Trabajo Fin de Grado. ANEXOS

Mujeres y Periodismo de guerra:

El reporterismo de Martha Gellhorn y Gerda Taro en la Guerra Civil española.

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ANEXO I. GERDA TARO: FOTOGRAFÍAS

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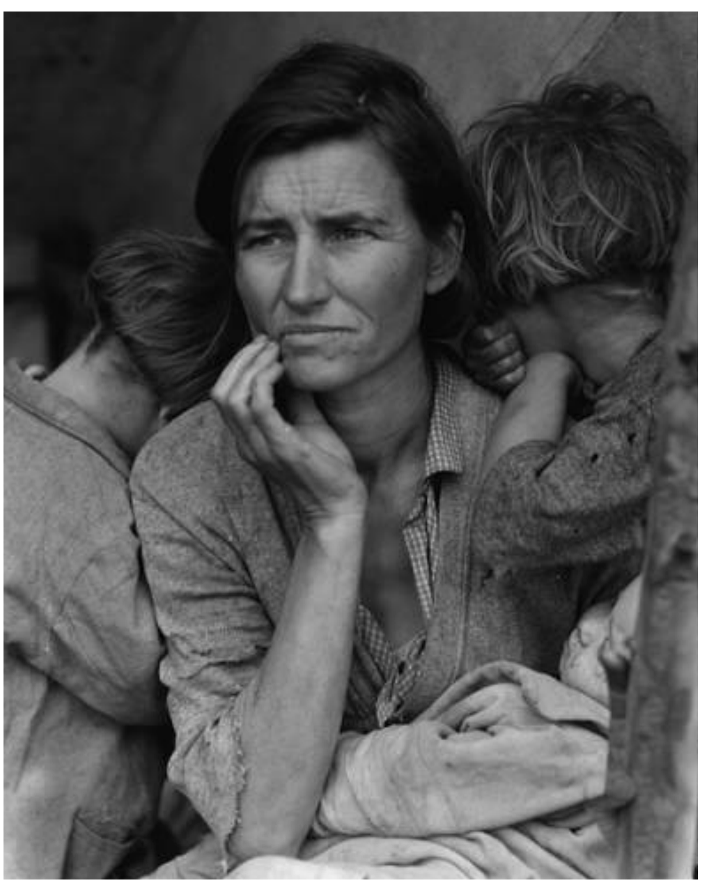

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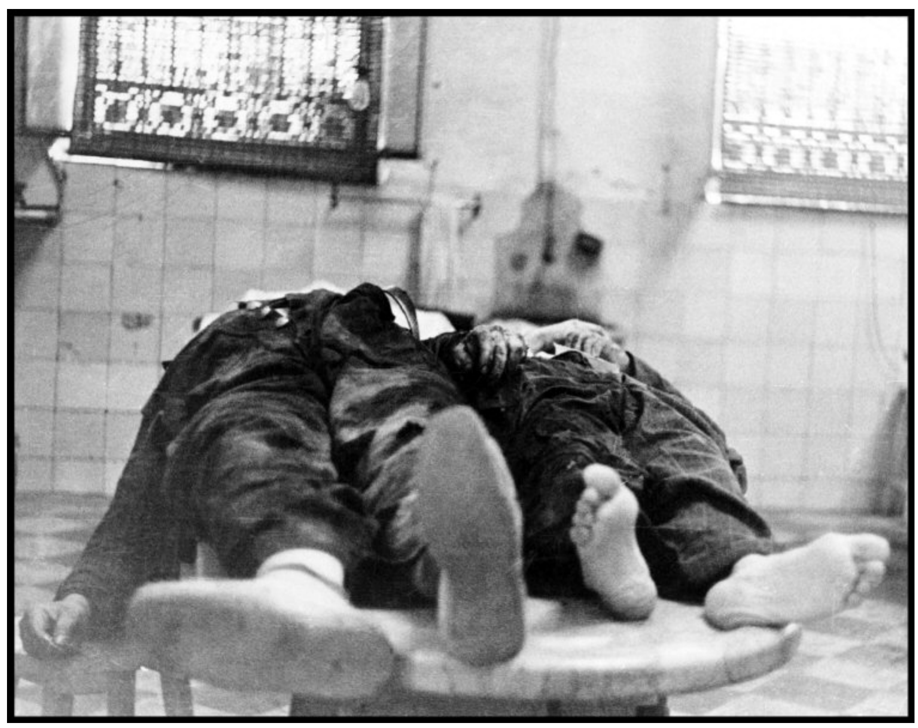

Figura 5. Víctimas ataques aéreos. Valencia, mayo, 1937.Gerda Taro © International Center of Photography

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Figura 9. Portada de *Regards* con el nombre de Taro. 22 de julio de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*,vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 10. Portada de *Die Volks Illustriete*. 25 de agosto de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*,vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

14 Collier's for October 2, 1937

Can America Keep Out of War?

By Winston Churchill

From China and from Spain come the echoes of exploding shells. European factories are working day and night, producing planes, guns, poison gas. If the lid blows off, if Europe goes to war, can we stay clear of the conflict? Mr. Churchill, from his vast experience of European and world politics, weighs our chances

THE lamentable events now taking place in the Far East bring this question into the arena of practical and current politics. The United States, like Great Britain, has enormous interests, commercial, moral and cultural, in China. These interests have been built up over several generations. The construction by Japan of her modern navy has during the last twenty years completely transformed the position in the Yellow Sea and upon the Asiatic side of the Pacific Ocean. Unless at some future date the position in Europe is so secure and the feeling in the United States is so strong that joint Anglo-American action with a very serious purpose behind it becomes possible, we must expect in common with the other European nations to suffer a ceaseless encroachment upon our interests.

Japan is in the hands of leaders who are themselves controlled under pain of imminent death by a military secret society whose ideas are far removed from a modern conception. Remorseless conquest and subjugation apart from China by Japan will be driven forward by these primordial forces.

The spectacle will not be pleasant to witness nor the experience agreeable to endure. Nevertheless, it is not likely that the present renewed Japanese inroad upon China will lead to a world conflagration. On the contrary, the fact that Japan finds the moment opportune to expand her energy and entangle her troops in China looks as if her military men do not expect a major war this year. The great danger to the world at the present time still lies not in the Far East, not in the quarrels of the yellow peoples, but in the heart of Christendom and Europe.

European politics change with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Every crisis brings into being a new alignment of forces. The bickering of avowed enemies has its counterpart in the secret suspicions and rivalries of those who find themselves temporarily in the same camp. Antagonisms flare up and are resolved. Over a large part of the continent there is no permanence either in feuds or friendships.

But there is tension always. At any moment may come an explosion. And the peoples are afraid.

They have every reason for fear. War is not inevitable. It may be avoided. I believe that if a sufficient number of nations have the will to peace and the courage of their good intentions, there will be no war. But, up to the present, the danger is more apparent than the effort to avoid it. There are no guarantors of peace whose strength and purpose are undoubted. Aggression, fully armed, grows bolder with easy successes.

Nations Bent on Suicide

It would be idle optimism to underestimate the menace of such a situation. And there are two factors above all others which underline the threat. One is dissatisfaction with the territorial settlements which followed the war of 1914-18. The other is the identification of great states with principles of autocratic government to which has been given a religious or semireligious authority.

It is one of the characteristics that distinguish man from the brute creation that man is prepared to kill or be killed for the sake of an idea. All ideas are, in a sense, explosive. But the idea which is independent of reasoning, which is held as an article of faith, is the most dangerous of all. In Germany, Italy and Rus-

American bluejackets from the U. S. S. Augusta practice landing drill in the Whangpoo at Shanghai. Below, England's air force takes the air for maneuvers to prepare it for whatever may come

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While a world watches apprehensively, Japan turns to war in China. Japanese infantrymen advancing in the face of determined resistance in the Peiping sector

Men Who Must Rule or Die

In Spain, war drags on. Here anxious noncombatants gather before the gates of a hospital to await news of relatives following a bombardment of Valencia

Figura 11. *Collier's*, pp. 14-15. 2 de octubre de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*,vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Ce soir

Ce que GERDA TARO a vu la veille de sa mort

Il y a 15 jours, notre chère petite Gerda TARO tombait, mortellement blessée... Sur son lit d'hôpital, quelques heures avant de mourir, elle avait demandé d'une voix étranglée : « Et mon appareil ? » – « Brisé », lui dit-on. Elle avait eu alors cette réponse stoïque : « C'est la guerre. » Ses amis d'Espagne ont retrouvé le dernier film qu'elle avait fait. Ils nous l'ont adressé. C'était pendant l'ultime bataille dans Brunete que les gouvernementaux défendaient avec acharnement. Le village n'était plus qu'un monceau de ruines. Les obus tombaient, les mitrailleuses crépitaient... Bravant le danger, Gerda TARO continuait de prendre ces documents...

Figura 12. *Ce Soir* p. 10. 28 de julio de 1937."Lo que Gerda Taro vio la víspera de su muerte", Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 13. Portada de *Regards*. 10 de junio de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 14. Paso de Navacerrada. Finales mayo-principios junio,1937. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography

Figura 15. Brunete, Julio, 1937. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

BATAILLES

A l'assaut ! A Carabanchel, les miliciens, poitrine offerte, prennent le départ pour un coup de main.

Agent de liaison, le motocycliste des milices espagnoles s'en va signaler l'arrivée des avions fascistes.

ìégovie. Dans les bois fauchés par la mitraille, un tank entre en action.

Un document exceptionnel ! A quelques mètres d'un canon de 155 court, un obus de 77 explose. Notre photographe Chim se trouvait, exactement, à 10 mètres du point de chute que marque, sur l'épreuve, une brume de fumée.

(Photos Taro et Chim.)

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Figura 16. *Regards*, p. 22. 14 de julio de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

En suivant le Tour...

Ce soir

DERNIER EPISODE D'UNE CHUTE HEUREUSEMENT « DIRIGÉE »

L'avion de Paulhan a été retiré, hier soir, de la Seine. Grâce au sang-froid et à la maîtrise du pilote, cet accident, qui eût pu être catastrophique, ne fut qu'un simple « incident »

La journée du Rassemblement populaire

Deux belles photographies faites, hier, pendant la grandiose manifestation populaire. Au-dessous : une vue de la tribune officielle pendant le discours du ministre de l'Air. Au-dessus : MM. Pierre Cot, Maurice Thorez et Cachin (de droite à gauche). Au second plan : M. Victor Basch

LA PRISE DE BRUNETE

Certains journaux ont démenti la nouvelle de la prise, par les Républicains, du village de Brunete. Nos collaborateurs [illegible] et Léon Moussinac, membre du Congrès international des écrivains, ont assisté à la conquête de la bourgade. Notre reporter photographe Taro nous a fait parvenir ces documents, preuves irréfutables de l'avance victorieuse des soldats gouvernementaux

Notre nouveau jeu des ressemblances

Madame, Mademoiselle, vous pouvez gagner 250 fr.

Ressemblez-vous à

Jeanne Aubert?

Figura 17. *Ce Soir*, p. 8. 16 de julio de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Brandpunt van moordende strijd.

BRUNETE

MADRID

Regeeringstroepen doorzoeken na de bezetting van Brunete de ten deele in brand geschoten huizen. Brunete is voor beide partijen van het grootste gewicht, daar het een der voornaamste verbindingswegen der nationalisten, die naar Avila, beheerscht. Vandaar dat zoowel rechts als links er met uiterste verbittering om vechten. Het dorp is thans vrijwel met de grond gelijk gemaakt.

Wij kunnen onze lezers de eerste foto's voorleggen van Brunete, het dorp ten Westen van Madrid, dat het brandpunt vormt van de hevige gevechten der laatste dagen. Zij zijn genomen direct na de bezetting van het dorp door de regeeringstroepen; sindsdien is Brunete het doelwit geworden der rechtsche kanonnen.

Boven ziet men een zware tank Brunete binnenrijden; links dringt een officier met de revolver in de vuist een tot het laatste door de rechtschen verdedigde boerderij binnen. De strijd om het door generaal Miaja veroverde terrein is de hevigste, welke tot nu toe in de burgeroorlog is voorgevallen. De regeering tracht door te breken naar Navalcarnero en Talavera, generaal Franco ontbiedt in allerijl versterkingen uit het noorden om de „ring" om Madrid gesloten te houden.

Figura 18. *Het Leven* p. 954. 24 de julio de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana*, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 19. Funeral de Lukács. Valencia, 12 junio,1937. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

Figura 20. Morgue de Valencia, 15 de mayo, 1937. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

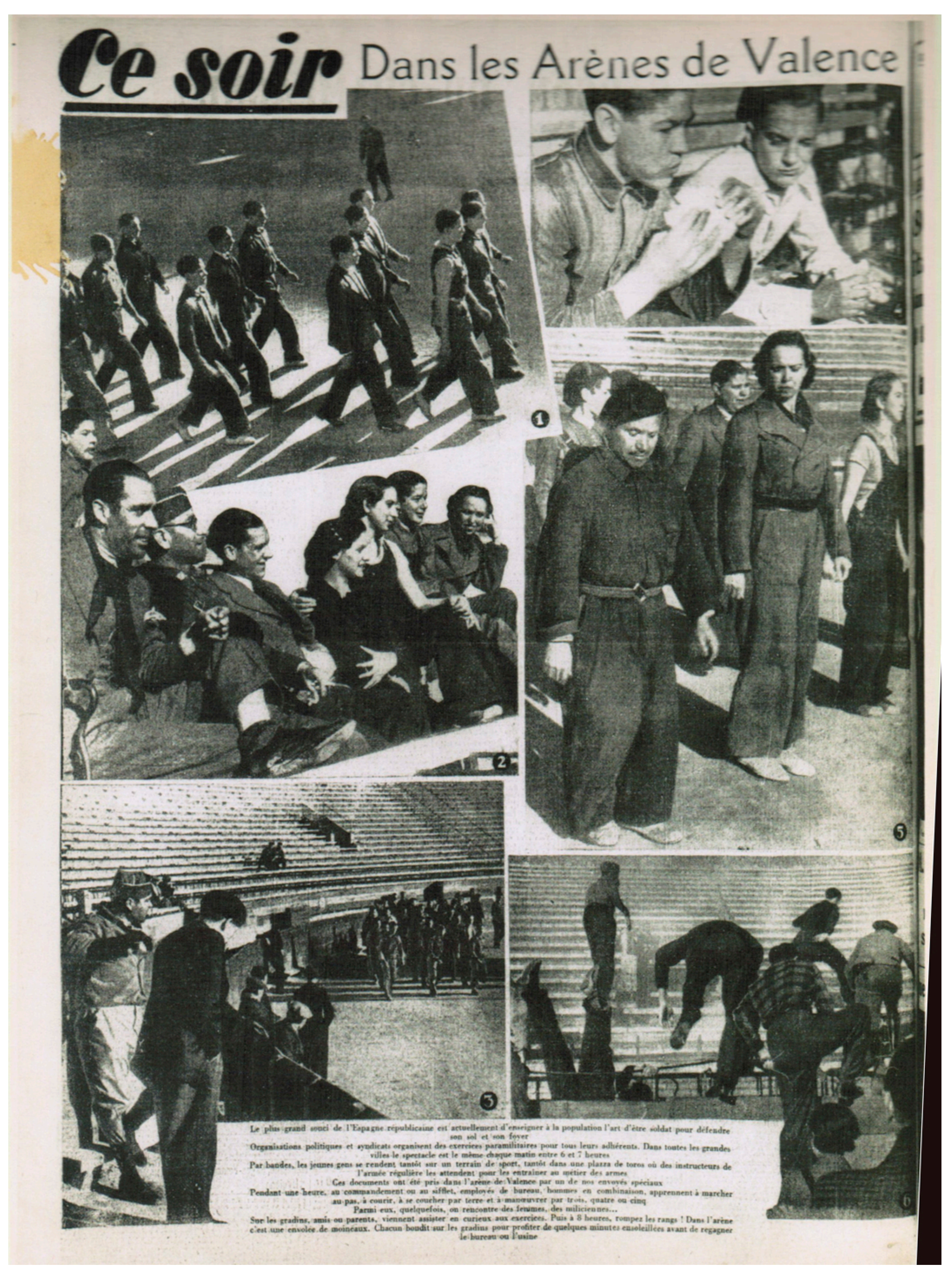
Figura 21. Refugiados de Málaga en Almería. Febrero,1937. Gerda Taro © International Center of Photography.

Figura 22. Barcelona, agosto, 1936. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

Figura 23. Barcelona, agosto, 1936. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

Figura 24. Barcelona, agosto, 1936. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.

Figura 25. Valencia, marzo,1937. Gerda Taro. © International Center of Photography.



Ce soir Dans les Arènes de Valence

Le plus grand souci de l'Espagne républicaine est actuellement d'enseigner à la population l'art d'être soldat pour défendre son sol et son foyer

Organisations politiques et syndicats organisent des exercices paramilitaires pour tous leurs adhérents. Dans toutes les grandes villes le spectacle est le même chaque matin entre 6 et 7 heures

Par bandes, les jeunes gens se rendent tantôt sur un terrain de sport, tantôt dans une plazza de toros où des instructeurs de l'armée régulière les attendent pour les entraîner au métier des armes

Ces documents ont été pris dans l'arène de Valence par un de nos envoyés spéciaux

Pendant une heure, au commandement ou au sifflet, employés de bureau, hommes en combinaison, apprennent à marcher au pas, à courir, à se coucher par terre et à manœuvrer par trois, quatre ou cinq

Parmi eux, quelquefois, on rencontre des femmes, des miliciennes...

Sur les gradins, amis ou parents, viennent assister en curieux aux exercices. Puis à 8 heures, rompez les rangs ! Dans l'arène c'est une envolée de moineaux. Chacun bondit sur les gradins pour profiter de quelques minutes ensoleillées avant de regagner le bureau ou l'usine

Figura 26. *Ce Soir* p. 10. 22 de marzo de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), La Maleta Mexicana, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 27. *Regards*, portada. 15 de abril de 1937. Young (ed.) (2011), La Maleta Mexicana, vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 28. Milicianos republicanos. Barcelona, agosto, 1936. Gerda Taro

Figura 29. Barcelona, agosto de 1936. Robert Capa © International Center of Photography

Figura 30. Rollo 79 de la Maleta Mexicana. Valencia(?),marzo-mayo,1937. Young (ed.) (2011), *La Maleta Mexicana,* vol.2. La Fábrica Editorial, Madrid.

Figura 29. Barcelona, agosto de 1936. Robert Capa © International Center of Photography

ANEXO II. MARTHA GELLHORN: reportajes para *Collier's*

"Only the Shells Whine", *Collier's*, 17-07-1937, pp. 12-13, 64-65

Only the Shells Whine

By Martha Gellhorn

ACME

Street Scene, A. D. 1937, Madrid. When the shells begin to burst in your street the thing to do is go somewhere else as quickly as possible

This is Madrid, a large city, a modern city. People are living here and doing business. Elevators run; children go to school (hurry at the next corner; it's a bad crossing). And men drink beer, pausing occasionally to listen (you can tell how close a shell is by its whine). You spend your days and nights in waiting—waiting for the shelling to begin or waiting for it to stop. Miss Gellhorn shows you what life is like when death stalks the streets—and frequently comes indoors

AT FIRST the shells went over: you could hear the thud as they left the Fascists' guns, a sort of groaning cough, then you heard them fluttering toward you. As they came closer the sound went faster and straighter and sharper and then, very fast, you heard the great booming noise when they hit.

But now, for I don't know how long—because time didn't mean much, they had been hitting on the street in front of the hotel, and on the corner, and to the left in the side street. When the shells hit that close, it was a different sound. The shells whistled toward you—it was as if they whirled at you—faster than you could imagine speed, and, spinning that way, they whined: the whine rose higher and quicker and was a close scream—and then they hit and it was like granite thunder. There wasn't anything to do, or anywhere to go: you could only wait. But waiting alone in a room that got dustier and dustier as the powdered cobblestones of the street floated into it was pretty bad.

I went downstairs into the lobby, practicing on the way how to breathe. You couldn't help breathing strangely, just taking the air into your throat and not being able to inhale it.

It seemed a little crazy to me to be living in a hotel, like a hotel in Des Moines or New Orleans, with a lobby and wicker chairs in the lounge, and signs on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten per cent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an artillery barrage. The whole place trembled to the explosion of the shells.

The concierge was in the lobby and he said to me, apologetically, "I regret this, Mademoiselle. It is not pleasant. I can guarantee you that the bombing in November was worse. However, it is regrettable."

I said yes, indeed, it was not very nice, was it? He said that perhaps I had better take a room in the back of the house, which might be safer. On the other hand, the rooms were not so agreeable; there was less air. I said of course there wouldn't be so much air. Then we stood in the lobby and listened.

You could only wait. All over Madrid, for fifteen days now, people had been waiting. You waited for the shelling to start, and for it to end, and for it to start again. It came from three directions, at any time, without warning and without purpose. Looking out the door, I saw people standing in doorways all around the square, just standing there patiently, and then suddenly a shell landed, and there was a fountain of granite cobblestones flying up into the air, and the silver lyddite smoke floated off softly.

ACME

You take your chances, for there is no shelter anywhere from the death that screams through the night and spreads destruction where it falls

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You have been through many bombardments; you have learned that you can tell, from the shriek of the oncoming shell, where it will land—sometimes

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A little Spaniard with a lavender shirt, a ready-made bow tie and bright brown eyes was standing in the door watching this with interest. There was also no reason for the shells to stay out of the hotel. They could land inside that door as well as anywhere else. Another shell hit, halfway across the street, and a window broke gently and airily, making a lovely tinkling musical sound.

I was watching the people in the other doorways, as best I could, watching those immensely quiet, stretched faces. You had a feeling you had been waiting here forever, and yesterday you felt the same way. The little Spaniard said to me, "You don't like it?"

"No."

"Nothing," he said. "It is nothing. It will pass. In any case, you can only die once."

"Yes," I said, but without enthusiasm.

We stood there a moment, and there was silence. Before this the shells had been falling one a minute.

"Well," he said, "I think that is all. I have work to do. I am a serious man. I cannot spend my time waiting for shells. *Salud,*" he said, and walked out calmly into the street, and calmly crossed it.

Seeing him, some other men decided the shelling was finished too, and presently people were crossing that square, which now was pock-marked with great round holes, and littered with broken cobblestones and glass. An old woman with a market basket on her arm hurried down a side street. And two boys came around the corner, arm in arm, singing.

It's All Very Regrettable

I went back to my room, and again suddenly there came that whistle-whine-scream-roar and the noise was in your throat and you couldn't feel or hear or think and the building shook and seemed to settle. Outside in the hall, the maids were calling to one another, like birds, in high excited voices. The concierge ran upstairs looking concerned and shaking his head. On the floor above, we went into a room in which the lyddite smoke still hung mistily. There was nothing left in that room, the furniture was kindling wood, the walls were stripped and in places torn open, a great hole led into the next room and the bed was twisted iron and stood upright and silly against the wall.

"Oh, my," the concierge said miserably.

"Look, Conchita," one of the maids said to the other; "look at the hole there is in 219 too."

"Oh," one of the youngest maids said, "imagine, it has also spoiled the bathroom in 218."

The journalist who lived in that room had left for London the day before.

"Well," the concierge said, "there is nothing to do. It is very regrettable."

The maids went back to work. An aviator came down from the fifth floor. He said it was disgusting; he had two days leave and this sort of thing went on. Moreover, he said, a shell fragment had hit his room and broken all his toilet articles. It was inconsiderate; it wasn't right. He would now go out and have a beer. He waited at the door for a shell to land, and ran across the square, reaching the café across the street just before the next shell. You couldn't wait forever; you couldn't be careful all day.

Later, you could see people around Madrid examining the new shell holes with curiosity and wonder. Otherwise they went on with the routine of their lives, as if they had been interrupted by a heavy rainstorm but nothing more. In a café which was hit in the morning, where three men were killed sitting at a table reading their morning papers and drinking coffee, the clients came back in the afternoon. You went to Chicote's bar at the end of the day, walking up that street which was No Man's Land, where you could hear the shells whistling even when there was silence, and the bar was crowded as always. On the way you had passed a dead horse and a very dead mule, chopped with shell fragments, and you had passed crisscrossing trails of human blood on the pavement.

You would be walking down a street, hearing only the city noises of streetcars and automobiles and people calling to one another, and suddenly, crushing it all out, would be that huge stony deep booming of a falling shell, at the corner. There was no place to run, because how did you know that the next shell would not be behind you, or ahead, or to the left or right? And going indoors was fairly silly too, considering what shells can do to a house.

So perhaps you went into a store because that was what you had intended doing before all this started. Inside a shoe shop, five women are trying on shoes. Two girls are buying summery sandals, sitting by the front window of the shop. After the third close explosion, the salesman says politely: "I think we had better move farther back into the shop. The window might break and cut you."

Women are standing in line, as they do all over Madrid, quiet women, dressed usually in black, with market baskets on their arms, waiting to buy food. A shell falls across the square. They turn their heads to look, and move a little closer to the house, but no one leaves her place in line. *(Continued on page 64)*

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Business will resume at this Madrid street corner tomorrow, when some of the litter is cleared away

PIX

Home from the wars is this Spanish fighter—but only for lunch. His fighting front is just around the corner

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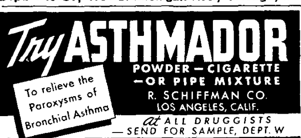

Only the Shells Whine

Continued from page 13

After all, they have been waiting there for three hours and the children expect food at home.

In the Plaza Major, the shoeblacks stand around the edges of the square, with their little boxes of creams and brushes, and passers-by stop and have their shoes polished as they read a paper or gossip together. When the shells fall too heavily, the shoeblacks pick up their boxes and retreat a little way into a side street.

So now the square is empty, though people are leaning close against the houses around it, and the shells are falling so fast that there is almost no time between them to hear them coming, only the steady roaring as they land on the granite cobblestones.

Then for a moment it stops. An old woman, with a shawl over her shoulders, holding a terrified thin little boy by the hand, runs out into the square. You know what she is thinking: she is thinking she must get the child home, you are always safer in your own place, with the things you know. Somehow you do not believe you can get killed when you are sitting in your own parlor, you never think that. She is in the middle of the square when the next one comes.

A small piece of twisted steel, hot and very sharp, sprays off from the shell; it takes the little boy in the throat. The old woman stands there, holding the hand of the dead child, looking at him stupidly, not saying anything, and men run out toward her to carry the child. At their left, at the side of the square, is a huge brilliant sign which says:

Get out of Madrid.

There was nothing left on that street except the outside walls. One block down, strangely, the outside walls had been torn away and there was only the inside of the houses left, open like a doll's house, with furniture still in place, and pictures still on the walls. This was what the bombs did, at the beginning of the winter. All around here, you saw the war at its most unbelievable.

You would walk down a street and in the gutter would be a gold slipper, two leather-bound books, a lampshade and a summer dress, very dirty and shredded now. They had been carelessly blown out of some house in the neighborhood. You would walk into the front door of a house, and trip over a chandelier that had been hurled from an apartment five or six floors up. You knew about the people living in these houses, just from standing in the street. You knew their taste in furniture and china and art, and whether they were rich or only a little rich, and it was extraordinary how moving and how secret people's lives were when you suddenly saw their ruined homes.

A Visit to Pedro

But no one lived here any more because there was nothing left to live in, and besides that the trenches were only two blocks away, and there was another front, in the Casa de Campo, down to the left. Stray bullets droned over these streets, and a stray is just as dangerous as any other kind of bullet if it hits you. You walked past the street barricades, past the ruined houses and the only sound you heard was a machine gun hammering in University City, and a bird.

It was a little like walking in the country, over gutted country roads, and the street barricades made it all seem very strange, and the houses were like scenery in a war movie; it seemed impossible that houses could really be like that.

We were going to visit a janitor who lived in this section; he and his family. They were the only people here, except the soldiers who guarded the barricades. His name was Pedro.

Pedro lived in a fine apartment house; he had been the janitor and caretaker for eight years. In November a bomb fell on the roof; Pedro and his family had been in their tiny basement apartment when the bomb hit, and they were all safe. They saw no reason to move. They were used to living there, and in time of war a basement is more desirable than in time of peace.

They heard us coming and met us at the door. They showed us their building with pride. We went into a marble hall, past an elevator, through a mahogany front door, and were in a room that was all dust and broken plaster. Looking up, for eight stories, you could see the insides of all the apartments in that building. The bomb had fallen squarely, and now only the outside walls remained. There was a very fine bathroom on the seventh floor, and the tub was hanging into space by its pipes. A cabinet with china in it stood on the fourth floor, and all the china was in neat unbroken piles. The concierge's two little daughters played in this destruction as children play in an empty lot, or in caves they have found beside a river.

We sat in their underground apartment, with the lights burning, and talked. They said yes, of course, it was difficult to get food, but then it was difficult for everyone and they had never really been hungry. Yes, the bombing had been very bad, but they had just waited in the basement and finally it had stopped. The only trouble, they said, was that the children couldn't go to school, and Juanita had lost a year anyhow because of throat trouble and it was too bad having her lose out again. They couldn't go to school because the school had been bombed, and it was impossible to let the children go all the way across Madrid to another school, because bullets whined up past the street barricades at the end of their block and they couldn't risk having the children hurt.

Juanita remarked that she didn't like school anyhow very much, she wanted to be an artist and it was better to sit home and paint. She had been copying a picture—with crayons on wrapping paper—of a very elegant Spanish gentleman whose portrait hung on the wall of a ruined first-floor apartment in their building.

Mrs. Pedro said it was wonderful now, women could have careers in Spain, did I know about that? That was since the Republic. "We are very in favor of the Republic," she said. "I think Maria may be able to get training as a doctor. Isn't it fine? Can women be doctors in North America?"

In a Sunny Room

It was a lovely sunny day and they came out on the street with us to say goodby. They were sorry they had nothing to offer us, only an orange; would we like the orange? Mrs. Pedro said, "Two blocks down you better cross fast, it's a bad street, they are shooting a lot of bullets in the Casa de Campo, and the strays come up here. When I take the children out, I always make them run past that place."

On the sixth floor of the Palace Hotel, there were some wounded who spoke French. I always got a shock from the Palace Hotel, because it had a concierge's desk and a sign saying "Coiffeur on the First Floor," and another sign saying how beautiful Majorca was and they had a hotel to recommend there. The Palace hotel had its old furniture, but it smelled of ether and was crowded with bandaged men. It is the first military hospital of Madrid now. I went around to the operating room, which used to be the reading room.

There were bloody stretchers piled in the hall, but it was quiet this afternoon. The Empire bookcases, where they used to keep dull reading for the hotel guests, were now used for bandages and hypodermic needles and surgical instruments, and there were brilliant lights in the cut-glass chandeliers to make oper-

"He's a new man—letting his patriotism get the best of him"

GEORGE LICHTY

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ating easier. The nurse on duty told me about the men on the sixth floor and I went up to see them.

The room was full of sun. There were four men. One of them was sitting with his leg up on a chair; it was in plaster. He had on a red blouse and was sitting in profile. Beside him, a man with a beret was working quietly, drawing his portrait in pastels. The two other men were in bed. One of them I tried not to look at. I was afraid that I couldn't look at him without showing it on my face; he'd see, from me, what he had become. The other one was quiet and pale and looked tired. Once or twice he smiled, but did not speak. He had a bad chest wound.

The man in the red blouse was a Hungarian; his knee had been smashed by a piece of shell. He was handsome and very polite and refused politely to talk about his wound because it was of no importance. He was alive, he was very lucky, the doctors were fine and his knee would probably get well. At any rate, he would be able to limp. He wanted to talk about his friend who was making his portrait. "Jaime," he said, "is a fine artist. Look how well he works. He always wanted to be an artist but he never had so much time before."

Jaime smiled and went on; he was working very close to the paper, stopping now and again and peering at the man in the red blouse. His eyes looked a little strange, filmed over and dim. I saw how slowly he was working, as if he were not very sure of it, and how carefully he looked at each pastel stick, deciding its color. I said it was a fine portrait, a great likeness, and he thanked me. A little later someone called him and he left and then the man in the red blouse said, "He was wounded in the head; he covers it with the beret. His eyes are not very good; they are very bad, really. He does not see much. We ask him to paint pictures of us to keep him busy and make him think he still sees well. Jaime never complains about it."

I said, softly, "What has happened to that boy over there."

"He's an aviator."

We were both silent. It was easy enough then to know what had happened, though he explained to me, talking in a low voice. Now the boy had his eyes closed, and maybe he slept. He was blond and young, with a round face. There was nothing left except the eyes. He had been shot down in his plane and burned, but he had been wearing goggles and that saved his sight. His face and hands were a hard brown thick scab, and his hands were enormous; there were no lips, only the scab. He had saved the machine gun and maps he had made of an enemy position, somehow, dragging the gun and crawling, and when they brought him in he kept asking for these things. The worst was that his pain was so great he couldn't sleep.

Money for the Hospitals

Then a soldier I knew came in, and we stopped together by the side of the burned aviator, and I wished him luck. The charred face moved very slightly, and leaning over I could just hear him.

"I'll get well and go back soon," he said.

There was no hate in his voice, no anger, no vengeance. He was as patient as stone with his pain.

"They are good men," the soldier I knew said. He was a Pole. "Listen, Dominie in room 507 has some mimosa. A whole big branch of it. Do you want to come up and see it? He says it grows all around where he lives in Marseille. I never saw any flowers like that before."

Every once in a while the actors would stop talking and wait: shells were exploding down the street in the Plaza Major and to the right of the Gran Via and when they hit too close you couldn't hear the lines of the play, so they waited. It was a benefit performance on Sunday morning; it was to make money for the hospitals.

An amateur had written the play and amateurs directed, costumed and acted it; it couldn't have been more amateur. The audience was delighted; it was a dramatic play, all about the moral and psychological crisis of a young man who decided not to enter the priesthood. The audience thought it was terribly funny and laughed with great good will at the emotional places.

The actors stood well back on the stage, often turned away from the audience, and harangued one another in low voices earnestly. They liked the play and they enjoyed acting it, and they went on calmly, with little or no care for the public. Their gestures were amazing, like a Punch and Judy show, and the hero regularly forgot his lines.

No Panic, No Hysteria

Then a shell would land, and they would be quiet, so as not to waste their words, and then they would start again.

It ended on a high emotional note and the audience wailed with joy and laughter. The heroine, who was supposed to be in tears, shook with laughter, and the hero looked at her with disgust, though he was her loving fiancé in the play. Then the hero came out, after the curtain rang down, and said he was sorry he'd forgotten his lines that way but he hadn't had time to memorize them. He'd been in the trenches near Garabitas until just a few hours ago (everyone knew an attack had been going on there for two days), and so he couldn't memorize things.

The audience applauded and shouted that it was quite all right; they didn't care anyhow. Then he said he had written a poem up there in the trenches and he would like to recite it. He did. It was fine. It rolled and tossed and was full of enormous big words and remarkable rhymes and his gestures were excellent and when he was through the audience cheered him and he looked very happy. He was a nice boy, if not a brilliant poet, and they knew he had been in a bad piece of trench, and they liked plays and theaters, even bad plays and even theaters just down the street from where the shells were landing.

After this a tall, thin boy, wearing a hired dress suit and a celluloid collar and a top hat too big for him, rollicked onto the stage and did what he was pleased to call American tap dancing. Everyone was thrilled with it, and very proud of him for having learned these difficult foreign dances.

Every night, lying in bed, you can hear the machine guns in University City, just ten blocks away. Every once in a while you can hear the dull, heavy explosion of a trench mortar. When the shells wake you, you think first that it is thunder. If they are not too close, you do not really wake.

You know that in November there were black Junker planes flying over and dropping bombs, that all winter long there was no fuel and the days were cold and the nights were colder, you know that food is scarce, and that all these people have sons and husbands and sweethearts at the front somewhere. And now they are living in a city where you take your chances and hope your chances are good. You have seen no panic, no hysteria, you have heard no hate talk. You know they have the kind of faith which makes courage and a fine future. You have no right to be disturbed. There are no lights anywhere and the city itself is quiet. The sensible thing is to go back to sleep.

It's a Tom Collins

only when the gin neither smells nor tastes in the finished drink

A GIN DRINK (according to American ideas) is a mixed drink. It should be as perfect a mixture as champagne. All champagne contains brandy and wine. But you don't taste or smell the brandy or the wine—it's champagne.

So with a Tom Collins. You shouldn't smell or taste the gin. It should mix.

Fleischmann's Gin is distilled (according to a secret formula known only to our "inner circle" and a safe) especially for mixing. Enjoy Fleischmann's Gin in your next Tom Collins. When you order your drink, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's."

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 15, 1938

TRIANGLE

Men of the Abraham Lincoln battalion, composed of American volunteers fighting for Loyalist Spain, in the trenches

Men Without Medals

By Martha Gellhorn

THE little soldier with pink cheeks and spectacles and a Brooklyn accent took a hand grenade from his belt and said, "Wanna see how it works?"

I said, "No, pal. I believe you."

He held the small reddish grenade, shaped like a pineapple and harmless-looking, in his hand and admired it.

"Boy," he said, "the stuff you can do with these!"

The other soldiers watched him with amusement. He was nineteen and tough. He had come to Spain with the latest American volunteers, and had been in the line only three weeks.

His friend, with red hair and freckles, also very young, said: "You ought to of seen us at Belchite. Boy!"

I had just come from Belchite, or what was left of it. Once it had been a town, circled by a wall, standing like a gray rock on a gray hill. Around it were the stony highlands of Aragon, with the orange-colored dust blowing. Belchite had caved in under artillery fire and aerial bombardment. You couldn't get through those streets, where the houses had slumped sideways. There were only a few soldiers in Belchite now, cleaning up. They were digging for the dead, under the piles of mortar, bricks and fallen beams. You would pass a high pile of rubbish, and smell suddenly the sharp rotting smell of the dead. Farther on would be a half-decayed carcass of a mule, with flies thick on it. And then a sewing machine, by itself, blown out into the street. These were humble houses, peasants' houses, and when they were blown open there was nothing much to see: small iron-banded trunks, straight chairs, and wooden tables, cooking pots, sometimes a framed lithograph on the wall. The soldiers were working with handkerchiefs over their mouths; it was sunny and quiet, and the whole place was infinitely dead.

The redhead was talking again. "The marines got nothing on us," he said.

The soldier called Sailor said, "Listen to him."

We were sitting in a stream bed, out of the dust. There were twelve of us, and we all had dust in our eyebrows and our teeth, and our hands and clothes were gritty with it. This was about six kilometers out of Belchite, and the American Brigade was resting. The action was over: they had taken Belchite three days before.

I knew Sailor and Andy Anderson. I had seen them in March on the Jarama front. Andy was a farmer from Nebraska, with blue eyes and heavy blond eyelashes, and by now he was a veteran of the Spanish War. Sailor had been a longshoreman on the West Coast, and he too had survived the three big offensives, where many other Americans died. He wore a wide straw hat and chewed a piece of grass, and whatever he told you was always true and exactly as it happened. They were quieter than the others, asking mainly for news of America. But the two little soldiers had just come from Brooklyn, and before that they had just come from high school, and the fact that they were alive was a wonder and an excitement to them.

Andy and Sailor were almost the only survivors of the first American battalion. Some had been killed and some wounded, and some had gone home. They remembered how it was when 450 of them formed the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and were rushed to the front above Morata, in February, to help hold back the Fascists from the main Madrid-Valencia road. They had advanced up Pingarron hill, taking what cover they could in the sparse olive trees, and some of them did not know how to load a rifle and many were killed before they could learn. Andy and Sailor remembered how they held their lines on that smooth, brown ridge, and dug in for the winter; how they built a small cemetery a hundred yards behind the front and put up a wooden marker saying, "These men died that democracy might live." They remembered how cold it was, and they remembered that when spring came they set up ping-pong tables, with the stray bullets cracking over them, and held championship contests with the English Battalion to their right. For the new volunteers, all this was history.

Last spring and summer, more Americans came. They crossed the snow passes of the Pyrenees on foot, in little

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bands. They traveled in fishing boats down the Mediterranean coast to Barcelona. There were those too who drowned when the Ciudad de Barcelona was torpedoed. They knew what they were coming to, and they came anyhow: several thousand of them. Now they were trained troops, with a proud record in Spain. It was a strange thing, walking through that olive grove, bending your head against the dusty wind, and seeing the faces from Mississippi and Ohio and New York and California, and hearing the voices that you'd heard at a baseball game, in the subway, on any campus, in any hamburger joint, anywhere in America.

They said we could find Bob Merriman, the Chief of Staff, down there somewhere. We found him, and he took us to a lean-to, built of reeds, that rattled in the wind. He explained the offensive to us, drawing the plan of it on the dirt of the floor, going over every point carefully as if we were his freshmen class in economics back in California. Forty kilometers march . . . Quinto encircled . . . Belchite surrounded . . . then the fighting in the town itself, from house to house, cutting through the walls and bombing their way forward with hand grenades . . . rushing the cathedral where rebel machine gunners held out to the last, in the tower . . . the dead piled eight feet high in the streets . . . "The boys did well," Merriman said. There was dust on his glasses and he had very white teeth. He was a big man, but shy and stiff, and his voice made you want to call him "Professor." We knew that he had led the assault on Belchite, and that he was wounded six times by fragments from hand grenades, and that he would not stop to be bandaged until the fighting was over.

"This is a fine brigade we've got here," he said. Shock troops, now: you can tell a brigade is fine when they move it from front to front, in trucks, fast, to wherever the danger is. I thought: I'm proud as a goat that the Americans are known in Spain as good men and fine soldiers. That's all there is to it: I'm proud.

The mess truck had come up. And there was Pike the doctor, a small man with bristly red hair and good eyes and a smile. Two lean boys with crew haircuts were sleeping in an ambulance, and the others sat, with their backs to the wind, eating stew. They were all talking again: about the offensive in July at Brunete. That was a show, if you'd only seen that, they said. That was something. They wouldn't forget Brunete. You should have been here, they said, that was really something. . . .

In the Theater of War

In Madrid, the slender trees in the Retiro park are gold, and tall. The sky goes up forever, pale and cool, with shredded pale clouds. As we drove north to Brunete, the wind blew cold off the first snow in the mountains, but later, as we circled to the west and came down into the plain, the sun was warm and the land still tawny with summer. We climbed to an observation post and looked across that curving bowl of land to Brunete. The church spire of Brunete was gray against the hills; far behind it, darkly, you could see the city of Navalcarnero. Through the binoculars, you could see men washing at a stream in a hollow; if you changed the focus you could see the Fascists in Brunete, and see two trucks driving toward Navalcarnero. Nearer you could see what looked like a thin plowed line: the trenches. And all the time, you thought: what was it like in July, with the sun heavy on the plain, and the bombers, going high over the flat treeless land, and the pursuit planes, swooping like black hawks to machine-gun the road, and what was it like, when the Americans stormed that distant golden oblong hill—Mosquito Ridge—going up to meet the fire of machine guns.

We had passed a company at rest, at the base of the observation hill. Their band was practicing some new music with more energy than accuracy. The other soldiers were playing ball. The plain lay below us, as quiet and beautiful as wheat country in Idaho. We stood above the parapets and admired the view until one of the Spanish officers remarked that if we could see them, they could see us, though it didn't really matter, however. . . .

The idea was to see exactly how the offensive had been, on the ground. It was a fine idea. We set off in two cars, one a camouflaged staff car and one a Ford roadster with a tattered American flag flying from the fender. The road to Villanueva de la Cañada was pocked with shell holes, and the cars swerved around them, and the only cover was a thin tree, here and there along the road.

Coming into the village you could see what had happened. It takes a lot of artillery and many bombs to batter a stone village to the ground, to slice the walls off the houses, and blow holes through the roofs. This place was taken in July. It couldn't have been fun on that open plain, surrounding and occupying a village where the houses spouted up, split, crumpled and broke around you.

We bumped past the first shelled houses in Villanueva de la Cañada, and stopped at a house that had at least a door and half a front remaining. And then suddenly, with a sound like a pointed wind, the first shell pounded into the dirt alongside the Quijorna road, a hundred yards away. We stood and watched the round geyser of dirt flying up and then came another, nearer. We leaned against a smashed house and listened to them, lining the road. Then the nose cap blew off a shell and buzzed over our heads like a huge, slow-moving bee. Around here, during the offensive, the rebels had dropped incendiary bombs, and wherever the ground was burned, fields of small purple flowers like crocuses grew afterward. So we looked at the flowers and the sagging houses (with a bird cage hanging jauntily out of a second-floor window, and a pink petticoat draped over a well, and a cartwheel rolled foolishly into the middle of the courtyard, beside a chair with no seat in it) and we decided they could shell the Quijorna road if they wanted to. . . .

But I got a pretty good idea of what it was like in July, when every movement on that plain could be seen, and whatever came you had to take, since there was no cover anywhere.

It was a warm night, with a moon and close stars. We did not hurry, driving through the humped hills, back to Madrid. Always, going back to Madrid, you wonder what has happened. I thought of the last shellings: the one I watched from a penthouse near the park, when the rebel batteries burned along the rim of the sky, and the streets were so misty with lyddite smoke and brick dust that you couldn't see down them, and the explosions sounded like drums, beating over the city, and the whirling scream of the shells twisted out into the air for an hour without stopping. Then the next time, quickly opening the windows so they wouldn't shatter with the concussion, feeling the hotel rock as the building next door was hit again and again, hearing the torn bricks cascade down from the roof, seeing suddenly a flash of flame as a shell hit outside the window in the street, counting the bursts, talking with friends, waiting, laughing, knowing that it had to end sometime, and that you get used to anything. And the morning when the maid brought in an unexploded three-inch shell, pretty as a champagne bottle, that had landed in the hotel somewhere, she thinking it was an amusing souvenir.

City of Beauty and Pain

And then I thought of Petra, the other maid, the small, dark one with a face that curls up with laughter: Petra is fifty-seven but "very agile," she says, and afraid of nothing. I went to see Petra a few days ago, in her neat lightless little house. She was there alone, with a black shawl over her shoulders, and her face this time was soft with grief, because her mother had died, who had to die sometime, being eighty-three. The Junkers, flying at night over Madrid, did not terrify Petra, nor the shells screaming in from any direction to crash anywhere. She could endure the cold and the long months when you never have quite enough to eat. But at last she was frightened of being alone, and she looked smaller and somehow blurred with sorrow.

I thought of the carpenter who carried a picture of his brother in his pocket: his brother was a captain in the army and died in the Casa de Campo. That one was a hero, the carpenter says; it is too bad the way the bravest ones die.

There were many things to remember, not only now but always. Looking down that morning from the heights above Teruel, into a village in no man's land between the lines, and seeing a few soldiers, very leisurely, loading up their donkeys with blankets from the empty houses, for the winter. The two little women, dressed in black, walking fast along a road outside Driebes, walking fast on strong bowed legs, chattering like birds, and eating grapes they had picked in the fields. They were émigrés from Madrid: they had been to Barcelona, and back to Valencia, and then by truck to a village two days' walking north of this one. Now they had their mattresses and their stone water jugs and their pots and pans packed on two donkeys, and they were walking to Driebes where the mother of one of them lived. The oldest one said to me she thought of Madrid with pain: first, she said, for the suffering of the people, and then because of the beauty Madrid had once been. . . .

Even in war, I thought, it is beautiful here. Nothing can spoil the handsome land, and nothing can spoil the feel of

(Continued on page 49)

TRIANGLE

They knew what they were coming to and they came anyway —now they are trained troops with a proud record in Spain

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Men Without Medals

Continued from page 10

Madrid. I thought of buying books at the little stalls, near the Park, moving slowly through each booth and looking at the old, finely made books, and the comic copies of fashion magazines, dated 1900, and the fancy books which taught young girls manners and embroidery. I thought of the fine life you can have here, cooking on an electric burner, inventing amazing dishes out of cans; of gambling at dominoes on rainy days; of walking in the Puerto del Sol when it's sunny, looking at the people and getting your shoes shined; of waking early to hurry through the streets, finding the new shell holes; of the flea market, noisy and crowded on Sunday mornings, where you can buy canaries and take them home in a paper bag; and at the next stand are heavy old silver watches, not running; and at the next stand are rusty parts of machinery and old nails; and at the next stand are sunflower seeds. It's a wonderful life, I thought, and then I thought about the hospitals. . . . We were coming into Madrid now, and a sentry stepped out from a street barricade and asked to see our papers.

In time of peace, a hospital is saddening enough. But in time of war, the faces above the sheets are all young faces, and patient, and what hurts them has hurt terribly and it won't be all right tomorrow or in a week, and for some of them it will never be really all right again.

Behind Alcala de Henares, the women were washing their clothes in a stream, and the willows were green above them. Then the dirt road wound through the bare, brown hills. The nearer hills were shaved and golden and there were the fields with the stubby vines growing. Later we swung onto the main road and honked our way past the trucks going down to Valencia, and then we turned off the road in a white village and bumped through a soft country, green with scrub oak, and presently we drove into the sunny courtyard of Villa Paz, the American hospital.

Guest of the Hospital

It is a flat white building, with two long wings shaping the courtyard. The doctor in charge offered us lunch, and we sat in the dining room, with the posters and pictures and flags on the walls, and talked with a girl and a boy who had wandered in and introduced themselves. The girl was a nurse there: she had gotten her training on Welfare Island, which she said was good, tough training, and her husband was fighting with the American Brigade. She was little and jolly with curly dark hair cut in a bang: she wore a flowered cotton dress, and talked breathlessly. She told me she had hitchhiked to the south to see her husband a few weeks ago, but maybe we had seen him since then, we'd know him of course if we saw him, he was tall and good-looking and everybody knew him anyway, and what did we think of the brigade, and the hospital, and the war, and Spain, and, and . . . The boy was shy, with young brown cheeks and brown eyes, and a crew haircut. He said he was the hospital publicity agent, and would be delighted to show me around or tell me anything I wanted to know. He said, on the other hand, it was a new job and he didn't actually know much about it. It came out slowly that he was a graduate student at Harvard and had been in Spain since last spring. He had come in time for Brunete. It seemed he was now the hospital publicity agent because he couldn't walk very fast. He didn't want to go home, and he had been "a guest in this hospital" for a long time (and he said it with such style, such modesty), so they gave him a job.

What happened was that he was on the road to Brunete, with seven men from his company, when a bomber and some pursuit planes flew over, and that was the story. He had thirty-eight stitches across his stomach where a fragment of a bomb had torn it open. He said they just lay there and watched the bombers coming over, and heard the pursuit planes dive on them, and there was nothing much to do except lie there and pray. He told it as plainly as that, when at last he talked.

Did he know Evan Shipman? Sure, he knew Evan. Evan was a great friend of his; Evan had been with him on that road. All the rest of them got it from bombs, but Evan got it when the pursuit plane swooped and machine-gunned them. Evan was a fine boy and he was all right now, the publicity agent said; he was in the south, doing some administrative work because he couldn't walk very fast either.

Evan did it all very handsomely, from the beginning. He started to come to Spain last spring to drive an ambulance, but the French nonintervention authorities arrested him with other volunteers at Perpignan and he spent a month in jail, which he said was a very interesting and instructive experience and he was glad to have had it. Then he was shipped out of France and immediately turned around, came right back to where he had started, got into Spain this time, and signed up with the brigade. Then there was Brunete, and the road leading to it, and the diving pursuit plane. The Harvard student and the New York poet, lying on a dusty Spanish road in the July sun, not knowing what the end of it was going to be. They came a long way, all these men, to do what they believed they should do.

The little nurse led me through the hospital, up the carved stairs, past the heavy painting of a Spanish grandee, to the operating room, the sterilizing room ("It's awfully good; it's one of the best in Spain"), through the two great wards to where Martin Hourihan lay, with his leg tied up on a cord from the ceiling, as if it had nothing to do with him. Hourihan was regimental commander of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, and he had lasted all through the winter on the Jarama front. At Brunete, a machine-gun bullet splintered his hip, spun him around and threw him face downward on his pistol, knocking out his teeth, and he was wounded again while in the stretcher as they were carrying him to the dressing station: but he would not speak of this. He only said, softly, that he got tired in his head, lying there, and that a month was a long time and three months was longer than you could imagine. He wanted to talk of Madrid, of that famous hotel where he once came on leave, of friends he had there, what was the news, how were the boys in the brigade. Marty was a schoolteacher in Alabama, before war started in Spain. He is a tall boy, very thin, and doesn't mind anything, only lying in bed. Even the pain and the long days and the feeling of being alone and apart, away from everything, have not changed him, or the friendly drawl, or the easy smile.

He said to go and see Raven, in the next ward. Raven is twenty-two, and now he is blind. A hand grenade exploded at his feet, when he was bombing his way down a Fascist trench, and took his eyes. He had never done anything before the war except go to college; he hadn't had time, and he wanted to be a writer. ("Do you think a man can write if he's blind?" "Sure, Raven, of course he can.") And there he was, patient as rock, learning to play a violin and learning how to live in a dark world. He said he was going home soon, but he thinks he'll always come back to Spain. He says he has grown to love it.

There was the biologist, learning Spanish from a trigonometry textbook, and the four Irish boys, playing poker with pieces of cardboard as chips, and the Spaniard with only a piece of leg left, and the warm-faced Belgian, who said, "*Tout va bien.*" The little nurse took me to them all, I ashamed of my health and not finding any words you could say to people like this, because all words are very silly before pain, and what can you say to a man who will never walk again, a man who will not see, a man whose face is stiff with suffering because the bullet wound in his neck will not heal.

They Know Why They Came

In the library downstairs, they told me about the three other American hospitals, the operating room in a truck which covers all fronts, the ambulance units, and the surgical groups who work in Spanish hospitals in the south. It was something to think about: these Americans—doctors, nurses, technicians, hospital orderlies, ambulance drivers—scattered in villages with curious names, or moving from front to front, in a country they had never seen before, scarcely speaking the language, taking care of everyone who was given to them, strangers here and yet at home, doing what they wanted to do, and what they believed right.

As we were driving back, the sunset streaked out over the dark hills, and then the sky turned white along the top of the far black mountains, and then it was night. In a narrow street in a village, you could hear a radio playing jazz.

In this war, there are no rewards you could name. There are no Congressional medals, no Distinguished Service Crosses, no bonuses for soldiers' families, no newspaper glory. And what you get paid, every day, would buy a soft drink and a pack of cigarettes in America, but no more.

Pingarron Hill above the flat brown Jarama River, the plain before Brunete, and that lonely flat-topped ridge showing against the sky: Belchite on the bleak plateau of Aragon: there are many Americans who will never be able to say these names at home, or tell what happened there. For the dead, there are sometimes wooden gravestones with a name, more often a marker with one sentence on it for everyone, and sometimes there are no gravestones at all.

The men who came all this distance, neither for glory nor money and perhaps to die, knew why they came, and what they thought about living and dying, both. But it is nothing you can ask about or talk about. It belongs to them. But you can think of it at night, with the window open, listening to the thud of trench mortars, the echoed hammering of the machine guns, the metal ping of rifles, on the nearest front. You can think of it in a tall American city, hearing the late taxis whirring through the streets, hearing the scattered footsteps cracking on the pavement, or the elevated crashing by. You can think of it in the country, listening to the sharp small noises of the night. You can think of it with respect.

"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!

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City at War

By Martha Gellhorn

AT THE end of the day the wind swooped down from the mountains into Madrid and blew the broken glass from the windows of the shelled houses. You could hear the glass tinkling, and the wind going narrow and strong through the dark streets. It rained all the time, and the streets were mustard-colored with mud. It rained and everyone waited for the offensive to begin. Then one day it would be gray and always cold and deadly quiet: even the machine guns in University City were quiet, and when there was no noise of any kind we talked about the offensive, wondering: when, when. . . . Someone said he knew that food and munitions were being moved; someone else said that Campesino's outfit was in the south or in the north; villages (forty of them, in this direction, in that direction) had been evacuated; the transport unit was ready to go; have you heard? All front passes have been recalled, leaves are canceled. Who told you, does he know? What, what did you say? So it went, and then the rain would start again. And everyone waited. Waiting is a big part of war and it is hard to do.

Finally it was someone's birthday, or a national holiday or something (and still cold and nothing happening and the rain and the rumors), so we decided to have a party. There were only three of us and we took the cans from the bottom drawer of the clothes chest: canned soup, canned sardines, canned spinach, canned corned beef and two bottles of new red wine, and planned to eat ourselves warm and talk about something else: not the war, not Spain, not even what England is going to do—"What do you think it means when Delbos says?—" not even about Japan and China. We would talk about movie stars and pretty places we had been and we would eat and drink the new red wine and get warm. It was just going to be a party. It went perfectly until the coffee (one tablespoonful in a cup of hot water, stir and pray for the best). Then the first shell drove into the building next door, brought a shower of glass down on the inner court and the typewriter rattled.

The boy with the splintered hip moved his heavy plaster-encased leg and said: "Anybody seen my crutches?" He found his crutches and shifted to the place between the windows and we opened the windows so we could hear better and so they wouldn't break, turned off the lights and waited.

"A Nice Little Shelling"

The shells were coming in now. We knew this well: the whirling scream as they came, the huge round roar as they hit, guessing where they went, where they came from, timing them with a stop watch, counting, betting on the size of the shells. The boy was sad: he belonged at the front, and now the war had come to him, and there were his crutches, and afterward when he did not need the crutches, his leg would be too short for going to war. He was sad but this was something he understood. There was smoke in the room, and the hotel had been hit several times, and finally we took our wineglasses next door, on the agreeable and traditional theory that if a shell came in the front room it would not bother to come as far as the back room, passing through the bathroom on its way.

We counted six hundred shells and got tired of it, and after an hour it was all over. We said to one another: "Well, that was a nice little shelling." And then we said: "Maybe that means the offensive will start." On the strength of this, we ate up the last bar of chocolate and called it a night.

The next day it rained again, and Madrid picked itself up as it had done before. Streetcars clanked slowly through the streets, collecting the fallen bricks, the broken glass, the odd bits of wood and furniture. People stopped on their way to work, looking at the new shell holes. The front of the hotel gaped a little more. The elevator man, who worked in bronze for his pleasure, hunted for unexploded shells in the rooms, to make lamps from them. His friend, the night concierge, painted warlike scenes on parchment for the lamp shades, and

BLACK STAR

Only in the long tunnels of Madrid's subway is there safety from shells, and whole families spend the day there

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BLACK STAR

When the big shells come into the city, there is plenty of work for the clean-up squads

VIDAL

Above, shellhole, Hotel Florida. Below, what a single bomb does to a dwelling

they were both busy all the time. The maid said: "Come and see your old room" . . . and we went merrily in to disaster, where nothing at all remained except the dressing table, with the mirror uncracked, and I found the nosecap of the shell in the broken remains of the bureau. On the fourth floor, lying quiet and strange against the staircase railing, was a long heavy shell that had not exploded. It had only ripped out half a wall and chopped up the furniture of Room 409, pulled down the door, and come to rest there in the hall, where everyone admired it, because it had a new shape. Some friends telephoned pleasantly and remarked: Ah, so you aren't dead. It was just like before. Like the last time and the time before that. Everybody wondered why the Fascists shelled last night and not some other night; does it mean anything? What do you think?

In Madrid, there is not only first-aid service for wounded people, but there is also a first-aid service for wounded houses. The men who manage this are architects and engineers and bricklayers and electricians, and some workers are employed only to dig bodies from the collapsed houses. This staff is always active because when they are not propping up, repairing, plugging holes and cleaning off debris, they make plans for a beautiful new city, which they will build in place of what has been destroyed, when the war is over. So that morning in the rain, I went about with them to see what had happened during the night and what could be done.

Half a Home is Still a Home

In the best residential section, at one street corner, police were telling the people not to crowd and to move on. A shell had burst through the top floor of a fine new apartment house, blown the iron balcony railing onto the roof of a house across the way, and now the top floor stood without support, ready to fall into the street. Farther up, a water main had been cracked by a shell and the street was rapidly flooding. One of the architects had with him, wrapped in a newspaper, his day's ration of bread. He was very careful, all morning, climbing through ruins, jumping flooded gutters, not to drop the bread: he had to take it home: there were two small children there, and come death and destruction and anything else, the bread mattered. So we climbed to the top floor, moving gently into a room where half the floor hung in space. We shook hands with all the friends and visitors who had come to see also. Two women lived here, an old woman and her daughter. They had been in the back of the apartment when the front of it blew out. They were picking up what they could save: a cup that had no saucer left, a sofa pillow, two pictures, with the glass broken. They were chatty and glad to be alive and they said everything was quite all right: look, the whole back of the apartment could still be lived in, three rooms, not as bright or as nice as the rooms that had been destroyed, but still, they were not without a home. If only the front part didn't fall into the street and hurt someone.

A mud road, behind the bull ring on the other side of Madrid, led into a square where there was a trough for the women of that place to wash clothes. There were ten little houses, huddled together, with cloth tacked over the windows, and newspaper stuck in the walls to keep the wind out. It was very quiet. Women with quiet, pale faces and quiet children stood by the trough and looked at one house, or what was left of it. They did not move and they did not speak. The men stood a little nearer. You felt they had all been standing here since dawn, saying nothing. A shell had landed directly on one flimsy shack, where five people were keeping warm, talking with one another for comfort and for gaiety, and now there was only a mound of clay and kindling wood, and they had dug out the five dead bodies as soon as there was light. The people standing there knew the dead. A woman reached down suddenly for her child and took it in her arms, and held it close to her.

You had a feeling of disaster, swinging like a compass needle, aimlessly, all over the city. We were not talking very much any more. Near the station, the architect asked a concierge if everyone was all right in her house. Four shells had come that way. Yes, she said, do you want to see it? Upstairs the family, and the husband's sister and mother, and the wife's niece, and the baby, were standing in their living room, getting used to what had happened. The front wall was gone. The china was broken and the chairs. The wife said to me: "What a shame for the sewing machine; it will never work again." The husband picked a thin, pale dead canary off the sideboard, showed it to me sadly, shrugged and said nothing. I asked where they would live now. (The wind coming in cold, looking down five flights into the street, the broken furniture and all of them crowded into one room and the kitchen. It is bad enough to be cold, never to eat quite enough, to wait for the sound of the shells, but at least one must have four walls, at least four solid walls, to keep the rain out.) The woman was surprised: "But we will live here," she said. "Where else shall we go? This is our home, we have always lived here." The architect said to me, miserably: "No, I cannot patch up the walls; we must save the wood for essentials. The walls are not going to fall out; there is no danger from them." "But the cold," I said. "Ah, the cold," he said, "what can we do?" He said to them, good luck, and they said to him, thank you, we are all right, and then we walked silently down the steep, unlighted stairs.

It was night now. Streetcars, with people sticking like ivy on the steps and bumpers, burned muffled blue lights. People hurried, with their heads down against the rain through the dark streets to their homes where they would cook whatever they had, and try to keep warm and wait for tomorrow and be surprised at nothing. A man walked along by himself, singing. Two children sat on a doorstep having a long serious conversation. A shop window showed a bargain in silk stockings. We were tired, but there was a house near here that the architect had to see. A man brought a candle and we found our way up the stairs. It was hardly worth while going inside the apartment. There was nothing left at all, nothing to save; the walls were gored and the ceiling and the floor: what had been a place to live was now a collection of old rags and paper, pieces of plaster and broken wood, twisted wires and slivers of glass. The man held the candle above his head so we could see, and the shadows crawled over chaos. An *(Continued on page 59)*

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City at War

Continued from page 19

old woman had been standing by the door. She came in now. She took my arm and pulled at me to come closer to hear her. She said, very softly, as if she were telling me a secret: "Look at that, look at that, do you see, that is my home, that's where I live, there, what you see there." She looked at me as if I should deny it: with wide, puzzled, frightened eyes. I did not know what to say. "I cannot understand," she said slowly, hoping I would understand and explain; after all I was a foreigner, I was younger than she, I had probably been to school, surely I could explain. "I do not understand," she said, "you see it is my home."

With War Around the Corner

And all the time it was cold. Madrid flowed with rain, rain everywhere; oh, the cold and, oh, the wet feet, and the thick smell of wet wool overcoats. And we waited for the offensive. The rumors grew each day; they rushed and swayed over the town. People looked wise or sly or happy or worried or anything, and you wondered: what do they know about the offensive? We were sure anyhow that it would be a big offensive when it came, and we were pretty sure there would be dancing in the streets afterward. We knew it was important: everyone had confidence in its success whenever it came; everyone was waiting. But there was nothing to do.

And so, to fill the days, we went visiting at the nearest fronts (ten blocks from the hotel, fifteen blocks, a good brisk walk in the rain, something to circulate your blood with). There were always funny people in the trenches, new faces, always something to talk about. So we strolled to University City and Usera, to the Parque del Oeste, to those trenches that are a part of the city and that we knew so well. No matter how often you do it, it is surprising just to walk to war, easily, from your own bedroom where you have been reading a detective story or a Life of Byron, or listening to the phonograph, or chatting with your friends.

It was as usual cold, and that day we walked through all the trenches in that particular park. In these trenches, in this once fine Madrid park, the mud was like chewing gum. We admired the dugouts—smelling of fresh wood, and the wood smoke from the little stoves, the bright blankets over the machine guns, the pictures of movie stars on the walls, the curious serenity of it—and, after all, there was no news in it. But on the other hand, it was different at night. Every night, clearly, you could hear from the hotel the machine guns hammering, and the echoing thud of mortars, and what was very normal in the daytime became a strange business at night.

So the next evening, when the sky turned blue-purple, we presented ourselves at the staff headquarters, in a bombed apartment house. It was a homelike spot: there were three women, the wives of officers, shrill as birds. A five-months-old baby slept on the plush sofa and his mother told us all about him breathlessly, with astonishment, as women will. The major was tired but very courteous. The staff cook wandered in, laughing like Ophelia and a little mad, and asked when they wanted dinner. The soldier who would be our guide was at a dance, given by another battalion. After all, they had been making war here for over a year: it was right in the city and the dance was within ten minutes' walk, and a man wants a change now and again. Presently he came, a boy with fantastic eyelashes and an easy laugh, and we walked a block, went down some slippery steps and were in the trenches.

The flashlight was fading, and the mud pulled at our shoes and we had to walk bent over to avoid hitting the low beams that held up the trench, and it was very cold. In the third line, we leaned against the mud walls, and looked at the thin, torn trees of what had once been a city park, and listened. We had come to hear the loud-speakers. At night, one side or the other presents the soldiers in those trenches with a program of propaganda and music. The loud-speakers were hidden near the front line, and you could hear everything as you can hear a normal telephone conversation. Tonight the enemy was speaking. A careful, pompous radio voice began: The chief of Spain, the only chief, is willing to give his blood for you . . . Franco, Franco. . . .

Another soldier had come up and he and our guide lighted cigarettes, and our guide, who was anxious for us to enjoy ourselves, said: "This talking part is very tiresome, but it won't last long; afterward comes music."

Suddenly, blaring across that narrow no man's land, we heard Kitten on the Keys, played seven times too fast. "Ah," said our guide, "that is very pretty, that is American music."

Then the smooth, careful voice came back: "Your leaders live well in the rearguard while you are given guns to go out and die." There was a burst of irritated machine-gun fire after this remark. "He is too stupid," the soldier-guide said, with disgust. "Usually we do not listen to him. Why doesn't he stop talking and play the music. The music is very nice. We all enjoy the music. It helps pass the time."

The Music Is Always Welcome

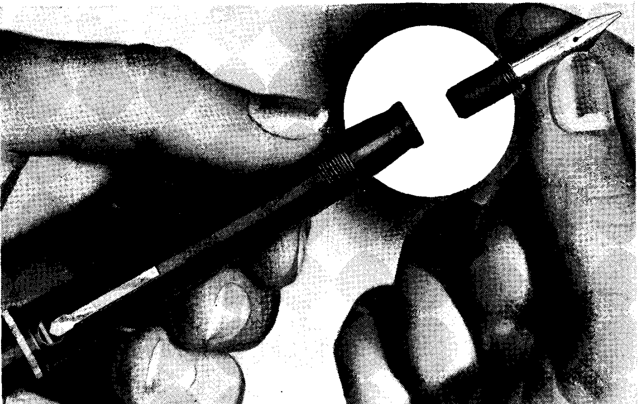
At this point, the music started: Valencia, deedle-deedle-deedle-dee. . . . It went on for about an hour. We were moving forward with some difficulty because the flashlight had worn out, feeling our way through covered trenches with our hands out, touching both walls, bending beneath the beams of funnels, slipping on the duckboards when there were any, or stumbling in mud. At one point a mortar exploded, flashing through the trees, and the machine guns clattered an answer. The radio voice said, "*Viva Franco! Arriba Espana*"; and you could hear, from up ahead in the first line, the jeers of the government troops. Then, alone, you could hear the voice but not the words of a soldier who was answering that remote radio orator.

The guide explained: "The fight will now start. Now it is mainly a joke, but that loud-speaker used to make us angry. We have heard it so much, and we know it is so silly, and sometimes it announces a great victory right here where we have been all day and seen nothing, and we do not pay attention to it. But it is the custom to answer back."

Very thin and high, through the trees, you could still hear the soldier's voice, shouting.

"He says," the guide said, after listening, "that it is useless to talk to them in Spanish because they are all Moors over there."

We waited but could not make out any other words. The guide went on: "One of our boys usually tells them they are liars and are destroying Spain, and they tell him he is a murderous Red, and later they will get angry and throw mortars at one another. Their loud-



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speaker is a waste of time, but the music is agreeable."

"You seem very much at home here," I said, because suddenly it struck me that we were as casual as people at an outdoor concert, in any peacetime city, in the summer. (The stadium in New York with all the stars, that place in a park in St. Louis, with the two great trees growing from the stage, the little brass bands in the little squares in Europe: ah, I thought, it takes something to be so calm about war.)

"These trenches are very good," the soldier said; "you can see that for yourself. And we have been here a long time." The machine guns down by the Puenta de los Francesas echoed over the black land. "If necessary," the boy said very quietly, "we can stay here forever."

I asked where the government loudspeaker was. He said probably up the line somewhere, toward the Clinical Hospital; they didn't always work at the same place at the same time.

"You should come and hear ours some night," the guide said. "We have very pretty music, too, but only Spanish songs. You would like it."

We were by this time in a communicating trench, on our way to the first line. A mortar shook the walls of the trench and scattered mud over us, and did not explode, to everyone's delight. The guide said to the other soldier: "It is scarcely worth while to kill foreign journalists for a little music." He told us he could not take us farther and, as we could see, both the music and the speaking were finished, and now there were only mortars. We argued it, bracing ourselves against the walls of the trench, but he said: no, the major would be very angry at me and I will get in trouble.

So we went back as we had come.

"Well," the major said, "how did you enjoy it?"

"Very much."

"How was the music?"

"A little too fast."

"I have here something that will interest you," the major said. He took a rocket, like a Fourth of July rocket, from the table. "The Fascists send these over with propaganda in them, and sometimes I write an answer and we send them back. It is quite a discussion."

He now showed us the propaganda. "It is too much," he said. "It makes you laugh. They think we know nothing. Look at this."

He thumbed through the little booklet quickly, dismissing statements he had seen before, and arguments he considered either too boring or too ridiculous. One page started: What are you fighting for? The major smiled at me and said: "That's something we all know."

He then read us his reply, all very careful, very dull. And we said: "That is fine."

After the War—America

So a lieutenant offered me some acorns and the talk turned to America. The guide said he knew a great deal about America because he had read Zane Grey and also James Oliver Curwood, although he realized that was about Canada. Aragon must be very like Arizona, no? Yes, that's right. The major said when the war was over he would like to visit America, but he was a poor man. "I am a worker," he said gently and yet proudly. "Would I ever have enough money to go to America?" "Certainly," we said. Well, then, how much? Ah, now that was difficult, in the cities it was more, in the small towns less, travel by bus was not expensive.

"Well, it's hard to say how much it would cost, Commandante."

"Well, how about two dollars. Could you do it with two dollars a day?"

"That depends," I said.

"Well, three dollars."

"Oh, surely, with three dollars," I said.

They were all quiet. The major looked at his adjutant. "Hombre," he said, "36 pesetas a day. Something." And then to me, "Ah, well, there is much work to do here and we are all needed. But America must be so beautiful. I would like all the same to see it."

You had been at the front probably and were cold and certainly wet. Or you had been home, listening to the rain murmur on the torn cobblestones of the street. You stood by the window and saw the small women with black shawls over their heads, hurrying home, taking home for dinner what food they could buy that day. You had seen the family across the street, talking and laughing in their burned house: the house a shell hit and fired one night, but they still live there and still laugh. The afternoon had gone, like many other afternoons, and now was the hour to walk forth in search of company and conversation. If you went to Chicote's, you could probably find someone who would know something about the offensive.

Chicote's: once just a bar where the elegant young men of Madrid came to drink a few cocktails before dinner. Now it is like a dugout on the Gran Via, that wide rich street where you can hear the shells, even when there is silence. Chicote's is not in a safe locality at all, what with the shells, and every day it is so crowded that you remember, comfortably, the subway at five o'clock, Times Square and the Grand Central Station.

Things Beyond Explaining

So we were sitting in Chicote's wondering whether to drink the sherry, which was tasteless, or the gin, which was frankly prohibition and fatal. The English girl, who looked like a small, good-humored boy, drove an ambulance for a base hospital. One of the men, a German, wrote for a Spanish newspaper and was now talking rapid French about politics. There were the two American soldiers, the two wonderfully funny ones, so young, and so much braver and gayer than people usually are. There was the paymaster, from Brooklyn via Prague, and others, and around us the smoke from black tobacco, the noise, the soldiers one knew at other tables, the girls with dyed hair and amazing high heels, and outside there were the sandbags to protect what remained of the windows and people walked in and stared and saw nothing they liked nor no one they knew, and walked out. There was much talk and much smoke and someone shouting to a new arrival; and finally you could be alone there thinking about Spain and the war and the people.

How is it going to be possible, you thought, ever to explain what this is really like? All you can say is: "This happened; that happened; he did this; she said that." But this does not tell how that place looks on the way to the Guadarrama, the smooth brown land, with the olive trees and the scrub oak growing beside the dry stream beds, and the handsome mountains curving against the sky. Nor does this tell of Sanchez and Ausino, and the others with them, those calm young men who were once photographers or doctors or bank clerks or law students, and who now shape and train their troops so that one day they can be citizens instead of soldiers. And there is no time to write of the school where the children were making little houses of clay, and dolls from cardboard, and learning to recite poetry and only missed school when the shelling was too bad. And what about all the rest, and all the others? How can you explain that you feel safe at this war, knowing that the people around you are good people?

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"The Undefeated", *Collier's*, 3-03-1945, pp. 42-48

THE UNDEFEATED

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM PARIS

For six years the Spanish Republicans in France have lived in concentration camps. Their stunted children know no other life, have never owned a toy. All of them are fighters; you can shoot them and torture them, but you cannot break them

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

At the end of the gray unheated ward, a little boy was talking to a man. The boy sat at the foot of an iron cot and from this distance you could see that they were talking seriously and amiably as befits old friends.

They had known each other for almost six years and had been in five different concentration camps in France. The little boy had come with his entire family in the great exodus from Spain at the end of the civil war in 1939, but the man was alone. He had been wounded at the end of the war and for six years he had been unable to walk, with a wound in his leg that was never treated and had never healed. He had a white, suffering face and cheeks that looked as if the skin had been roughly stitched together in deep hunger seams and he had gentle eyes and a gentle voice.

The little boy was fifteen years old, though his body was that of a child of ten. Between his eyes, there were four lines, the marks of such misery as children should never feel. He spoke with that wonderful whisky voice that so many Spanish children have, and he was a tough and entire little boy. His conversation was without drama or self-pity. It appeared that the last concentration camp was almost the worst; he had been separated from his mother and father. Also the hunger was greater, though the hunger had always been there, and one did not think about it any longer.

"After the desperate years these people remain intact in spirit. They are armed with transcendent faith; they have never won, yet never accepted defeat"

In the last camp they all ate grass, until the authorities forbade them to pull it up. They were accustomed to having the fruits of their little communal gardens stolen by the guards, after they had done all the work; but at the last camp everything was stolen. And there were more punishments for the children: more days without food, more hours of standing in the sun; more beatings.

"The man who guarded us in our barracks was shot by the Maquis, when they came to free us," the boy said. "The Maquis shot him for being bad to children."

His mother was here with him, and three sisters, too. An older brother was somewhere fighting with the French Maquis.

"And your father?" I asked.

There was a pause and then he said, in a flat quiet voice, "Deported by the Germans." Then all the toughness went, and he was a child who had suffered too much. He put his hands in front of his face, and bowed his head and wept for his father.

There were other men in the ward, waiting for this day to pass, as six years of days had somehow passed before. They were all veterans of the Spanish Republican army who had either been wounded in the war or destroyed by the ill usage of the concentration camps. There were the faces of tuberculars among them, and men without arms, and one-legged men, and all of them were ravaged by the long hunger and the long imprisonment. They came around the bed now to comfort the boy.

Kindness in a Lie

"Come, man," one of them said, "courage! Thou must not despair. Here is this señora who knows more than we know, and she will tell you; the Americans will free your father in Germany. He will come back. The war is almost over, man, you will see your father." We all told the child consoling lies, speaking earnestly and with great conviction, and we all wished to believe what we said.

The child did not believe us, but he put his grief away where he kept it always, behind the anguished eyes and the lined forehead. His name is Fulgencio Lopez and there are thousands like him; and no country, no government, no charity takes care of him. It is hard to know whether it is worse to be Fulgencio Lopez or to be his mother, who had had to watch those lines forming on his forehead and the pain growing in his eyes, and has been helpless and is still helpless.

Fulgencio wished to introduce me to his comrades in another ward. Having been removed from their last concentration camp a few weeks ago (because even though France was freed, there was no place to free the Spaniards in), they were now given temporary shelter in a Red Cross hostel in Toulouse. They could be considered lucky because there were cots and the building was not as cold as it might have been and there was food and no one would be cruel to them.

Other Spaniards were not nearly so fortunate: They slept on straw in cement huts that had no heating and no windowpanes; they lay wounded in hospitals that are tragic in their poverty; they lived in various cold empty schools, factories, barracks, surrounded by wastes of mud, and waited while tuberculosis gnawed the sick and threatened the sound.

By contrast, the gray wards of the hostel were a palace. So Fulgencio introduced me to his friends, about twenty of them. The youngest was six and the oldest was sixteen and they were all smaller than they should have been, but they were all wondrously alive and funny, and beautiful to look at, for the Spanish make lovely children. And also they make brave children, for if you are a Spanish Republican you have to be brave or die.

The children rocked with laughter as they told about climbing illegally into their bar-

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racks to get drinking water; the authorities locked the barracks all day long and the children were simply to suffer thirst between meals. The littlest ones wriggled in the windows and handed out water a cupful at a time. This was a huge joke apparently. Also they sang in the dark in their lonely barracks, separated from their parents, and when the guard came in to stop them and to punish the guilty ones, they acted as if they had been asleep all the time. (And how do you like that picture: the child voices inside the prison, singing defiantly in the night?)

There were two little blond characters of six, a girl and a boy. The little boy had a pair of cheap goggles on his head (he planned to be an aviator one day), which was the only toy or semitoy in the place. These two were called the fiancés! They had refused to be separated since they had been able to walk, and they knew nothing of life except jail.

The little boy's father had been killed in the war in Spain; the little girl's father had been deported in a German labor battalion. It must have seemed to them that only children could stay together in an unsafe world. When they went down the hall they held hands as if they were crossing a dangerous stretch of country, where enemies might fall on them and tear them apart.

The children wanted a bicycle: one bicycle for all of them. He who rides a bicycle is free and going somewhere. They said it must be a woman's bicycle so that even the smallest could ride it. If a bicycle was too much to ask they would like one Meccano set and one doll: these too would be shared amongst them all. They had never had any toys but they were full of hope, because some of them had ridden on the streetcar in Toulouse and for the first time had seen toys in shop windows. So, since these things existed, one day they might exist for them.

There are many Spaniards in Toulouse, and all up and down the Pyrenees frontier, and generally scattered in the villages and towns of France. You can go to a half-burned-out former French Fascist youth camp and see there the men who fought for their faith and their country, and in so doing became what is called *grands mutilés*—the armless, the legless, the blind. They lie on straw on cement floors, in cement buildings that are without heat or windowpanes, and in one building, half the men—twenty-four out of forty-six—have tuberculosis.

But there are no vital statistics for the Spaniards in France for no one was concerned with their living or dying.

All we do know is that there were ten concentration camps in France from 1939 on. It is alleged that half a million Spanish men, women and children fled to France after the Franco victory. Thousands got away to other countries; thousands returned to Spain tempted by false promises of kindness. By the tens of thousands, these Spaniards died of neglect in the concentration camps. And the German Todt organizations took over 7,000 able-bodied Spaniards to work as slaves. The remainder—no one knows certainly how many—exist here in France. The French cannot be blamed for their present suffering since the French cannot yet provide adequately for themselves.

Abandoned by the World

The Third French Republic was less barbarous to the Spaniards than was the Pétain government, evidently, but it would seem that all people who run concentration camps necessarily become brutal monsters. And though various organizations in America and England collected money and sent food parcels to these refugees, nothing was ever received by the Spanish. Furthermore, they were constantly informed by all the camp authorities that they had been abandoned by the world: they were beggars and lucky to receive the daily soup of starvation.

The only way to get out of these French concentration camps was to sign a labor contract: any farmer or employer could ask for two or ten or twenty Spaniards, who were then bound over to him and would have to work for whatever wages he chose to pay under whatever living conditions he saw fit to provide. If a Spaniard rebelled, he could return to the concentration camp. A well-known Barcelona surgeon worked as a woodcutter for four years at twelve cents a day. He is sixty-two and there is nothing unusual about his case.

Behind the Spanish refugees were two years of a fierce and heartbreaking war, and most of them left their families locked inside their own country. They have of course not seen any of them for six years at least, and mostly they are without news. All they know is that there are a half million Republicans in prison in Spain and another million working at forced labor, and that the executions in the Spanish prisons have never stopped.

The generally accepted figure is 300,000 executions in the six years since Franco won power. The total present American casualties, killed and wounded in all theaters of war, are about 475,000. It is obvious that the only way to defeat these people is to shoot them. As early as 1941, Spanish Republicans were running away from their French employers and disappearing into the Maquis. From 1943 onward, there was the closest liaison between the French Maquis and the Spanish bands throughout France.

That the work of the Spanish Maquis was valuable can be seen from some briefly noted figures. During the German occupation of France, the Spanish Maquis engineered more that 400 railway sabotages, destroyed 58 locomotives, dynamited 35 railway bridges, cut 150 telephone lines, attacked 20 factories, destroying some factories totally, and sabotaged 15 coal mines. They took several thousand German prisoners and—most miraculous considering their arms—they captured three tanks.

In the southwest part of France where no Allied armies have ever fought, they liberated more than seventeen towns. The French Forces of the Interior, who have scarcely enough to help themselves, try to help their wounded Spanish comrades in arms. But now that the guerrilla fighting is over, the Spaniards are again men without a country or families or homes or work, though everyone appreciates very much what they did.

After the liberation of France, the Spanish Maquis in the southwest made the now famous forced entry into Spain, in the Val Daran section of the Pyrenees. This attack has been wildly reported and wildly misunderstood. It was a commando raid, purely and simply, and was never intended as anything more. The Spanish Republican soldiers involved were too few in number and too lightly armed to expect to overthrow Franco. But it was a gesture that worked.

It drove news into a country where there is no news, for inside those closed frontiers only word of mouth can travel. It was a call from the outside world where dictatorships were being destroyed and it was a call of hope to people who have lived in fear and misery for a long time. And though many of the Spanish Republican soldiers were killed, and though most of them withdrew into France as scheduled, many got through, and they have work to do inside their country. Because of that armed entry, the world was forced to remember the men who had started fighting Fascism in 1936. It is interesting to note that 2,000 people suspected of Republican sympathies were arrested in Barcelona alone after the frontier attack.

Meantime the Spanish exiles in France are being criticized because there are two major parties, both claiming to represent Spain. It is extraordinary how the ideas of Hitler have filtered through the world and diffused and altered themselves so you hear people saying the Spanish Republicans cannot get anywhere because they have no leader. People seem to forget that Franco calls himself the Caudillo or leader and that these Spaniards detest one-man rule. It is one of the strongest guarantees of their passion for a republic.

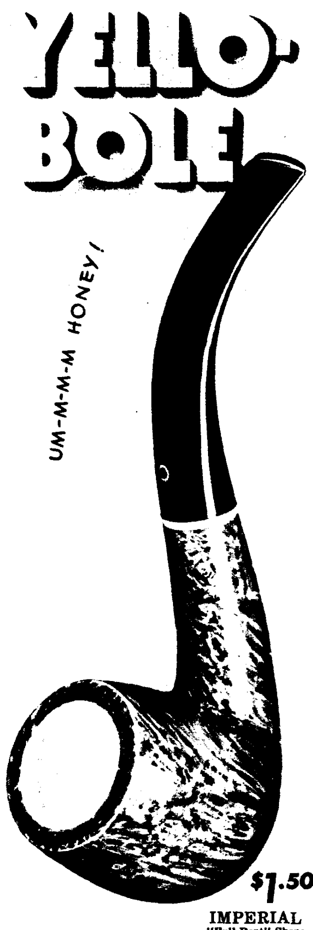
A Republic of the Spirit

The major Spanish parties in exile agree that enough blood has been shed in Spain to last forever. The chiefs responsible for the uprising that started the civil war and for the years of repression after the civil war are to be punished. But after that, Spain is to belong to the Spaniards who must live together in it in a fiercely needed peace.

After the desperate years of their own war, after six years of repression inside Spain and six years of horror in exile, these people remain intact in spirit. They are armed with a transcendant faith; they have never won, and yet they have never accepted defeat. Theirs is the great faith that makes miracles and changes history. You can sit in a basement restaurant in Toulouse and listen to men, who have uncomplainingly lost every safety and comfort in life, talking of their republic; and you can believe quite simply that, since they are what they are, there will be a republic across the mountains and that they will live to return to it.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Aw—just th' cash? You didn't even grab me a candy bar?"



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