

Sept. 23, 1937
"Espana"

Hello again, family, H'ya

One of the joys of being here, is receiving things, letters, packages, magazines. Every magazine or newspaper is thumbed & read dozen of times & the fellow that receives a pack of New Masses or magazine or newspaper is the most popular guy in camp - not to speak of the fellow who gets candy or cigarettes in a letter or small package — incidentally the regulations are that packages or letters weighing up to 500 grams (about 1 pound) can be sent either way — so there. — my mail comes thru oh, so slowly.

I'm writing this by fire-light under the red beams of a newly risen, tremendously large, full red moon. Thin bands of white clouds cut across the center of the tremendous red disk,

white little streaks of fluffy white clouds joyously parade across the sky to bid welcome to her newly awakened majesty.

Around us, the somber hills and swaying olive trees join our little groups of Lincoln & Mac-Mc-Pap boys in paying homage to the queen of the evening skies. At another time - at the front - we would curse the bright light & welcome any cloud that would cause a shadow to fall across the earth, but here, in reserve, we enjoy its beauty and breath deeply if the cool evening air.

As I said before, I'm writing this by firelight - but it's not an ordinary campfire, it is a very

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unique one - something like this :



Three pairs of stakes, pronged at the end - 3 very tender, etc. spitted on sticks laid on the forks, and slowly revolve until well done. As well as possible catch the juice as it falls and pour over roasting young lambs. On the side is a large fire, and as embers glow brightly underneath this side fire, they are raked out and placed under the lamb - thus keeping a smooth, even heat.

(It's sort of difficult making sketches or even writing by fire light but I guess you can see what I mean.)

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You see, we're having a little
victory celebration and there are the
incident preparations. Another fire
is being used to prepare the vegetables,
& baskets of grapes, melons, figs, etc.
are lying around the fire

The fire does its work well, &
the lambs are soon nicely browned.
The fellows gather round and soon
all are brawling contentedly at
some part of an anatomy. As the
meal goes on the conversation,
anecdotes, stories fly back & forth
thick and fast - stories of union life
back in the old countries, tales of
outwitting the bosses, the police - stories
of life in Spain here, of the way
in which the Spanish people have
rallied to run the fascist invaders
out of their country, of the building

of a more powerful front-line army
and rear-guard force — but mainly
stories and experiences are related
of the recent actions at the front,
of the bravery of our boys in grabbing
armfuls of hand grenades and wiping
out this fascist machine gun nest
& that sniper. I heard about Vic fighting
there — he was with a machine gun
group moving right into the town.
They set up their gun in an ally
leading into the main square
where some fascist officers had
held the church for a few days.
Vic did well there, — till finally the
fascists, throwing grenades, made
a break for it, running in all
directions — but they didn't have
a chance & we either got them or
captured them. Vic got a scratch from

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one of the grenades but he's o.k.
~~lying~~ now.

Soon a song springs up - the
T.B. is a great bunch for singing,
and if there's one evidence of the
international aspects of our brigade
it's the song, ^{that} the big red moon
(yellow now, and becoming silvery
white) bears every night.

We start off with "We are
the fighting Anti-Fascists" & "Every
inch will we recapture, every inch
of Spanish soil", our own "No passarán",
and other stand-by's. Then,
one after another, a German revolutionary
marching song, a negro spiritual, a
British cockney tune, an old Irish
wooring song, an Italian anti-fascist
lyric, - a Spaniard begins a
curious melody, long runs & variations,

melody recalling the old days
 of the moonish drive into Spain &
 their defeat, melodies of the long
 hours of sweat and back-breaking
 toil in the baking hot fields of
 Spain - the tune changes and the
 whole group breaks into El Joven
 Guardia, Spain's youth's fiery
 anthem of victory - American
 revolutionary songs, Russian,
 Slav, Canadian — ~~etc~~ Here's
 an international language & believe
 me it's well spoken here.

The moon's a brilliant white
 now - it's late - a cold breeze
 springs up, and we reach for
 our newly-issued heavy coats.

I'm making up my sleeping-bag
 now (one poncho, one blanket & I'm

warm as toast) It's been a swell evening - good food, good music, good, dear comradeship - life, friendship such as the people of the future, new world will enjoy - not master & slave, but comrade & comrade - from each as he can do, to each as he needs - we'll build it - we on this front, you on another, walking together, widening our support, enlarging our movement, winning our final victory - I'm almost asleep now - comfortably full & warm. My best to everybody & wife guys.

Fabud

Good-night

Paul

Here's another "Volunteer for Liberty" — the grascottarks are from the vast Lamb-