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SPAIN



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SPAIN BETRAYED TO RUSSIA

A Warning to the World

By MAJOR NORMAN BRAY

MANY people are a little loth to give frank approval to the Nationalist Cause, as they would do if they trusted solely to their humanitarian feelings. Their minds are influenced by an honest belief that the Popular Front Government against which Franco rose in arms in July of last year is the legal and constitutional Government of Spain.

I am sure that, if I could demonstrate the falseness of that belief, my readers would no longer hesitate to give General Franco the unreserved support he so fully deserves.

It should be borne in mind that the vast majority of Spaniards are on Franco's side, because they are of the opinion that the Popular Front Government neither was elected legally nor governed constitutionally. The reasons they have for their belief are founded on facts, not on the quicksands of propaganda, and it is those facts I wish to set out. After all, the convictions of the great majority of Spaniards in regard to what has happened in Spain are worth taking into consideration.

The very elections by which the Popular Front came into power were tainted with illegality. The Popular Front was a medley of mild Republicans, moderate Socialists, and men of the rabid Left—Communists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists. The Portela Valladares Government, which called itself a Centre Government and pretended to be neutral between Right and Left, betrayed the Country by handing over power before the elections had been completed.

Mob Takes Charge.

The mob then invaded the streets of the larger towns and acclaimed the Government of the Popular Front, which had assumed power. Any further attempt at consulting the country could then only result in their favour; and, in addition, a large number of deputies of the Right were later deliberately unseated by the majority in Parliament.

The Popular Front had hardly assumed power when it became torn by dissension. As always happens in these circumstances, an organised minority, supported by Russian money and prepared to enforce its demands by violence, imposed its will upon the rest; and the Government acted at the behest of the extreme Left.

Its first act was of sinister omen: it released from prison the ringleaders and men who had been responsible for the Asturian revolt in 1934. In regard to that revolt, however, two facts are well established: It was supported by Russia with money, arms, and tanks; and it was carried out with a savage cruelty that defies imagination.

In the five months of Popular Front misrule that followed, a wave of anarchy seemed to have swept over the country. What the Government preached in Parliament, the mob practised in the street to the cry of "Viva Rusia!"; and if any patriot dared to raise the counter-cry of "Viva Espana!" he was sure of being brutally attacked under the very eyes of the police, who had orders not to interfere.

Revolutionary Adepts.

The Communists who had fled to Russia after the collapse of the 1934 revolt, now returned *en masse*. In the meantime they had been taught terrorist methods, and they brought with them numbers of Russian agitators, who were adepts at organising revolution. A stream of money flowed in from Russia, and arms entered through the ports of Barcelona and Valencia.

Everything was thus prepared for a Communist rising, the success of which, with the armed support of Russia, seemed assured. A Communist *coup d'état* was astutely arranged under cover of the Popular Olympic Games to be held at Barcelona at the end of July, 1936.

The anxiety felt by Franco and all patriots at these terrible provocations and dangers may readily be understood. They were confronted, not only with an internal chaos that is unparalleled in the history of governed peoples, but with the outrage of an armed invasion of their native country. True to her promise, Russia sent her mercenaries, enlisted in all parts of the world, to Spain. The vanguard of the invading army, composed of 12,000 men, was already in Barcelona. The fact is significant that Soviet Russia for the first time was firmly supporting her agents, not merely politically or financially, but militarily.

By thus lending armed support to the Popular Front Government, Russia established a precedent against which all civilised nations will have to take measures.

Spain Betrayed to Russia — continued

We are accustomed to the incessant poisonous propaganda spread by Russia and realise, it is to be hoped, that if it is not counteracted, the results will be fatal; but now, after what has happened in Spain, every nation will have to reckon with the possibility, not only of an internal revolution, but of armed intervention on the part of Russia, disguised perhaps under the form of the enlistment of volunteers. Of this menace to civilisation the Spanish Popular Front Government is guilty in the eyes of its own country and of the world.

Forced to Act.

Though fully alive to the situation, General Franco and his collaborators, being well aware of the bloodshed and tragedy that any armed rising would inevitably bring in its train, forbore to act. They remained alert, but inactive, hoping against hope that the saner elements in the Government would realise their responsibility and take some measures of redress before it was too late. Whilst they were thus waiting, however, the

MADRID'S WEEK OF HOMAGE TO SOVIET RUSSIA



Giant Statue of Lenin in the (Glorieta) Place de Bilbao. ("The citizens of the Soviet Union live happily," according to the leering figure on the left).

Popular Front Government threw off its mask and, by the cowardly murder of Calvo Sotelo on July 13, revealed itself in its true colours—as an enemy of Spain.

That crime, which shocked the world, was committed at the instigation of some members of the Government.



*Hans Beimler,
International Brigade
Political Commissar.*

That has been proved up to the hilt when the main assassin stole across the French frontier, he was in possession of an official passport and money provided from official sources. The murder of Calvo Sotelo was the final outrage that sounded the call to arms. There could no longer be any doubt or hesitation; only a heroic remedy could save the country from the desperate situation into which it had evidently fallen.

Franco rose and called upon all true Spaniards to help him—not against the Constitution, but in its defence; not to betray his Country, but to defend it; not in opposition to the working classes, but to free them from the tyranny of a malignant minority.

Franco is Defending Civilisation.

It is impossible for any fair-minded person to remain neutral in this clash of systems and ideals. To me and thousands of Englishmen, General Franco represents all that is worthy and decent, in contrast with all that is low and degraded.

I have always lived under a regime of liberty, as my forefathers did ever since true liberty arose in England; and I realise that General Franco is defending my freedom as he is defending the freedom of all of us. Let us make no mistake; there is no freedom under Socialism, and real slavery under Communism.

I consider it a duty to express these opinions of mine, which are shared by thousands of my compatriots, and I am grateful to the Nationalist Government for having enabled me to do so.

I have said that I am heart and soul on General Franco's side. I do not, however, render him homage blindly, but of full conviction and with full responsibility.

SALAMANCA IN WINTER

By CECIL GERAHTY

IN a quiet street not far from the University, stands the modest dwelling in which I have my room. One sleeps peacefully there, as no through traffic (and curiously enough, no cafés) disturb the calm of the neighbourhood. My shutters are opaque and hermetically seal the windows, a fact which is not at this time of year a disadvantage, as by November the nights are chilly whatever the weather may be. As one is rarely asleep before two, seven o'clock sunshine is apt to be a bore, and shutting it out is worth a little sacrifice of fresh air. Dreams at about this hour are apt to be inspired by the roaring of lorry engines, as a widening of the road some fifty yards away has generally tempted a few vehicles to pass the hours of darkness by its curbs.

The inspiration of dreams merges into the destruction of sleep a little before the arrival of my nine o'clock coffee. The automobile motif changes to a sea refrain at the sound of copious water surging about the tiled landing. This way and that it dashes about at the will of a scrubbing brush, till a climax is reached when the brush hits my door with a loud bang, or its full throated welder bursts into song. In the latter event I am particularly lucky, as the voice is a fair, if untrained contralto, and not the shrill soprano which generally rends the air in the modester of Spanish patios.

* * * *

The arrival of breakfast is announced by a loud series of raps on the door and sounds of a hushed but dynamic conversation. I leap out of bed and turn the key, and leap back off the cold tiles, whose chill hastens me even more than my natural modesty. Mother and daughter proceed into the room, I say proceed because it is in the nature of a procession. Desire for exact knowledge of the state of my health causes a duet of kindly, cheerful questioning. I sometimes feel that their overwhelming optimism and cheerfulness would make it quite impossible to convince them of my ill-health should the dire necessity arise.

Mother pours out the coffee, daughter, the milk. No steam arises but I have no heart to request them to take it away and warm it. Days have passed but there is no diminution of their wonder at the small piece of sugar I select from an enormous bowl. A roll, a knife (no butter) is placed beside the cup which, incidentally, is itself a large unhandled bowl. A napkin is spread where I might be expected to let drips fall, and the party withdraws. I find myself half expecting a curtsey,

as without it there always seems a slight anti-climax in the order of their going.

By this time life is in full swing in the street below. Shrill voiced paper-boys, motor cars with their klaxons going full out, odd church bells from near and distant quarters, odd bits of conversation in all tones from base to treble and not infrequently the uncharted tones of infants. It all seems very homely to me, and my toilet finished I settle down to work, profiting by the warm sun which streams in at the window.

* * * *

It is some time after noon when I next look at my watch, which decides me to step briskly forth into the sunny side of the street. A brief glance round the Plaza Mayor, the loveliest in Spain, if not in Europe, but nothing unusual is taking place, no line of strange cars indicates the arrival of interesting people from the front or the South.

I stop a moment under an archway, buy the morning papers and glance through them, while my shoes are being cleaned. Nothing startling in the news so I continue to the Gran Hotel. Here I find some people I know from Seville, they have just arrived by car having stopped the night at Montemayor. People from the south insist on telling one how very much colder it is here, as if one needed any reminder after using a typewriter in an unheated bedroom. This kind of conversation may be pleasurable, but does not lead to anything useful, so along to the press office.

A desultory exchange of shots on some fronts is the sum total of the news here, but there are some fresh papers from London. Bill is here, almost crying with vexation at a leading article in his own paper, written one supposes with the express purpose of demolishing the effect of some news, (so definite that it had to be published) and which normal people, without the beneficent help of the leader writer, would otherwise have deemed to be entirely satisfactory to the Nationalist cause.

* * * *

Two Frenchmen are glancing at a Paris news sheet on the table. Something in it has upset one of them and from his mouth pours such a stream of invective that one feels that the Front Populaire will undoubtedly be submerged once and for all.

The Spaniards know that I once adorned the navy, and one who is reading one of the local papers, gives

Salamanca in Winter — continued.

me a withering look, from which I gather he is reading something about ships under our flag. Nothing can interfere with my loyalty to the senior service, so I pass some remark to the effect that one would have to haul Judas Iscariot on board if he appealed to the white ensign (under which one commanded), from the face of the waters. "Pity you did not command the British Embassy in Madrid," comes the retort. I then make for the more sheltered waters of one of the cafes on the big square.

* * * *

O'Duffy's comet has set in the kindly mists of the north, but some of the sparks in its tail remain. A little before lunch some of them emerge to refresh their fading brilliance, with the sunlight. Salamanca in the winter does not always provide this, so they keep it stored in bottles, stolen from the sunny south, where there is so much of it that it will not be missed. It is already uncorked and some of the famous victories of Caceres are reflected in its glow. Again the brogue is heard as the legionaries charge to the sound of falling glass. 'A' recalls the victory of the first picket to arrive upon the scene and the copious slaking of its thirst after the heat of combat. 'B' remembers how picket No. 2 (a picked bunch of sergeants) overpowered picket No. 1 and got them safely under key. 'C' remembers . . . but it is time for lunch.

I am invited to lunch with a Spanish friend, who arrives about half-past two or a little later. A short walk brings us to what looks like the entrance to a coal cellar. I follow him carefully down a dark staircase into a vaulted room, so dark that for some minutes I am unable to see our surroundings. There are some half-dozen tables, occupied by a mixture of peasants, officers and townspeople. My host orders omelette, partridge, sweet and fruit. It would be hard to imagine them improved upon. The firmly built Spanish omelette, the fat and tender little bird are washed down with a jolly little wine from somewhere near the Escorial. A choice of almondy and creamy pastries follows, to be rounded off with a piece of cheese—just too warm in flavour.

There has been no particular news of a military character, so conversation turns to that equally important struggle, the forming of a new state out of the old chaos . . . The satisfactory result of the control of imports and exports has already led in some zones, to an increase of the latter over last year's figures. The maintenance of the old cost of living—our lunches cost less than eighteen pence—all seems and indeed is, so satisfactory that one wonders where is the catch.

My host returns to his office and I to the hotel where I have an appointment with a charming young Senorita who wants articles to translate into French. From practical matters concerned with the affair in hand the talk turns to Spain in peace as well as in war. We agree that no two cities are more Spanish than Salamanca and Seville, the baroque perfection of the former being essentially more typical than the mediaeval perfection of Avila, which might be in France or elsewhere. We speak of the people and my friend suggests that the hardness of the slate on the great northern plateau is responsible—through the difficulty it causes in extracting a living from the soil—for the primitiveness of its people. My suggestion that the church is very largely responsible is received with a shrug of the shoulders and the—to

me—new suggestion that the ease of life in the south where a living can be so easily earned as regards the necessities of life, and where the sun softens the rigours of existence is, like the hardness of the north, a greater bar to progress than the church.

* * * *

A spell of work in my room and then at about eight, another visit to the press office. All quiet on all fronts. A friend from Barcelona describes to me the system of voting in Spanish elections, quoting an incident at which he assisted in the elections of I think '33. The booth was open from ten to four. He arrived to vote a little before one and found about 2,000 people lined up, but ONLY 14 HAD VOTED. The police had been squared by groups of the extreme left. Three parties had candidates and their representatives at the polling booths. The 'left' representatives were disputing every 'right' voters' credentials to delay matters, the division was one that had a large 'right' majority. Their supporters brought up chairs and arranged for lunch from a restaurant for the waiting ladies. By four o'clock some 40 had voted. A judge from the court seeing what was happening, came with an escort of civil guards and announced that the booth was going to remain open till the voting had finished, but it was not before the early hours of the morning.

The British public is expected to understand!!

Just before nine I crossed over to an official's private house to join him in listening to the third news from England. We learned that the 'insurgents' had violently attacked on the Aragon front and been repulsed. That is the beauty of the B.B.C.: it brings insurgent 'news' to the insurgents.

Though I do not generally dine myself I like to watch the gathering at the Gran Hotel, diplomats and their ladies, aviators, soldiers and others, at least five languages are being spoken. Official car drivers, all in leather, an aristocratic head above a suit of dungarees talking to a rough looking customer in resplendent, furcollared uniform. Generals with their red, and staff colonels with their blue, sashes. By eleven the hall is empty, they have at last all taken their seats at table. I nod good-night to the two soldier sentries at the door as I pass into the night.

* * * *

Across the road in a tavern, I get my "Pepito" a nice hot, greasy neat sandwich, made from a roll, and a small beer. The din is terrific and the turnover in small sums, is enormous. Possibly there are already sounds that indicate an outbreak of Hibernian guerilla warfare. One more stroll round the collonaded square and I make for home.

The streets are now quite quiet and hardly have I left the square than midnight sounds and the lights go out. One little blue light remains in the corner of the square. It is high up and only its cold and eerie glow can be seen lighting up the arched and pillared opening. I wait a few minutes, but Hamlet's ghost refuses to oblige, so I continue home.

It is very dark indeed in the narrow streets, but from time to time a match is struck and cloaked figures can be discerned examining the doorways—passing soldiers looking for their temporary lodgings.

The last thing I see from my window, is the tower of the Cathedral, momentarily floodlit by the beams of an anti-aircraft searchlight. Then I close my shutters.

THE REDS' MIRACULOUS PESETA

DR. NEGRIN affirms, to everyone's surprise, that "the effective value of the peseta is higher than it was before the Rising." And this after losing 35 out of Spain's 50 Provinces, after 18 months of war, and after creating a vast and costly mercenary army! Truly a great Minister! As he says, "This will surprise many people."

The 'Government' peseta quotations abroad do not uphold Dr. Negrin's dictum. The Bank of Spain notes issued by the Negrin Government were worth 180 francs per 100 pesetas in July, 1936; but as the accompanying chart shows they were worth only 120 francs in September after the liberation of San Sebastian, and in November, 1936, when General Franco's armies were knocking at the gates of Madrid one could only get 100 francs for 100 pesetas in spite of the fact that M. Auriol had devalued the franc.

After the fall of Malaga last February, 80 francs were enough to buy a 'Red' 100-peseta note, and 70 were sufficient after the breaking of the 'Iron Ring' at Bilbao. When Santander surrendered on August 24 last, 100 pesetas were worth only 50 francs and to-day the Barcelona peseta finds purchasers with difficulty at 33 francs per 100.

A mere descent from 180 to 33 francs for 100 pesetas!

The Republican peseta has 0.027% its gold value according to Spanish monetary law, compared with 30% gold value before the war. But Dr. Negrin says with a smile; "The actual fact is the guarantee the Spanish Treasury has for its issues."

"There has been no extraordinary issue of notes," he says.

The alleged refusal to issue too many notes is therefore the cause of Dr. Negrin's optimism. True, billions

have not been issued as in Germany in 1923, and there are not yet notes for ten-million pesetas. What use would they be?

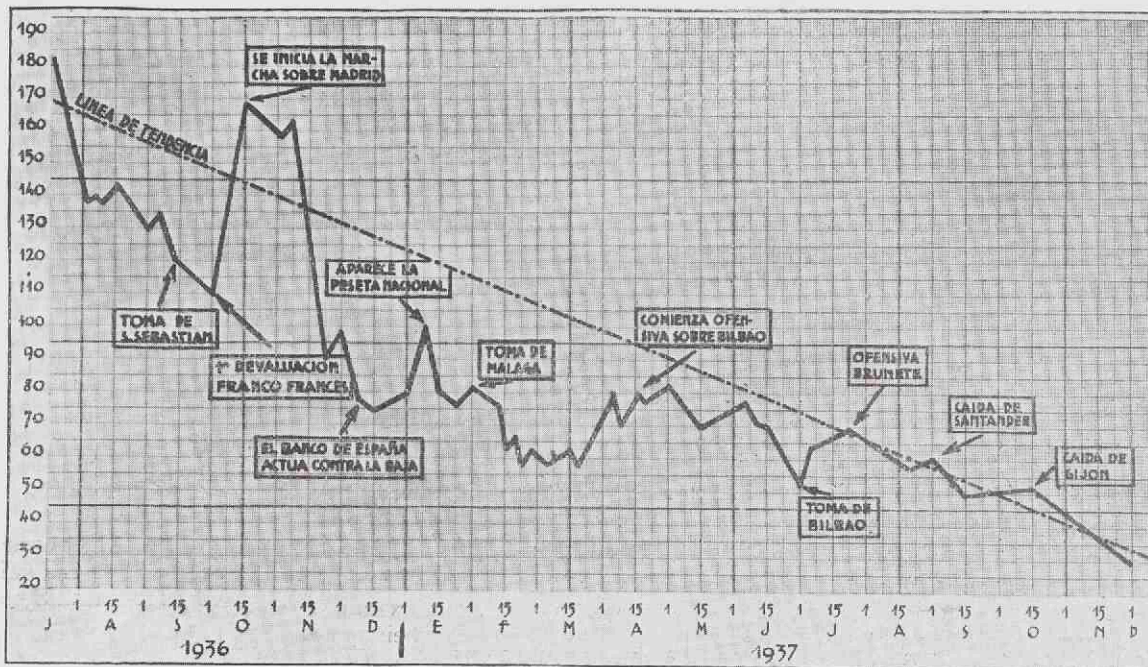
But it is none the less true that the notes issued by the Bank of Spain alone total more than 11,000 million pesetas which, compared with about 5,500 million in circulation before the war (July 18, 1936), is, if we remember that 2,000 million of these remained from the first in General Franco's territory, just three times as much as was in circulation in Republican territory on that date.

Now fiduciary issues, namely notes, require a security, and economics has so far found only two—gold which is the cash guarantee, and sound government, which is the personal or political guarantee. The great 2,248 million pesetas gold reserve of the Bank of Spain has been squandered and Republican Spain, as Dr. Negrin admits, "has now to pay for the spendthrift past."

Yet Dr. Negrin says "the situation is frankly good." His own, or his country's? Not that of the economic situation! Contracts have to be met with pre-war notes, such as National Spain alone recognises. Holders of Public Debt on short term accept frequent renewals in order not to lose what little they may get for their holdings as they have been stripped of all else and do not want useless notes. Their only hope is for a National victory when the huge debt will have to be shouldered by the Patriot Government.

Finally, the quadruple cost of commodities in the Republican zone is proof of the peseta's fall.

Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, sagely remarked that "Propaganda is perhaps the saddest legacy left by the War," and Dr. Negrin has shown himself to be an enthusiastic Trustee.



Graph of the value of the Red peseta in Paris.

MOORS' AFFECTION FOR SPAIN

THE Moors who are fighting with such gallantry and fidelity for the Nationalist cause in Spain observed with characteristic austerity the Fast of Ramadan. They were given the same facilities to do so as they enjoy in Morocco.

In the trenches of Aragon and Castille, and in encampments from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean they assembled at fountains, streams and springs, to perform their ablutions, in obedience to the precepts of their Faith, heedless of snow, cold and wind. The bivouac became for the time-being a Mosque where the Faithful recited their prayers and the Kaid expounded the Koran.

Perhaps, a short distance away, the Requettes of Old Navarre — not a whit less devout— were reciting the Rosary. Each party regards the other with profound respect; and would be hurt and not a little shocked if the other neglected its religious duties. The Moor expects the Christian to practise his religion no less assiduously than he himself observes his own rites.



Typical Moorish Regular Soldier.

The adherence of the Moors to Franco's cause with such zeal is the logical outcome of the behaviour of the Spanish Army in Morocco; its frank, generous and hearty relations with the inhabitants, which sprang from the Spanish character rather than from interested design, have borne unexpected fruit.

Misrepresentation.

It has been attempted by systematic hostile propaganda to misrepresent to Europe the noblest features of the rising in July, 1936, of the Spanish Colonial Army. This Movement from the start was supported in Africa, where the officers remained true to their traditional virtues of doggedness, faith and courage. When they raised the cry of "Spain for ever!" every garrison in Morocco, Moorish Regulars or Spanish Legionaries, rallied to its leaders and the troops made their epic dash to the Peninsula. This was the start of the lightning campaign that carried General Varela in a few months to the gates of Madrid.

It is in vain for chagrined Communists to call these magnificent soldiers "mercenaries." Whoever saw "mercenary" troops behave with the fiery zeal and reckless valour of those Moors and Legionaries? In vain did the Madrid Government seek to drive a wedge between officers and men by telling the latter they need

not obey their officers. The troops possessed that willing obedience which springs from enthusiasm for a Cause, in which officers and men were as one. There was keen competition to be the first to follow the officers to Spain.

In vain, too, did the Madrid Government broadcast, in the Berber tongue, appeals to the tribes to rise and wipe out the Christians; and in vain the henchmen of Moscow preached the Jihad up and down the stolidly indifferent and contemptuous Riff. As moved by a common impulse, those warriors descended from their hills for a Jihad indeed, but a Jihad directed against the Red enemies of Allah, and flocked to General Franco's standard, only a decade after the victorious banners of Spain were floating over the Bay of Alhucemas. Honour and manhood are virtues that the Moor understands. Intrigue and double-dealing are for cowards.

Untamed and Haughty.

In one instance, in the present war, five huge Moors captured a machine-gun and 20 soldiers of the International Brigade. One Moor rebuked these men. They did not understand his words but there was something compelling about them: "Thou art a Red, Thou art not with God." He said this twenty times and ended imperiously: "Throw away your gun," which the 20 men in the trench did immediately.

These fierce and formidable fighters are the same courteous well-bred gentlemen we see walking in our cities; the same who end their Fast on the nights of Ramadan, singing psalms in the chilly autumn fields of Castile, who, in the cafes of Saragossa and Toledo, offer one sweet tea mixed with mint; who shield their women-folk from prying eyes in the Moorish village they have established at Arroyomolinos, and who collect objects of Catholic worship stolen by the Reds from the wrecked churches and deposit them reverently at the broken doorways.

Such are the Moors who fight for Spain.

Franco as Leader for Islam.

The identification of Moor and Spaniard in the fight against Anti-God in this war has removed the formerly ever-present bogey in Spain of trouble in Morocco. The Moors now feel and know that they are Spaniards.

Franco always has his Moorish Guard at official events and is looked upon as a new Chieftain for Islam, with a sincere policy. It is not generally known that a **Moorish mosque has been opened at Seville, that city redolent of Moorish memories**, and pilgrimages to Mecca are organised and conveyed in Spanish steamers. For Hispano-Moorish brotherhood means religious tolerance.

General Franco in one of his greatest speeches spoke of "that great comprehensive spirit of the golden age of our history . . . wherewith Mosques and Synagogues, welcomed by the comprehensive spirit of Catholic Spain, were enabled to flourish under the aegis of the Catholic State."

GENERAL FRANCO'S MOORISH BODYGUARD



“SPAIN ON THE ROAD TO PEACE”

WINSTON CHURCHILL has said it. And although his new attitude regarding the Spanish war only half discerns the truth at present, the fact must be recorded with great pleasure.



Photograph by Marques Santa Maria del Villar
Shepherdess of Lugo (Galicia).

For Mr. Winston Churchill's is an outstanding figure. He is soldier, traveller, politician and no mean writer. His varied career has much of a romantic adventure. At first his position towards the war in Spain rather disappointed, for he has always enjoyed Spanish sympathies throughout a long, varied and intense career. He fought as a volunteer in Cuba helping to defend the last inch of Spain's Empire.

He writes to-day that Spain is on the way to peace. But it is not, as he believes, that order and the return to normal life are making themselves felt in both zones.

Not exactly order. Possibly the growing Soviet power in the Red zone is wiping out the Anarchists by the same methods employed against the Conservatives. But this is merely making a desert to call it peace. This kind of order cannot be called "normal." Death brings peace; illness enforces quiet. Normality is active, orderly life.

The Soviet terror in the Barcelona zone has not tilled the fields where the wind and rain-swept soil looks

nakedly at the sphinx-like sky. It has not restarted the abandoned mills and workshops nor bred fresh cattle to replace the slaughtered herds. Outward peace hides an inward agony; democracy is dead or dying. Read for instance the "*Vanguardia*" of Barcelona for November 28, 29 and 30, with advertisements like the following: "Bread. Old man who lives on soup will pay well for it. Offers, Corcega 405." "Exchange young rabbit for bread. Write '*Vanguardia*' No. 726." And this which reveals both moral and material misery:



Photograph by Marques Santa Maria del Villar

Home with the hay in the Baztan valley of Navarre.

Spain on the Road to Peace — continued

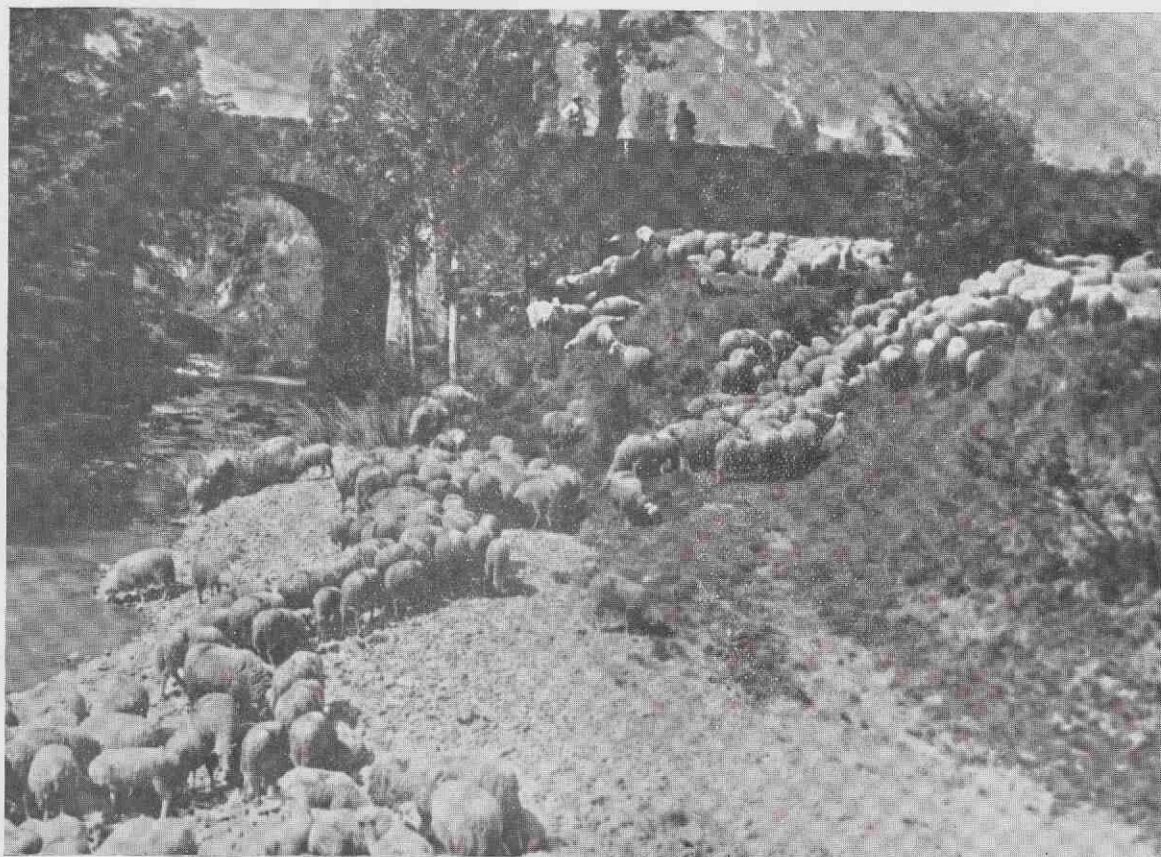


Reaper in the vales of Navarre.

" Youth good employment wishes relations with girl 18 years ; will supply her with food. Vergara II."

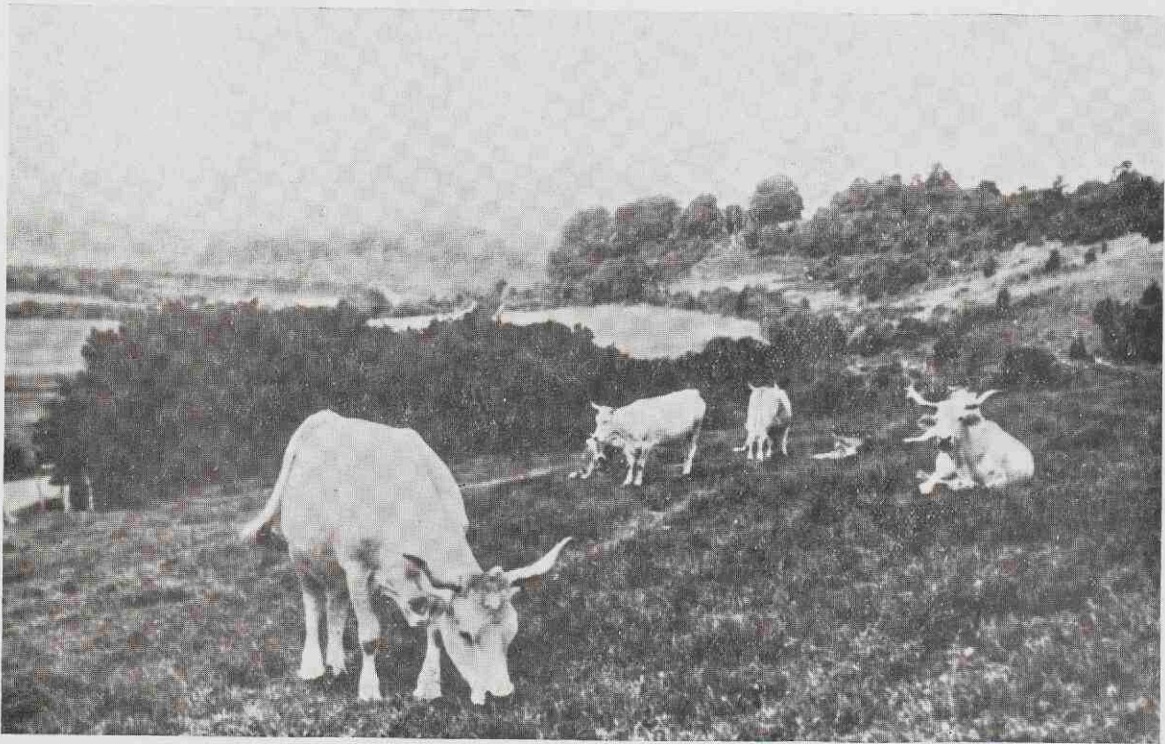
Mr. Churchill is right. Spain is on the way to peace, for Franco is recovering her soil. As the communique of October 21 said, when it announced the end of the Northern campaign : " Order, peace and justice go in the wake of the Nationalist Army." And this is no more than a fact, not a boast.

Look on these photographs of lands that were always Spain's ; some among many that have been reconquered. There is PEACE in the fields of Spain—a peace of laborious peasants not of a dreary wilderness. We dedicate these pictures with pleasure and friendship to the distinguished author of " The World Crisis."



Photographs by Marques Santa Maria del Villar

Flocks in Navarre during the hour of siesta.



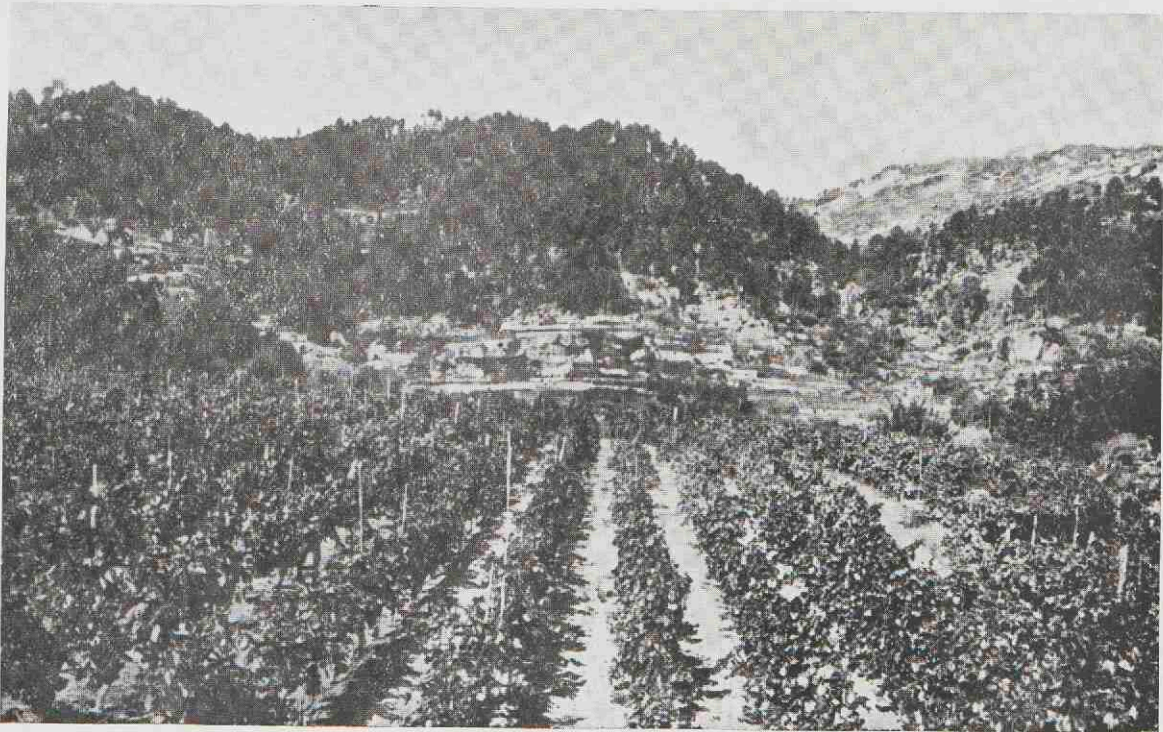
In old Navarre : The historic Vale of Roncesvalles.



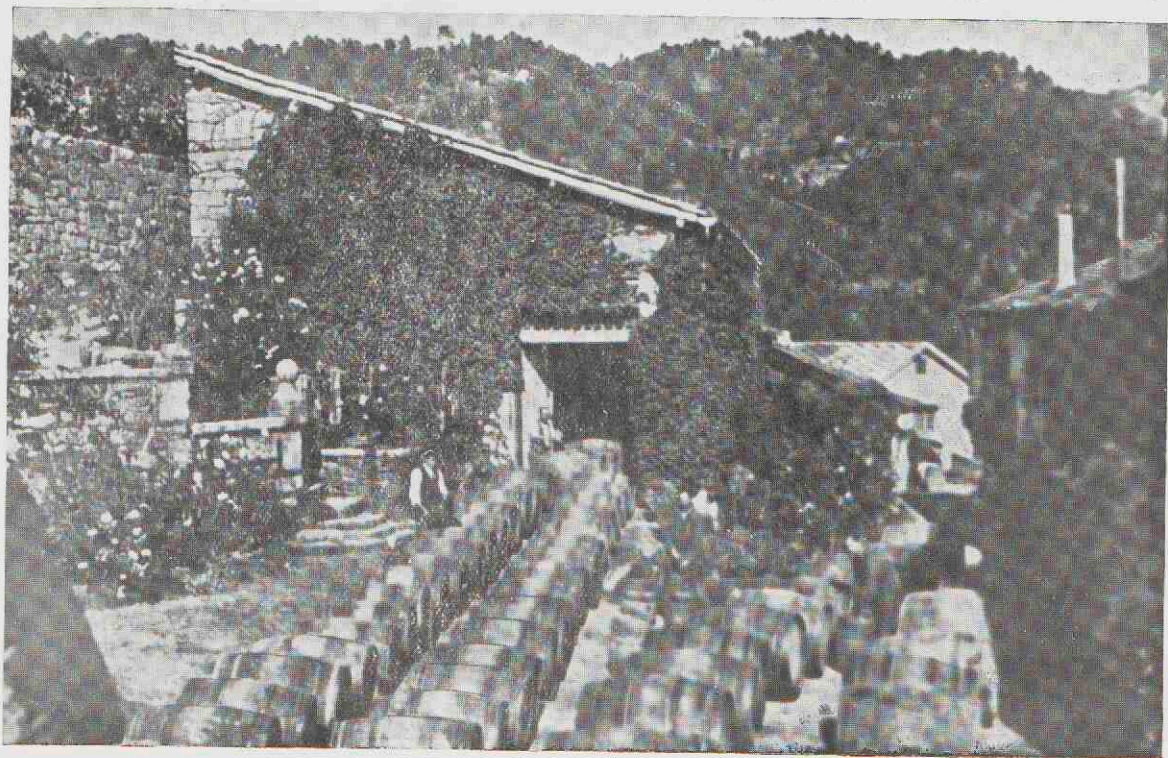
Photographs by Marques Santa Maria del Villar.

Typical carts and peasants in the vicinity of Noya (Corunna).

ROAD TO PEACE



Vineyards at Ontevio.



Work in the Ontevio vineyards.

Photographs by Marques Santa Maria del Villar.



Fine bunch of grapes at Ontevio.



Photographs by Marques Santa Muria del Villars

Navarre of bygone days.

BARRACK LIFE IN SPAIN

“BARRACK Life in National Spain” is the title of an article by M. Roch Oliver in the Algerian newspaper “*Oran Matin*” of November 15, some of which is well worth quoting :

“The barracks I lived in in Salamanca was installed in the former Jesuit Novitiate . . . wrested from the Society of Jesus when the baleful Azana Government thought fit to apply Article 26 of the Republican Constitution.

“There is still a trace of the old Novitiate ; there is a lectern in the Refectory with the name of Jesus carved in the middle. When the Great Hall is full of soldiers, and a short grace is said as they bless themselves, before sitting down to the meal, we raise our eyes to the lectern as though the usual novice were about to stand up and read a piece of devotional matter during the repast.

“Barrack life is most interesting and brings new sensations : Think, for instance, of that moment at 6.15 in the morning and at 6 in the afternoon at the end of the soldier’s day when retreat is sounding, when they fall in to salute the three flags that are slowly hoisted—the National flag of red and gold, the black-and-red of



The Basque patriot, Lt. William Eizaguirre, who acted as goalkeeper in the Spain-Portugal encounter at Vigo. Practically all the Basque athletes have come to Franco's allegiance.



Spain-Portugal football match.

the Spanish Phalanx, and the Carlist white flag with the red “St. Peter’s” type cross. Then the drums and trumpets add ceremony to the occasion by playing the National Hymn.

“Rations are good and plentiful. You just ought to see how those youngsters eat ! As a rule they get thick soup, a dish of meat, fruit, as much bread as they like, and quite good wine : and on holidays a special banquet. One of them said to me, apropos of this :—

“ ‘ During 15 months of war we have not once had to go without dessert and wine.’

“When half-past nine strikes all activity ceases. In hall and dormitory silence broods. Only outside the barracks the sentries stand in their boxes, keeping watch and ward to safeguard the peace of their comrades.

“Such is the life of Franco’s soldiers.”

“THE GREATEST SCANDAL OF THE CENTURY”

By COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE

MY evidence derives its authority from my unworthiness.

I am only an old diplomat rendered doubly insensible by age and a profession which is the driest of all and the most refractory to admiration, emotion, enthusiasm, and a true comprehension of the part played by spiritual forces in the destiny of nations. One needs to be a great poet, like Claudel, not to lose one's sensibility in such surroundings and even, as he has done, enhance it by reacting against them.

Yet I have returned from Spain with the illusion of having regained a heart and with the certainty of its being full of those feelings which I thought my diplomatic career had withered up. Hardened, however, as was the subject, it could not withstand the impulsive swing and warmth of the object.

The truth is that Nationalist Spain vibrates with an enthusiasm that outshines her sunshine, and her moral pulse beats more strongly even than her August sun. She is at ease in heroic circumstances. The heroic is her natural climate; the one in which she yields her rarest flowers and fruits. Heroism is her fertile native soil. She is so much at home in those surroundings that she now wears an air of gaiety I didn't find about her in the times when she was happy as other nations understand the word.

This atmosphere of heroic gaiety clings to every countryside. Everywhere one finds a smiling readiness for sacrifice, as if Spain, having reawakened to her mission of crusading for a universal cause, had rediscovered, together with the meaning of life and death, her own high spirits.

To stress the heroism displayed on the field of battle would be an affront to Spanish chivalry; her heroism takes every form, sublime and obscure, civil and military. For instance, what strikes a Frenchman all the more since he is less accustomed to it, is to find civil servants performing out of pure patriotism, gladly and without pay, duties that our paid officials are taught by their Unions to do grudgingly and badly. There is the heroism of the women and young girls who, regardless of social distinction, devote themselves to charitable work and the care of other people's children and who only laugh good-naturedly when the little Communists among their charges salute them with clenched fists.

I was at Salamanca when the news came that Gijón

had fallen, and I saw how eagerly those charity volunteers came forward to relieve the population that had been freed from the Red Terror. Sacrificing their night's rest in order to reach their destination early next morning, they tumbled into the lorries, singing and flashing looks of such joy and pride as made their eyes seem in the growing darkness like terrestrial sisters of the stars.

Indalecio Prieto, who, he it said to the disparagement of the rest, is the ablest member of the Red Government, stated:

“We shall win, for we have the gold.”

Nationalist Spain had no gold, but it had faith; and, in the absence of gold, its faith has given it, in addition to victory, a peseta that is worth three times the peseta of the people who had the gold. It is the triumph of the spirit over matter. It is the modern world turned upside down, that is to say, the world set right again.

Whilst the Reds have been heaping up the ruins of the spirit, Nationalist Spain has raised a building, in which matter is better cared for than by her adversaries and the columns of which, like spiritual caryatides, are, as Abel Bonnard has said, strong souls. This is a challenge to every dogma of Capitalist Society. It is the greatest scandal of the century. The real revolutionary is Franco.

THE ISSUE.

“It is not quite correct to say, as has so often been repeated, that it is a matter of Fascism fighting against Communism. Or else of Christianity against the Anti-Christian spirit. It is also incorrect to speak of a generous tendency towards progress against the forces of reaction which would fain make us return to the so calumniated Middle Ages. For, as a matter of fact, it was in their breast, filled with dynamism and suffering, that absolutely all the glories of modern times germinated. . . .

“It is the greatest effort that has ever been made to arrive at the golden mean of things; to harness tradition to progress, combine hierarchy with liberty, usefulness with beauty, and strict observance of technique with art in execution.”

(*Dr. Gregorio Marañón in a Speech delivered at a Banquet of the Latin Front on December 18, 1937.*)

EXPECTATION

By PIO BAROJA



WE Spaniards of the older generation have had several periods of expectation and optimism since the disasters at the end of the 19th century. The first was at the beginning of Alfonso XIII's reign. A young King, married to a British Queen, the offspring of a powerful Royal Family, all seemed to suggest that Spain would leap ahead and that the future was auspicious. But it was not so. The Monarchy with its old-style politicians, who were clever merely at the tricks of the game, was like a stage on which the people never appeared, not even to swell the chorus. The people remained mere spectators.

Then came the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. The Dictator, according to those who knew him, was well-intentioned, kind and cordial; but the same thing happened to him as to all Spanish politicians—he kept aloof, he didn't seek the help of others; he didn't call upon the people nor attach himself to them, and his Government, carried on behind closed doors, spent its force and lost all prestige. When the Republic came in, evidently the people did intervene, but only a part of the people, the self-seekers who regarded politics as a means to their own advancement.

I never believed in the Republic that was to come, and I said so often. "Why don't you believe in it?" my acquaintances would say. I would reply: "It will be like the Republic of 1873 or perhaps worse. The tendency is similar, the same commonplaces in the mouth of the same type of man—the professional orator, or lawyer. We shall hear new versions on a smaller scale of Castelar's famous speech: Great is God on Mt. Sinai; He is preceded by thunder and wrapt in light, etc. It will just be a competition among stars.

Azana, Alcala Zamora, Jimenez Asua, Hilario Ayuso, Fernando Varela, Bugeda, and others were all stars or would-be stars. To them and their friends acts were accessories; the main thing was rhetoric. Nobody suspected that there was a great deal of truth in what our old colleague and countryman, Huarte de San Juan, said in Chapter XII of his "Examen de Ingenios:" Wherein it is shown how eloquence and skill in speaking cannot be found in men of great understanding.

In the Cortes they held rhetorical or juridical tournaments. "Our revolutionaries," I said in the course of a lecture I gave at Villene in January, 1932, and published later in my book 'Rapsodias,' "are like the cubists; they want to palm off a few threadbare platitudes as the discoveries of genius heralding in a great future."

In practice the Republican politicians committed acts of injustice, illegal acts and even acts of stupidity.

Pride, conceit and greed were rampant among high and low, and all were inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity.

Several of us who used to gather at a secondhand bookshop in the Calle Mesonero Romanos in Madrid were speaking one day about the catastrophic state of our politics when a young bookseller from a neighbouring shop who was a great admirer of Marcelino Domingo, chimed in, saying:

"Senores, the Spanish Republic is like a little boat that is tossed about by the waves of a stormy sea and is thrown first to the right, then to the left . . ."

This high-flown speech was cut short by another secondhand bookseller saying:

"Who are you to speak to us like that? You're only a secondhand bookseller like we are."

The young man of the boat was simply intoxicated with his own eloquence.

As for me, my opinion of the Republic and of Azana cut me off from my literary friends. I didn't believe in Azana and said so several times, not now when his

Expectation — continued

power has waned, but in the time of his splendour, when everyone, including Alfonso XIII, praised him.

"As to Pio Baroja, he adopts the same tactics with Azana that he has adopted with regard to all his contemporaries. He is an adept at making them look foolish." That is what Gimenez Caballero said in his book "Manuel Azana" published in 1932.

I don't think I used those irritating tactics with all contemporaries. With some I did. As a matter of fact I could never bring myself to believe that Azana was a great politician or even a great writer. To my mind he was simply conceited. He thought Spain should serve him as a pedestal. To be so self-centred as all that may suit a Napoleon, but not an Azana, who at bottom is a mediocre man. One of the signs of his mediocrity was his inability to make use of the clever and famous men he had around him, men like Unamuno, Jose Ortega y Gasset, and Maranon. He and his friends also showed themselves to be jealous of the success of the inventor, La Cierva.

To do as Bonaparte did when he admitted men of the capacity of Fouché and Talleyrand, who in addition were his enemies, into his Government and made use of them, one needs to be a genius; and Azana is anything but a genius. He is given over to pomp and vanity. When he was Prime Minister, they say he furnished the Prime Minister's Residence with the best furniture from the Palaces of La Granja and Riofrio. At the Royal Palace and El Pardo he intended to lay out sumptuous gardens. He hadn't the wit to understand that, if sumptuousness and a fine appearance were the aims, it would have been better had those gardens served as a background for some decorative prince and not for a vulgar sort of person like himself.

That craving for magnificence was to be found to some extent in all the politicians of the Republic. When in the early days, they bought superb cars worth about a hundred thousand pesetas each, Largo Caballero complained to the agent at Irun that they weren't provided with the wireless set they should have according to the catalogue, and demanded it imperiously.

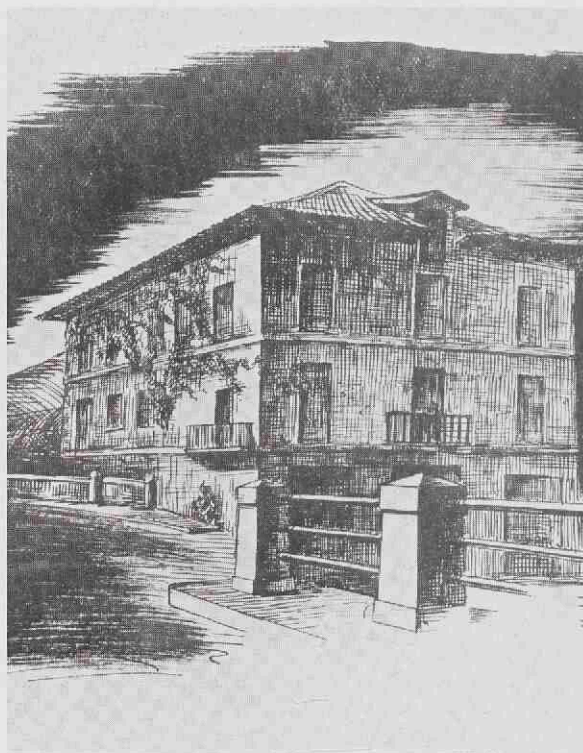
"Now is our time," said the big and little leaders, not thinking of the people, but of themselves. Those were the days when the placemen thrived. Largo Caballero also thought of his education, which sounds comic, and that was the time when he bought an Espasa encyclopaedia at second hand, with a view to his education. That and a few books on Marxism formed his whole library.

It cannot be said that the Republic lacked any men of talent or insight. One of them has been Prieto; but it must be admitted that his talent and insight have been harmful rather than beneficial to their cause. I have read two or three of his speeches, among them the one he delivered against Alcalá Zamora, and certainly it was as clear and forcible as could be, but it did the Republican cause a great deal of harm.

This last period showed, what many of us thought, that Parliamentarism is barren. There is no means of getting anything useful done with speeches, meetings, manifestations and shouting. That is impossible. In the bonfire of Parliament everything is consumed.

Compared with it, a Dictatorship may mean salvation. Of course it will depend on the country and the man.

We Spaniards are now in the fourth stage of expectation known to us of the older generation. It is the most tragic moment of our history. I do not know whether there has been any larger war than this in Spain, but it is the gravest moral conflict of the centuries. All the youth of Spain is engaged, whilst the whole world is looking on. The end of the war with Franco's triumph is clearly to be foreseen, but the all-important organisation of peace is still obscure and will remain so for long. A really great talent and great qualifications will be required to overcome the difficulties. I have



Residence of Pio Baroja.

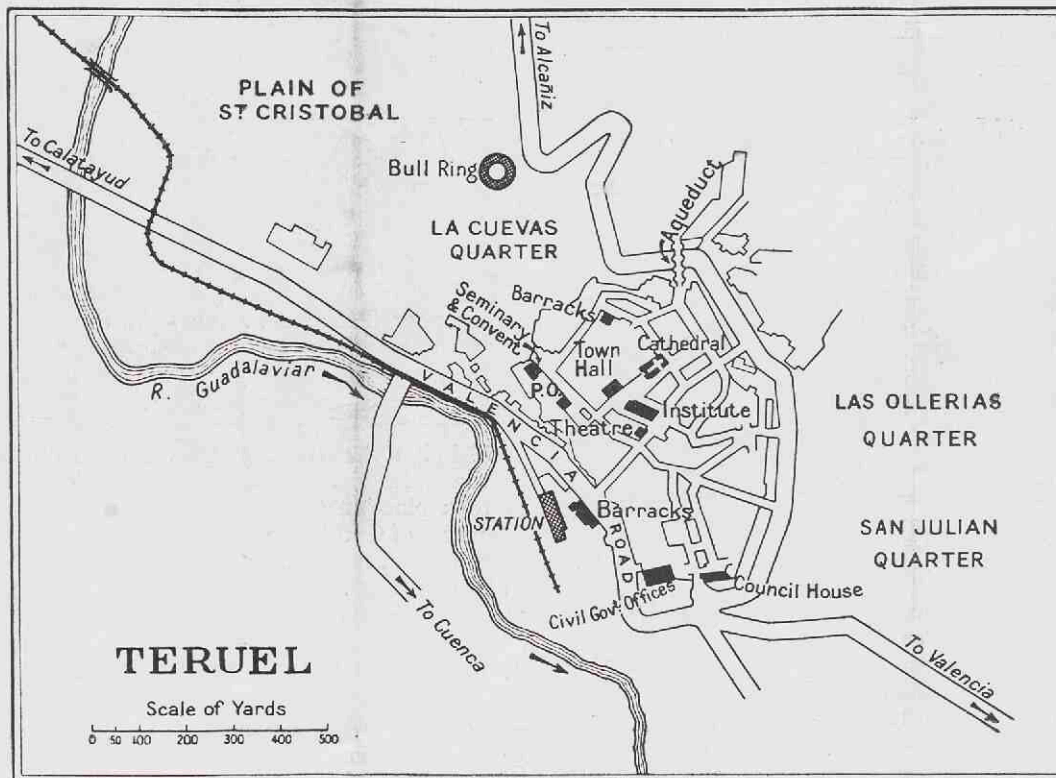
myself seen what a miracle has been performed in Germany. Some years ago, after the war, I stayed in several German towns, and at that time everything seemed on the verge of ruin. Materially and morally the Germans were sinking into decadence. Perversity was the fashion and society was a prey to caprice, like a sick and morally bankrupt man. The swastika was an antisemitic emblem that a few madmen wore. I still have one that was given me. Years have gone by and the country and the people have raised themselves in a marvellous manner. The swastika has been converted from a mere trinket into something gigantic and overwhelming.

The effort of man is capable of achieving extraordinary things. Franco's triumph appeared impossible at the beginning of his movement considering the scanty means at his disposal, yet that triumph is on the way.

TERUEL

The Government are still winning the battle at which they are most adept—the battle of words. They have even contrived, for the moment, to deceive certain newspapers. Many of these, some of the most respected among them, gaily published a photograph showing the Red troops “in the centre of Teruel.” All who knew

The Government, at all events, had a joy day to celebrate the capture of the city. Srs. Negrin and Prieto went to the spot and looked towards the city as Napoleon must have looked upon Moscow. They had intended to enter it. But they could not. A fortnight ago General Miaja said: “Now we shall go more rapidly



the city recognised the bull-ring which, as the block shows, is outside the city.

So the battle has continued. The Reds at one moment, in a characteristic outburst of charity, evacuate the civilians from the city. A little later when the troops are driven to fall back in disorder along the Valencia road, they have apparently brought them back since their communique reports that the Nationalists are bombing the civilian inhabitants. Similarly they capture the Bishop of Teruel and somehow, miraculously, he is later found with the heroic garrison.

to victory.” Unless it lies in the direction of Valencia, he, too, is sadly at fault.

In actual fact the Nationalist relieving troops achieved contact with the garrison a week ago. They have captured almost 200 tanks. This is a splendid gift since General Franco is short of these heavy Russian tanks. Two generals and their staffs have been captured; a vast number of prisoners have been taken, and the enemy losses are immense.

The one sad feature of this magnificent riposte is the death of three journalists, one of them a well-known and deservedly liked Englishman—Mr. R. Sheepshanks.

FRANCO

The Grenoble newspaper "*Republique du Sud-est*," of November 19, publishes an article under the above heading signed by "H. C."

"AS LEADER.

Franco is a Leader in every sense of the word. He is 45 but had already behind him a brilliant record in military studies. He especially distinguished himself in Morocco where his kindness and understanding of the Moors made him beloved by all. Thus his bodyguard is entirely Moorish. He was a model organiser who never wearied his men but spared their lives and respected the Moslem faith. He won his General Staff Commission and before the Republic was Chief of the Saragossa Military Academy. The Republic exiled him. He is the youngest General in Spain to-day. His memory is prodigious and he knows exactly where his artillery, land, sea and air forces are. In this sad war, where some desire to destroy everything and others the integrity of Christianity, Franco is the man he always was, just, upright, without personal ambition and of a

proverbial kindness. He has just reprieved three Russian pilots who could not believe their ears when they heard the news."

"THE MAN.

Franco is a man who loves above all his inward judgment. At bottom, he is an excellent Christian who practises his religion and communicates often. His chaplain tells me he has managed to attend Mass every Sunday since the Movement began. He is no leisurely soldier as some have tried to make out, and no fitter comparison could be made of him than with the admirable Sr. Salazar, saviour of Portugal. A moving feature is the way he recites the Rosary every night with his wife who waits up for him late, before retiring for the night. He enjoys splendid health and is very temperate; he neither smokes nor touches alcohol. Throughout the country none can be found to criticise in the slightest degree his public or private life. He is a complete *vir justus* loved and venerated by all."

FESTIVAL OF THE FATHERLAND OF BURGOS

DECEMBER 2, 1937, is in the History of Spain, not only a day of happiness, but a glorious affirmation and the final and definite proclamation of the regime which has been born of the blood of this War of Liberation. On that day there was constituted solemnly at Burgos the first National Council of the Traditionalist Spanish Phalanx of the J. O. N. S.—at Burgos, centre of the region which forged Spanish Unity in the Middle Ages, hard and smooth like an anvil. The Cistercian Convent of Santa Maria la Real de las Huelgas, a Gothic jewel from the rich artistic patrimony of Castile, lent an air of severe greatness to the act.

The swearing in of the new National Councillors had a magnificent solemnity which it drew not only from the pomp of the ceremony but from the historic importance of the event. For with the constitution of the National Council, an integral part of the new state, the latter enters upon the fullness of its efficacy and functions.

It would be difficult for those who were present at the ceremony to eradicate its grandiose impression from their minds. General Franco was surrounded by learned prelates, by generals whose names are in themselves a whole chapter of the National Epic, by the Ambassadors of friendly nations, by leaders of the Phalangist and Traditionalist Movement joint authors with the Army of the victorious National Rising, by illustrious sailors and by leading members of the oldest families of Spain and of Spanish Art and Letters. The whole gave a fine picture of the New Spain.

The Ceremony began in the Chapel of St. John which has great charm and architectural grace. Cardinal

Goma, Primate of Spain, eminent as theologian and philosopher officiated at the Mass of the Holy Ghost. It was a magnificent ceremony supported by the prayers of so many famous persons and adorned by so many gorgeous vestments and brilliant uniforms.

Afterwards, when all had been prepared by prayer to the Almighty, there took place the solemn swearing in of the Chief of State and of the National Councillors. It took place in the Chapter House, one of the purest examples of Gothic Art wherein is conserved the Moorish Standard captured at the decisive battle of Las Navas de Tolosa in 1212. On an old parchment edition of the Gospels General Franco took the oath of allegiance: **BEFORE GOD I SWEAR TO DEDICATE MYSELF TO THE SERVICE OF THE UNITY, THE GREATNESS AND THE LIBERTY OF SPAIN, TO LIVE IN BROTHERHOOD WITH THE TRADITIONALIST SPANISH PHALANX AND TO LEAD IT AS ITS CHIEF.**

Concise, flaming and enduring words which harmonise with the hard and simple style in which Liberated Spain expresses the anguish of her Creation.

The National Councillors followed, with clear words of loyalty and the same noble gestures. Finally, amid a silence where the beating of every heart could be felt, General Franco pronounced the Words: "May God reward you if you do thus and may He punish you if you do not."

At the end General Franco made a short speech giving guidance and expressing the theory of the Movement, a speech suitable to the Leader of Spain. With a reception the magnificent and solemn act came to an end.



General Yague, celebrated Foreign Legion General, takes the oath of allegiance as Councillor of the Spanish Phalanx.



Spanish Phalanx Militia Volunteers marching through Vigo during the Spain-Portugal international football match.

POETRY, THE VOICE OF THE NEW SPAIN

JOSE ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA said on a memorable occasion: "No one has moved the Nations more than Poets and woe betide those who cannot bring forth over against the Poetry which they destroy that which they promise." The Poetry of the New Spain is true to this advice: born of War it has a wealth of promise while at the same time it moves and is moved by the living breath of the Nation. True to Spain it takes the form of the "Romance," the national ballad form and metre directly inspired by the deed it celebrates.

The vitality of the traditional Castilian genre through the ages has been revived once more in the Romances inspired by the Civil War. Serial writers of Romances have arisen from it. Like those of the Fifteenth Century they are spontaneous products of the deed which they celebrate.

The "Romancero Guerrero" of Francisco Javier Martin Abril is the first of the series. Published by Martin, Valladolid, 1936, it consists of 16 Romances preceded by a sonnet and is concluded by a prose eulogy of Castile. Each ballad treats of a single theme, while five of them are concerned with the Siege of Madrid.

N. Sanz y Ruiz de la Pena gives us the "Romances de Guerra y Amor," Valladolid, Santarén, 1937. This is a collection of 17 Romances which all, with the exception of one on the Conquest of Malaga, treat like the previous collection of Castile. The same poet has written the Romance "La Muerte del Algabeno," Valladolid, Santarén, 1937. This celebrates the Andalusian Bullfighter who served under General Queipo de Llano on that unforgettable afternoon, when with less than 200 men he conquered the city of Seville. The poet already known for his "Romancero Carnal," issued shortly before the Rising, has reached heights of lyricism in expressing the sufferings of Martyred Spain.

Baldomero Baron gives us "Romancero Popular Navarro," J. Garcia, Pamplona, 1937, a successor to that which won for its author a prize in 1936. Herein he has collected 69 Romances around the central theme of the glorious rising of the Navarrese under General Mola. Everything which has stirred the Province from the beginning of the War is here commemorated in memory of the youth of Navarre, who like the poet's own son are at the Front. The writer of the Preface hints at a third volume of Romances by this gifted writer.

From Spain's daughter states in America, who now rally to her in the hour of need, comes another Romancero. It comes from Eduardo Marquina in the Argentine, and is called "Por el Amor de Espana," Buenos Aires, 1937. It is written as an offering to the orphans of our war for whom the poet gives these six ballads. It ends with a prose epilogue setting out the motives for his work.

Among other poems may be noted "Los Muertos de la Guerra," which has been published in fragments by José Maria Peman in the Anthology number of the review "Acción Espanola," Burgos, 1937. Peman has written another poem on the present war of which we

only know the fragments which he himself has read from "Radio Nacional." The newspapers have also published his "Exámetros en loor de los Tercios de Navarra" in which his poetic skill overcomes successfully all metrical difficulties. Finally he has given us another slight poem full of tenderness and sentiment which has been inserted in a newspaper. It is called "La Nina de Talavera," and relates one of the minor incidents of the War, the death of a working girl in the China Factory, who falls a victim to aerial bombardment. This small content gives him an opportunity to show the fine poetic feeling of which he is capable.

Martin Abril has given us another magnificent poem, "Castilla y la Guerra," Valladolid, 1937, in which he treats of the typically Spanish landscape of the flat plains and rough mountains of Castile, the region of the Douro, beloved of Spanish poets since Juan de Mena, the elms around the headwaters of the Arlanzon, the Monastery of Cardena, the lands beloved by the calm and peaceful Luis de Leon and by the ever active St. Teresa. The poem has the precision and simplicity of the crystal clarity of Castile.

José Alvarez Rodriguez has returned to the Romance in "La Muerte de la Margarita," Salamanca, 1937, which is a classical elegy animated by a series of happy images.

Felipe Cortunes y Murube in his book "On the Rising to preserve the Traditions of Spain" (Del Levantamiento por la Tradicion de Espana), Seville, 1936, gives 24 vignettes of the principal figures of the National Rising. There is also inserted a Romance written on the bridge of one of the fishing boats which serve as auxiliaries to the Navy.

Calle Iturrino has also been successful with the sonnet, of which he gathers together 37 in "Cantos de Guerra y de Imperio," Bilbao, Dochoa, 1937. To these are added another dozen poems all inspired by the emotions of the War. The sonnet "Alférez" shows the fine example given by the Youth of Spain.

Agustin de Foca, in 1935 published the collection of Romances "La Nina del Caracol," has now given us three poems full of life and energy, one on the death of Calvo Sotelo, "El Canto de Roma" and "La Brigada del Amanecer."

Alfredo Marquerie, whose work "Reloj" won the National Literature Prize in 1934, has given us the Romance "Cancion de la Obra fecunda" in celebration of the social help work carried out in National Spain. Rafael Dyos has written a Romance on the death of General Mola. There are innumerable others who have written also, young poets have arisen to join Manuel Machado and other older men, for as Teixeira de Pascoaes said "When Truth first appears in the World, it comes first to the Poet."

N.B.—"Romance" is in lines of 8 syllables with assonance of even lines. Same assonance throughout the poem. Reached its apogee in 15th and early 16th centuries.

Romancero is a collection of Romances.

RECOMMENDED

- "Spanish Rehearsal,"** by **Arnold Lunn** (Hutchinson 10/6). A clearly written and carefully documented history of the conflict in Spain, showing the relevance of the causes of the Spanish tragedy to British affairs.
- "The March of a Nation,"** by **Harold Cardozo** (Eyre and Spottiswoode 10/6). A personal account of a year's civil war operations in Spain by an unprejudiced observer who was the correspondent of the *"Daily Mail."*
- "A Correspondent in Spain,"** by **E. H. Knoblaugh** (Sheed and Ward 7/6). Personal experiences in Red Spain. A vivid and objective account of the actual conditions prevailing.
- "Spanish Journey,"** by **Eleonora Tennant** (Eyre and Spottiswoode 2/6). Mrs. Tennant, who represents no political interests, gives a plain and unvarnished account of daily life in Nationalist Spain. Her interviews with British residents are curiously at variance with quasi-official and B.B.C. news.
- "Conflict in Spain,"** by **G. M. Godden** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne 2/6) (Paper covered edition 1/6). A detailed record of Soviet intrigue in Spain which led up to the civil war, with copious references and quotations from official Communist documents.
- "Franco Means Business,"** by **Georges Rotvand** (Paladin Press 2/-). A "close-up" picture of the man Franco, what he is like and what he stands for.
- "Red Terror in Madrid,"** by **Luis de Fonteriz** (Longmans 2/6). An eyewitness account of the first six months' "terror" in Madrid, graphically describing the ordeal of all who were not "Reds."
- "Spain's Pilgrimage of Grace,"** by **J. A. Fraser**, former vice-consul of Spain in Bristol. (Burns and Sons, Glasgow, 2d.). A documented record of events leading to the Nationalist Rising, and a justification of the Movement.
- "The Church in Spain: Rich or Poor?"** by **the Rev. Thomas J. Feeney** (Catholic Truth Society 2d.). A carefully documented refutation of the Communist charge that the Spanish Church was fabulously wealthy.
- "The Unpopular Front,"** by **Arnold Lunn** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne 2d.).
- "Democracy in Spain,"** by **R. J. Dingle** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne 6d.). The case for the Nationalist Movement.
- "The Legend of Badajoz,"** by **Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne 2d.). The truth of the "atrocities" myth.
- "Impressions and Reflections,"** by **Douglas Jerrold**, reprinted from the *"Nineteenth Century and After"* (April, 1937). (Constable & Co. Ltd.).
- "The Conflict in Spain," Refutation of Communist Mis-statements,** by **the Marquis de Merry Del Val** (Catholic Truth Society 2d.).
- "Franco, Who Is He? What Does He Fight For?"** by **E. Lodge Curran, Ph.D.** (International C.T.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.).
- "Spanish Gold,"** (Reprinted from *"The Times"* of August 30 and 31, 1937).
- "Spain—The Truth at Last,"** by **Sir Henry Page Croft** (Bournemouth Guardian, Ltd. 2d.). An exposure, among other things, of the Red destruction of Guernica.
- "Conquest of Red Spain,"** by **Maj.-Gen. J. F. Fuller** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne 2d.).
- "The War in Spain,"** Pastoral Letter of the **Spanish Bishops** (Catholic Truth Society 2d.).
- "I Accuse France,"** by a **Barrister** (new and enlarged edition), (Spanish Press Services, Ltd., 6d.).

THE SANTANDER HILLS



Photograph by Marques Santa Maria del Villar.