

July 24, 1937  
Spain

Sabud Min & Gary

I sat there and watched, my gaze riveted on the lit window. The flies buzzed around the open netting and the guards lazily leaned against their guns. A beautiful full yellow moon lit up the little Spanish town with an almost daylight brightness. Then the main square strolled the entire town as was their usual evening custom, while the tens of millions of muchachos wove in and out playing their version of tag and ~~Fightists~~ & Facists (cops and robbers to you). The Spanish nights are as beautiful as is written in the tales of Spain, and their magic spell falls on everyone in its reach.

But there I sat in front of battalion headquarters and gazed fixedly at the lighted windows, the bustle of the town, the brilliance of the moon, the air

of the children forgotten.

Suddenly the headquarters door opened. Slowly the Battalion Clerk came out and walked towards me.

My hopes rose, my senses thrilled to the sound of his footsteps as I eagerly waited for the sound of his voice. But then as I scanned his face, my spirit fell just as rapidly as it had risen, and as he slowly shook his head from side to side, I turned, head downcast and slowly walked away. Once again I had braved the terrors of a terrific repulse and once again I ~~had~~ was forced to succumb. No Mail. Not even a little card. When, oh when was I to receive a letter. When would my spirit again rise triumphant over the bastards feelings of some fifth ~~class~~ columnite who was getting my letters. When?

I b you who have it in your power, Pour rain upon parched fields & bring food to hungry men; send ammunition to the soldiers with the rusty gun. And, pray, don't delay.

We're all set now standing by for marching orders, equipment complete and spirit high (in spite of lots of no letters). In a little while we'll give 'em hell.

Ernie, I saw Bernie yesterday. He had been bounced a little while at the front with the Washington Battalion but he's perfectly O.K. now. I guess you've heard about Ernie. There's nothing I can say, but we'll show plenty when we get the chance in a short while. Harry has been going 'great guns'. I understand that he's a section leader now. I guess I'll see him soon.

I'm getting down to business

(4)

now — hardened surplus weight  
— and toughened myself all around.  
The food here is ~~not~~ good  
and conditions are O. K. I really  
never felt better in my life.

How's Alex doing. Tell the  
son of a bitch to drop me a line  
sometime even if he is traveling  
all over the country. Remie got  
a letter from you recently and he  
tells me that you're doing alright  
there. That's swell gal. Keep  
telling them. I know you  
can do it.

Time aside from that spent  
in waiting for mail, is very  
short now. Here's a hell of a  
lot to do including using the  
Spanish-Eng & Vice versa dictionary  
in going thru the Spanish papers,  
~~so~~ I'll quit now.

Just in case:

S.R.F. Plaza Del ALtagracia  
No. 273, ALBACETE, Spain

Paul