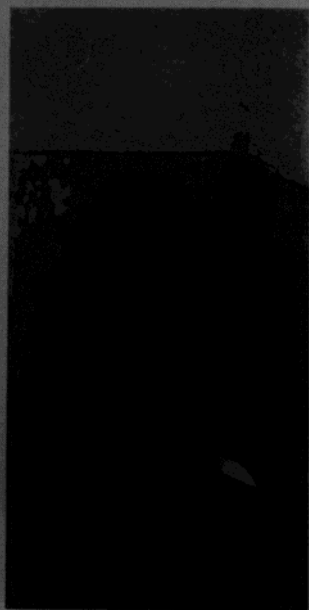


Spain is not a republic until
it understands the historical
mission of a republic

Ernesto Gonzalez

THE central interest in the question of Spain today is in the progress of the war. News despatches, magazine articles, even books are being written from the point of view of observers and participants in the epic struggle of the Spanish people against Fascism. Moreover, many writers and publicists have already explored the immediate background of the Spanish conflict: the development of the People's Front, the issues of republican unity versus feudal treachery and reaction.

In the heat of the day-to-day activities it is likely that the deeper understanding of Spanish political



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and economic evolution is being neglected. Rather than remaining the property of academicians and scholars, this material should be available to every-one interested in Spanish Democracy.

The reconquest of Spain by the Christian lords and their vassals reversed the process of Moorish civilization and destroyed the technical superiority, the irrigated agriculture, the learning and tolerance which Spain had formerly enjoyed. The conquistadores who ransacked the New World for treasure left no permanent fruitful colonization there, precisely at the moment when the expulsion of the Arabs and the Jews was undermining Spain's internal economy.

Legacy from Decadence

Manufacture and trade gave way to sheep-raising, and agriculture degenerated. Those political changes which accompanied the industrial revolution of the advancing western countries missed their historic opportunity in the sixteenth century. Subsequent Spanish history represents one long effort to overcome feudal and reactionary decadence.

The Spanish Republic inherited a feudal agriculture, still in the petrified form of the sixteenth century, as well as a backward industry, already overshadowed by the great imperialisms.

The People's Front had just begun to organize progress in Spain when its energies were diverted to the grimmer tasks of winning the war. And even the war-time measures, now being applied to industry and agriculture alike, indicate the effort to solve those conditions for which four centuries of Spanish decadence are responsible.

Sixty per cent of the Spanish population of some 24 millions are engaged in agriculture. From this figure the entire contradiction of Spanish economy may be unravelled. This predominance of agriculture is emphasized when we consider that, in 1924, a moment of relative industrial prosperity, the total value of industrial production was only 48 billion pesetas compared with 86 billion for agriculture.

Even in agriculture, Spain is backward compared with the rest of Europe. For example, while the yield of wheat, in quintals per hectare, was 15.1 for all of capitalist Europe in 1933, for Spain it was only 10.5.

The Landed Estates

Out of a total of 50 million hectares of land, some 18 millions were not being cultivated, although they were productive and could have been much more so with the slightest irrigation. Millions of hectares were devoted to fighting bulls, race-horses and the pastimes of the nobility.

Two general systems of land tenure prevailed. In the North and parts of the Central area, the land was minutely divided and held by millions of small tenants who paid feudal taxes to absentee nobles: a condition that still bears the marks of the piecemeal reconquest of the late Middle Ages. For instance, 2,900,000 hectares of available land were divided among 2,500,000 separate holdings, just about three acres per family; while Pascual Carrion, the famous Spanish agrarian economist, estimated that at least ten hectares per family were essential for decent and minimum living standards.

While the land in the North was thus atomized on the basis of semi-feudal sharecropping, in the South and Southwest large landed estates, or latifundias, prevailed. For, the Christian nobles coming down from the north of the Iberian peninsula took over what were then fertile tracts from the Arabs and handed them down without division through the

generations. If we take the most important and most typical provinces of this category, the following land figures are revealed:

In Seville: 5% of the population owned 72% of the land.
In Badajoz: 3% of the population owned 80% of the land.
In Castile: 2% of the population owned 67% of the land.
In Ciudad Real: 1.8% of the population owned 75% of the land.

Some 40 per cent of the active agricultural population owned no land at all.

The land was thus brutally divided and feudally tenanted in the North, while completely monopolized in the South, and millions of people owned no territory whatsoever. Both these facts, taken together, and understood in terms of their social implications, revealed the sharply antagonistic class relations in the countryside, and foretold the inevitable agrarian explosion.

Here, then, is the situation which the Spanish Loyalist government has already begun to solve by

expropriating the land of the Fascist nobles, by extensive modernization and land settlements, and by certain forms of collectivization. Here, too, is the factor which confronts Franco in his rear: that reaction of the peasantry to his régime, which he can only attempt to postpone, but which he cannot indefinitely avoid.

Widespread Unemployment

The very existence of these latifundias gave rise to widespread unemployment and migratory labor. For the large estates devoted to pastures needed only one or two workers, such as shepherds; while if these lands were properly cultivated, they could support from ten to fifteen thousand farmers per thousand hectares. General inefficiency, resistance to scientific methods, to dry farming and modernized transportation, also resulted from these same land tenure relations, for the absentee noble derived

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THE FIGHT, April 1938

Shadow on the Americas

The Rebel movement has leaped the Atlantic, and seriously threatens the Democracy of the Western Hemisphere... A timely warning by an authority on Latin American affairs

By Carleton Beals

A view from Mt. March of the capital of Fascist Brazil, Rio de Janeiro

THE PEACE of the Western Hemisphere was not decided in the Buenos Aires Pan-American conference. It is being decided on the battlefields of Spain. The fate of the Western Hemisphere in the near future is being fought out at Madrid and Teruel. If by any chance Generalissimo Franco is successful in that struggle, it will consolidate the already existing Black League in Latin America, and open the doors of the continent more than ever to the already very successful drive of the German-Italian-Japanese combination for markets, political resources and control of that area.

Fascism will be at our doors in bloody earnest. The strengthening of the Fascist alliances through Latin America, far from providing stable and secure governments, will increase economic and political problems, and the new iron might instead of national security is likely to convert the southern continent into a shambles.

Then it will be too late to seek other solutions, and not all our good-will messages to the dictatorial and high-handed régimes of Hispanic America will then be able longer to hide the fact that Democracy is dead in South America.

Bonds with the Old World

Spain is the first trench in the battle of our own continent. Spain, in its own right, quite apart from the Nazi-Fascist backers of Franco, has great influence on Hispanic America. So has Portugal on Brazil. Those mother countries have far greater cultural importance for New World lands than England has for us. Bonds with the Old World are also reinforced in the New by large numbers of Spanish and Portuguese immigrants, who exercise considerable and constant influence. A Franco victory in Spain would promote dictatorial reaction in Hispanic America, just as the submission of Portugal to Nazi influence has had its effect already on Brazil.

The immigrants from the mother countries, speaking the same languages, are scarcely foreigners. In New York and in many other cities in the U. S. A., the very large Spanish colonies are made up mostly of poor people; they are heart and soul with the Spanish government, the Loyalists. They have starved in order to send funds and hospital supplies

back home to aid in the fight. But in the southern lands, the Spanish colonies are dominated by wealthy and reactionary members, even where, as in Cuba, there are large numbers of small business men, farm hands and workers. There to the South, the Spanish and Portuguese immigrants have found the road to material success much easier than in the United States. Many have become wealthy merchants, bankers, great baronial landowners ruling thousands of serfs; and in most countries, Spanish rather than native ecclesiastics have seized the high and lucrative posts in the Church. As a result, these influential immigrants have used their economic power, which is large, to swing official support, already very disposed, more decidedly to Franco. Those Spaniards who feel otherwise have, with the help of the various governments, been terrorized into silence.

Nowhere did Franco receive more sympathy than from the dictatorships to the south of us, for those governments are semi-feudal tyrannies based on military force. Nor has Franco despised to cultivate this rich field further, for it has given him tangible aid. Numerous special agents have been sent out. Father Pedro Ibañez and Walls Taberner, two Franco representatives on "a cultural tour" to contact local reactionary elements and organize more systematic propaganda for the Rebel side, have just returned to Burgos to report to the Spanish *Fuehrer* on conditions in Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay and Brazil. And of course, every German and Italian agent of the many that flood Latin America, is a spy, informer and assistant of Franco and his cause.

Uruguay, Guatemala, Salvador and Nicaragua—all ruled by petty tyrants who established their sway by force and murder—hastened to recognize Franco. The legations of some other Hispanic countries became foci of Franco spy-rings and cached ammunition to help the Franco cause strike a treacherous blow behind the Loyalist lines. Many of the southern countries have bought arms in the United States to ship to Franco.

Those dictatorships, by suppressing all news favorable to the Loyalists, have sought to create a one-sided public opinion and further buttress Franco's cause. They know that arguments in favor of the

elector government of Spain are dangerous for their own improper rule at home. In Brazil the best ticket of admission to a prison cell or death is to speak or write in favor of Spain's liberal government or denounce Franco. In Peru Loyalist sympathizers have been jailed. In Cuba, the government forbade all public meetings, articles, collections of funds or hospital supplies for either side, but in practice enforced this only against Loyalist sympathizers. Recently a large group of Cubans and Spaniards were arrested for collecting funds for the Loyalists and charged with conspiracy against the Cuban government, which of course is merely the dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista.

In Free Mexico

Only in Mexico and Costa Rica, both enjoying free speech and free press, do public sentiment and the official attitude coincide—and both are in favor of the cause of Spanish Democracy. Mexico, which has its own national arms factories, has shipped supplies to Spain. In Costa Rica, a strong anti-Fascist movement has conducted effective boycotts against Japanese and German goods and has raised the banner of support boldly in favor of the Loyalists. When the Spanish diplomatic representative there turned pro-Franco, he was arrested and deported. Elsewhere the governments of the two continents in varying degrees support Franco, although several, such as Panama and Colombia, pose as neutral and have many official elements in favor of the Loyalists.

Thus, despite our laudatory congratulations to the new President-elect of Argentina, Roberto Ortiz, our praise for his "democratic" government, which for Mr. Hull was such an "inspiration," he represents a dull continuation of the brutal military dictatorship that seized power seven years ago. In the elections of a year ago, though his party through the armed forces controlled the polls and prevented all free campaigning, Ortiz' opponent polled the majority of the electorate. Ortiz was put in by gerrymandered election districts and fraud in the electoral college. No more brutal régime has ever ruled on the continent than in Brazil. Santo Domingo is a chamber of horrors under Trujillo. The Batista régime in Cuba burned my friend Oc-

tavio Seigle alive. Benavides ruins Peru by bayonets, having set aside the election that deposed him and his clique. The story of our Western Hemisphere at this moment is not a pretty one, and our State Department is merely hiding its head in the sands when it talks about noble democratic Latin America face to face with a bad Fascist world.

Following the special Pan-American conference in Buenos Aires in which Roosevelt talked democracy and peace and everybody agreed to sign peace pacts, Sazaveda Lamas, Argentina's Foreign Minister, said: "Now, we'll have to arm like hell." And all the nations of the continent, except Mexico, Canada and the United States, thereupon held a behind-the-scenes congress to decide upon common measures to suppress Democracy—of course they called it by other names.

Naturally those governments—though to please the United States, they pay lip service to Democracy—actually are afraid of Democracy, or they would not be ruling their people with machine-guns. They are fascinated by Fascist ideas, and look upon Hitler and Mussolini as the saviors of civilization. Those southern régimes have provided fertile ground for Fascist propaganda. With every Fascist victory diplomatic or otherwise on the continent of Europe, the reactionary Latin American governments grow more open in their favoritism toward Franco, Germany and Italy.

For World Power

Latin America is well aware that Spain is not merely suffering a civil war but is the theater of a battle for world power. Franco's victory would mean a victory for Mussolini and Hitler. By that victory Fascist influence would be cemented in most of Latin America. Thus the Italian-German drive in Spain is a struggle not merely for the control of Europe and the Mediterranean but for the control of overseas empire and power.

German trade surpasses that of the United States in Brazil; England has dropped to fourth place. German trade grows ahead everywhere. It surpasses that of England in Chile, Salvador, Mexico and elsewhere, and in many countries, such as Salvador, almost equals that of the United States.

Germany and Italy have laid out millions of dollars in propaganda in Latin America. This fund has been added to by forced contributions from all

their nationals from Mexico to Argentina. The Fascist and Nazi movements of Brazil, Chile and elsewhere have been directly financed with German and Italian funds.

Summer Welles of our State Department has taken American journalists severely to task for calling Brazil Fascist and thus endangering American friendship in that quarter. It is a sad day when a high member of our State Department converts himself into a voluntary propagandist for a régime as brutal, as well as anti-American, as that of Vargas in Brazil. Vargas himself claims he is not a Fascist. To prove it, he suppressed the Integralista Party along with all other parties. But he has taken over and written into the new constitution the exact program of the Fascist party there; he has appointed the Fascist leaders to high posts, and he continues under the influence of Germany and Italy, though denying any direct alliance.

Benevides of Peru is little more than a Mussolini puppet. He never sets foot in public without the Italian minister at his elbow. The army is trained by Italian officers; even the police department is run by Italians. The Italian airplane factory set up there is but a base for further control of the continent. Chile is today largely under German sway; British influence there has been shoved aside. Colombia gives Germany special favors in foreign exchange and buys warships from Italy. This all ties up with the Franco rebellion in Spain. It is all part of the same trend in world affairs.

Every day from all the countries go swarms of students to Germany and Italy to study free in the schools, to get military, aviation and naval training, and be indoctrinated. The latest recruit to Italy is the son of that great democratic President of Argentina, Roberto Ortiz. Japan, on its side, is also working valiantly and is in a favored position in Brazil and Peru, and strong in several Central American countries.

This whole Fascist invasion of Latin America has been carried out swiftly and brilliantly. It is aided by the reactionary anti-democratic régimes that exist there, some of them thanks to previous American loans. With large munition supplies to export, the Fascist nations gain a definite foothold in the military establishments of the southern countries. No one but a blind man can fail to see that the Hitler-Mussolini drive in Spain is but the spearhead of a

drive, among other things, to control also Latin America, one of the world's greatest markets and so rich in raw materials necessary for war.

The rôle of the United States in all this is an unhappy one. We have been maneuvered into a policy of friendship for Latin American dictatorships but not the Latin American people. Our Neutrality Law, tied to England's petitions, favors the Franco Fascists and places a penalty on the Loyalists. We protested sharply to Mexico for trans-shipment of American airplanes and war-supplies to the Spanish government. But we have never once protested to Canada, Germany, Italy, Panama or other Latin American countries, that are trans-shipment war supplies to Franco. This middle-headed policy is bringing war closer to our shores.

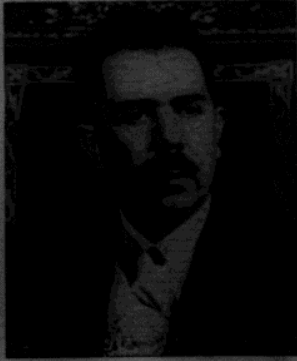
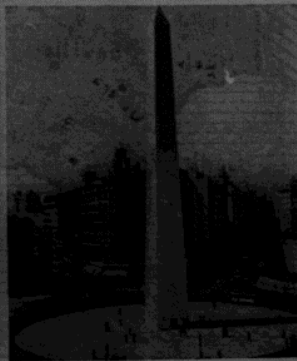
The victory of Franco would be a stepping-stone to the more ambitious scheme of which it is merely a prelude. But despite their autocratic governments the Latin American people are hungry for Democracy. They are anti-Franco and anti-Fascist, except for the small ruling feudal cliques. The rising tide of this democratic sentiment in the near future is going to shake the continent, unless first the Southern continent is converted into a war-shambles through Fascist intrigue.

Across the Americas

In case of a struggle for Democracy in South America, direct German and Italian intervention, possibly Japanese also, would be inevitable. A half dozen South American Spains are likely in the near future. Undoubtedly Germany and Italy would make brave pronouncements denying intervention, but insisting on the right to trade; but the right to trade means the export of munitions, it means the sending of technical experts, it means military intervention under the guise of "neutrality." In fact certain American business elements and a Fascist clique in our State Department would far rather see Fascist control in Latin America than the rise of free and democratic governments.

And thus the battle by Germany and Italy to seat the puppet Franco in power in Spain is also a battle for the whole Latin world and its rich resources. It is a battle for the American continent, not merely Spain. Franco is the tool of imperial aggrandizement. This scheme casts its dark shadow across the Americas. It lies at our doorstep.

In Latin America. (From left to right) Dictator Getulio Vargas of Brazil. The Place de La Republica in Buenos Aires. President Lazaro Cardenas of democratic Mexico





April 1938, THE FIGHT

THE FIGHT, April 1938

★
Map of Spain
 ★



In a Leningrad hospital at the front. Wounded soldier receiving medical attention through aid furnished by Medical Bureau. Right, Dr. Norman Bethune

Life in the Balance

America has helped to relieve the suffering people of Spain, the bombed, the wounded, the starving and homeless, the refugees . . . But we must do much more, writes the executive secretary of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy

By Rev. Herman F. Reissig

IN THE past year I have read hundreds of letters and cablegrams from Spain. Not a day goes by without a letter from an American doctor or nurse or a cable from the International Committee in Paris which coordinates the work of the various national committees aiding Republican Spain. I want to share

one letter with the readers of THE FIGHT. It was written in Barcelona by Constance Kyle. Miss Kyle, a social worker from Chicago, has been in Spain since last summer supervising American aid to the refugee children. This eloquent and significant letter is worth quoting in full: "The Guardia Infantil, San Felipe

de Neri, is gone. The youngsters, the house—gone.

"Just a few days back there were several hundred children being called in the morning, getting their faces washed, coming down to their sly breakfast, being sent out to play where the sun was warmer than the unheated house. There were games, and

laughter and excited anticipation of the Children's Fiesta.

"And now? Now a great pile of ruins, youth squads—boys fifteen, starry, seventeen years old—working on twenty-four hour shifts. Their spotlights down the street are the only lights in this darkened city. A great chunk of heavy stone is moved. Gently, quickly the boys carry away another mangled body of a young child. Mothers who frantically carried their children from Guernica, from Bilbao, from Santander, pace the long corridors of their refuges. Waiting for news from San Felipe de Neri.

And Sudden Death

"Not a woman, not a man in Barcelona had lived a lifetime in those brief moments of the actual bombing. It doesn't take long to kill hundreds of people with a Caproni plane and a little trigger made with the precise purpose of releasing death and destruction. You watch them come. You count each whistling thud. The first, the second, a third, a fourth, a sixth, *Madre Mia*, a seventh! You see the debris fly up higher than the cathedral spires when they hit a crowded quarter just behind it. No, it doesn't take long to puff the trigger and then cut the back to Mallorea.

"A letter from home: Do you think we can take sides? The only answer: When you see the mangled body of a child and a Caproni above with trigger pulled, can you look your conscience in the face and ask that question? When you know such things are capable of happening, can you hesitate to throw your weight with every humanitarian force to say, 'We'll work to stop this while we have a breath left in us!' Another message from home. 'A large group of Americans registered their protest in Washington this morning against the cruel



Health examination in Madrid

April 1938, THE FIGHT

bombing of the civil population of Barcelona and other open cities of Republican Spain.' That is more like it. That is in keeping with all the traditions of a people who value and mean to retain their democratic liberties. Surely we Americans are a people ready to say that a child has the right to protection from a battery of bombing-planes. This is not just the concern of the mothers pacing the halls of the refugee centers. This is the concern of every man, woman, and child who lives in the same world with them. While there are forces in the world who plan and actually do unleash such cruelty, no one is safe. There is no possibility of closing the door of an American home that is not hit today, and forgetting the children of Spain. Yesterday Guernica, today Shanghai and Barcelona, tomorrow Paris, London, and New York!

"The time to answer Barcelona is before it reaches New York!"

It Is Not Strange

Well, there you have the whole picture—the stark human suffering and need, the incredible brutality of the Fascist totalitarian war, the critical meaning of the Spanish conflict to believers in Democracy the world over. It is not strange that American public opinion should overwhelmingly side with the Loyalists. It is not strange that millions of our people are now convinced—their number is growing very rapidly—that the American embargo against Spain is utterly indefensible from any point of view and must be repealed. The strange, the unbelievable thing would be that, seeing the terrible suffering of a people fighting for freedom against savage reaction, we should act as if it were no concern of ours.

It is useless to point out the iniquities of Fascism: its sordid record



Refugees, father and children. All over Spain, tens of thousands of men, women and children are left homeless, like the three above, bewildered and looking for shelter

of the bombing of civilians; its torpedoing of foodships; its murder of countless civilians because of their political or religious convictions; its pervasive intellectual climate which stifles all culture—all this is of no avail unless we resolve to take counteraction. What are we going to do about Spain—that is the important thing.

A Program of Aid

A program of aid for Spain must be based primarily upon the situation which confronts us there and collaterally upon the position taken here by the American public. Such things as the food situation; the need for medical assistance; the desperate plight of an estimated million and a half war refugees in Spain, must be taken into account if we mean to evolve a plan broad enough to cope with the problems presented. In order to assure that such a plan will have every prospect of success, it is necessary to work concurrently at home toward mobilizing American public opinion in behalf of active aid to the Spanish people.

In his masterful speech before the Cortes meeting at Montserrat, Premier Negrin admitted the seriousness of the food situation in the following words:

"The greater part of the wheat-growing regions, the cattle and milk-producing areas, are in the hands of the Rebels. . . . We had a deficit in the

harvest of the majority of agricultural products. . . . All this was aggravated by the confusion and insufficiency of transport both by land and by sea as a consequence of the struggle."

Never in European history has a responsible official of a great nation made such an admission during war time. During the early stages of the German submarine campaign in 1917, the British public was totally unaware how little food reserves remained in the British isles, how desperate was the situation. Prime Minister Lloyd George never considered taking the British public into his confidence on this all-important issue—an issue which was the incessant topic of Cabinet debate. The fact that Premier Negrin was able to make this admission is evidence both of the seriousness of the situation and of his faith in the ability of the Spanish people to meet the problem and to overcome it.

Refugees from Franco

Augmenting the seriousness of this problem, is the necessity of caring for the estimated million and a half refugees who have poured into Catalonia and Murcia from the regions now under Franco's rule. I saw something of this when in Spain last year with a delegation from the North American Committee. But nothing that I can say will convey a picture of the situation so well as the following ex-

cerpt from a letter written by Francesca Wilson, an English social worker, which describes conditions in Murcia, one of the great refugee centers. Miss Wilson writes:

Chaos and Misery

"One's first impression of the refugee situation is of terrible chaos and misery. The first day in Murcia I went to the Pablo Iglesias—a huge building where four thousand are housed. The floors have not yet been divided into rooms, and form vast corridors, swarming with men, women and children of all ages. There is no furniture of any sort—only straw mattresses. It must be remembered that many of the refugees have been in this building for two months. Nearly all come from Malaga, and look indescribably poor, dirty and wretched. The Municipality can only afford to give one meal a day to this house, with the addition of a little milk to the children in the morning. I thought the dish of soup which they did get was quite good—potatoes and rice mainly—but was appalled to think that that was the only meal for all those hungry people. The noise was terrific, babies crying, boys rushing madly from floor to floor, women shouting to them. There is nothing for the children to do. People crowded round asking if we were going to do any-

(Continued on page 62)

Children of Tarazona after a bombing

THE FIGHT, April 1938

PETER PAN and the American radio industry refuse to grow up. Like naughty children, the broadcasters shirk their responsibility to keep the public informed in this most critical period of world history, and scream at the top of their lungs that their only real function is to purvey entertainments.

A perfect case in point is network coverage—or lack of coverage—of the wars now going on in Spain and China. Outside of some early reports by commentator H. V. Kaltenborn, a desultory series of talks by newspaper correspondents and officials of the warring factions, and starchy Press Radio and Trapp Radio news bulletins, neither N.B.C. nor C.B.S. makes any effort to follow day-by-day developments in these war-torn lands.

Despite the fact that station E.A.R., Madrid, has increased its power sufficiently to prevent interference and that its reports of war developments have been proved absolutely correct by subsequent events, the American networks have ignored the Spanish government's repeated requests that its more important programs be re-broadcast here.

On the other hand N.B.C. recently barred a scheduled talk by C. T. Wang, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, on the excuse that "in no instance will it (N.B.C.) allow the representative of a foreign government to go over the heads of our State Department to speak directly to the American people." It may be a coincidence that shortly thereafter C.B.S. allowed commentator Kathryn Craven to report the results of her interview with the Japanese Ambassador, Hirohito Saino, but censured an attack she made upon the war policies of Adolf Hitler.

To return to station E.A.R., Madrid, American newspaper correspondents do not share the prejudice against its "propaganda programs." In fact the information it purveys has so often been found accurate that the journalists frequently base their cabled reports on its news broadcasts. On the other hand, radio reports from Rebel territory are treated as jokes by the correspondents.

In spite of this, the great majority of American newspapers fail to list programs of E.A.R. on their short wave schedules although such broadcasts can easily be picked up in this country. Notable exceptions are New York's *Herald Tribune* and *Daily Worker*.

From Spanish Trenches

TRANSATLANTIC programs are, of course, only a small part of the good work being done by Loyalist radio stations. Local broadcasts from Madrid and other cities have been of immeasurable value in keeping up the morale of the Spanish people and in organizing resistance behind Franco's lines. In fact radio—and its close ally, the portable "P.A." or public address loud-speaker—have been as valuable as soldiers, tanks, planes and cannon in holding back the Fascist invasion.

In this connection, I am proud to quote Steve Nelson, who saw a long period of service in Spain in the 15th International Brigade.

"On the Aragon front last August where the drive toward Saragossa was held up by Fascist concentrations, a Moor was captured and brought to Brigade headquarters," Nelson reports. "Some of the soldiers ran their fingers across their throats, expecting that the Brigade would put this fellow against the wall and shoot him, but our Political Department never permits such things to be done to prisoners of war.

"Instead we got an interpreter and asked the

RADIO

Spain's Loyalists broadcast across oceans and across trenches their democratic message to the world

young Moor why he had joined the Rebels. He explained that he was a poor fisherman (he was only twenty-one) and that he was merely drafted into the army after being promised land and other things in Spain. He felt that that would enable him to live better than he used to and did not complain, particularly since he had no real voice in the matter and would have been made to join by force.

"In Spain he discovered that none of his countrymen were getting any pay besides the loot they obtained in captured towns. But still he did not protest, because the Fascists told him that if he were captured by Government forces he would be shot.

"He was astonished that we did not treat him badly but on the contrary went out of our way to make him feel that we were his friends. When we offered him food, however, he became frightened and thought that this was his last meal. Then we explained to him the policy of the Loyalist government toward the peasants and poor people generally. This surprised him very much, but he assured us there wasn't a Moor in his battalion who would believe it.

"Next we asked him if he would be willing to go back to his battalion and tell the truth to his fellow countrymen. Some of our less experienced men objected to this plan. They saw in the Moor all the vicious things the Fascists had done to their families. They wanted to finish him. However, we carried out our decision and permitted the prisoner to crawl back to the Moorish lines at night. We also made arrangements for him to return with a group of his men.

"We waited the first night and the second night. Some of our boys gave me the Bronx cheer, remarking: 'So that is some of your political work!'



"However, the third night our young Moor, together with six of his comrades, crawled back to our lines. Our boys gave them a rousing welcome. Before the night was over we pulled our loud-speaker as near as possible to the Fascist trenches, built a sandbag barricade around it, and in the morning started a program for the Rebels. This began with records of Moorish songs and concluded with our six prisoners speaking to the battalion of which they had been members.

"We are on the Loyalist side now," they said into the microphone. "Remember me? I am so-and-so. There are six of us here. It is not true that the Loyalists shoot prisoners. On the contrary they treat us better than we ever have been treated by the Spanish Fascists and Italian officers. They gave us food. They are going to take us to work on the roads. They really acted decently toward us. It is all lies—what we have been told before—that the Loyalists are anxious to shoot every one of us."

"They went on and on. Some of them said things we couldn't quite make out, for our translator had a hard time following their rapid Moorish dialect. He understood enough, however, and it was obvious to all of us who watched that those Moors had seen a new ray of hope in life.

"The result of all this was that the Moorish battalion was relieved two days after this incident and other troops put in their places. The Fascist officers were afraid to let this battalion remain because we were striking at the weakest spot in their army. Through their own men we were able to answer the lies that had been spread among them. Thus we were weakening their morale.

"This is only one case where political work by means of radio or loud-speaker enabled us to fight the Fascists effectively. Another and even more striking incident occurred at Belchite, where a few men who deserted the Fascist lines were asked to speak to their friends and urge them to surrender. The result was that the men shot their officers and on the night of September 5th, 350 of them came over to the Lincoln-Washington Battalion."

Freeing the Air

AFTER that inspiring report on what the Spanish people are doing with their radio, it is interesting to turn back to America and find that in spite of themselves our networks are being forced by their listeners to take a more liberal position. According to latest reports, continued widespread protests against their reactionary commentaries soon will force General Hugh Johnson and Edwin C. Hill off the air. Now if somebody will figure out a way of grounding Father Coughlin, Boake Carter and Henry Ford's stooge, William J. Cameron, the long hard winter should be about over.

Also, Columbia has recently scheduled talks by Charles and Mary Beard, former Ambassador William E. Dodd and William B. Spofford, while National's *Trust Hall* continued to sink its teeth into a number of important controversial questions.

On the other side of the ledger is a new crop of "advice to the consumer" programs which are springing up overnight. The manufacturers have become decidedly worried over the good work being done by such bona fide groups as Consumers' Union, and are trying to stifle it by starting oh-so-impartial advisory cotnells of their own. One of the first of such programs is R. H. Macy's *Consumer Quiz Club* on WOR, but there will be others. In listening to them, remember the old legal phrase: "Let the buyer beware!"

—GEORGE SCOTT

April 1938, THE FIGHT



THE FIGHT, April 1938

For Adoption • By Art Young

Three from the Brigade

How two Italians and a Hungarian came to lie together in the Spanish earth. . . Casting down their bodies like a bridge to some better morrow

By Leon Savin

ILLUSTRATED WITH LOYALIST POSTERS

THERE were three of them: two Italians and a Hungarian from the International Brigade. An automobile like all the automobiles that trail jerkily over the torn and dusty roads at any front came round the church (converted now into a granary) and stopped in the courtyard, at the rusty gate. It was an automobile like any other. That is to say it was covered with a thick crust of mud, one running-board dangled like a broken leg, and there were little holes in the body; bullets had passed through. And yet this wreck differed in one respect from its fellows: there were red crosses on its sides and top. What touching velvet—a vestige of better days when that cross still served as protection, still was respected by the enemy! Those charitable times are long since past; this image—symbol of human woe and suffering flesh—no longer protects anyone. And no doubt from the sky the great barracks, speckled with those vermilion crosses on a white ground, make an admirable target for the aim of civilization's defenders. . .

Two men stepped down from the ambulance. A bespectacled old man with mustaches and a young man, red-headed, too thin, his face tortured by permanent sleeplessness. Then the old man and the young one lifted down the two Italians and the Hungarian; they were a little because it was a heavy load.

A mule tied to the gate stretched its neck despairingly in a vain effort to reach the church window through which there escaped the heavy, peaceful odor of freshly dried hay.

Down below, closed in among the bare and wrinkled mountains, as if in the palm of some gigantic hand, a little pond lay, quite blue, with an island, submarine-shaped, at the center. In the shade, some boys of the N-th crouched about a great devil of a fel-



low with the burned and rapacious face of a mountain poacher. His head back, his eyes half-shut, he was singing in a strident and plaintive key an interminable lament as desolate as the Aragon mountains of his birth, accompanying himself on a queer-shaped old guitar.

A ray of sunlight struck the breach of a rifle, and the rifle, outstretched in the light like a bather on the beach, turned its one eye, deep and indifferent, toward the blue distance that was filled with a heavy and threatening thunder.

A woman with dirty browned legs, perched on a crumbling wall, laughed, timid and provocative, between two tired and smiling soldiers.

THERE they were, the two Italians and the Hungarian—all alike under the sheets on which blood had sketched strange and fantastic flowers—wide, paunchy and blackish, shiver-

ing as if swayed by some imperceptible inner wind. That shiver—it was the flies, swarming in a packed mass, outlining with geometric clarity those stains on the deathly white of the sheets. They were carefully swaddled in that hospital whiteness, the Italians and the Hungarian, as if the bespectacled old man and the tired red-head who had them in charge were ashamed of their immobility, and had resorted to this trick in order to substitute the sculptural rigidity of white cloth for the sepulchral rigidity of the bodies. Nothing protruded except two feet. One still wore a shoe—toughened, muddy, with big nails and a cord for a shoestring. It was absurdly posed, that shoe: its toe to the ground, its heel to the sky; quite stiff. The foot that was still inside looked like a useless accessory, an obvious handicap to motion. The other foot was bare, yellowing of an uncertain color, an incomprehensible color, a color beyond

life. The skin was thick and horny. At first you were almost surprised not to see toenails in it, as on the other foot. The little toe was bloated by a corn. That foot, with its broken nails, with its deposit of stale dirt between the toes, seemed to be forgotten there on the grass, seemed to rest in bliss, its journey through the turgid misery of life ended for all time. Perhaps, under the nails, there still clung a bit of dust from a Hungarian road which some conscious will had stranded here in sunny Aragon, like a palpable proof of the brotherhood of all who suffer, like an irrefutable rebuttal hurled in the face of greedy nationalism.

The three white blotches stood out strangely motionless on the glaucous green of the grass, lapped in the heavy and maternal scent of stirred earth. Their immobility passed the limits of immobility; it looked unreal, and because of that unreality it no longer inspired either respect or fear.

And then, those three bundles looked



too small, as if death had falsified their dimensions.

If it were not for those feet it would have been almost impossible to guess that there was human wreckage there.

A SPARROW, emboldened by all this tranquillity, pecked at the upturned earth on the rim of the fresh grave.

This grave was really not very deep; it was hollowed out in haste—with so much work for the ambulance that day you couldn't do things well. The old man in spectacles was scarcely up to his waist in the grave. He looked skeptically at his handiwork and stood dreamily, his spade in his hand, rooted up to his ankles in the earth, like the trunk of a withered fig.

Then, in a voice in which doubt was overcome by the orderly's measureless exhaustion, he asked, addressing no one in particular but merely by way of salving his conscience: "It's a bit shallow, no?"

He knew it: it really was very shallow. But the earth was unyieldingly hard.

The redhead sat down on the edge of the grave, rolled a cigarette, spat and gave his opinion: "It'll do anyhow."

Silence. The guitar resounded far away. The old man, comforted, backed away a few more times with an aimless spade, and breathing out his weariness in a tired curse, he clambered painfully out of the ditch, using his knees and fingers.

The redhead smoked. A bluish trail floated above the three white objects, a last incensation without artifice and infinitely human.

"All the same we ought to take off the sheets," said the redhead hesitantly; but he did nothing. The old man did not seem to hear him. They picked up a body and bore it to the edge of the grave. The flies, disturbed, fluttered about for a moment,

A story of the men of all countries who willingly gave their lives, by a Frenchman now in Spain

then came to rest again upon the stains in a little high-pitched buzz.

"You'll have to get down," said the redhead.

The old man dropped into the grave and waited, his feet apart and his head down, like a horse at rest.

With the help of the redhead, I picked up the object: it was strangely heavy. We let it slither down into the old man's arms.

For all its apparent smallness, that body was nevertheless too big and didn't fit in the grave. The old man jammed it in with kicks.

THAT is how we got all three of them down—the two Italians and the Hungarian. All three occupied

ended in the middle of his chest—we felt more at ease; it was, after all, a man, however mangled, gutted, cloven, with entrails burgeoning like some monstrous flower—it was a man and no longer that white thing, stiff and disturbing in the frightful mystery of its past suffering. The sight of that hacked flesh—it was no longer flesh, it was no longer anything, it no longer had a name—almost comforted us. Here was a man who had suffered greatly, who, like any human being, did not want to die; ripped open like an envelope by a splinter of shell, he had clunged for a few moments more at a life that was draining from his body. From that last struggle he still retained the hands contracted over the



the same grave and they were even so tightly packed that the old man didn't know where to put their shoes and fumbled about clumsily, getting dirt on the sheets.

"Look here, how about the sheets? We've got to save them, after all," said the redhead in a firm tone, but he didn't move. The old man looked at us, at me and the red-headed man, the begging for help. We didn't stir. You always leave the dirty jobs to others when you can, don't you? Anybody in our place would have done the same.

So the old man grasped the sheet with both hands. It was heavy. Ringed about by a black halo of flies, he tugged until he had got it half free. Then with a sharp jerk he got the whole sheet out. The body rolled gently over on its back. It had regained its normal dimensions. Even though it was open like a valve—the fissure started between his legs and

belly; and his mouth from which flowed a rivulet of clotted blood was wide, gaping, twisted by the ultimate anguish of a failing flesh—but all that, frozen in a movement which could not be completed, was very human and simple. Simple to the point of absurdity.

The old man pulled out the other two sheets in the same way. The second man had been killed properly; a bullet had entered his back and come out a little below his heart. This one had his pants on, and even a little nickel-plated chain that started at the belt and ended in a pocket. A dressing, hurriedly applied and apparently useless, encircled his body. With his shriveled leg bent back on his belly, he seemed to be getting off a bicycle.

The third, the one with the bare foot, the Hungarian, was sawed in half: machine-gun fire. From the dingy bandages there emerged a head of blond hair, wavy, like a wheatfield



under the June wind, a head with great eyes wide, amazed, far-away, which the sun was filling with gentle, motionless reflections.

TO THE south the cannon roared: the International Brigade was attacking the machine-gun emplacements which defended X.

Trucks with red crosses crawled painfully across the dusty gravel, carrying a bleeding burden which moaned in all the languages of the world: pain, like poverty, knows no nationality. A man who suffers, like a man who toils, like a man who dies, is only a man, nothing more.

From France and Poland, from Bulgaria and England and America, from everywhere, they have come here—they who do not understand each other, they who have only their lives to lose, nameless workers of all countries, ready to cast down their bodies like a bridge to some better morrow.

THE EYES of the young Hungarian were drenched in the sun of Aragon. A light puff of wind stirred a lock of his hair for a moment, and that little, almost imperceptible motion brought him to life for a second.

All three of us stopped a minute to look at those three bodies, huddled in brotherhood against each other in a grave that was too narrow. Then we took our spades and threw earth on them.

"That's a dirty wound he got, all right," said the old man, dropping earth on the disembowelled one.

"Anyhow it didn't last long," answered the redhead, and his eyes were full of the long and sleepless nights pierced by death-rattles, marked by trains of bloody tampons.

I looked at the time: in ten minutes our detachment was to go up the line. I lit a cigarette and, once past the gate, I thought no more of the three strangers.

IN A SENSE, the heroic defense of the Spanish Republic against international Fascism has been a veritable studio for emotion pictures, with its interplay of social forces, people, ideas, and emotions. With world interest focused on the Iberian peninsula since July 1936, it was a natural setting and subject for film-makers, both the independents and the "colossal."

However, the American film trade journals report that only three feature pictures were scheduled for production in Hollywood: *The Last Train from Madrid*, *The River Is Blue*, and *Siege of the Alcazar*. The first was made and released in June 1937, the last did before it was completely written, and *The River Is Blue* was written twice and only now has gone into production, reflecting the hectic life most Hollywood productions are doomed to lead.

The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount) arrived in New York last June and promptly laid an egg. Those who paid no attention to the movie reviewers were horrified to see what might well have been called *The Last Train from Ravenna*. Held as an impartial creation that portrayed "democratic Spain repelling the invaders," the producers presented instead a dull, ineffective melodrama that made use of the Spanish struggle merely in a geographical sense, and by indirection not so subtly attacked the Loyalists.

The Siege of the Alcazar, conceived by Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox as a dramatic and emotional assault on the Republican forces, died stillborn after the Associated Film Audiences insisted, and various progressive groups carried through a widespread campaign of protest against its production. But the brief and tortuous history of *The River Is Blue* (Walter Wanger), though not yet completed, proves more nutritive to the student of current history.

Planned as a more or less honest attempt to cash in on the interest in Spain, with a more or less honest portrayal of the conflicting forces, the movie trade was informed at various stages that (1) Clifford Odets was assigned to write the original screen story, (2) Odets was assigned to adapt Ilya Ehrenburg's *Lones of Jesus Nry* to the Spanish scene, (3) that John Howard Lawson was to rewrite the Odets script, (4) that the entire production was off, (5) that it was on, (6) that the Hays office was interested in modifications, (7) that the picture would be produced at a later date based on a different novel in a setting other than the civil war in Spain, maybe as a musical!

Assuming that Wanger's intentions are of the best, and unlike the other producer-members of the Hays organization, that he is not a common-law wife of Elder Hays—as all the others are to the former Postmaster General and to each other—nevertheless the fine Italian hand of the movie czar is discernible in the abortive delivery of Wanger's brain-child.

(The reader, we trust, will forgive us this afterthought.) Instead of *Siege of the Alcazar*, Zanuck's company released *Love Under Fire*, which in the script form dealt with the Spanish War but in production became a "whodunit" with the missing jewels separating Don Ameche from Loretta Young.)

News Fit to Show

ALL THE newsreels covered the war—for a time—mainly from Burgos terrain. Pathé News, Paramount, Fox, Metro and Universal placed most of their men on the Franco side of the front; and in case the scenes showed Republican

MOVIES

villages under fire of Franco bombs, their sound-track voices, though recorded outside of Spain, were likewise on Franco's side of the front. Occasional more or less honest newsreel coverage, unfortunately, must be written off to the discredit of the home offices in the light of the preponderantly dishonest and often abusive editing and commentary.

Independent Films

ONLY a handful of independently produced films arrived on these shores. The first, *Civil War in Spain*, (four reels) was released soon after the Rebel outbreak, having been produced largely from pre-Spanish War newsreels, and with only a few minutes of shots from the current war. Not



Left to right: Joris Ivens and Ernest Hemingway, who made *The Spanish Earth*; Ludwig Renn, German writer

stymied by the lack of a production staff in Spain, the producers—a small group of Italian gentlemen who kept their office in their hats—put in a bit of hard work on this first film to meet the world-wide interest in the Spanish people's defense of their Republic. The genre dug deep and far and came up with several stirring sequences which climaxed their "documentary" film. Their scoop wasn't so bad at the box-office, in those early days of the war. Unfortunately for art, history and honesty, the hard-to-get climactic sequences were culled from the five-year-old British film *Battle of Gallipoli*, which melo-dramatized the World War on the Turkish front!

But six months after the war began, almost simultaneously two more independent documentary films found their way to the screens and consciousness of America. *Defense of Madrid*, a forty-minute 16 mm. (non-theatrical size) film produced by Ivor Montagu in Spain on assignment by the British Progressive Film Institute, came first. Short, rough, "not finished," this modest production which featured the international nature of the war was rapidly circulated throughout the country. One month later, in January 1937, *Spain in Flames* was presented in New York, and within four months

was shown in over two hundred theatres and hundreds of schools, trade union meeting-places and clubhouses, precipitating in each town a sharp demarcation between pro- and anti-Fascists. Composed of two sections, the first made by Film Historians from historical "stock" newsreel scenes and current shots of the defense of Madrid, and the second by two daring Soviet newsreel men on several fronts, *Spain in Flames* was the first full-length document from Spain.

Like its more carefully made successors, *Spain in Flames* was hampered by state and city censor boards here and there, and in organized fashion by the Hearst papers, the Knights of Columbus, sections of the American Legion—all of whom, the rumor goes, took their cue from Cardinal Pacelli, whose brief visit to these shores was followed by a widespread and intense "educational and cultural" campaign against the Loyalist Government and its supporters in the United States.

Though our readers undoubtedly are familiar with the last two films from Spain, our summary of pictures from the Spanish "studio" must record, however briefly, those two magnificent creations: *Heart of Spain*, documented in Spain by Herb Kline

and Géza Kárpáthi and edited in the United States by Leo Hurwitz and Paul Strand, both of Frontier Films—and *The Spanish Earth*, photographed by the eminent Dutch film-maker Joris Ivens with a commentary by Ernest Hemingway, edited by Helen Van Dongen.

Heart of Spain (three reels), essentially a product of Frontier Films, and a powerful demonstration of their technique of "dramatically effective documentation" was acclaimed by the reviewers as "pictorial dynamism." Sponsored by the American Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy, the film has been used widely as a counter-agent to the pro-Fascist newsreel propaganda and as an organizational instrument to stimulate and extend American sympathy for the Republic of Spain.

Like *Heart of Spain*, the Contemporary Historians production *The Spanish Earth* was greeted by critics and distinguished Hollywood artists as a dynamic contribution to the art and industry of film production. Slower paced, full in treatment, less sensational, the latter reached more of the theatre-going public than *Heart of Spain*, and like it is being circulated in schools, clubs, churches and other non-theatrical groups at present.

—THOMAS COR McCLAIN

April 1938, THE FIGHT

Where Do Catholics Stand?

Quotations from official Church organs in Europe and America reveal that by no means all the Catholic clergy are following the banner of Franco's rebellion

By Thomas Dunn



These Basque monks remained loyal to their people and the Republic

THE LAY Catholic is subject to the same proofs that have convinced other American groups of the brutality of the Spanish Fascists and the justice of the Loyalist cause. But, noting a strong current of sympathy toward the Rebels within the Church, he has a harder task to form an opinion consistent with all his beliefs. He will perhaps be bound to ask himself, "What does the clergy expect of me? What is the position of the Church and what does that require?" We should like to let the clergy and Church speak for themselves. All the quotations that follow are from official Catholic organs.

Is the Rebel cause the cause of Church and Religion?

"With regard to forms of civilization such as ours, where . . . temporal things are more perfectly differentiated from the spiritual order . . . the notion of a holy war loses all significance. . . . If sacred values are found to be (contested and thereby) engaged, war does not thereby become holy: it runs the danger of making what is holy a blasphemy. And the abominable means which it uses today render such a result inevitable. It risks also arousing anti-religious hatreds to a paroxysmal point for which there is no remedy. Because from some people, they will want to destroy them all, and everything that bears the stamp of religion. Because there are priests who encourage a recourse to violence, all priests will be held to be public enemies." —Jacques Maritain, *Colloquium* (London).

The Reverend Bernard Grimley violently rejects what he regards as a "French" view, that is, an anti-Franco view on the part of Catholics. "Can the group of strange people (such Catholics) quote

a Spanish, English, Scottish or Irish Bishop who has come out openly on the side of the Reds? No, all of them are solid against them." But he neglects to add that a strong current of clerical opinion deplores the effects of a divergence between high clergy and laity. Says the Dominican organ, *Blackfriars* (London):

"We notice with thankfulness that *The Tablet* (May 15) in reviewing Canon Rocafall's *Crusade or Class-War*, explicitly repudiates the view still fanatically maintained elsewhere that General Franco's campaign is a 'crusade.' It is too early to assess with any accuracy the repercussions on English Catholicism of the more fanatical forms of the Franco-ophile campaign in our press and pulpits—though such hearsay reports as we have been able to collect, especially from industrial districts, are anything but reassuring."

European Reviews

European Catholics have the advantage of an influential group of Catholic reviews that have insistently rejected the warmongering "crusade" thesis. In France, Belgium, and Switzerland the magazines *Sept*, *L'œuvre*, *La Vie Catholique*, *La Parole Intellectuelle*, *Esprit*, *L'Assaut*, *Le Peuple*, *Liberté* resist the propagandists. In England, *Blackfriars*, in Ireland, the *Dublin Review* hold the line. Echoes of the European viewpoint are heard in America, too. Barbara Barclay Carter (*Commonweal*, New York, March 5, 1937) says, "A commentary in the *Osservatore Romano* on September 18 (unsigned and therefore inserted by the Secretary of State of the Vatican) . . . declared explicitly that there was 'no question of controversy over obedience to the constituted authority and the legitimacy of the right of revolt on which the policy

of the Church was well known.' There is here no conception of a 'crusade' or 'holy war' but a clear distinction between the insurrection and local defense against mob frenzy." The writer remarks the continuance of relations between the Vatican and Valencia, and recalls that in the early days of the war when the Rebel flag was hoisted over the Spanish Embassy to the Holy See, the Vatican ordered it down.

Editor Gillis of the *Catholic World*, New York, proclaims: "So let us have the truth: A Catholic is not bound to belong to any party and least of all a militaristic party, even one that proclaims itself his champion. . . . Now a general offers to deliver Catholics from the yoke of atheists while commanding heathen blackamores to kill Catholics. . . ."

And C. J. Eustace in *Commonweal* explains the views of the great French Thomist scholar, Jacques Maritain: "He warns us against giving the rest of the world an impression we do not mean to create, namely, that the cause of the Kingdom of God demands as means both the force of arms and the aid of modern warfare, the cheers of Catholic patriots and the iron arm of dictatorship."

What is the general position of the Catholic clergy and press on the Spanish issue?

"Blackfriars," July 1937—"On press Sunday Father F. N. Drinkwater said . . . 'As regards our weekly newspaper . . . I cannot honestly recommend them at present [and] since the Spanish War began . . . you will understand the sorrow a priest feels in having to say such a thing and also his unwillingness to say any more about it from the pulpit. But if anybody cares to ask me personally, I shall be quite willing to give them full reasons

(Continued on page 50)

THE FIGHT, April 1938

BOOKS

Capa Reports Spain

DEATH IN THE MAKING, by Robert Capa; preface by Jay Allen; Cowi-Friede; \$2.50.

A BOY AND girl met in Paris. Both were photographers. Both had left Germany because night had set in. And the swastika was a shadow over the moon. Both loved life and because they loved life, what should they do when the same shadow threatened the cities and countryside of Spain? Both packed their cameras and left for Spain.

For one year, Robert Capa and Gerda Taro focused their lenses on the people who were facing Franco's guns. The boy and girl remembered Hitler and the cameras clicked under their fingers and the little boxes held the story of a people fighting for life, liberty, bread and dreams.

The girl was killed one day, crushed by a twelve-ton tank. Her body was taken back to Paris and laid beside Henri Barbusse. The boy, remembering the girl Gerda Taro, continued clicking his camera where both had left off when she died on the battlefield.

This is a book of photographs by this boy and girl. Faces to be remembered, songs in black and white. Did I hear of a friend of mine, a writer, a descendant of the Spanish people, who went to Spain and came back doubtful? Did he see these faces? Did he hear the cry of that Spanish woman: "Better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees"? I am told that this friend of mine is old. I can very well believe that. I know it now after seeing this book. Once upon a time my friend was young and when he was young he believed in life. Old age can be beautiful too but my friend is old at forty. He does not believe in Spain and life.

This book deserved a more careful printing job. But even that has not marred the imaginative craftsmanship in these pages. It is a long time since the days of our own Civil War when the American photographer, Matthew Brady, recorded the life of Lincoln and the tank and file soldier in the Union army. From Brady to Capa and Taro. The struggle for life and freedom continues.

The preface to this book by Jay



Robert Capa, best-known still photographer in Spain. Many of Capa's pictures are on pages 11 to 27.

Allen is as living a thing as the pictures. Jay Allen is right when he says that this book *Death in the Making* might have been "called *Life in the Making* with as much truth."

—JOSEPH PASS

A Century of Shame

JUDGE LYNCH: HIS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, by Frank Shay; 288 pages; Ives Washburn; \$2.50.

THE PRESENT Congress has so far failed to pass anti-lynching legislation which would answer the more than five thousand recorded deaths by lynching since 1882. The Southern gentlemen would have been more instructive if during the weary hours of filibustering they had read into the Congressional Record the case histories of victims collected in this volume.

Frank Shay's new book is a distinct service to the millions of people who are very much opposed to Judge Lynch's methods of dispensing "justice." It is the first book of this kind published in thirty years, and brings up to date the history of lynching in the various states. It reveals that the infamous Judge has travelled far and

wide through the American scene. He has made no exceptions in race, creed, color or sex once the lynch spirit was aroused. It is stated that his excursions in some instances brought as many as fifteen thousand persons to witness justice in operation. Women with babies in their arms, young boys and girls, and men of all ages would turn out to see "swift justice" done, notwithstanding the horror of the act.

It is unfortunate that the author does not sufficiently analyze the economic and social conditions which engender the "mob" and "mob psychology." In the South the landlords rule and reap the harvest of the eroded soil by fostering prejudice and race hatred.

In other parts of the country the bosses entice the "mob" to lynch those who wish to bring about unity in order that the workers may prosper. In the cases of Frank Little, and of Wesley Everest of the famous Centralia lynch murder, the author does take time out to show the debased chicanery of the mine operators and of the timber barons, establishing a long-known fact that Judge Lynch is in the pay of the big bosses.

During recent years comparatively few cases were brought before the Judge; still, he has retained an impressive record, marred by few reversals.

The present book is added dynamite to blast the Judge off his lofty perch. It should help to form public opinion for anti-lynching legislation.

—NICHOLAS WIRTH

A Thriller in Spain

THE WALL OF MEN, by William Rollins; 155 pages; Modern Age Books; 25 cents.

THE PUBLISHERS of William Rollins' new book compare it to his first novel, *The Shadow Before*. The comparison is somewhat strained. The present romance has neither the intention nor the quality of the earlier work. It is frankly an attempt to write a thriller of the Spanish civil war, with a Basque village and the town of San Sebastian as the scenes of operations.

Rollins' portrayal of the struggle of liberal and reactionary elements within the Church, and the systematic pro-

cessions of the Fascists, such as the burning of churches and kidnapping of priests, is well done. The rest could stand improvement. The trouble is that Rollins has taken the *old-fashioned* thriller as his model. So we have a thin-faced murdering man with a barelip, a *marquis* with a dangerous dreamy voice which of course changes to a pretty harsh shriek in the face of danger, tight spots galore for the hero so that you are afraid he may die of nervous indigestion, and a deadly love rivalry which crystallizes the political differences of two friends in double-quick time. All in a style that jumps from genuine pulp to Victor Hugo.

The modern pulp is not quite so simple an affair, and its psychology is not so automatic as that in Rollins' book. It is a medium with excellent possibilities, which Rollins has not fully realized. But he has made a good first try.

—CLARENCE WEINSTECK

Home of the Brave

REVOLT U.S.A., by Lamar Middleton; 313 pages; Stackpole Sons; \$3.00.

THIS HISTORY of some of the minor American revolts helps to explain why the home of the brave is still more or less the land of the free. In its pages is documented that tradition of fighting for liberty which augurs ill to any would-be Hitler in this country.

Beginning with Bacon's Rebellion in 1677 and extending to the "risings" of the Middle Western farmers in 1933 (the latter recounted in a postscript by Barrows Mussey), the book tells the story of a people ready to spring to arms against tyranny almost at the drop of a hat. Reckless courage in a democratic cause, buttressed by well-founded confidence in the masses, characterizes the leaders of these movements. Where events reached the military stage, they led armies which hardly ever numbered more than a few hundred men against all comers with amazing success. Particularly at the time of the Revolution (after as well as before) does it seem that the very climate of America was favorable to popular risings.

Besides those mentioned above, the struggles depicted are the Andros Insurrection, the War of the Regulators,

the War of the New Hampshire Grants, Shay's Rebellion, the Whiskey Insurrection, Nat Turner's Insurrection, the Dorr War and the Pullman Strike. If we fit the Revolution, the Civil War and such better-known revolts as John Brown's Raid into their places, we see the "violent" phase of the integrated, developing conflict between Democracy and reaction—from the first colonial rumblings to the modern labor movement.

To be sure, the author of *Revolt U.S.A.* sees some other and rather strange things. In his comment on the events, he feels called upon from time to time to belittle his heroes and simply to deny the inescapable conclusion that Americans have been a very militant people. There is a glaring contradiction between his sympathetic portrayal of the revolts and his school-maesterish commentary on them.

It must also be noted that the Nat Turner chapter suffers considerably from Middleton's obvious anti-Negro prejudice. But if one discounts these interpretive lapses, he finds *Revolt U.S.A.* well worth reading. The chapter on the Dorr War, the struggle to enlarge the suffrage in Rhode Island, is particularly interesting and valuable.

—CHARLES PRESTON

With the Living Dead

DRY GUILLOTINE, by René Belbenoit; 345 pages; E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.00.

RENE BELBENOIT, although sentenced eight years, spent 15 years among the "living dead" in French Guiana. Four abortive attempts to escape were responsible for the seven added years. In this most execrable of prison colonies, the prisoners know that they must escape or die. Of the 700 that arrive every year, 400 die in the first year. Men work naked in the jungles felling trees. For the slightest infraction of discipline, they are sent into solitary confinement on bread and water. To escape such solitude men often have maimed themselves for life in order to see daylight, even though it be from a prison hospital.

The official corruption, the prevalent degeneracy, the brutality and cruelty of the life in this prison colony are almost unbelievable—to anyone who has not actually been in a French prison (as this writer has). Inmates of the various units of the colony who have written articles describing prison conditions for the press, have been persecuted and actually driven insane in the attempt to invalidate their writing. But René Belbenoit, who went through every possible type of hell in Guiana, after two years of wandering through South and Central America—finally arrived in the United States to tell the tale.

Although we, as Americans, are par-

tian to the French and their Popular Front at this crucial moment, when the democracies are fighting for their very lives against the encroachments of Fascism, nevertheless it is time that France cleaned her house as far as Devil's Island is concerned.

—NORMAN MAULED

When China United

FIRST ACT IN CHINA, by James M. Bertram; 284 pages; Viking Press; \$2.50.

THIS IS an admirable and clear survey of the events which preceded and accompanied the Sian Mutiny of December 1936. It is a study based as nearly on first-hand sources as is at present possible, and includes personal interviews with many of the actors in the drama.

There are sympathetic and warm character sketches both of the Chinese leaders responsible for the "kidnap-

ing" and an extension of democratic principles to the Chinese people. The author has even higher praise for the patience and diplomacy of the Communist leaders, who exercised a restraining hand upon the hot-headed opportunists among the "rebels" and saved the life of Chiang Kai-Shek.

The book opens with a brief but brilliant historical survey of the student patriotic movements of North China. Bertram rightly assigns to the youth who led the vanguard of the Chinese democratic forces the real credit for the present unity and for developing the resistance to the Japanese invaders. They claim a large share of the honor for reviving the spirit of Chinese patriots at a time of black despair and humiliation. Stung to exasperation at the hopelessness of their condition and the degradation of their pride, the heroic student leaders raised high the slogans and banners of the National Salvation Movement at Peiping in the

Chinese lives in civil war, at a time when China's very existence as an independent nation was threatened."

—WILLIAM E. DODD, JR.

Blum's Biography

LEON BLUM: MAN AND STATESMAN; by Geoffrey Fraser and Thadde Natanson; 330 pages; J. E. Lippincott Company; \$3.00.

THE TITLE of this authorized biography of France's leading political figure might less respectably read—*Leon Blum: Everybody and Nobody*. For the *Front Populaire's* first captain has distinguished himself in enough diverse careers for several men of outstanding talents; and at the same time, he seems curiously to lack substance.

Indeed, Blum's value to society could perhaps be summed up; in a time of kaleidoscopic change—and rising Democracy—he was nothing but all France. By profession a literary man (even a dramatic critic), a government functionary, a successful lawyer, a Socialist politician and parliamentary leader; by birth the son of a well-to-do merchant family; a gifted student of the classics and of philosophy; a gourmet worthy of his fatherland; a fashionable man-about-town; a Jew in the country of Dreyfus (and himself a prominent Dreyfusard)—Blum's ties with the nation well qualified him to negotiate the union of democratic forces. He was further qualified by a genius at diplomacy, a phenomenal skill in conciliation and compromise. This talent proved highly useful when turned against the menace of French Fascism.

In this quality as in many others Blum may be likened to Roosevelt. The biographers make the point, and it is not strained the comparison is fruitful. Certainly the Premier's battle with the encrusted French Senate rings familiar to us who have seen the President's fight with the Supreme Court and Congress.


The many aspects of Léon Blum's career and personality are set forth clearly by the authors, of whom Fraser is a European journalist of American birth, and Natanson is a lifelong private and public associate of Blum. While highly sympathetic to Blum, their book is fair to his former political opponents, Radical Socialists and Communists, who have joined in the Popular Front. In addition to its biographical value, it is an enlightening commentary on French affairs of our time.

As befits the subject and his nation, the literary quality of *Leon Blum: Man and Statesman* is well above the average. An index and an appendix with the People's Front program are included, and the book is illustrated with doubletens photographs.

—JOSEPH BRIDGES



A book exposition held by the Loyalists while Franco's guns boomed nearby



The Americans capturing Villavieja de la Canada last spring

With the Lincoln Volunteers

By David McKelvy White

THE JARAMA trenches were on the crest of a steep and bleak hill. They overlooked on one side a long, fertile valley and the little town of Morata, and on the other side rolling country controlled by the Fascists and, beyond, the Jarama River. They guarded the precious Madrid-Valencia highway.

Here the Americans remained from February till June, swept by the bitter, piercing winds of late winter, soaked through and through by the steady, frigid rains of early spring. They had gone up to the lines at a desperate time, most of them without military experience, many of them without any training at all, learning in the trucks how to load their rifles—those who had rifles.

Throughout February and in March they fought with an inventiveness and an abandon that forever assured the reputation of the Americans in Spain. Many were wounded, many lost their lives among those olive trees, but they hung on, and with the other International Battalions they helped to save Madrid in those doubtful days.

Later there was not much action, only daily exchanges of fire and now and then a raid. On sunny days the men spread their blankets to dry and played ping-pong and baseball in the shelter of the hillside. They gave names to their dugouts and to their main trenches and communication trenches. They had by this time dug in with true American efficiency. They had bulletin newspapers and some of their dugouts were rather elaborate,

with candles and lamps and chairs, with a narrow shelf of precious books, with makeshift rugs and even an occasional radio. And they had organized games and classes and entertainment.

The Lincoln men were to go from this into a very different sort of action. When we of the Washington Battalion joined them in July at Canada and Brunete, and when the MacKenzie-Papineau Battalion came up to the lines in September at Belchite, then there was no complaint of monotony. There was no leisure; there were not even any trenches. For this was not defensive but offensive warfare. Constant movement, with only such shelter as you could find at the moment or could construct in a few tense hours. Grim, sleepless weeks of attack, sometimes in contact with food, water, and supplies, sometimes not. Long, exhausting night marches to support a distant point in the vilest against counter-attack. And finally, out of the lines, worn, haggard, bearded, and in rags, yet by some miracle still able to walk and laugh and sing.

Behind the Lines

What do men do while they are resting from battle? It depends, of course, on why they are fighting.

The Americans in Spain know why they are there. The road to Spain is a long one and in these days it is not a simple nor easy one to travel. It is a road not taken by men without strong convictions and at the end of it there is no heaven for the mercenary. The pay in the International Brigades is seven pes-

tas a day—in the neighborhood of thirty cents.

Yet from this princely salary one American battalion, at rest in Aragon, collected eight thousand pesetas and threw such a party as no Spanish town had ever seen. A great Christmas tree with presents for every child in town. Warm clothing and candy and toys and food from Madrid and Barcelona. The entire town present for singing and dancing and games and impromptu vaudeville.

Last summer, in other parts of Spain, the battalions did the same sort of thing. At our rest place, an isolated peasant village, we introduced the American picnic, with all the appropriate games and festivities, sack races, potato races, three-legged races, and so on. We arranged a class, in Spanish, in reading and writing, and the children were nearly crowded out of the school by their enthusiastic and illiterate parents. One of our men became the village cobbler for the length of our stay. "O.K." is now a Spanish word, as *salud* has entered our language, and indeed that of every civilized land.

We organized volunteer squads and in two days saved a wheat crop near the village. And, incidentally, we paid for it. It is surprisingly easy to cut yourself with a sickle, particularly if you are using one for the first time, as most of us were. For several days many men went around with bandaged left hands—"wounded on the rear front."

It is not surprising that the whole village assembled when trucks arrived to take us away. There were tearful farewells, for the Spanish are the most

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Wounded Lincoln men watching the work in the hospital's "laundry"

The men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade fight in Spain to defend the Democracy of America and of the world from Fascism... A first-hand story by one who went "from tapping verses at Brooklyn College to tapping a machine gun at Brunete"

hospitable and kind-hearted people in the world, and many an American later struggled with his nouns and verbs in an attempt to read and answer letters from families who had taken him to their hearts, and of whom he had only the warmest and most affectionate memories.

But Spain and the Americans there can best be described from Spain. I hope that some day a great collection will be made of letters from the men there. They are many and magnificent. They are vividly descriptive and warmly human, and they illustrate what I believe to be characteristic of American qualities—kindness and courage, humor and inventiveness. Here is one such letter which a justifiably proud family recently brought to the office of the Friends of the Lincoln Brigade:

"What's the matter, tella, no letter yet. But with mail conditions being what they are it's quite possible that you haven't yet received my own. Sure hope that you have though, for I have sent three and letter-writing is a bit of an effort over here.

"There is nothing new since my last, other than that I find myself sent away from my battalion to the officers' school. I miss the gang a great deal, but here I haven't much time to spend worrying about them. From dawn (early dawn) till nightfall, and sometimes after, life is a whirl of artillery, machine gun, chemical and infantry theory interspersed with intensive field maneuvers. Diana, which is the Spanish Army reveille, sounds at 5:15 and the day begins with a bang. We're off in a cloud of donkey

shit. And since the time that I can spend here is so limited, I am glad that things are rushed so. It's better to be able to intelligently consider the position of an enemy gun and take it safely, than to dash madly up to its front and get scared to death, isn't it?

"The other students here are a good bunch, but of course they can't compare with the boys in my company. There is one here, a lieutenant of Machine Guns who served seven years in the Irish Free State army. Grand lad. He is only about 23 but he has enough snap and dash about him to be an old Indian army major. (We have an ex-Captain of His Majesty's Own Pink Horse, or something, too.) We have a really remarkable collection of *camaradas* around this town. Couple from Palestine, South America, Cuba, Canada, South Africa, Greece, France, Mexico, and in my section there is Chang of China who arrived here from the States. Poor chap's health isn't so good but his intelligence is to be envied. He is a whiz-bang on military-mapping and surveying.

To Remember His Friends

"Guess you have been reading about our gang smacking hell out of the Fascists up in the line? I hear that my outfit is doing a bit of it too, and here am I stuck in this God-forsaken hole. At least it won't be for long, and that's some consolation. I hope that they are all right. Strange how quickly one can become attached to a bunch of total stran-

gers, isn't it? But then, we have been very good friends while we were together and here it gives a man a warm feeling to remember his friends. It reminds me that one of the boys in the school was telling me about a friend of his, a Company Commander, who got it the day a certain town in the North was taken. This fellow (and this is straight stuff) was an ex-priest from some Irish monastery. 'A middle-aged man,' my partner says, 'and a damned fine gentleman to boot.' I imagine that he must have been a good egg, don't you?

"Lord, what wouldn't I give to step in at our favorite hostel and imbibe a glass of that cold, foaming beer. I have had none since I arrived in Spain and that's back in September. Oh well, life holds compensations for nearly everything, I suppose. At 500 meters I can put four out of five in a 25 cm. bull's-eye with a rifle! I can play the 'long roll' on a machine gun, light or heavy; and with a grenade I can hit an army louse (damn them) in the eye at 30 meters. In this place, these are the things that count, and wine, women and turkey must each wait its or her turn. I reiterate my war-cry. 'I am glad to be here.' I've seen the sun hit the snow on the Pyrenees at dawn and roll down their sides like liquid gold, and I've seen a full brigade snaking into the lines at night, cursing a lovely silver moon. Yes, these things add up on the 'credit' side of the ledger.

"Look, brother, you ask me if there is anything that you can do for me. Yes, there is. Write a lot

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Cultural Heritage

The new barbarians, the murderers of Lorca, are warring savagely on people and poets alike . . . And in the ancient land of culture a new Renaissance takes place, in which people and poet are one

By Rolfe Humphries

WHEN THE Fascists killed Federico Garcia Lorca at Granada in the autumn of 1936, their wanton and criminal act indicated, in the most complete and summary fashion, their entire attitude toward culture and the arts. In Lorca they destroyed not a political opponent, for the poet did not even belong to any of the parties comprising the Popular Front, but a man of rounded culture, well-traveled, familiar with the international scene, deeply devoted to the folk tradition of his homeland, painter, dramatist, musician. In the destruction of his one person, the men of Franco had the satisfaction of killing off several artists; and they stand accordingly condemned to ignominy in the eyes of the decent people of the world.

Spain has never been so blessed with excessive literacy that her artists and intellectuals could afford to cultivate extreme and sensational specialization; and as a matter of fact, most of her living artists today have been and are practitioners of more than one of the arts and sciences. If one scans, for instance, the little volume called *Poets of Loyal Spain*, published at Valencia in 1937—even in the midst of warfare, the publication of poets is considered important—one finds included work by Antonio Machado, teacher of French and philosophy, world

traveler, editor, and dramatist; by Juan Ramon Jimenez, painter, translator of Tagore; by José Moreno Villa, archaeologist, librarian, dramatist, lecturer on painting and architecture, cultural ambassador to the Argentine, editor; by Leon Felipe, pharmacist, student of the theatre, former instructor at Cornell and the University of New Mexico, radio dramatist; by Rafael Alberti, painter; by Luis Cernuda, teacher in the University of Toulouse; and so on, and so on.

Cosmopolitan Culture

There is hardly a corner of the earth where these men have not travelled, and exchanged influence: France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, England, the Soviet Union, the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, the Argentine, the Gulf of Guinea—Paris, London, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, New York and Las Vegas! Such are the men, and this by no means exhausts the list, whose history would come to an end in the event of Fascist victory.

Neither international invasion nor international interest in culture is anything new for Spain. What is new is that here, for the first time, the former openly and avowedly threatens, rather than vitalizes, the latter. It remained for the new barbarians to

raise the slogan, "Death to the Intelligence! Long live Death!"—which no previous invader had ever proclaimed. By her geographical position Spain has been a bridge between Africa and Europe, between Europe and the Americas; even in pre-Roman times, Carthaginians and Greeks vied in colonizing her soil and claiming her commerce.

Spain and Ancient Rome

By the end of the first century A.D., the leading writers of Latin were all Spaniards. It is interesting to note in contemporary criticism of Seneca, Martial, and Lucan the observation of the same traits which have characterized modern Spaniards. For example, Seneca was rebuked for his patterns of "sand without lime," his mere mosaics, his affected and sentimental manner—a criticism which is summed up, more or less, in the familiar phrase, "Invertebrate Spain." Lucan was said to be sprightly and inspired, but to be counted among orators rather than poets; and a general tendency to rhetoric (which Yeats defined as "the will trying to do the work of the imagination") was notable in the earliest days of Spanish art. And the writing of Martial, with its satirical mockery and obscene derision, anticipates the later lampoons and ballads; it has a basic folk

origin in the charm or spell against the evil eye, and long has been a characteristic of the Spanish literary heritage. And even after the strength of Spain had ceased to turn Rome-ward, and the strength of Rome dwindled in turn, the Spanish peninsula continued to show the signs of international struggle. We are told that Spain's literature of the Middle Ages reveals, in the words of one critic, "the philosophical desperation of the Arab, the religious desperation of the Jew, and the social desperation of the Gypsy."

Revival of Learning

After the Moorish occupation, with the advent of the Renaissance, new tensions were manifest. The revival of learning tended in antithetical directions—toward an ancient classicism, and toward a direct interest in local tradition. The literature of the peninsula testified to the diverse claims of illiterate Gypsy and erudite courtier. Each of the leading figures of the time, Gongora (1561-1627), and Garcilaso (1503-1536) felt within his own individuality the interplay of these conflicting forces. The former, an educated product of the universities, scholar and priest, nevertheless wrote—in addition to sonnets and odes—ballads and songs for the guitar; his frequent obscurity and elaborately involved style did not interfere with his composition of vigorous satirical efforts. Garcilaso, soldier, man of action, one-time political prisoner, killed in warfare against the Turks, was in his art all delicacy and grace; the changing fashions of the centuries have not affected the universal charm of his appeal.

In the long run, however, the folk impulse proved stronger than that of the court; the latter declined, but the *romances*, those short poems with a curious medley of lyric and epic appeal, originating in the choral dances and feasts or the common work of the village, were remembered by the people after the voice of the minstrel was silent.

Through the long period of Spain's imperial decline, her literature nevertheless exercised a considerable spell over the hearts and minds of the intellectuals of North America. As Professor Benardete says, "The literary tradition of America is inextricably united with Hispania and her achievements. In the flowering of New England, Tickenor, Prescott, Longfellow, Lowell wrote challenging works on and about Spain." Within the last century, the cultural debt of the Americas to Spain was in some measure repaid in the work of Rubén Darío, the great Nicaraguan liberator, whose work made a profound impression on the minds of all poets who live and write in Spain today.

In the early part of this century, down to and including our not forgotten twenties, there was a tendency in Spanish letters to a mystic fixity; Tagore, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio were powerful influences. One finds that the older generation of Spanish poets, men whose names today writing ballads for the people, were praised for their "poesimistic serenity," their "exquisite sensitivity," and their fight "beyond the angels." Defeat in the Spanish-American War had turned Spanish intellectualism morbidly inward, or outward to curious primitive African cultism; and the German influence during the World War years was not the most salutary of influences on Spain's schools and universities. She had her share of surrealists and dadaists; and our own writers, men like Dos Passos, Frank, Hemingway, MacLeish—again quoting Professor Benardete—"caught intact the image of the Spain that had come to be a fascinating immobility."

A New Renaissance

We know well by now how dynamically Democracy, fighting for its life, has galvanized this static quality into action. There might be learned men in the history of the Spanish culture that we have so summarily reviewed who would look upon this as a

miracle—just as there are in our bustling up-to-date world persons who find it impossible to believe that Spaniards today can have time to bother with the arts in the midst of civil war. Nor is it merely a question of protecting, with the utmost care, the cultural heritage of the past, of removing the paintings of Velasquez to sanctuaries beyond the reach of Fascist bombing-planes. The poets and artists of Spain today are veritably creating a new culture. "It is no longer a question," writes Lorenzo Varela, "of the poet on one side and the people on the other." Poet and people have effected the completest possible identification. At the Writers' Congress held in Valencia last summer, delegates were presented with a booklet containing no less than three hundred *romances*, or ballads, of the civil war. They were written by the most prominent poets in the country, men whose names we have already mentioned and many others—ballads dealing with Madrid, the South, the North, Aragon, Extremadura; ballads dealing with Campesino, Lina Odena, Fernando de Rosa, José Colom, and other heroes and heroines of the people. And these three hundred ballads were selected out of thousands!

Poets at the Front

Moreover, it has not been enough for the poets merely to write; they have done their share at the front as well. Before me as I write is a number of the little magazine *El Mono Azul*, with its heart of poetry, and carrying illustrations that show Hemingway and Dos Passos at the front with Rafael Alberti and Maria Teresa Leon, and the young poet Antonio Aparicio recovering on his cot in the hospital. The same ballads that carry the story of heroism carry also the story of culture; one poem in particular comes to mind, describing the pride and joy of the soldiers in the trenches as they study the alphabet for the first time.

Men of good will dare not let this people down.



April 1938, THE FIGHT

THROUGHOUT the long struggle of the Spanish people against Fascist oppression and invasion, the predominant sympathies of Wall Street have been "freely" given to General Franco's horde.

In showing their prolonged allegiance upon Franco, moreover, the fine gentlemen of the Street have been able to express their enthusiasm for his attack upon the liberties and economic future of an entire people, without suffering from the internal contradictions that have beset English and French capitalists in supporting Franco and the international gangsters who aid him.

The Fascist solidarity practiced by the English big capitalists endangers British imperial interests by threatening British control of the Mediterranean. And the similar support of Fascist policies by French big capital, if successful, would endanger French national interests by completing the encirclement of France by Fascist powers. But Wall Street, having no great stake in Spain, can gloat to its heart's content, without inner reservations, over Franco's example of how to treat an awakened people brave enough to demand and fight for their rights. And at the same time, it can turn a pretty penny selling munitions to Franco-Spain via Germany and Italy.

It is true that some ninety millions of American capital is invested in Spain, and that most of this is under the influence of the House of Morgan, through its International Telephone & Telegraph Co. which bought the Spanish telephone concession from King Alfonso. But this represents little more than one per cent of the total capital which Wall Street has rented out abroad, and less than two per cent of the private American capital invested in Europe as a whole.

Significantly, Wall Street's whole-hearted "moral" solidarity with Franco has been made all the easier by its much larger stake in the economy of Franco's two Fascist sponsors—Germany and Italy. In Germany the Wall Street tycoons have sunk about one-third of all the American capital invested in Europe—or about a billion and a half out of five billion. And since this German investment is "frozen," the Street has all the more interest in supporting the Hitler régime, at least long enough to try to salvage its stake. In Italy, about four hundred millions of American capital has been sunk.

Capitalist International

DRAMATIC illustration of the inner bond that links Fascists and big capitalists everywhere—at least until they fall to fighting among themselves—was the reaction of the international stock markets to the resignation of Anthony Eden and the

WALL STREET

The Street's "heart" beats for Franco's cause, but the boys would like a few more results, please

immense of an Anglo-Italian accord, with all the sinister implications thus entailed for the cause of the Spanish Loyalists, and the democratic world in general. On this news, the markets at London, Paris and Amsterdam rallied sharply, and the New York market soon followed suit.

The Big Business newspapers and financial commentators tried to explain

more realistic explanations. One was that Prime Minister Chamberlain's renunciation of collective security meant that the gigantic world-wide rearmament program would receive added impetus—with unabated profits for the munitions makers. This, the "inside" Street opinion held, would apply with special force to the United States—since it was felt that the pub-

lic reversion to Chamberlain's capitulation to Hitler and Mussolini would strengthen American isolationism, and thereby lessen opposition to the proposed greatly increased government armament contracts to private munitions firms.

The second reason found for these stock market rallies by the more astute Wall Street dopsters is that an Anglo-Italo-German deal would inevitably mean the advance of large credits from

London, which would be used to bolster the crumbling economic structure of the Fascist powers. The implication clearly is that the international capital markets rose out of relief that Hitler and Mussolini were to be saved, and that international big capital was to be spared the strain of countering the tremendous impetus to the world progressive movement which would issue out of the overthrow of Fascism in Germany and Italy.

This point of view was expressed, even if in veiled form, by comments on the British foreign policy crisis in *Barras's* financial weekly, one of the mouthpieces of Wall Street. One commentator said: "The Germans are faced with an industrial collapse unless they can regain their foreign trade. To regain this foreign trade, it is necessary for them to have a long term foreign credit." Another said: "If Britain and Italy sit down for a heart-to-heart talk on cold facts, and if these talks are enlarged to include France and Germany, there is a distinct possibility that some realistic compromise may emerge. Loans, trade, monetary exchange and raw materials would inevitably bulk large in the proceedings."

Misgivings in Manhattan

THIS view of the European situation is an indication that the march of Fascism is not considered as yet a complete triumph by big capital.

In fact, the same holds true as to the private impressions of the keener Wall Street personages on the progress of the Spanish War. From the start, the Street's almost 100 per cent endorsement of the Fascist rebellion in Spain betrayed a not-too-deeply hidden belief that Franco's example could be followed here, if American labor and American progressive forces generally became too strong for the health of Wall Street. But the failure of Franco to achieve his objectives despite twenty-one months of open intervention by Italy and Germany, and despite his complete initial superiority in equipment and trained troops, has given some pause to the budding *Generalissimo* in lower Manhattan.

The accomplishments of the Spanish People's Army, in the face of these tremendous odds, have also had their repercussions on Wall Street's view of Hitler's military prowess. The mounting successes of the Loyalist army have created doubts here and there as to Hitler's ability to win any war against a united people quickly enough to stave off economic collapse of the Nazi régime under war conditions. Some Big Business representatives who have recently investigated European conditions at first hand are even expressing gloomy doubts that the Hitler régime could survive a general mobilization without being overthrown by the German people.

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Old Spain

A world-famous writer tells of Madrid before the Popular Front . . . Of some relics of the past who killed time while Spain starved

By Ilya Ehrenbourg

MADRID gets up late. About ten o'clock in the morning sleepy-eyed clerks begin, between yawns, to set out their wares. Mail is delivered at eleven. At that hour there is still no one in the Ministries. No one, that is, but the porters and perhaps a provincial or two waiting to present some request. The more conscientious functionaries come to work around twelve, and as Madrid is the city of government employees it can be said, without fear of exaggeration, that life in Madrid begins at midday.

Every Spaniard with a little higher education despises discipline and the state. "We are individualists." Therefore it follows that they are partisans of free initiative and unbendingly opposed to state tutelage. That does not prevent them however, from concentrating on a dream, a veritable obsession; that of entry into state employ at the first possible moment! All the *señoritos* (lordlings) are either state functionaries or rejected applicants who dream day and night of sitting in the leather chairs of the ministerial offices.

Exotic Spain!

For foreigners there is something exotic about Spain. An everyday working-girl from the tobacco factory becomes the dream girl of the woman-hungry from Paris to Harbin. The Spanish public functionary is pictured as a sort of madman in a cloak. In reality, the Madrid government employee differs from his colleague in London only in that he spends two hours in the office instead of eight, and he spends those two

hours not precisely in serving the state but in sighing for the dollar he lost at cards yesterday, or in scheming bold methods of retrieving that dollar from the pocket of a timid provincial who requires some trifle from the Ministry.

Just after the April (1931) revolution it was virtually impossible to get into a Ministry. A crowd besieged the Ministers. They were not revolutionaries come with demands and threats. No, they were polite applicants seeking only a place. All who dreamed in the archaic of the Ministries turned furiously Republican overnight. Until then, obviously, they had not cared to serve the Monarchy because of their incorruptible political faith, but now they could freely place themselves at the disposal of the Republic. . . . When they observed that the Republic did not throw the employees of the old régime into the street at once, and that consequently there were no vacancies, their anger knew no bounds. What kind of a revolution was this anyhow?

In addition to government employees Madrid has no end of lawyers. These lawyers, naturally, busy themselves with everything but law. It is so easy to be a lawyer! Moreover, it entails no obligation and looks very nice on a visiting-card. Like the government employees the lawyers are almost always brilliant persons though of very limited culture. They know the feats of this or that bull-fighter by heart; they can improvise a madrigal on passing a pretty girl in the street—like this, for instance: "Preciosa, your *vestiditos* are *sectas*"; they know certain political niceties and their limitations; they know, for



instance, that you can't go to Indalecio Prieto with an introduction from Juan March. But that is the limit of their learning. A lawyer employed in the Ministry of Justice is honestly astonished to learn that there is a country named Holland! He had heard the word but thought it had something to do with a range of mountains. . . . Another lawyer is not firmly master of the multiplication table. . . .

Life in Madrid

The salaries of the functionaries and lawyers are quite niggardly, but life is so organized in Madrid that it is possible to live decorously even though one suffers hunger. This lordling, for instance, passes his whole day in the café. He begins with a vermouth. He is preparing, no doubt, for a succulent meal since the vermouth is an *aperitif*. Yes, but in Spain vermouth is served with a variety of inducements: olives, seafood, potato-chips. Our lordling conscientiously stows away whatever is set before him. Then he crosses over to the café on the other side of the street where he takes what must pass for his after-dinner coffee. He takes it with milk, for he is hardly what we would call "stuffed." But he has eaten something and he is charmed with his life. Sometimes he is more prudent and takes plain milk instead of coffee with milk. Thus he passes his days and nights seated at the sidewalk

cafés, sipping his hot milk and waiting to see if some revolution or other will pop around the corner.

All these *señoritos* dress irreproachably. Cravat-peddlers wander through the streets. One peseta each. What marvel! The lordling changes his tie daily. To him his tie is more important than his dinner. Nor may he ever neglect his shoe-shine. When he has any change he gives the boot-black a haughty signal. As he relaxes for the polishing, you can see him fairly cooing content. He could pass the whole day like that. If he could, he'd have his shoes polished every hour. In the small hours of the morning it is no unusual thing to see a *señorito*, absolutely carefree, halt on his way home to offer his feet once more to the bootblack. The British shaver twice a day. The Spaniard attaches little importance to facial neatness. Beards don't scare him. But his shoes . . . ah! in that he is implacable. His shoes must shine like two suns!

If the *señorito* is married, his house, of course, swarms with young. Sometimes he sets foot in his house. His wife cooks his *croscos* and darns his socks. But who is his wife and where is his house? Not even his closest friends know that! The family home is something so intimate to the gentleman that he never lets it be seen, just as in other countries an unmade

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AS TO WOMEN

A letter taken at Guadalajara tells what Fascism and war mean to a people

AMONG the documents and papers seized from Italian units in action at Guadalajara there was one sad letter from a woman who wrote to a cousin on the battlefield. Her husband was also on a battlefield. He was in Ethiopia. She writes:

"You ask for news of my husband, and so I have had to wait for a letter from him. Do you know that an account of you follows the African mail is always very late? I have received letters by airmail dated 32 days previously. What do you think of that? I have got it into my head that you are to blame—is that so? . . . Think of it, Renzo, he has been there for over two years and I think he is entitled to a little rest. Don't you agree? . . . I am very tired of this enforced solitude. What a lovely honeymoon I had, don't you think? Two days marriage and 23 months of interminable and painful waiting. If the miracle of his return happens we will send you a letter. I haven't told him anything of your journey (to Spain) or of Aldo's or of his great friend Zazzanelli's because I was afraid that he would commit a second folly, you understand. His country comes first and love only second, but I am selfish and rightly so. . . . I would rather divorce than go a second time through all I have suffered during this long period of despair. Don't you think I am right? What do I know of married life and of family joys? And I have been married for over two years. . . ."

"I AM so weak and nervous that I could not bear my grief. But once of these lamentations; you need joy and not sadness, don't you? Let us speak of yourself. It has been learned here through the 'Federales' who had news from Lieutenant Fruttero, that you, Aldo Bottazzi, Gherardi and others have behaved very well and have been praised, and that all the bigwigs of the district are talking about you. You see that you are not forgotten even when you are far away. Bravo, Renzo, you are a true Fascist who does not shrink any difficulty. . . . And God will help you and watch over you. I hope when you return a poor

little job will be kept for you in your ungrateful country, so that you will not wander through the world again in search of work. . . . I am also worried about my husband. Will he work here or will he have to go back to Rome? That will be sad for me. . . . Well, let us hope that all will go well and that God, who has saved him from certain death in dreadful Tembien battles, will continue to help him in Italy and will enable him to earn the bread of the family which he has founded and of the children which may come. Is this too much to ask? But those whose future is assured do not even think of those who are hungry, and there will be much trouble and anxiety before we can be sure of the morrow in our city; don't you agree?"

"AND what is Aldo doing? . . . And where is Bruno don Strano? Tell him that I am not angry with him but that, on the contrary, now that he cannot take my Othello from me, we shall send him a joint letter when he returns. . . . Tell Aldo that his family are well and that they hope that what he said in his rare letters is true. And you, Renzo, how are you? How are you getting along? And Aldo, is he well? Give my kind regards to him and to Bruno. I wish you a final victory and a prompt return; may Easter see peace and tranquillity throughout the world."

The other papers collected on that battlefield tell of movements of troops and orders to be carried out. But a glimpse of the human cost in the lives of men and women both in the war in Ethiopia and in the invasion of Spain is caught on the pages of this letter. Even the worry about jobs when her husband and cousin come back from war is a revelation of the present Italy.

Here is a view of the Spanish War which we have not had a chance to see often. But it is a view we must see if we are to realize that the struggle for peace involves all women everywhere. It is not only the women of Spain who are involved in this struggle, but those of Italy, Germany and the U. S. A.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Catholics

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for what I have just said." Enquiries were given a leaflet entitled:

"Some Reasons for Regretting the Attitude of Our Catholic Newspapers in regard to the Spanish War"

"1. They have not only taken one side in the war but abandoned themselves to wartime propaganda. Nobody expects or wishes them to side with the Reds but instead of showing a true Catholic example of moderation, justice and charity, they have fanned the flames of hatred and revenge. They have set partisanship before truth, constantly suppressing what is true and suggesting what is false, precisely in the manner of the less reputable worldly newspapers.

"2. Instead of trying to keep religion outside and above the war, they have done their best to involve religion in it as deeply as possible, representing the War as a Crusade for God which every Catholic has to support.

"3. Regarding atrocities in particular, instead of confining themselves to the true facts which were dreadful enough, they printed in the early months of the war many atrocious stories of the most lurid and insufficiently evidenced kind, such as usually are circulated in wars and revolutions to stir up hatred.

"4. They are now regularly printing atrocious stories, more or less authenticated, presumably belonging to the early days of the war, but without any indication of dates, so that the uncritical reader thinks they are reading an item of current news.

"5. They make a habit of insinuation against the ecclesiastical character of those Spanish priests and others who do not support the insurgents. Also insinuations of one kind and another against various English writers for which they have had to make a number of public apologies.

"6. In varying degrees they conceal from their readers the fact that in all countries where freedom of expression exists (France, Belgium, U.S.A., etc.), there are Catholic groups and periodicals which do not accept the view that the insurrection is to be supported as a crusade for religion or even necessarily to be supported at all."

Do Catholics, in the eyes of the Church, serve the interests of religion by following a pro-Franco policy?

It is precisely out of "enlightened self-interest" that a great body of Catholics, including clerics and philosophers, have rejected the appearance of religious revival in some Fascist lands. They maintain that the true interest of the Church requires a far-sighted policy and they argue that they are the true "conservatives" though others may combat them as "liberal." Thus C. J. Eustace in the *Commonweal*, February 4, 1938, interpreting the views of "one of the profoundest thinkers of our time"—Jacques Maritain, "a man who lives his philosophy, which is the perennial philosophy of the Catholic Church," writes:

"The establishment of a lay State . . . constituted along specifically Christian political, sociological and economic lines (does not) necessarily make that State Christian. . . . M. Maritain warns Catholics against thinking that because General Franco is an excellent Catholic and a Christian gentleman his rule necessarily will promote the

cause of Catholicism in Spain. . . . What often appears to us to be expedient or even necessary to the Catholic cause, may prove to be, in the course of time, disastrous both to the cause and to the Church."

Maritain believes that a "spiritual revival" based on dictatorship is dangerous to the Church. "We should perhaps ask ourselves the more pertinent question: Can Franco transform the legacy of the past in Spain? Can he restore civic virtue and civic liberty, through which can come those disciplined liberties that alone can create a truly Christian social order? The answer at the present moment is almost definitely negative. For the Generalissimo has himself admitted that should be entrusted with the reins of power, a dictatorship of force must for a while prevail."

Franco's "Friendship"

The *Catholic World*, too, is suspicious of Franco as a solution for the problem of the Church's waning influence. "The Church remains free, but Churchmen so commit themselves to a King or a Duce or dictator or an autocrat, disavowing as a *presidente* that they feel themselves bound to condone all his crimes and justify all his mistakes."

George N. Shuster is blunter, and his views are endorsed as the general policy of *Commonweal* (whatever its actual practice): "The Holy Father is best qualified to speak. . . . If his allocations mean anything it is this: the Church, fully aware that the background of the Spanish conflict is the assumption that religion must be saved by Fascism, warns the faithful against falling into this trap. . . . The person who set the wheels to grinding out propaganda for Franco as the Saviour of religion and culture was that eminent defender of the faith, Goebbels."

"Why is it that a dictator who places Herr Rosenberg in the saddle in order to destroy the Catholic Church in Germany feels it his duty to sacrifice men and money in order to save that Church in Spain?"

Why do eminent Catholics reject Franco and Fascism as "a trap" for the Church?

Many clerics and laymen have not failed to note that, with Hitler on one side, popular sympathies the world over are on the other. Writes George N. Shuster, in *Commonweal*:

"To assert that the 'international brigade' fighting with the Loyalists is composed entirely of Russian and French Communists is simply not true. . . . These are men whom millions of the oppressed—millions of workers who are in slavery and millions who have lost freedom—look upon as their representatives. To all of them the Spanish war is the test of humanity's ability to escape from bondage."

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I Cover the Franco Front

The correspondent set out from Paris with the assignment to report the "Nationalist" movement . . . And here is the terrible and meaningful story he found in Rebel Spain

By Anonymous



Franco at the Seville airport

TOWARDS the end of July 1936 I came to Paris knowing only what the German press had published about the events beginning to bathe Spain in blood. I had concluded that, once again, generals bored with the monotony of garrison life and dissatisfied with seeing their pay and their prestige reduced by the government of the Republic, were trying their luck. "In a few days," I thought, "this new pronunciamento will have disappeared from the front page."

My chief believed otherwise. "You know Spain," he told me. "Go to Seville and see what this Franco and this Nationalist movement are." Nationalist movement? It was the first time I had heard so described the sedition of the triumvirate Franco-Mola-Queipo de Llano, to speak only of the figures who detached themselves from the obscure mass of the conspirators. And for eight months I was to try to discover this "Nationalism" from the butcheries in Seville to the summary executions in the Asturias, from the fronts of Córdoba and Granada to those of Madrid and Guadarrama.

Because the war in Spain was not simply "another story" for me and several other journalists—that is why I want to set down these impressions. Spain was a unique opportunity for most of us to become aware of what we were, and that the words life, death, liberty, truth, humanity, had a meaning. Some of us died for having in spite of threats tried to translate these words into our telegrams; these died in the line of professional duty, even more of their duty as men.

In Search of a Nation

I set out therefore for Seville with the mission to find something new there, something which Spain had not known since the Napoleonic invasion: a National movement. To be more precise and to speak like the Spaniard of Salamanca, my mission was to show the people of the conquistadores, of

Goya and of Cervantes, hurling themselves as one man against the Slav and the foreign ideology.

Personally free from prejudice, I arrived at Lisbon in the early part of August 1936, glad of the chance to see again the nostalgic but enchanting landscapes of Andalusia, and the scorched shores of Spanish Morocco, where I expected to hear more *flamenco* than rifle shots.

With the Falangistas

Lisboa. I began to gather material. On the way here, I had gone into "Nationalist" territory for a few hours. At La Coruña, at Vigo, I had heard for the first time of the exploits of the *Janets* and the *Sotayos*. I had noted the mutterings of the Vigo longshoremen and heard stories of the bloody repressions which had followed the capitulation of the workers' quarters of Vigo after a six-day bombardment. . . . It is tough for the losers!

I crossed the Spanish-Portuguese frontier at Ayamonte. I was in Spain. My reporting began.



Handwork of the Rebels. Here sleeping men were bombed

Yamoune. A little Spanish port at the mouth of the Guadiana. The *Falangistas* have held this town since the first day of the rebellion. A jaunty sergeant of the Civil Guard does not scrutinize my safe-conduct too closely and gives me a car with two *Falangistas* to take me to Huelva.

Quite a manifestation takes place at our departure. The young men accompanying me are the two *Falangistas* of Ayamonte that the village is delegating to the column which is to take Rio Tinto. "*Arriba España!*" is the shout going up from the *pases* made of shadow and mosaics, where clear fountains murmur amid clumps of still green trees. Arms are raised, my companions salute gravely. . . . Evidently everyone responds to the Fascist salute.

At full speed we leave for Huelva. . . . The roofs of a little white town crouching in the sun stand out in brown against a transparent sky. We slow down; to my surprise, my *Falangistas* stick the barrels of their rifles out through the doors of the car. On the doorsteps of milk-white little houses, the younger is scarcely twelve.

It is explained that a patrol has just caught two well-known Reds. The elder "must belong" to the Communist Youth: they are not very sure. At any rate, he wears the *sulopette* (smock) and the black cap of the young apprentices. The *sulopette* and the black cap. . . . I saw them fall in April 1931 on the Paseo del Prado in Madrid, when the wearers answered with stones to the musketry of the Civil Guard.

A signal, and they are united. The elder is to go before a firing-squad. His face is a little contorted. He has a far-off look in his eyes. Not a word; he doesn't see us now. And they abruptly take this "*Año de puta*" away. The other one? His crime is perhaps that of having clenched his fist or of having raised his arm: "*Una buena paliza!*" says the "chief"—a good beating. There are some beatings from which one does not return when one is

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twenty years old and alone against fifteen.

These were my first impressions. I continued along my way, in "Nationalist" Spain, which was soon to become a Calvary.

Guerilla Fighting

I set out for Rio Tinto. There, it is war, or rather guerrilla warfare. Both sides are armed. Silhouettes are falling as on a rifle range. There are the winners proud of having conquered, still covered with sun and dust and drunk with the smell of the first cartridges; there are the losers with bowed heads. The sound of squad firing in the twilight. I descry, along the ditches to the side of the road taking me to Huelva, dark masses: these are shivelled bodies beginning their slow decomposition in the atmosphere of an engine-room. Some of them still have their fists clenched, I believe. "U.H.P.—Unite, Proletarian Brothers! This is the deep and pathetic cry of the workman, the miner, the peasant, who has suffered, struggled and fallen.

I arrive at Seville. I am still the reporter who seeks the best position "for seeing." I howl with the wolves. I hear and send the horrible stories that have been told me about the crimes of the Reds.

In Seville they know that a journalist is at large somewhere in the South. They send a group of *Falangistas* after me and arrest me, for the first time, and I am imprisoned.

In Llano's Jail

In that *Capitán General* in Seville I had occasion to see the most atrocious scenes of this merciless war, in which the voluptuousness of killing is so strangely mingled with cowardice and with scorn for human life.

In a *patio* under my window, around two hundred "Reds" are jammed pell-mell. The heat is overwhelming and the *botijas* (earthen jars) never cease making the rounds from mouth to mouth. Not a word is exchanged between all these men who are waiting for death. This is the "heroic" epoch of Queipo de Llano, that fanatic who takes himself for the *Virgen del Pilar* and believes in the vague divine mission which has been imparted to him: "Drive the heretic from Spain." So there are executions every evening. That is called "limpiamos" (cleaning up).

At two o'clock in the afternoon the prisoners' families, mother, daughter, wife or sister, bring in a wretched *casba* (straw sack), a little coffee, bread, a bit of *chorizo* (blood sausage). Workers' families in Andalusia are not rich. . . . On their arms a carefully pressed shirt, a blanket. The prisoners are called. The families are forbidden to go into the *patio* to see their men. A paunchy *Falangista* calls, passes in the basket and comes to give it back

when it is empty. Once out of two times, I counted, the prisoner does not answer. He has been shot the night before. Without a word the *Falangista* hands back the full basket. Here, one would have to have the pencil of a Quinlanilla, the brush of an El Greco or of a Goya to describe the expressions that I have read on these emaciated faces, shivelled from having wept too much.

I left Seville at the beginning of September. In the Barrio de Triana there were no more men to be seen. It has been authoritatively stated that twelve thousand men were executed by General Queipo de Llano. The same Queipo de Llano whom I saw, as chief of the military house of President Anasá, carried in triumph in Madrid on the day of the solemn opening of the Cortes in 1931.

It was likewise in Seville that I met for the first time Captain Bullin, chief of Franco's press service, a sinister-looking brigand whose duty it was to "furnish information" to war-correspondents. I never had much esteem for the exactitude of his communications, especially on the "Red" atrocities—of which I affirm that not a single correspondent has seen (really "seen") a trace in the South. And my telegrams had ceased to get out of the country, or were going out so mutilated that I considered my mission terminated and set out for the North.

Burgos. Here I would like to speak less of the "Nationalists" than of the correspondents. When I arrived in what was then called the capital of Nationalist Spain, the correspondents were going to great lengths to "get copy." They courted the generals, spent days and nights in the cafés to try to obtain safe-conducts to the front. Moreover, we rarely got to the front line and usually "after the battle," like certain carbiniers of whom Offenbach speaks somewhere. The telegrams got off all the same and, even if Franco's soldiers were not doing so, we were winning battles and advancing on Madrid.

The Journalists' War

The finest story which came out of this "correspondents' war," which had very little bearing on what was really happening at the front, was assuredly the story of the Alcazar. This is how it was. A young reporter, digging his Spain out of the Baedeker, suddenly discovered that the Alcazar was a military academy and that approximately two hundred cadets were studying in this school. . . . He had his story. Two hundred cadets, the flower of Spain, had held out for three months against the Reds. What an epic and what a symbol!

The truth was less romantic. There were in the Alcazar seven cadets. The school was closed for vacation at the time of the rebellion, and the seven

cadets in question had come expressly from Madrid to fight beside the insurgent officers of the garrison.

At Toledo, where the press entered thirty-six hours after the troops, we were literally "parked" by our guides. We saw practically nothing. I am speaking at least of the several "suspect" journalists among the band.

We did not get anywhere near the seminary in which for a week a hundred, more or less, militiamen, women, and children resisted the *Tercio* (foreign legion) and the Moors. The seminary and the hospital with its wounded men were finally burned. How many journalists reported this happening? Here there was no desire to see, here the press was traitor, whatever may have been the reasons which made it silent.

Oviedo. I entered that city with a column of reinforcements. I want to report only one incident here. While I was looking for a corner to sleep in among the ruins, I came upon a group of civilians, about twenty. They were having a heated argument. Over what? I came nearer. All of them wore the Republican flag in their buttonholes, and they had just seen that Franco's troops were carrying the flag of the monarchy.

A Nationalist movement? Aranda had not dared to tell them in the name of what or of whom they were fighting.

Truth Fights Franco

I set out only eager to know and I came back to Spain a partisan. Why? Because one cannot see and hear of mass executions in Valladolid, in Pamplona, in Bilbao, in the Asturias, and believe that Franco and his band represent the profound will of Spain. Because one cannot see all the old privileges of the army, the aristocracy, which were suppressed by the Republic in 1931, restored today, and take any stock in the social sentiments of this same Franco.

What I saw and felt, all my confrères could see and feel. Most of them saw and felt as I did. They left, or else they were got rid of.

I made this experiment in entire good faith, and I say that it is impossible for an honest journalist to do his job in Franco's camp, and that it is impossible for an honest journalist to believe in Franco and in his so-called Nationalist movement. Not only are his communications trumped up, but it is impossible to verify anything at all without passing for a spy. Moreover, in Salamanca, where journalists are treated like valets, there is no effort made to conceal the fact that all that is wanted of the press is that it make propaganda for the "cause."

This is admitted by certain journalists. I have known some of them, whom Franco had made honorary officers of the *Requetés* (Red Berets) or of the *Falangistas*, and who were cer-

tainly proud of wearing their uniforms.

For the honor of our profession, I will say that about two hundred journalists were expelled from "Nationalist" Spain.

Tell Them the Truth

(Continued from page 8)

fighting to preserve the ideals of freedom and of democracy on which our country is founded, should have been laid low by American arms—sold to those bent upon the destruction of freedom everywhere—when the same arms are denied to its defenders, struck me as the utmost of tragic irony. It did something more. It filled me, as an American, with a sense of guilt and shame. It brought home as no theoretic argument or impassioned plea could have done, the realization that the ending of the spurious and cruel farce of "neutrality" was the first and foremost job which we must do.

When, in an interview with Pasoina, John Stracey and I asked that great woman and superb leader whether she had any message for the people of our respective countries, she flashed back at us the answer, "Tell them the truth! That by preventing the Spanish people from getting the arms we need to defeat Fascism and to win the war, they are killing our soldiers at the front, our women and children behind the lines."

Let that truth be known. Let it be brought home to the American people as a whole. Let its significance and its implications of future war and further Fascist conquest be made clear throughout the land—in the halls of Congress, in our factories, our schools, our churches and our homes. Once that truth is known—known and felt—the American people will act upon it. Already, there are signs that it is coming to be understood. The broadening and deepening support which is being given to the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the communications addressed by leading Americans to the President, calling upon him to withdraw his proclamation under which arms cannot be sold to Spain, the statement issued by members of the Senate and the House, demanding a revision of the Neutrality Act to end the premium on piracy—these all evidence a slow awakening to that truth.

The Imperative of Spain

What I urge, speaking on behalf of the Spain whose heroic struggle for freedom I saw, is that this awakening shall cease to be slow and gradual; that, too long delayed and postponed, it take place at once. Fascism is not slow. The Nazi and Italian bombing-planes which drop death and destruction on city streets and along country



The fam and the death storm. Two paintings by William Gropper now on exhibition at the A.C.A. Gallery, New York City

roads are not slow. The troopships which bring more mercenary soldiers to aid Franco's attempted enslavement of the Spanish people are not slow.

We dare not be slow. The tempo of our own activities must be heightened, the intensity of our own efforts must be deepened. We must demand and secure the passage, not at the next session of Congress, nor in three months, but at this time, of the O'Connell and the Scott Bills, so that the guilt of prolonging the Spanish war and of aiding Fascist bombers will be lifted at least from the United States. This is the imperative which Spain lays upon us all.

Old Spain

(Continued from page 49)

bed is never shown. The gentleman meets his friends in the café or the club.

Spanish clubs aren't at all like British clubs. The British go to their club for quiet. British clubs are silent sombre halls, sacred refuges. Spanish *casinos* are great bazaars with show-windows in which flesh and blood gentlemen are displayed instead of hats or hams. The gentlemen, each glued to his armchair, contemplate the street. . . . But contemplation doesn't halt the clatter of tongues.

A Spanish *casino* is as noisy as a market. In the first days of the (April 1931) revolution the chairs facing the street were empty. The gentlemen were not yet sure just what the word "republic" meant, but they were not very long in recovering their peace of mind and they can again be seen. When it rains, behind the glass; in good weather, on the sidewalk. Besides finding recreation in the contemplation of the universe, the members of the *casinos* find solace in playing cards. The Spaniards are an honest people. Rarely, prompted by hunger, will they steal so much as an apple.

But *casino* members are a caste apart. In a leading Madrid center, honorary members take turns at guarding the cashbox in transit from one room to another at the close of play. Needless to say, these honorary members are always dukes, marquesses and counts. In spite of the high-sounding titles of the guard, a few hundred pesetas always disappear from the box.

The more noble the blood in his veins, the less inclination a Spaniard feels toward work. Even an office frightens him. The Spanish press an authentic "individualism." In *El Liberal* there is a section of aristocratic ads. "Distinguished youth seeks good-hearted protectress; age no bar; 150 pesetas a month." "Dark youth, 27 years, security proposition; seeks affectionate companion not necessarily young; modest, urgently needs 125 pesetas."

Five in the morning. A café. Distinguished gentlemen. Young men of the highest families. They adore the beauty of life and disdain vile labor. The prostitutes come to this café to hand over to the gentlemen their clinking dollars. In other countries pimps are a separate caste; here they are customers of the cafés; members of clubs to his armchair, contemplate the street. . . . But contemplation doesn't halt the clatter of tongues.

Sharing the Losses

If a government employee loses at cards he manages to distribute his losses among those who have business with his department; he demands gratifications, resorts to blackmail, threatens some simple country caller with summons, suit, jail. The police have a really fat thing. Two automobiles collide. He who annoys the palm most is reported as the innocent victim. The police also have charge of sanitary inspection, political crimes, and offenses against the Republic. High municipal employees are not

badly off either. In Madrid, a functionary in charge of public urinals got rich in full view of the whole world. He had only to threaten the proprietor of, let us say, a small hotel with placing a urinal in front of his door. . . . If he is a public employee and loses at cards he'll find a way, but what of the mere aspirant to a government job?

A Friendly Transaction

This scene takes place in a Madrid club. The Marquis of X and the Count of Y. The Marquis: "Can you lend me a hundred duros?" Silence. Dead hush. The Count is an "individualist" and he knows the Marquis is also an "individualist" and would not return the money. Then the Marquis offers his gold watch in pledge. But who knows what kind of watch the Marquis is liable to have? May not even be gold. So here we have our two excellent gentlemen on their way to the jewellers to have the watch appraised. Aside from questions of this kind, however, they are bosom friends, ready to lay down their lives for one another. The Marquis would kill himself for the Count's sake as the Count would for the Marquis'.

The day draws to a close. It began at noon and the cock is crowing now. It is time to go to bed. But the lordling feels such ardor! The lovely women before whom he has pressed himself all day have no more satisfied his hunger than did his two glasses of milk. He approaches a venerable lady seated at a neighboring café table; he greets her courteously, solemnly removing his hat. It is probably his aunt. But no, the gentleman is bursting with passion. . . . Is he, perhaps, a spiritual brother of the advertisers in *El Liberal*? Who knows but what he really prefers the ladies getting on in years? No, beside the gray-haired lady is a very pretty young girl. But

one can't speak to her. That would be indecent. Besides, the venerable lady doesn't take her eye off the girl for a second. The gentleman talks with the lady about a thousand things: the weather, the bulls, the lottery. The venerable lady refers to the girl as "my daughter." The venerable lady is noteworthy for her perspicacity: she observes that the gentleman is consumed with passion, and invites him to accompany them to her house. On the way the gentleman discreetly inquires the price. Couldn't she make it a little lower? . . . Times are so bad. . . . The Republic. . . . the crisis. . . . "But my daughter"—the girl of course doesn't take part in such a vulgar conversation—"my daughter is so innocent and romantic." Then the venerable lady confesses that she is not a mother nor even an aunt; she is simply the enslaver of the child. The pretty lass is from Andalusia, the daughter of a peasant, and came to Madrid to work as a scrubwoman. She has dreamy eyes and is a bit simple about life; it will be easy to deceive her. But everyone knows that with gentlemen like this, one must watch sharply: the lady continues the price-fixing. Then she moves off and disappears in the adjoining room after wishing the gentleman good-night. Now the day is really over and the gentleman can lie down to sleep. . . .

One More Day

The day is over; the lovely Madrid day under a mountain sky made for pastoral songs and for solitude. One more day, bustling and hollow. One of so many days. Liquidated, conquered, disposed of. Spaniards, to tell the truth, are a people of little gaiety. In the midst of the buzzing and gay lights of the cafés one senses the glum, like a mud-puddle swallowing up a man. The *señorito* knows how to bore himself stiff. When he yawns, a shiver

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In Step With Labor

We open the gates for a column of notes and comment on the trade union scene

WITH this issue, we are inaugurating our trade union column. In order for this section to be a live, up-to-the-minute feature, we would like the trade union organizations to send in material about their work for peace and democracy and progress in their territories, so that it may be possible to let the rest of the country know what they are doing. We would also like to have individual trade unionists write us any news which they think should be printed in this column.

THE trade union session of the Congress for Democracy and Peace held at Pittsburgh, nominated a National Trade Union Committee to take charge of bringing to the trade unions the work of the American League. The session nominated forty-eight people to act as the National Trade Union Committee, out of which there were seventeen International, Presidents, eleven District, C. L. U. and Local leaders. Up to the present time, nine of the International Presidents and five of the District leaders have accepted to serve on this committee. Many of the presidents nominated cannot accept without the decision of the executive boards or conventions. We hope by the end of May to have all of the International Presidents and most of the District and C. L. U. leaders accept.

A DELEGATION elected by the Spanish people is arriving in America in the very near future. Among this delegation is a group which was elected by the trade unions of Spain. If possible, the National Trade Union Department is going to tour the trade union delegates among the unions of this country. All organizations who wish to hear the Spanish trade union delegates should send in their requests to the National Office immediately. The whole world knows that the unions in the Fascist countries of Germany, Italy and Rebel Spain were smashed by the dictators. We all know how the conditions and the standard of living of labor in those Fascist countries have been lowered to the point where it is almost impossible to keep body and soul together. It will be interesting

Catholics

(Continued from page 38)

"What made the Spanish Catholics Communists?" innocently inquires Editor Gillis of the *Catholic World*, *Aid Communal*, as if in reply, writes: "The period fomented the Spanish Church into dependence upon a State hostile to even elementary demands of social justice (disabling the Church from the exercise of leadership in the practical realization of fundamental moral purposes. . . . To those who believe that General Franco will inaugurate a beneficent and progressive social order, I shall reply very simply that yesterday was not my natal morn."

The liberals in the Catholic Church, or, as they prefer to call themselves, the "true conservatives," insist that a surface religious revival may be accompanied by an actual separation of Church and people, a waning of influence. It is no accident that the most insistent plea for "true conservatism" policy comes from Catholic France, where, according to the Marquis of Aragon, only twenty-five per cent of the population do their Easter duties and only twenty per cent take Communion. Shuster cites the letter of a tourist in one of the great cathedral towns of southern Spain during the clerical régime of 1933. He went to church on Sunday morning, "and was astonished to see that besides himself only two old women heard Mass in the minister of a principal church."

The Church's Road

What then do Catholics see as the Church's road?

A simple norm guides Maritain: "Anything done to restore to man and particularly to the workers their dignity as men is a work done for Christian justice."

The *Catholic World* warns: "Whatever be the complete solution of the problem (if there be one) it will be well if we here in America, thus far comfortable and peaceful, learn the fact a thousand times demonstrated in Europe that association with politicians and the ruling class spells danger and given the proper circumstances, disaster." Timidly suggesting that friendly relations with the Communists would be a better solution than travelling a common path with the Nazis, he cites approvingly an article in the British Catholic organ, *The Sower*: "St. Francis could not criticize the Crusades in words, but he could show men that teaching the infidel might be better than making war on him." And Editor Gillis, pondering those words, adds reflectively: "If the Infidel in the 13th century, why not the Communists in the 20th?"

And finally, C. J. Eustace in *Com-*

munism puts the matter more broadly, seeking a Christian policy more in keeping with the actual aspirations of the people as reflected in the phenomenon of the International Brigades:

A Christian Policy

"And if I read his mind aright, M. Maritain believes it is more probable that the new Christendom will arise from new (democratic) types of culture rather than from the ashes of the old. . . . When the spirit of (the old) Christendom has departed from the structure which it informed, there is a danger that we may thwart the people's aspirations for a form of government that might make human life on earth less intolerable. . . ."

Fact and Fiction

(Continued from page 10)

the monarchy. (2) The landlord-baron allies of the generals wanted repeal of the Agrarian Reform, Rental of Land, Forced Cultivation of Land, and other reform laws that interfered with their peculiarly feudal system of limited production. (3) The clerical allies of the conspirators (Catholic Action Party, etc.) wanted the entire apparatus of the Church returned to the state payroll; the schools in their entirety returned to the religious orders and state secular education banned; abolition of free trade-unions, with free thought and every other sign of modern liberalism banished from Spain. As for the threat of a Communist revolution, the conspirators and all other Spaniards knew that to be a hoax. What influence the Communists then enjoyed and their increased influence today, came precisely from their steadfast insistence that under prevailing conditions in Spain and in the world, Labor must provide unflinching support to democratic governments against subversive Fascist forces.

The "Foreign Question"

Fiction: "Oh! well, after all, it was really 'even steven' with Russia on the one side and the Germans and Italians on the other."

Fact: Foreign aid for the Rebel conspirators had been sought by the scheduled leader of the revolt, General Sanjurjo, in Berlin and Rome before the movement was launched. Definite commitments had been obtained. On July 15th, two days before the revolt, orders were given to certain Italian aviators to "prepare for Spain." The government, on the other hand, although it had restored diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, had not yet even exchanged diplomatic representatives. The first Soviet Ambassador to reach Spain was Marcel Rosenberg, who arrived in Madrid in August, 1936. Italian and German planes, bombs, artillery, pilots, tanks, tankmen, and other aid to the Rebels began

to arrive within a few hours of the first shots in the revolt. A week later—July 25th—French Premier Blum announced the "democratic" reply to this international Fascist intervention: a unilateral embargo on arms to Loyalist Spain. Supplies poured through Portugal to the Rebels, and the helpless government militias fled before planes and tanks.

Not until mid-October did the Soviet Union put its foot down in the Non-intervention Committee, and only then did planes, tanks, and ordinary munitions begin to reach the legitimate government of Spain from abroad. Since that time the Loyalists have had to face Italian infantry and foreign "pirates" in the air and on the high seas. They have done so with Spanish forces except for the International Brigades, in which there were, never more than twenty thousand men at one time and not more than five thousand in action at any given moment. Compare this to the Italian regulars who have formed two-thirds of the Rebel army of maneuver—attacking force—in every operation since February 1937.

Defense of Madrid

Fiction: "The Rebels' plan worked out to a 'T' until they reached the gates of Madrid, where they found a Russian army which halted them."

Fact: The original Rebel plan was to declare martial law throughout Spain on the basis of the Moroccan revolt. The people, thinking that the martial law order emanated from Madrid with the purpose of preventing a coup, would not resist it, and the government of all the provinces would fall into the hands of the generals without a blow. They would at once transport several thousand Moors and Legionaries to the mainland from Morocco, and with Mola's Carlists in the north and such troops as could be heavily officered they would descend on Madrid, ending the entire movement in three or four days. The coup plan was a complete failure. Fierce resistance was met in virtually every provincial capital and important city. The Basques, despite appeals of high Catholic dignitaries, elected to defend the legitimate government. And finally, the crews of almost every war vessel then in service mutinied against their traitorous officers and placed the fleet at the service of the government. A blockade was immediately established, and for nine days so checked the transport of troops to the mainland that the conspirators were compelled to abandon their coup plan and throw themselves on the mercy of their allies in Rome and Berlin.

When Italian aviation had driven the blockading fleet away and enabled transport of Moors to the mainland, the invaders began their march on Madrid. There they were smashed by the people of Madrid—men, women and children—in the most amazing episode of the war. On the first day

of the popular defense some seven hundred international anti-fascist volunteers paraded in Madrid. In the first ten days the Internationalists assembled some two thousand men—Poles, French, everything but Russians—alongside not less than thirty-five thousand Spaniards. From the suburb of Uxers where the Teachers' Union battalions of instructors and students halted the Moors, to Carabanchel where shock battalions held the line, it was almost wholly a Spanish affair.

Military Prowess

Fiction: "Military initiative has been continuously with the Rebels, who have a highly disciplined force naturally superior to the improvised army of the government. They have conquered one territory after another, and it is only a question of time until they will be masters of all Spain."

Fact: The Rebels maintained the initiative until March 14, 1937. They had regular forces and their regular organization included such services as ambulance, food, munitions, supply, liaison and information, which the Loyalists either totally or practically lacked. The Rebel initiative was directed, for international political reasons, to the capture of Madrid, and after their preliminary smash-up there on November 7, 1936, they hammered again and again from various angles with a humiliating lack of success and at great cost in men and materials.

November, attack after attack at Moncloa and West Park. December, Bos-doll and Pozuelo. January, northwest of Madrid, Las Rozas. February, the great battle of the Jarama. March, the Italian offensive at Guadalajara. On March 15th, the government forces counter-attacked and inflicted (for two weeks thereafter) a great defeat on the Italian army. It was revealed that time had not stood still and that the loosely organized government militias had been turned—between November 1936 and March 1937—into a regular army, equipped with all the previously mentioned auxiliary services. Succeeding months spread this military organization created in Madrid over the whole country, incorporating hundreds of thousands of conscripts.

The Loyalist Offensive

The government never again lost the initiative. The Rebels, fearful of the international aspects of another smash-up in Spain proper, turned their attention to the isolated loyal northern strip—and finding it virtually defenseless, spent months reducing it in the hope of doling it up as a great conquest for foreign consumption. Meanwhile the Loyalists retained the central initiative. April, a profitless attack in the Casa de Campo. July, the Brunete offensive, which steeled new recruits and tempered the army of maneuver. August, Quinto and Belchite, which broke the Rebel line of fortifications in

Aragon, preparing all future actions there. December, the surprise capture of Teruel. The Teruel offensive marked the date at which the whole Spanish army reached the level earlier attained by the Madrid army. It demonstrated that the government forces were superior as a military instrument to the Rebel combined force, and particularly showed the devotion and spirit of the Loyalists as the measure of their superiority. The attack on Teruel forestalled a new large-scale offensive against Madrid. It led to a two-month battle ending with Rebel recovery of the city; a battle that completely consumed the man-power and material forces accumulated for a great drive on Madrid.

"Compromise" Rumors

Fiction: "The present Negrin-Frieto Government would be very favorable to proposals for a war compromise which would involve the suppression of the Communists in return for mediation by Great Britain."

Fact: The People's Front Government, presided over by Premier Negrin and probably dominated by conservative Socialist Defense Minister Indalecio Prieto, is uncompromisingly committed to complete victory over Franco and feudalism, as the only possible peace formula. As a government it is unsympathetic to advanced social experimentation, and in this view is sustained by its Communist members. This "moderate" (that is, business-like) was achieved only after months of heartbreaking struggle against doctrinaire socialists (who championed syndicalist tendency), which hampered war efforts by unwise playing at revolution. On the other hand, whatever the personal conservatism of Prieto or others might be, two things are absolutely certain: (1) The Negrin Government would not last twenty-four hours if it toyed with the idea of compromise with the Rebels. No one in Spain has ever challenged this statement. (2) It could not "suppress" the Communists or otherwise "compromise" the democratic revolution which has been carried out in Loyalist territory. The Communists, while they hold few official posts, have a popular support amongst the masses because they have been most loyal supporters of the Republic, given a very great number of volunteers to the People's Army, and done as much as any other group to achieve the really solid gains of the democratic revolution while firmly rejecting ill-timed socialistic experimentation.

The democratic revolution itself is an accomplished fact and rests on these popular pillars:

- (1) The land is in the hands of peasants and former agricultural workers. There are no large landowners in Loyalist Spain.
- (2) Industry is substantially owned by the state or controlled by the workers. The same is true of the banks.

As in agriculture, small property is protected.

(3) The Church has been definitely retired from political and economic fields of activity; the state has taken the burden of popular education from the religious orders; *liberty of conscience and worship are guaranteed.*

(4) The people are armed to defend their conquests; the People's Army is linked to the whole population in many ways, and particularly through the political commissariat (despite a tendency on the part of some sectors of the government to reduce the rôle of the commissars).

(5) The Negrin Government is a really popular one, composed of representatives of the great mass of a people who are today actively political.

Fiction: "Nevertheless, the situation is hopeless because the Germans and Italians will eventually march in force, while their navies are openly employed to blockade the Loyalists."

Fact: Such an invasion does not conform to the general world political picture. It is true that Hitler was able to obtain a surrender of Austria to Nazism by the threat of invasion. But Spain is neither Ethiopia nor Austria. Spanish government leaders did not destroy the only basis of popular resistance to an invader as Austrian government leaders did. In Spain the labor parties and unions were actively behind the government, and did resist invasion with armed force. Their resistance was the basis of the rallying of a tremendous international solidarity, that has acted as a check and counterpoise to international Fascist plans.

Spain and the World

Austria's failure to resist Hitler discouraged British and French sympathizers who could perhaps have pressed their governments to oppose the Nazi designs in Central Europe. The Spanish people continue to carry the burden of successful resistance to a war of invasion, and this encourages democratic support despite the faltering of democratic governments. Moreover, France cannot remain unmoved at the sight of guns pointed from the other side of the Pyrenees, and it is much easier for her to reach Spain (as a matter of practical aid) than to reach Austria. On the whole, however, it depends upon friends of the Loyalists. While we who believe in the justice of the republican cause refuse to diminish our efforts on behalf of the Spanish people, the brown-shirt ruffians and Mussolini's castor-oil brigades cannot march to victory in Spain.

They Turn to Us

The Spanish people turn instinctively to democratic minded countries like the United States and France. They feel that our cause is their cause and that we understand and sympathize with them in their struggle against the Fascist invaders.

SUBMITTED for Your Decision:

Shall the United States isolate itself and ban traffic of every sort with any warring nation?

Or, is Collective Security, requiring cooperation with other non-aggressive nations in all peaceful efforts to end and prevent wars, more likely to safeguard our security?

PASSIVELY wishing for peace in a world belted by fascist steel is like weeping to raise the level of the oceans. We can no longer thread our way among the war shoals with a ragon, conditioned neutrality for a rudder. To escape war, we must promptly adopt a positive foreign policy. Now, as in every grave American crisis, it is for the consensus of liberal opinion to point the wiser

way. But on this subject, liberal opinion is sharply divided. No one knows which of the diametrically opposed courses of action the consensus would favor. And since *The Nation*, celebrated for three-quarters of a century as the voice of liberalism, believes that Isolation vs. Collective Security is the most critical problem now confronting our government, it is addressing a

detailed QUESTIONNAIRE

to all American liberals, to ascertain which course of action is more strongly indicated in the existing emergency. The results of this country-wide poll will appear in *The Nation* from week to week, beginning

with the issue of March 26, together with statements by prominent liberals and special articles by authorities on world affairs. Your ballot is needed to make the poll thoroughly representative.

Important:

Mail the appended coupon-request for a copy of the Questionnaire today, so that you can get your ballot in while the returns are being compiled for publication. . . . If you also wish to read all the 13 issues of *The Nation* containing the questionnaire returns and related discussions, simply enclose \$1 with the coupon.

Request for QUESTIONNAIRE

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street New York City

Please send me by return mail a copy of your Isolation vs. Collective Security Questionnaire and Ballot. For the enclosed \$1 start my 13-week subscription with the March 26 issue. Enter no subscription for me.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State..... P-48

Lincoln Volunteers

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of letters. I know that there isn't much news to be written but damn the news. Write what you are thinking, what you have read, what you think of John L. Lewis, or even if the worst comes to worst, and you are neither thinking or reading, why just copy a page out of the dictionary and send it over.

"And now I must close. That bugler guy is out in the Plaza (torturing a tomcat, I'll swear, but the boys say he's blowing a bugle) and that means bed. Good night, old fellas."

The Blindfolded Burro

On the 16th of May of last year, at our training camp some few miles north of Albacete, we put in a long, hard morning of maneuvers under the breeding sun. But since it was a Sunday, the afternoon and evening were at our disposal. After dinner, at one o'clock, we went about our several ways, the shops for wine and talk, the barber shops, the barracks for reading or writing letters, strolls about the little town or in the surrounding countryside. Word had got around that not far away there was an irrigation ditch with water in it, and eight or ten of us set out to investigate. With clean clothes under our arms, we walked along lanes and across fields, started at from farm houses and by peasants resting under trees. Mad dogs and Englishmen—and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade—go out unnecessarily in the midday sun.

After some four or five miles we came to the ditch and found that, although swimming was out of the question, bathing was quite possible. We got wet, soaped up, and lay half submerged under the trees in the cool water. Within sight of us was the pump which provided our water. A burro walked round and round in a small circle, pulling behind him one end of the pole that operated the pump. At every turn, the mechanism complained and a faint grating sound reached us through the still, hot air.

As we watched, an old woman moved slowly up the path, leading another burro. When she reached the pump, she tied her animal to a post, and stopping the other she took the bandage from his eyes. He shook his head and waited patiently to be unharmed. When the other animal was strapped into his place and properly blindfolded, the old woman started him on his endless path, with some difficulty and after several starts. Then she stood for several minutes, shading her eyes against the sun and waiting to be assured that the new burro had struck his stride, before she led the tired burro away.

Though we were much too self-conscious to speak of it, I cannot believe that my reflections were not shared by

some of the other men present. It was impossible not to be reminded of the sad, turbulent history of Spain, with her people blindfolded by poverty, ignorance, and slavery, circling wearily about in their daily struggle for bread, bearing up somehow under a gigantic weight of taxation and oppression.

Our service Franco has done the Spanish people. He has forever removed the blindfold from their eyes. A reactionary world press has succeeded, with a tangle of lies and distortions, in pretty well confusing world opinion on the Spanish question. But to the Spanish people the issues are extraordinarily simple and clear. They know who are their enemies and why. Being by nature a kindly, good-natured, easy-going people, they did not know quite how to deal with these enemies until Franco showed himself in his true colors and by bombing their houses and murdering their families forced the issue.

But now they are going to send the German and Italian fascists back where they belong. They will drive Franco into the area. Men from no less than fifty-two countries, volunteers from the International Brigades, have helped and will help, but it is the people of Spain who will do the job.

Old Spain

(Continued from page 53)

goes down one's spine. His favorite expression is "to kill time." Don't imagine that he's drinking coffee now. No, what he's doing is "killing time."

"To kill time" is an agreeable profession, one that requires many years' experience—more than that, a tradition of centuries. Time! There's the real, the terrible enemy! And yet the lordlings are always terribly busy. They work in three Ministries; they write in ten newspapers; they serve fifteen political parties; and finally, they are in love with at least fifty attractive women all at one time. They haven't a single free moment all day. If a gentleman makes an engagement with another for five p.m., be sure that he will make his appearance at seven. He comes in breathless; he couldn't get here sooner. He has so many things to do. In reality he was "killing time" in a nearby café.

The capital of Spain, Palaces, skyscrapers, offices, literary cafés, editorial rooms, debates, beautiful women, crowds in Alcalá, *señoritas* cooling themselves beneath the trees along the Paseo de Castellana. . . . All this together is at once fertility and misfortune, delight and shame. And bear in mind that these lordlings are not a rare species worthy of the ethnographer's attention. No, they are Madrid, the nerve-center of the country. It is they who governed old Spain. While they "killed time," the country died of hunger.

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid

Open hearings on the Peace Bills introduced in the House of Representatives are scheduled to begin before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on March 29th. All City Committees are now active in getting signatures on petitions in support of these bills—for presentation, at the open hearings by Dr. Harry F. Ward, Chairman of the American League for Peace and Democracy. Another expression of support for a foreign policy based on concerted action by democratic people will be a *Madison Square Garden Meeting* on April 4th in New York City. The meeting will be sponsored by Dr. Ward and other leaders of the American League for Peace and Democracy, and also by prominent individuals who are leaders in other peace groups—among whom are expected to be Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, Chairman of the American section of the International Peace Campaign; Clark M. Eichelberger, Director of the League of Nations Association; Henrietta Roelofs of the Y. W. C. A.; Mrs. Marion M. Miller, Executive Director of the National Council of Jewish Women; Edgar J. Fisher of the International Institute of Education; William Hinkley, Chairman of the American Youth Congress, and many others. We expect you will hear about this meeting from coast to coast. Why not one in every city?

FROM this vantage-point we have recorded the growth and activities of the League for nearly three years. We have seen this movement of the people develop into a stronger and stronger instrument for Democracy and peace through international crisis after crisis. What happened in Ethiopia and Spain and China was reflected in the activities of League members from Baltimore to Seattle. Today the American League is expanding rapidly, facing the serious state of world and national affairs with courage and with a concrete program involving thousands of people in active work for

peace and Democracy. It is never easy to say goodbye, especially at a time like this. But other duties call. To all our hard-working League leaders and to all our members throughout the country, thanks muchly for your earnest cooperation during these critical years! Wherever you find me, I'll be fighting tooth and toe for the objectives that are the basis of the American League.

NEAR Suca, just a few miles from Valencia, Spain, forty Spanish children are living in a home founded by the American League for Peace and Democracy. Since last summer over \$4,000 has been raised by American Leaguers all over the country for the establishment and continuous support of this home. Los Angeles, New York City and Pittsburgh lead the list with the largest contributions. The Robert Raven wing of the home is supported by the New York City League in honor of the Pittsburgh youth who gave his sight in the Spanish Loyalists' fight for Democracy. Besides the sums raised directly for this home, League Branches in many cities have raised thousands of additional dollars through their cooperative work with the North American Committee.

The home at Suca is located in an agricultural district richly productive of rice. The children have nice school-rooms, showers, library and spacious



A. E. Edwards, recently elected national trade union organizer of the trade union section of the American League.

domitories. A big garden surrounds the home, with an orchard of peach trees nearby. The children have their own organization, the older ones taking an active part in the administration of the colony. Folk songs and manual work in the form of plaster reliefs are a part of the educational program. Participation in village fêtes adds joy and color to the life of these refugee children. A picture of this home was reproduced on page 27 of the February issue of *THE FIGHT*.

CHINESE children, too, are being cared for by the American League. In January, the China Aid Council of the League sent a medical mission of two doctors and a nurse to China to help the Chinese people—children and adults. Dr. Charles Parsons, head of the mission, recently reported its safe arrival at Hankow. At present he is making a survey of refugees' medical needs in this area, while Dr. Norman Bethune and nurse Jean Ewen have been sent on to the interior. Dr. Parsons, for ten years with Sir Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador where he established the famous Notre Dame Memorial Hospital in Newfoundland, left his practice in Kingston, New York, to head this mission. Dr. Bethune is famous as head of the Canadian Medical Mission to Spain, while Nurse Ewen has served in hospitals both in China and in the United States. The China Aid Council, in addition to supporting this medical unit, is making plans and raising funds for the equipping and sending of additional units within the early future. With Oliver Haskell as the new director and with William E. Dodd, Jr., continuing as secretary, the China Aid Council is one of the busiest departments of the American League these days.

STEVE NELSON, our membership director, has been touring League cities of the Middle West during the past few weeks in the interests of our drive for 50,000 members and 15,000 new subscribers to *THE FIGHT* by May 1st. His journey has taken him to the following cities: Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Membership gains in February continued the good record of the previous month. Prizes have been announced for the

cities making the biggest percentage of gain and for individuals signing up ten or more new members. Special awards go to the cities and individuals who show the best results in securing new members and *THE FIGHT* subscribers.

ST. LOUIS AND HOUSTON have held significant League conferences during the last few weeks. The St. Louis conference was a very busy one-day affair and was attended by some 80 delegates as representatives and observers from 45 community organizations. Over 250 people attended the closing mass meeting where Dr. Robert Morris Lovett, one of the national vice-presidents of the League, was the chief speaker. A dozen resolutions dealing with local police violence, anti-labor activities, the Big Navy program and embargo laws to stop supplies to war-making nations were adopted. Other speakers included Mrs. A. P. Meyer, local League chairman; Dr. Elmer Arndt of the faculty of Eden Theological Seminary; Sidney Williams, executive secretary of the Urban League; Norman Smith, organizer of the United Auto Workers, and Percival Chubb, chairman of the Peace Council of Webster, Grove.

A city-wide executive committee was elected to direct the continuing work for Democracy and peace in this important Midwestern center. On March 5th and 6th, Houston, Texas, was host to the first Texas People's Conference for Peace and Democracy. Sponsors included many labor, liberal and peace organizations and leaders of the state. On the program were Dr. Robert Morris Lovett; Dr. Edwin A. Elliott of the National Labor Relations Board; Mrs. Harris Masterson, member of the local Y.W.C.A. board; John Crossland, secretary of the Texas C.I.O. Council; C. J. Crissman, secretary of the Building and Service Employees, A.F. of L.; and Mason Smith, state director of the National Negro Congress.

LOS ANGELES is justly proud of its part in founding the first American League home for Spanish children. Late last summer League members of this city raised the initial sum to found the home at Suca. Since then they have contributed monthly to its support. In addition to this vital piece

work Los Angeles staged a China Aid Week from March 4th to 12th, Anna Louise Strong launched this week for the League in a speech on March 4th. San Francisco has carried on an aggressive anti-Nazi campaign and was pleased recently to learn that the Nazi consul general of the West Coast—Baron Manfred von Killinger—had looked return passage via the Panama Canal to Germany. It will be recalled that von Killinger's appointment raised a storm of protest and that he has been charged repeatedly with Nazi work on the Coast. On the anniversary of Hitler's rise to power, the San Francisco League participated in a monstrous mass meeting that demanded von Killinger's recall.

PITTSBURGH reports the affiliation of District 6 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, involving 17 locals of this international union. Since January 1st, 17 local unions in this area have been addressed by League speakers and 10 of these labor bodies have voted to affiliate with the League. These include Fredericktown Industrial Council, Amalgamated Clothing Workers Local 86, American Federation of Teachers Local 400, Jesette Central Labor body, United Mine Workers of America Local 6558 and Local 6656, and Steel Workers Organizing Committee Local 1244 and 1555. On March 10th the Women's Committee held a Women's Peace Week meeting at the Y.W.C.A. auditorium, where Dr. Marian Hathaway of the University of Pittsburgh was the main speaker.

IN NEW JERSEY, Newark reports the formation of a City Central Council of the League with 15 organizations participating in the first meeting. Also, the Newark Committee to Boycott Japanese Goods has voted to affiliate with the League. A mass meeting on the subject of "Fascism in America" is planned as a part of Newark's drive for new members and affiliates. Union City has a new bulletin called *Lark*, and is using this medium of keeping its membership and affiliates active and informed. A recent issue contained an excellent article on Mayor Hague, written by D. William Leiser, New York City counsel to the C.I.O. Plainfield has elected a Boycott Committee and is beginning a campaign in the community to aid China by refusing to purchase Japanese goods.

WOMEN'S PEACE WEEK was observed by a number of League cities. The Women's Section of the New York City division took part in a very large and successful meeting at Manhattan Opera House, chaired by Margaret Fursyth. Representative Byron Scott of California and Miss Henrietta Roosevelt of the national Y.W.C.A. were the chief speakers at this meet-

ing, with over 2,500 people in the audience. Rep. Scott spoke over the air from station WGB before the meeting. Utica, New York, around a considerable amount of upstate New York by its recent Boycott Conference. Some 22 organizations were represented with delegates. William E. Dodd, Jr., secretary of the League's national China Aid Council, addressed the conference, while additional speakers included the Rev. George I. Stoddard, Dr. Frank Slater, local League chairman and Mr. Van Hong and Mr. Jim Eng, two Chinese students. Kingston, New York, held a meeting on labor issues involving Democracy. Al Edwards of the national Trade Union Department of the League and Joseph Pottel, New York City executive secretary, were the speakers of the evening.

CLEVELAND AND CINCINNATI have developed some excellent educational programs in their respective cities. Cleveland holds bi-weekly roundtables with capable leaders presenting pertinent issues for discussion. Lattie Gordon, the new executive secretary, reports that the League has set itself a goal of 1,000 new members by May 1st. Steve Nelson addressed a membership drive meeting on March 11th at Carnegie Hall. Cincinnati is carrying through a series of Sunday afternoon meetings for members at the Y.W.C.A. The topics for discussion are: "What Next in America?", Labor and Citizens' Committees, Incorporation of Unions, Labor and the War Department, and Boycotts and Neutrality.

HERE AND THERE—Milwaukee took part in a strong protest against the meeting and activities of the German-American Volksbund. Margaret La Budde is the new secretary of the local League organization. Plans have been laid for an annual ball on March 27th. Down in New Orleans the League is growing in influence and membership due to some very fine work on the boycott of Japanese goods. A local conference on the Boycott and China Aid is scheduled, as we go to press, for March 27th. Out in Seattle the League is also busy with the China Aid and Boycott campaign. A drive is on to load a food ship for China. China Aid Week, March 14th-21st, centered on this big undertaking. In St. Petersburg, Florida, the local Branch held a debate meeting on American foreign policy. Jack Shaw spoke for concerted action by means of the people's boycott and embargo laws to stop war supplies to aggressors, while Frank McCallister advocated a policy of "genuine neutrality" and isolation. An audience poll both before and after the debate showed that a majority in each case favored positive people's action for peace.



By James Lerner

THE Japanese militarists have done the athletic bureaucracy of the world a great disservice. Only a couple of weeks ago Avery Brundage trumpeted his determination to take the 1940 Olympic Games to Japan. Avery is an old hand at trumpeting when the safety of some Fascist undertaking is at stake. It seemed inconceivable that he and other Fascist-minded gentry who control athletics in some countries were sanctioning the sending of athletes to Tokio in spite of the war. But we must remember that it was Brundage who was responsible for American participation in the Nazi Olympics despite widespread public opposition.

And now certain Japanese militarists, including the war minister himself, inform the world that it is doubtful whether they will be able to act as hosts to the games. The official reason offered is that it is beginning to seem doubtful whether the war will be over by 1940. And with the determined opposition that the Chinese are putting up, Japan finds it necessary to send all its man-power—including athletes—into battle.

This may be part of the story but there is more to it, as a despatch from London frankly states. One of the mysteries of the athletic world recently has been the fact that although Japanese athletic associations insisted on their being able to hold the games regardless of the war, yet no invitations had been received by the countries which were to send the teams. And London solves the mystery. There were no invitations to the meeting of the International Olympic Committee in Egypt, before Japan could sense how strong the opposition is throughout the world. Meanwhile in Tokio they are preparing the alibis for dropping the games. It certainly would not help Japanese morale if a number of important countries refused to send teams to the games, and thereby showed the revelation with which they view the attack on China.

Thus the action of our National Youth Committee in sending a delegation to present Avery Brundage with a letter of protest just as he set sail for Cairo and the International Olympic Committee meeting, takes on increased importance. The British Empire Athletic Association has already taken a

YOUTH NOTES

vote favoring the boycott of the games. Regardless of what is decided by the Japanese and their international sympathizers we plan to go ahead with the development of the boycott. The next step is to establish connections with prominent coaches and athletes and get them to understand the case. And in your own community it is time to tie up the Olympic Games with the work for China. We are seeking the transference of the games to a non-Fascist country.

MRS. ROOSEVELT has informed the World Youth Congress Committee that she "will be glad to attend the meeting of the Youth Congress at Vassar College on August 15th." And in Congress there is a bill, H. J. Res. 597, welcoming the Congress to this country. By writing to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House and Senate, you can help get it passed. It will then be possible for the President to assist.

International Patrons of the Congress include Lord Cecil, Edouard Herriot, Tagore and Nehru of India and Dr. James T. Shotwell of the United States. Dr. MacCracken of Vassar is chairman of the U. S. Committee.

THE National Youth Committee has prepared a plan for a detailed educational program for youth groups. It includes a number of projects which are to be made available for branches so that they may gain more members.

WORD has just reached us from Washington, D. C. that James Lerner, the conductor of this column and secretary of the Youth Section of the American League, has been arrested with a group of young men and women, representatives of various organizations, for picketing the German Embassy. This demonstration of American Democracy in the capital of American Democracy was in protest of Hitler's brazen and cowardly invasion of Austria which threatens to throw the world into the arms of another world war. And who but the youth of the land will be the first sufferers if Hitler has his way and it is therefore more than appropriate that the young men and women of America should be the first to raise their voices in protest against the aggressors.—Ed.

Out of Feudalism

(Continued from page 29)

sufficient income to make intensified and modernized agriculture unswayed.

Moreover, the production per acre was very low in the latifundia, while the cost of production was high. Since agricultural products compete on the world market, this resulted in a situation where the feudal elements utilized their political power to maintain high duties and tariffs on the produce of their own economy. Prices were far out of range with the world level. Customs duties in 1932 on certain necessities of life were: wheat, 111 per cent; corn, 60 per cent; sugar, 167 per cent; meats, 50 per cent.

Coming and Going

In this way, the land tenure institutions caught the Spanish people coming and going; landless and unemployed in the villages, victimized by artificially high prices in the towns.

And it is this factor which ranged almost the entire population against the old order, stimulating that unity of the peasants, the workers, and the middle classes which found its expression in the *Frente Popular*.

Not accidentally is illiteracy greater in the latifundist areas, in the regions of the lowest densities of population, for it has been in the landlords' interest to keep the peasant in a state of ignorance and superstition. In Albalade, illiteracy reached 71 per cent; in Almeria, the same; in Badajoz, some 66 per cent; in Toledo, 65 per cent. Nor is it the slightest achievement of the Loyalist army that it concentrates on overcoming the illiteracy of its recruits in the very midst of its war-time urgencies.

Naturally, this backwardness of agriculture prevented the growth of native industry and permitted the penetration of foreign capital into Spanish economy. This process emerges in the nineteenth century when British, French, and Belgian combines took control of transport, mines, steam and electric power, naval construction and utilities, attempting to do in Spain what they were accomplishing in China, Indo-China, and the Congo.

Mineral Wealth

Interest centered in mining, for Spain is wealthy in all of the metallic ores that are essential to the progress of industry as well as to the needs of war.

While the Almaden mercury mines remained in the hands of the government, the British interests succeeded in buying out the famous Rio Tinto mines, the sulphur mines, the pyrites reserves, as well as iron resources in Bilbao.

In addition to their share in mining exploitation, the French developed the Railroad of the North of Spain and

several others. And naval construction was similarly divided, with special participation by Vickers-Armstrong and John Brown, Ltd.

Meanwhile the German imperialists were coming into "their own." Appearing first with the formation of the "Chale," the abbreviation for the electric trusts for Spain and South American countries, the Germans rapidly began to encroach on the basic sources of other wealth—particularly those raw materials which supply the war industry. Documents published by the Loyalist government at the outset of the war indicate that even in 1935 Gil Robles, the Rightist leader, had agreed to plans whereby large concessions in Spanish mines were to be given to the Germans. The Metallgesellschaft of Frankfurt was even charged with the tasks of a mineral survey of all Spain.

German Interests

Small wonder then that the Nazis are behind Franco, to them, his victory means the fulfillment of plans which have been made long in advance. Moreover, in the territory now held by Franco a German corporation called the "Hisma" is taking some 1,000,000 tons a year of iron ore in special trade arrangements, while similar contracts with the British have permitted the use of Rio Tinto copper for German war preparations.

On the other hand, the Loyalist government, particularly in Catalonia, has regained for Spain the control of the utilities—gas, electric and transport—by nationalization decrees.

It was during the World War time that Spanish economy made its major advances, taking advantage of its neutrality in that conflict and supplying

both sides with materials and foodstuffs. The mushroom growth of mining and industry is best illustrated by the balance of trade and new capital issues:

Trade Balance	Year	Capital Issues	
247,420,000 pesetas	1912	278,000,000 pesetas	
277,920,000 "	"	1915	479,000,000 "
377,490,000 "	"	1917	572,000,000 "

But the post-War decline affected this expansion very severely, just as in other capitalist lands. And industry had hardly recovered when the onset of the 1929 crisis shattered what was at best a fragile prosperity, bringing about a condition which the collapse of new capital issues reveals:

1928	2,824,000,000 pesetas
1931	534,000,000 "
1933	51,000,000 "

The unprecedented depth of the crisis, its length and scope, resulted in the gravest social consequences. Every element in the population was aroused, merging their dissatisfaction in the popular movement which ousted the Monarchy in the spring of 1931.

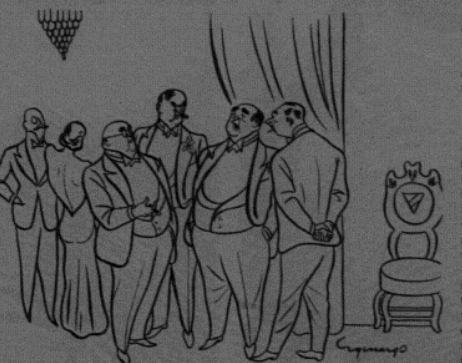
Universal Discontent

While prices fell in all of the capitalist countries by 20 to 35 per cent during these years, in Spain prices rose by 24 per cent due to the backward industrial and monopolistic agrarian conditions. And this was a factor which bred universal discontent.

Among the workers great strikes were interrupting production, expressing the deep dissatisfaction in this decisive section of the population. For example, in 1929 there were 96 strikes with 660,000 days lost; in 1932, there were 681 strikes with 3,726,000 days lost. And by 1933 the number of strikes jumped to over a thousand.

THE GOOD SOCIETY

By Egmargo



"And so I told them, 'Well, what the hell! Now those Austrians will at least have the right to work!'"

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Meanwhile, in the countryside seizures of land became very common, especially in Extremadura—where the land-hungry peasants invaded the big estates in 1932 and compelled the government to legalize their seizures hastily. In 1934 the general strike among the peasants paralyzed the entire countryside, and prepared the way for unification of the peasantry with all of the oppressed sections of the people against the old order.

Here, then, we complete our survey of the economic backgrounds of Spanish history.

Modernizing Spain

The contradictions of Spain's historical heritage are being resolved in the furnace of the war. The People's Front is speeding up the modernization and industrialization of Spain while fighting a death battle with those forces which would perpetuate feudalism and maintain the old and outworn economic relations.

At the same time, the People's Front is retaking for the national economy all those resources and raw materials which will contribute to the liberation of Spain from imperialism, while it is repelling the invader who comes to fasten foreign bondage on the Spanish people and mortgage their future to Fascism and slavery.

The Unions Hold the Fort

The Spanish labor movement, long divided, is learning unity at last in the fight for life against the Fascist invasion

By Roberto Rendueles

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A BOOK BY PUYOL

SPANISH workers have been trying to unite for quite a number of years. There has been a hard uphill fight. They are on the way to success. This present war has taught them the strength of unity. In the first

days of the war it was they who practically with bare fists saved the Republic in Barcelona, Valencia and Madrid. In the territory where Fascism became victorious, many thousands of workers have been killed, and trade unionism



Labor clears the table



The triumph of Democracy

has been interred with Democracy. They know that if Fascism defeats the Republic they will have to bow before an oppressive Labor Commission such as that headed by the Fascist Alejandro Gallo Artacho in Salamanca.

The history of Spanish trade unions is a long continuous conflict between the followers of Karl Marx and Bakunin. The libertarian ideas of the latter caught the fancy of the Spanish workers. In 1870 José Fanelli, a friend of Bakunin, visited Spain and helped to organize the first Spanish Workers' Congress, which was held in Barcelona that year. This Congress accepted the platform of the International Association of Workers. After the Paris Commune in 1871, Spanish labor suffered a setback, but regained its former strength during the short-lived Spanish Republic in 1873. Unfortunately the workers could not rally sufficient forces to the Republic's defense, and with the return of the Monarchy they lost whatever influence they had gained during this period.

Pablo Iglesias, who had been Spanish delegate to the First International, was a confirmed Marxist. In 1879 he organized a Socialist group in Madrid,

and seven years later founded *El Socialista*, a weekly newspaper. Iglesias was a born leader. He was forceful and had a quality that made people love him. After many vicissitudes he was able to organize a Socialist Congress, in Barcelona in 1888, where the *Partido Socialista Obrero* (Workers' Socialist Party) was born. It was Iglesias' dream to have a new workers' organization which would not follow the Anarchist theories. A realistic union under the leadership of the Socialist Party, he thought, without appearing to promulgate any special doctrine would do much to better the conditions of the Spanish worker. The result was the U. G. T.—*Unión General de Trabajadores* (General Union of Workers)—which started with a membership of 3,886.

The C. N. T.—*Confederación Nacional del Trabajo* (National Confederation of Labor)—was not organized until 1910. It sprang from the many small regional Anarcho-Syndicalist unions. This practical adaptation of Anarchism had become very popular in Spain, and under the leadership of Angel Pestaña and Salvador Seguí this trade union immediately became very



The Popular Front shakes off the invaders

influential. Being controlled by the F. A. I.—*Federación Anarquista Iberica* (Iberian Anarchist Federation)—which at the time was illegal in Spain, the C. N. T. had some difficulties. It believed in direct action, as expressed in the program drawn up at the Second Congress of the C. N. T. held in 1918.

As early as 1919 Angel Pestaña presented at a congress of the C. N. T. a proposal to merge with the more conservative U. G. T. There is no doubt that a union of these two organizations would have helped the cause of Spanish labor. In 1920, after a general lock-out in Barcelona, the Civil Governor of Catalonia resigned, and cruel General Martínez Anido, now Franco's "Minister of Public Order," launched a repression against the C. N. T. It ended in thirty-six of the C. N. T. leaders being sent to prison in Mahón (Minorca), and the Anarcho-Syndicalist trade union being declared illegal. Anido—who is described by the Spanish novelist Pío Baroja as "short, stubby, red-jawed, dull in speech, cloudy-eyed, promising no good to anybody" and "watchdog of the Monarchy"—hired scores of "pistoleros" (gang-

Socialist labor activities. Ramon González Peña, one of the leaders of the Asturian revolt in 1934, became Secretary General. Caballero's group continues to be recognized by the addition to the new Executive Committee of four of his men. The Committee, which was thus increased to fifteen members, adopted a program of full cooperation with the government toward winning the war, especially as to pledging its members to give complete support to the manufacture of war materials.

The U. G. T. communicated this program to the C. N. T., and obtained from it a pledge of cooperation.

Much credit for effecting this intra-labor peace is due to Leon Jouhaux, leader of the French Labor Confederation, who by invitation visited Spain with the mission of conciliating the contending parties.

Unity of the trade union movement was brought nearer when a committee from the U. G. T. presented to the C. N. T. a program to be used as a basis for discussion of future joint action. The program includes the following points: formation of a strong People's Army, stabilization of war in-

dustries, nationalization of the basic industries, formation of a national industrial economic council, professional training, municipal ownership of public services, intensification of agriculture on the basis of agrarian co-operatives and collectives, adjustment of wages, prices and production.

On March 14th, representatives of the U. G. T. and C. N. T. announced that they had come to an agreement as to the basis for uniting the two organizations, which they will announce at a later date. In a manifesto—signed by the U. G. T. leaders Ramon González Peña and José Rodríguez Vega, and by Mariano Vázquez and Federico Montseny of the C. N. T.—they address the Spanish people, stating that now as never before they affirm the invincible force of the united workers and their faith and enthusiasm in victory. The manifesto adds that victory is assured because they are not only fighting for their own independence but for the rights of all the workers and free people of the world. They want to give an example to the vacillating democracies as to how international Fascism can be fought and defeated through a united front.



The face of Fascism

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Last year *New Masses* foretold headline events like these, long in advance.

CHINA . . . While most papers were headlining Japan's "conquest" of China, *New Masses* predicted a united China might fight a war of stubbornly contained gradual retirement, using guerrilla tactics, warring Japan to possible breaking point, at least as well as in China.

SPAIN . . . While most papers headed Spain back and forth between Bahala and Loyalists with each taking of a hill, *New Masses* predicted the Government's strength would increase as time went on, that non-intervention would be a screen behind which Germany and Italy would increase aid to Franco.

BRITAIN . . . As early as last July, *New Masses* predicted the able to articulate by the British Labor Party, from collaboration with the National Government to a stiffer independent opposition.

JAPAN . . . *New Masses* was the first to predict that the anti-imperialist spirit in the election of the Japanese Diet would not restrain the government from going ahead with its military aggression.

U. S. A. . . . Immediately after the elections *New Masses* predicted a cleavage in the Democratic Party despite the landslide for President Roosevelt.

New Masses predicted that "little steel" would not follow "big steel" and settle with the unions. . . . That La Guardia would be a Labor Party candidate for mayor of New York backed by a united front of progressives of both parties. . . . That the Socialist Party would rapidly disintegrate unless it expelled the Trotskyites.

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Life in the Balance

(Continued from page 33)

thing for them; many children begged us to take them away to colonies of nonews.

"A woman came up crying bitterly, saying that she had lost her two smallest children in the confusion of the fight and didn't know whether they were alive or dead. Looking around everywhere I saw sick children, and the helplessness on everybody's faces was such as I have not yet seen in Spain. One man (aged about twenty-five) spoke to me in English. He had had a shop and been a "rich man," in Malaga, but had lost everything. He said he looked for work every day, but could not find it, that every day he saw children dying in that building. "The horror of our lives is indescribable," was his summing-up.

Of course this is one of the dark spots. There are model children's colonies in nearby Murcia, and there are work colonies scattered throughout Government territory where able-bodied refugees are able to provide for at least a portion of their livelihood. But merely one of these dark spots is too many. The resources of the Government are taxed to the utmost to provide the raw materials of war—men and munitions. In great part the care of these homeless refugees must devolve upon democratic peoples of the world.

The need for medical aid cannot be exaggerated. At the present time, there is literally too little of everything, from cots and blankets to ambulances and hospitals, to take care of the growing casualty lists consequent upon battle along a 1200-mile front. Dr. Leo Eloesser of San Francisco, head of one of the American Medical units stationed behind the Teruel front, wrote recently of his work during the battle for Teruel:

Hardships

"Sterilization presented much hardship. We had an antiseptic that burnt alcohol. There were a few quarts of alcohol when we reached the hospital, but they gave out and we were several days without any. So we tried sterilizing on a kitchen stove that we had set up in the operating-room. Coal gave out and we had to use what wood we could get, to get patients in or out; a number of them were frozen. Ambulances were far too few. Of our own, we had none; everyone was clamoring for that at once, and it was very hard to commandeer those that were passing or unloading. Both as a consequence of the lack of ambulances and of fire along the road we got our patients only at night and after a sometimes fatal delay.

"Of cots and beds we had about half the necessary number, so that we had to put many of the wounded on

the floor on mattresses. This wouldn't have been so bad had the floors not been of stone-tiling, and as I said, freezing cold. Sheets we had none, pillows perhaps a half dozen for fifty, blankets and coverings all too few.

"Ordinary hospital furnishings were sadly lacking; there were two enamel washbowls, and four buckets. Cups, plates, saucers, etc., amounted to zero. The patients drank from condensed milk-tins."

Blending Spain

To add to the flow of Spain's best blood at the front, Franco now sends its war plans to bombard the women and children at the rear. You have already seen what this "no quarter" policy means through Miss Kyle's letter. To staunch this terrifying blood-letting, adequate medical aid is essential. What has already been provided is not enough—not nearly enough.

In a recent issue of the *New York Herald Tribune* there appeared a despatch from Paris, quoting the Spanish Rebel press bureau there to the effect that \$22,000,000 had already been contributed from the United States to the aid of the Spanish Loyalists. While correcting this figure in the course of a letter to the newspaper, I took the occasion to remark: "I wish that it were so. . . ."

The sad fact that we must face is that all the organizations sending aid to the Spanish people from the United States had shipped, up to January 31st, food, clothing and medical supplies and equipment valued at somewhat less than \$2,000,000. When one remembers that the January 30th Rebel bombing raids on Barcelona destroyed more than \$2,000,000 in property, it is at once evident how pitifully little this aid really is—how much more is needed.

Since the organization of the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, our medical division has established nine American hospitals in Loyalist Spain and staffed them with a personnel of 117 doctors, nurses and technicians. In addition, sixty-nine ambulances and one mobile hospital unit have been sent to Spain. But the letters and appeals continue to pour in from our doctors and nurses. Their burden is always the same: "What you have done is good but it is nothing when weighed in the scale of the existing need."

Much More Is Needed

Our ten children's homes in Spain give shelter to only 500 of the estimated 750,000 child refugees. Our shipments of thousands of tons of food and clothing have disappeared into the bottomless abyss of war-time wretchedness. The American people, who raised millions of dollars in the post-war years for the Near East Relief,

have done nothing or next to nothing for Spain.

Here in the United States, there is a constantly growing body of public opinion which recognizes in the Spanish struggle a decisive conflict between Democracy and Fascism, and which is eager to take sides with Spanish Democracy. This is evidenced by the recent poll conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion which showed that, of the American people who have decided opinions on the Spanish question, 75 per cent favor the Loyalists against 25 per cent who support Franco. One year ago the Institute's poll showed 65 per cent for the Loyalists and 35 per cent for Franco.

What this means is that the American people are gradually becoming aware of the real issues of the struggle in Spain and that they are sitting these issues in the light of American democratic traditions. These figures are all the more significant when one considers that a year ago 65 per cent of all polled answered that they had no views in regard to the Spanish struggle, while only 52 per cent answered similarly during the recent poll.

Our Task at Home

It is plain that the American people are far in advance of their legislative representatives on the Spanish question. There is a bloc in the House of Representatives, led by Congressman Jerry J. O'Connell, which is intent upon our government taking a position consistent with our traditional policy. But in the main, our legislators are content to play the ostrich rôle. Our task on the home front is to bring our legislators in line with American public opinion. Specifically, it is to force through revocation of the embargo on the shipment of war supplies to Spain, and the return to our traditional policy of free trade with the legitimate and democratic government.

This task is within our means. It is a task of decisive importance. If the United States Government were to take this step—to return to its traditional policy of free trade with a recognized government—its action would have a decisive influence upon the policy of other European Democracies who are reluctant to take this step alone. At home, it would give a decided stimulus to the work of those groups aiding Spain. It would augment our forces with those who, because of a mistaken impression that aid for Spain is a contravention of the American neutrality policy, have hesitated to join with us.

Within the coming year, great issues will be decided, issues which will mean much to countless generations yet unborn throughout the world. Not the least of these issues is Spain. Let me paraphrase a slogan which saw much service in years past:

"As Spain goes, so goes the world."

Peace Way

PRACTICALLY everyone wants peace. Yet of what use can it be to talk of the will for peace when there is war in the world today? War in China, war in Spain, and by the time this is printed where will Austria be? We cannot discuss how to maintain peace when it has been destroyed, but must ask how to restore it. When you see a big fire a block from your home you do not call a meeting on fire-prevention; you help to put it out before the sparks set your own roof ablaze.

There is a panic school of fire-fighters. They see the danger and cry out against it. "Get into the house and lock the door," they shout. That policy will not stop an ordinary fire, but it becomes positively suicidal when there are incendiaries about. The panic school, losing its head in the face of danger, argues that there is no danger, or that the only peril is in naming the incendiaries or interfering with their plans. Professor Charles Beard surprised us with an extreme version of this view, according to which all talk of "aggressor nations" is a mere creating of "bogies." And the wars in Spain and China? Invented, too?

Worst of the matter is that this sincerely-held view is utilized precisely by the pro-Fascists in democratic countries to paralyze the resistance of the millions. A Chamberlain, for instance, neutralizes the overwhelming sympathy of the British millions for Spain and China by the cry of, "Peace." Over the head of the people, over the head of Parliament, behind the back of the Cabinet, he negotiated with Hitler and Mussolini. He arranged a European "appeasement" by surrender of Spain, betrayal of Austria, abandonment of Czechoslovakia.

Observe that a handful of men behind Chamberlain—for convenience the three "H's": Halifax, Hailsham and Hoare—could thus guarantee the extension of the existing wars through Central Europe. They could never thus have overridden the will of millions but for the panic school of ostrich peace. 1931 Manchuria. 1935 Ethiopia. 1936 Spain. 1937 China. 1938, the debacle? Surely it has been demonstrated that retreat, concessions, "appeasement," "neutrality," human sacrifice are not the way to peace.

The only real barrier to war is the people's will, which is now neutralized by the do-nothing policy of some of the governments. A negative line prevents the mobilization of public opinion while Halifax—and Hoover—talk to Hitler about spoils of future wars! We who want peace must make the many more vocal than the few. Only a positive program can be the basis of a popular mobilization. It is not enough to be against war. We must be for a policy that penalizes the aggressor without punishing the aggrieved; the O'Connell Peace Act. For economic actions against war-makers (boycott, etc.). For concerted action with other peace-loving peoples.

One-hand peace policies have the curious effect of cancelling one another out. President Roosevelt may pronounce "Quarantine the aggressor" in the interest of peace, but the isolationists shout "Pooh pooh," and our actual results are pleasing only to Hoarst. Liberals and Eden may storm, but Chamberlain has his way. Peace-seeking democratic peoples can triumph only—even at home—through combination with other democratic peoples everywhere.—J.H.



"WAR REFUGEES" BY CARL G. HILL

Austria

AS THESE pages go to press Hitler with 65,000 Nazi troops and a squadron of bomb planes has invaded Austria. Liberal, labor and democratic voices have been stifled. The trade unions have been suppressed. The press is muzzled. Catholics and Jews are getting a dose of the iron heel. The plebiscite was stopped. (Hitler will have an "election" all his own.) An entire nation has been annexed by the Fascists—the aggressors. We repeat what we often have said in these pages. Fascism is driving the world into another world war. Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, China, and now . . . Austria. What will happen in a month or two? Where do Chamberlain's policies lead us? Where do Frederick J. Libby's policies lead us if not in the direction of war, in the direction of Hitler's camp? The test today of the sincerity and efficacy of any state or individual in the preservation of peace is its willingness to recognize and struggle against the incendiary—the aggressor, the war-maker. In Hitler's parade into Austria, the American people, the democratic-minded people throughout the world are able to determine who are the Tories and the Hitler "peace" societies. To preserve peace in America there must be unity of purpose and will among the democratic peoples throughout the world. The banner of Peace and Democracy is the people's banner.—J.P.

Aid to Spain

CONSIDERING the handicaps, the vicious anti-Loyalist propaganda, the American organizations raising money for relief work in Spain have done laudable work and performed a

real service for the people of that country. However, in the face of the tremendous needs in Spain and the need for the rehabilitation of the wounded who have returned, we must acknowledge that we have not done enough. The American League besides its educational campaign to inform the American people on what is going on in Spain, has contributed thousands of dollars mostly through the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy to which it is affiliated. Thousands of American League members and its branches in various cities throughout the country undertook the great social task of helping the millions in Spain who are struggling against the Fascist trio—Hitler, Mussolini and Franco.

The major work, however, fell to the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. These two groups in conjunction with the Spanish Societies Confederated, the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, the American Friends of the Lincoln Brigade have awakened the social conscience of America through their day to day work on behalf of a stricken people fighting for their Republic.

More Americans must be reached for contributions to Spain. The people of Spain have been resisting the Fascist invader now for over a year and a half. Their struggle for liberty is ours. Tens of thousands of men, women and children are wounded. Hundreds of thousands are homeless. As the Spring military drives are opening and the guns of Fascism are trained on the people of Spain, the least we can do is to help with our dimes and dollars to relieve the suffering of a brave and innocent people. We remember the words of the former Premier Portela Valladares, who opposed the People's Front in 1936 but who refused to back Franco: "We know that the cause of our Independence will triumph through the great suffering, the enormous sacrifices of our people; and we are ready to offer our lives and the lives of our dearest rather than yield to foreign invasion and conquest." We can and we must prevent that suffering.—R.T.

Madrid - Guadalajara - Teruel

WHERE the caissons rumble and the tanks crawl forward, the American Medical units in Spain have created proud pages in the history of American aid to distressed peoples. Just behind the battle lines, American doctors and nurses work feverishly to care for the shell-blasted soldiers of the Spanish People's Army. Slogging forward in the wake of battle, American ambulances and stretcher-bearers carry on their work of mercy.

This Work Must Go On!

IN Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid and Murcia thousands of men, women and child war-refugees are dependent upon outside aid for their means of livelihood. Hundreds of children, many of them orphaned, are now sheltered in the nine American homes in Spain. Living targets for fascist bombers, their plight is a warning signal to all people everywhere. As one American eye-witness puts it: "Yesterday, Guernica; today, Barcelona; tomorrow, Paris, London and New York. The time to answer Barcelona is before it reaches New York!"

Make Your Mark

Answer Barcelona NOW by coming to the aid of the Spanish people. Choose the way in which you will help.

	Mark Here
1 box of prepared foods.....	\$ 50.....
1 gallon of cod liver oil.....	1.00.....
1 vial typhoid vaccine.....	2.00.....
5 pounds of ether.....	3.00.....
6 dozen hypo needles.....	5.00.....
1 stretcher.....	10.00.....
To support one war orphan for one month.....	9.00.....
To provide equipment for one war orphan.....	30.00.....

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MEDICAL BUREAU & NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID
SPANISH DEMOCRACY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

For the purpose indicated I enclose my contribution of \$.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

"One Year In Spain"

A graphic presentation of the work of the American Medical units in Spain with 40 pictures and text. This colorful pamphlet follows the career of the Americans in Spain since the sailing of the first Medical unit on January 16, 1937. Today, 117 American doctors, nurses and ambulance drivers are in service. Eight well-equipped hospitals have been established with sixty-nine ambulances in action. This up-to-the-minute history of one of the great humanitarian efforts of the American people is now available at 10 cents per copy.

"Bombs Over Barcelona"

Another fine pamphlet dealing with the recent bombings of the civilians in the Spanish capital. Contains newspaper reports of these atrocities by Lawrence A. Fernsworth, Herbert T. Matthews and world-wide editorial opinion. Also some material hitherto unpublished. The protest to President Roosevelt signed by more than 400 eminent Americans is printed in full. A very fine collection of pictures accompany the text. 5 cents per copy.

Above publications subject to 40 per cent discount when ordered in lots of 50 or more.

The work of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy has received the approval of the Spanish Government and of all leading progressive-minded Americans. Collection of funds is authorized under U.S. Permit No. 2 in accordance with the terms of the Neutrality Act of 1937. Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Dr. Walter B. Cannon are co-chairman; the Rev. Herman P. Reising is executive secretary.