

Albosete, Spain.  
April 1st, 1937.

Dear Bulle:

Salud companero! I bring you greetings from the comrades of the International Brigade.

Sunny Spain is now very sunny, and in my off hours during guard duty I take this opportunity to write in the shade. This is a wonderful country kid, and deserves all the support it can get from us, in order to defeat the curse of bloody International Fascism.

There are too many beautiful landscapes, too many orange trees, too many rich, red, earthy fields of clay, cultivated by hands of hard working peasants for centuries, too many modern cities with big great magnificent ancient architecture; too many beautiful senorías (oh, too many, many), too many honest to goodness proletarians: too many to fall into and be squashed by the muddy, traitorous hands of a dictator, a banker, and a fat priest.

You know me, and my actions may have surprised you, but I don't regret my decision one iota. It's great! I've suddenly become greater than I had ever hoped to be. And it's ironic. A communist for years I now find myself fighting to make the world safe for democracy. And with me in this I've taken my cousin Bernie. Both of us are here waiting impatiently to be called to the front.

A bunch of young anti-fascists, I never came across in my life. They're here from every where (even Palestine), molded in one unit to put the boots to Franco. Nothing can stop the Spanish people from their important historic task. I only hope I live to come back and tell the story.

It takes a long time for mail to get across, and by the time you get this: I suspect you'll be in the early throes of matrimonial bliss! Drink a toast to me pal, and I promise you a bullet in a fascist heart for a wedding present. Give Rose my love and best wishes.

I suppose you'll show this letter to your parents. Tell your mama not to curse me too much, and I don't think your father will get sore if you wake him up to read this.

Love to Yetty and Marty. Remember me to Pearl and Julie Willin, and the inlaws and everybody else. If you wish to write to me, my address is; -  
(follow this exactly)

Harold Malofsky  
Albacete, (S.R.T.)  
Spain.

Salud! I'll write again.